

and their number surpasses all calculation. When looking through the *Annals of St. Anne*, written to publish her deeds and exalt her glories, instinctively with the poet we exclaim : " And what time was ever so fruitful in miracles " ? (1).

" The longest and most painful maladies, the most hopeless infirmities, sores of the soul and of the body, have been wonderfully cured. The action of grace is so evident, so striking, that it must act as a thunder-stroke on the unbeliever.

" St. Anne is therefore justly proclaimed to be the great miracle-worker of Canada and of North America, a glorious title that even the Sovereign Pontiffs have themselves recognized.

" In 1876, His Holiness Pius IX declared that she was the Patroness of the Province of Quebec. Only a few months ago, Leo XIII, gloriously reigning, deigned to raise her vast sanctuary to the rank of a minor basilica. Nay more than that, two weeks ago, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, authorized by a Brief and in the name of the Holy Father, in presence of the whole Canadian Episcopate, of a numerous clergy, and 10,000 pilgrims who had assembled from all parts of the country, had the honor and the happiness of solemnly placing a magnificent gold crown on the forehead of her whose merciful image has wrought so many prodigies and consoled so many hearts.

" The Canadian nation was there, to hail as a queen its crowned Patroness.

" What thanksgiving does that nation not owe to Providence, who each day pours down on it by the hands of St. Anne, so much assistance and light ! "

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(1) " Et quel temps fut jamais si fertile en miracles ? " (Racine, *Athalie*).