

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

A Beautiful Sketch of the Shrine.

Something to Read After the Season of Pilgrimages, and Calculated to Inspire Those Who May Desire to Visit Beaupre Next Year.

The name of Ste. Anne de Beaupre calls up many pleasant and holy recollections in the minds of those who have ever visited that shrine, and there are few Canadian Catholics who have not done so at one time or another. Yet a hurried pilgrimage, such as most persons are obliged to make, is not sufficient to acquaint one with all the beauties of that favored spot. There is an atmosphere of devotion and sanctity about it that can only be fully appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to be able to spend some little time there.

The little village, nestling on the strip of land between the hills and the river, is not remarkable for beauty in itself, but the scenery by which it is surrounded is very lovely. Whether in the morning, when the breeze curls up the surface of the great St. Lawrence into baby waves, and the sun makes a sparkling roadway over them to the pretty Island of Orleans with its cultivated fields and its dark woods shaded into a hundred different hues by the fleecy clouds as they drift across the blue sky; when the river, above and below, is dotted with the whitesails of fishing boats and the purple-blue of the mountains looms mistily through the sunny air, and Quebec, the "Gibraltar of America," is but a faint outline far up the river; or when, at evening time, the sun has disappeared behind the hills, leaving a golden glow against which the mountains stand out with dark distinctness, and an indefinable atmosphere of peace seems to settle on the scene. It is always beautiful. But I think the evening possesses the greatest charm. To saunter out then on the long pier and watch the river glide noiselessly by, and the golden sunset die out of the sky to be replaced by a million limpid stars, glowing like diamonds in the violet arch overhead, while the angelus peals out softly from the grey towers of the church with its statue of St. Anne overlooking the village like a silent but powerful guardian, and the sounds of human life come but faintly to the ears, is a pleasure to be long remembered when one has returned to the rush and ceaseless clatter of a busy life. For a few short moments one may imagine that he has managed to get outside of the world and that it has no longer any power to disturb his peace. He will have to go back to it again and mix in its daily life he knows, but for the present it is nothing to him.

But, after all, these are only the natural charms of the place, the chief and great attraction lies in the pile of grey stone buildings that forms the celebrated shrine of "Good St. Anne." The two towers of the church, with the statue of its holy patroness between, are the first objects that meet the eye of the stranger on emerging from boat or train. Thither everyone at once bends his steps even before he thinks of securing accommodation for himself or his luggage at any of the hotels. It seems a little odd at first to see people walking into church with their valises and other travelling impediments, and one forgets for a moment that one has done it oneself, for it came quite naturally and without advertence. It is only when somebody else does it that the peculiarity of the act strikes one. Here at all hours come pilgrims from every direction. Americans from north and south; Canadians, both French and English speaking; Germans and Belgians, even Indians with their squaws and papooses are to be seen here. Young and old, strong and infirm, the habitant and the dweller in cities, the poor and the rich, the proud and the humble, all gather around the shrine of good Saint Anne, each with his or her sorrow to be soothed or petition to be granted, and none go away entirely unhealed. This is another peculiarity of the place; though many do not receive the cures they have asked, not one goes away dissatisfied or discontented. If the good Saint does not obtain their cure she obtains for them that which is much better, resignation to the will of

God. This is why one never sees a rebellious or an unhappy face at that favored shrine; yet the crosses that are laid upon many who go there must be exceedingly heavy and hard to bear. One would need a heart of stone to gaze with dry eyes at the number of afflicted who throng the church. The lame, the blind, the paralytic, the deaf, the consumptive; all are to be found there, as well as many others whose disorders are not apparent to the eye. Yet all are cheerful, all resigned. Surely this is the greatest miracle of all.

And what shall be said of the cures that take place there! Their name is legion. One can only gather a faint idea of them from the piles of crutches and other surgical appliances that are preserved in the church.

