

In 1891, I was eighteen years old. At thirteen years of age, I had fallen down a staircase of three or four steps, and my right foot had since been crippled. For two years, the injury became worse; I could hardly walk, without a crutch and a cane, and even then with much difficulty. For two years, also I was under the care of able physicians; but their efforts had been fruitless, and I continued to be lame.

In July 1891, the pastor of the parish where I lived and still live, Rev. Mr. M Auclair of St. John the Baptist, Montreal, organized, as he does every year and always with success, a pilgrimage of married and young ladies to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. I resolved to go. My pastor approved of it, and blessed my resolution. My doctor, to whom I spoke of it, was not opposed to it, but he told me I could not be cured. I had so much confidence in the goodness of the Mother of Mary that I answered, showing him a slipper, that I would put it on my lame foot at Ste. Anne's and that, in spite of the assertions of science, I would return cured.

I prepared for the momentous journey by a novena. During the voyage, from Montreal to the côte de Beaupré, I suffered a great deal. At Ste. Anne's, I had to be carried to the church, for I could not walk alone. At the communion, I had to be brought to the holy table in the same manner. I had always great confidence, for which I again thank him who knew so well how to direct my will. His prayers were to be heard, and my confidence was not to be in vain. *After receiving the Blessed Host, I felt myself cured, suddenly, completely cured.* I told those who assisted me to let me return alone to my place. I suffered no more pain. How did that happen? I know nothing about it. Or rather, I know that *I felt at that blessed moment, one of the sweetest emotions of my lifetime!* Never will I forget it.

After mass and thanksgiving, near the spring that flows not far from the old chapel of Beaupré, I recited aloud the last part of the rosary, in the midst of a number of relations and friends who wept with joy. I went from the church to the steamer without fatigue though perhaps with a little hesitation; it was so long since I had walked so easily. St. Anne had thus