

that same week, the wind that made the poplars creak chased away from the sky the thick grey clouds, and the sun shot its rays on the old uprooted trunk.

—Which seeing, the poor widow started off with her little angels, bringing with her the crucifix and the Virgin.

A few days later, the village disappeared under the avenging waters ; and since then, the miller does not grind any more, the cobbler hammer away no more at his soles, and the ox-herd swears no more when driving his beasts to the field.

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A CHILD CURED BY ST. ANNE.

WEST HAVEN, CONN.

My infant son, aged eighteen months, was completely paralysed, had lost his sight and seemed beyond all hope of recovery. By the decision of two able physicians his life was despaired of.

In my distress, I appealed to our compassionate Protectress, St. Anne, promising to publish the favor if granted, in her *Annals*. From that moment, the alarming symptoms took a milder form and gradually disappeared. How can I sufficiently thank our amiable Patroness, who is never invoked in vain ?

C. F. C.

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