I had the good fortune to be at St. Anne's when the pilgrimage from Campbellford, under the direction of Rev. Father Casey, arrived, and I was permitted to be witness of one remarkable cure, that of a lady, named, I think, Mrs. Tiernay, from Lindsay, Ontario. She had been suffering from a severe form of rheumatism for a long time and had undertaken the long and tiresome journey in the hope of being cured; nor was her faith in vain. During the celebration of Mass the congregation was startled by hearing a woman crying out aloud, "I am cured, I am cured," and then we saw Mrs. Tiernay coming from one of the side chapels with eyes and hands uplifted in gratitude, and walking without any support. A thrill of excitement went through the crowded church, and a number gathered around the woman and went with her into the sacristy, where she made a deposition certifying to her cure. Later on I heard some other particulars from a gentleman from Richmond, Virginia, who was staying at the same hotel as myself. He had been on the platform when the train came in with the pilgrimage on board, and had assisted another man to help Mrs. Tiernay into the church. She was moaning with pain and was too weak after the journey to use the crutches with which she had been provided. When she rested her hands on their shoulders she groaned aloud, for the pains were excruciating; yet when she came out of church she could walk alone and was shaking hands vigorously with everyone. I saw her several times afterwards, and all that was left of her illness was a slight feebleness that was rapidly growing better. Words cannot express her joy and gratitude.

No doubt there are many who assign scientific reasons for these cures, and talk learnedly of the effect of the mind upon the body, though how either a mind or body exhausted by illness and by long journeys can have sufficient energy left to re-act upon one another with the vigor necessary to produce these phenomena is more than I can understand; yet, admitting that a momentary exaltation of the spirit should overcome the weakness of the body, why does not the latter re-assert itself when the former has died out? Diseased muscles and tissues might be forced to do their ordinary duty under the pressure of sudden intense excitement, they have been known to do so in fact, but it is no less true that under ordinary conditions the disease is only aggravated by such excitements and the patient suffers in proportion afterwards; whereas in the cases of those cured at Ste. Anne de Beaupre there is no such thing as a relapse; they remain cured.

I am aware that there is a class of persons who deny these cures entirely, and who scoff at the word miracle, though they give implicit credence to spiritualism and other isms of that order. It would be well for those persons to remember that these things have been going on at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre for two hundred years, that no fraud, however clever it might be, could be practised on successive generations for that length of time, and that there are numbers of Catholics who are quite as critical as their separated brethren in matters that are not strictly of faith, and who would be the first to protest against anything that was not genuine; nor is there, as far as I am aware, any ecclesiastical law which obliges us to accept as miracles the cures which are performed at the shrine of "Good Ste. Anne."

This paper has lengthened out rather more than I intended, so I must compress into a few words what I have left to say. If anyone is in need of rest and refreshment for soul and body there is no better way to obtain it than by spending a week

or two at that favored place; and few will do so without making up their minds to return there again, and yet again whenever opportunity shall offer, for there is a fascination about the shrine of Good Saint Anne that follows us to our homes and makes us wish to be back there again.

EMMA C. STREET.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Many Prominent Citizens Pay the Last Tribute to Mrs. James O'Brien.

Rarely, indeed, in the history of Montreal has there been so representative a gathering to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of a departed lady as was the case Wednesday morning at the funeral of the late Mrs. James O'Brien, whose unostentatious charity and good works had endeared her to the whole community. The funeral cortege, which left her husband's residence, 840 Sherbrooke street, for St. Patrick's church, was not only large and representative, but influential, including Sir John Thompson, premier of Canada; Sir Adolphe Caron, postmaster-general; Hon. J. J. Curran, solicitor-general; Hon. Senator Murphy, Hon. Senator Ogilvie, Mr. Justice Wurtele, Mr. Justice Doherty, Ald. Farrell, Judge Barry, Dr. Hingston, A. F. Gault, R. L. Gault, James A. Cantlie, Robert Meighen, S. O. Shorey, S. P. Cleghorn, J. H. R. Molson, J. W. Mackenzie, David Morrice, Jonathan Hodgson, J. W. Mills, S. Coulson, C. R. Hosmer, J. P. B. Casgrain, D. M. Quinn, J. P. Whelan, Henry Hogan, Bernard Tansey, C. D. Monk, John A. Rafter, H. Foster Chaffee, F. Langan, John Cassils, H. Cassils, Duncan McIntyre, jr., H. E. Murray, M. McCreedy, W. L. McKenna, C. Mariotti, S. C. Stevenson, T. H. Love, Owen McGarvey, G. F. C. Smith, E. Irwin, T. C. O'Brien, E. A. O'Brien, James Connaught, James Scullion, P. McGoldrick, P. McCrory, B. J. Coghlin, John Hachette, F. K. Kiernan, Dr. Ferrigo, W. Dangerfield, P. J. Coyle, Q.C.; F. R. Brennan, W. E. Durack, M. Hicks, J. S. Bullick, J. H. Semple, John Crowe, Joseph McLaughlin, J. McVey, M. Carroll, P. McGovern, R. F. Meredith, C. A. Hopkins, F. O. Hopkins, P. F. McCaffrey and many others.

