

Such, according to the most reliable traditions, the Fathers and the greater part of the Doctors, is nearly all that is known with certainty concerning those illustrious persons.

The legend of St. Anne and St. Joachim is short, it is true, but it suffices to give us the highest idea of their holiness, and is quite able to fill us with unbounded confidence in their powerful intercession.—(*From the French of Father Mermillod, S. J.*)

(*To be continued.*)

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STE ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

Long ago, in some far-away time too distant for actual history to have recorded the fact, a few Breton sailors, coming up the great river, were surprised by a terrific storm. In all the terror of the moment, the blackness of the night, the howling of the winds, and the rushing of the waters, their hearts went back to distant Brittany. In childhood and in youth they had been taught to have recourse to the beloved patroness of their *chère Bretagne*. Never had Ste Anne d'Auray failed to hear a simple and heartfelt prayer. They registered a vow: if the good saint brought them once more to land, there where their feet touched they would build her a shrine. A morning came blue and cloudless. These brave men were ashore, and where? They looked about them. To the northward rose the Laurentian hills, to the southward the wide rolling St. Lawrence, to the eastward a little stream, now the St. Anne, dividing the settlement from the neighboring parish of St. Joachim. In such surroundings they built a simple wooden chapel and laid the foundation of a shrine now famous throughout America.

The years went on; these hardy *voyageurs* passed on their way and were heard of no more in the village they had founded. But habitations soon grew up, and