

O Blessed Virgin Mary, who, to inspire us with a boundless confidence, hast taken the lovely name of Mother of Perpetual Help, I beseech thee to assist me at all times and in all places; in my temptations, after my falls, in my difficulties, in all the evils of life, and especially at the moment of my death. Grant me, O charitable Mother, the thought and habit of always having recourse unto thee, certain that I am of being faithfully assisted by thee, if I invoke thee faithfully. Procure me, then, that grace of graces, the grace of always praying to thee with child-like confidence, so that, by the virtue of that faithful prayer, I may obtain thy perpetual help and final perseverance. Bless me, O tender and helpful Mother, and pray for me now and at the hour of my death."—(From the *Holy Family*).

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A CHILD MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED FROM DEATH.

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Boston, Mass.

St Anne has recently shown her charitable power in behalf of Léon Lacourse, one of my grand-sons. The child, holding a large knife in his hand, was running down a hill with all the giddiness of his age, when one of his playmates pushed him for fun and made him fall to the ground. The child fell on the knife which cut a wound eight inches long and laid open all his bowels. The Doctor, summoned with all haste, declared that his case was hopeless and that death must soon ensue. At that moment, the thought of St Anne occurred to my mind, and I begged her to cure my little Léon, promising, in return, to publish the favor in the *Annals*.

Five days later the child was able to move in his bed without assistance, and in a short time he was completely cured. I fulfil my engagement with pleasure, and I invite your many readers to help me in thanking the great and good Patroness of Canada.—Mrs ISIDORE O. LACOURSE.