

hoped, expected to find a letter waiting for me. But, as if to try my confidence, no letter was there. Still my confidence was not shaken and, (praise be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to His servant St Anne!) only a few hours had elapsed when a young man walked into the office, the bearer of tidings from my brother. He had seen him and had spoken to him, and brought a message from him.

Again did a long period (this time nearly eight months) elapse without any further tidings reaching us. The bearer of the first message had returned to California, but could find no trace of my brother at the place where he had left him. He had disappeared. I continued to recommend him to the protection of the Sacred Heart and of Good Saint Anne, and when hope in the other members of our family seemed well nigh to have departed. I began a second novena, promising in return for a letter from my brother, to tell my mother of St. Anne's share in it, and to publish the fact in the *Annals*. Again was faith rewarded, for *a letter did come*, written almost on the very day when the novena closed. My brother had gone to sea, and after a long voyage of six months, had landed at Havre in France, from which port he was to sail for home within a few days, weary of wandering and anxious to return to the parental roof. Thus does St. Anne hear and answer prayer, never turning a deaf ear to those who cry to her in faith. May our dear Saint continue to establish her title to our love and confidence by interceding effectually for the conversion of the various members of my family. Such is the prayer of

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