

blush to bewail their distress in presence of the abasement of the King of heaven, or rather, the sight of such humility would console their unhappiness. Weep poor infants, for such is your prayer. The bird sings, the ocean roars, the winds sigh, and the child cries, Each creature praises the Lord with the accents that were given to it. The voices of little children are as agreeable to the Infant Saviour as the smoke of incense or the singing of angels.

All the universe must greet His birth. Ye also, angels of the earth, blend your feeble accents with the universal *hosannah*. Men have outraged their Redeemer; you are still innocent. It is for you and those that resemble you that the kingdom of heaven is reserved. Your lips are yet unable to pronounce obscene and blasphemous words, to wound His adorable Heart, all bleeding for love of us.

Weep then, children, weep on; Jesus will hear you, he will hear the prayer of your tears, and you will never cease to bless His holy name.—M. N. D.

—(For the *Annals*.)

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## SAINT ANNE EVERYWHERE BOUNTIFUL.

Alpena, Mich., August 21, 1888.

Dear Sir, Alpena is far from the world, but, if you don't know where it is, good Saint Anne knows it quite well.

First of all, my church is dedicated to her, and then, she performs many miracles among our good Canadians of Michigan.

Two years ago, Madame Eugène Gougeon of this parish fell dangerously ill. Her sickness lasted long and was very painful. Saint Anne was not forgotten. But the great Saint was no doubt far away lavishing her benefits elsewhere. Perhaps she was delaying in order to try the faith of the patient. The poor woman