

their catechism, so as to prepare them for their First Communion.

One day her eye chanced to fall on a newspaper announcing the consecration of the basilica of St.-Anne de Beaupré, and relating some of the wonders wrought there. She immediately resolves to go there with her two daughters, to have them make their First Communion.

On her arrival at St. Anne's, she requests one of the Reverend Fathers to examine her children, and to his great surprise, he ascertains that the two girls are admirably well instructed. The same Father was at the time preparing for their First Communion, the children of the parish of St.-Anne. A week later, the two happy children received their Maker for the first time, under the motherly eye of good St. Anne. Their mother had gone to Quebec to buy their communion-attire, and she intends to make them preserve it carefully as a memento of the ever memorable event of the happiest day in their life.

With the increase of fervor, bodily cures are also more frequent. Each day, some new favor is registered to the credit of our Saint.

A few weeks ago, a lady came to thank St. Anne for the following favor. Her little boy, two years and a half old, lost one day the medal of St. Anne that he wore tied to a string round his neck. The loss makes him feel uneasy, and he complains of it to his mother. The lost medal is searched for, and found, and the child joyfully wears it again. A few minutes later, while playing in a window on the third story, he loses his balance, and falls from that height into the street beneath. The bewildered mother, rushes headlong downstairs to her child whom she expects to find dead. But, to her great surprise, the child receives her smilingly, for he has not even a scratch. Evidently St. Anne's medal had saved him.

A few moments before writing these lines, an honest Canadian *habitant* from St.-Anne on the Saguenay