

focus that heat by a glass and soon you will bear witness to the heat that is stored up by the seemingly cold orb.

So St. Ann : had she scattered her favors over the world, they would hardly have commanded attention. But, having centered there on one spot, she has made that little village conspicuous above the cities of Canada, has made the whole Dominion tributary to her shrine, and New England is fast falling in line. We pilgrims did not sigh for quaint Quebec, or Boston-like Montreal, or thriving Three Rivers, or the government buildings of Ottawa ; we sped to the humble Beauré, to us, as to thousands, it had a far greater attraction.

We went to St. Ann. I know all who went were happy. many told me they felt their ailments cured or alleviated. But I wanted to find out if they and their friends were thankful, even unto making a little sacrifice. Hence I announced that I would put the Saint's statue on a stand inside the rail and invited them to offer a wax candle, but only one apiece. And the result ? The following Sunday after the gospel I preached on St. Ann's humiliation, being barren for 20 years, and her subsequent glory in becoming the mother of an immaculate daughter and the grandmother of Christ, and behold, nearly half the congregation rise and walk up to the sanctuary, candle in hand. In a few minutes 170 candles were sheding their soft effulgence on the statue of " la bonne Saint Anne." No wonder many were sheding tears witnessing such a tribute of gratitude and love. FATHER LAMBERT.

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SAINT ANNE.

O Anna, high in glory raised,
Whose daughter ever blest,
The Sovereign of the skies hath laid
On thy maternal breast.