

enjoying a friendly *tête-à-tête*, and, since then, they love each other as of old. I leave you to guess my joy and gratefulness.

A few days ago, my patron apprized me of the disappearance of one of his sons and begged of me to enquire about him. I was bent upon helping him in such a trying moment, so as to show him my gratitude for his many acts of kindness. But, what was there to be done? I went into a church and addressed to St Anne the following short prayer: "O good St Anne! I ardently wish to assist my patron in the affliction that has befallen him; grant that I may be successful in my researches, and that I may obtain sufficient information to make him find his son. If you obtain me that grace, O good St Anne, I promise you to publish the fact in the *Annals*."

A few minutes later, some one gave me all the desired information.

A CITIZEN OF QUEBEC.

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SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ (1).

Night upon the great Saint Lawrence
When the angry winds were free,
And the waves beneath their fury
Seemed a tempest-trodden sea.

Night and storm upon the river,
Hopeless mariners were they,
Struggling 'gainst the whelming waters
While the midnight hour held sway.

But the stout hearts never faltered,
And the strong arms never failed,
Though they felt against such dangers
Mortal courage naught availed.

O they thought of home and kindred,
Memory turned with loving glance,
O'er the ocean's heaving bosom
To the sunny land of France.

(1) It is with unfeigned pleasure that we publish the accompanying poem—a choice flower culled in the sunny gardens of California for the altar of our dear Ste Anne. May she reward the gifted contributor for her tender devotion and generous zeal. Our readers may expect other lines from the same inspired pen.