The chief mourners were Mr. James O'Brien, Mr. James O'Brien, jr., Mr. Edward M. O'Brien, Mr. W. P. O'Brien, Dr. C. S. Murray and Mr. W. T. Murray, Toronto; E. D. Farrell, New York; James Quinn, Ed. Quinn, A. S. Whitney and Dr. Duquette.

At St. Patrick's church, which was tastefully draped in mourning, a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Quinlivan, assisted by Rev. Jas. Callaghan as deacon and Rev. Father Fahey as sub-deacon. The service was of a most impressive character, the full choir, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, rendering appropriate music in their usual finished manner.

After the ceremony the cortege reformed and proceeded to Cote des Neiges cemetery, where interment took place, and the mortal remains of Mrs. James O'Brien were laid to rest amidst the sympathy for the family of a very large circle of sorrowing friends.—R.I.P.



THE WAY SHE LOOKS troubles the woman who is delicate, run-down, or overworked. She's hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, thin, and pale, and it worries her.

Now, the way to look well is to be well. And the way to be well, if you're any such woman, is to faithfully use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That is the only medicine that's guaranteed to build up woman's strength and to cure woman's ailments.

In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

There is only one medicine for Catarrh worthy the name. Dozens are advertised, but only the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't cure you, we'll pay you—\$500 in cash!"

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A MESSAGE AND APPEAL.

Sent by Justin McCarthy to Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York.

The rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords opens a new chapter in the struggle for Irish liberty. On the one side are the elected representatives of the people, the sympathies of the British democracy, and the unconquerable spirit of the Irish race. On the other side is a hereditary and irresponsible chamber concentrating in its ranks all that is worst in English prejudice, wealth and arrogance. The result is not doubtful. The House of Lords have made a similar stand against every great reform sent up to them by the House of Commons. In the long run, progress and the people's will have invariably triumphed, and the insolence of the privileged classes has been chastised. But the struggle will be a bitter one. We have to fight against an unexampled combination of wealthy aristocrats desperately struggling for their privileges, by appeals to every weapon of defamation, bigotry and corruption. We have to look to our faithful countrymen in America for the means of sustaining our party through the incessant sacrifices imposed upon them and of carrying on an active campaign in the English constituencies against the insolent enemies of Irish liberty.

There never was a time when Irish-American assistance was more urgently needed, or when it could produce more splendid results in securing to our country the great measure of Irish national self-government, which sprung from the genius of Gladstone, and which the House of Commons has once for all solemnly pledged itself to carry into law.

THE WORLD AROUND.

General Dodds is to march into Upper Dahomey against King Behanzin.

Emin Pacha is reported to have been killed by Arabs in the Congo State, and eaten by savages.

Henry C. Ide, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has accepted the position of Chief Justice of Samoa.

A despatch from Charleston, S.C., says that fully 1,500 people were drowned in the Sea Islands during the recent cyclone.

Lieutenant Peary's expedition arrived at Bowdoin Bay, Greenland, on August 3, and began preparations for passing the winter there.

The French envoy at Siam has given the Siamese Government three months to think over the propositions submitted by France.

George Robert, the inventor of a hop sprayer in general use in the Washington hop fields, has now invented a machine for picking hops.

An electric car, which left the track on Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, on Sunday night, killed two people, fatally wounded seven others, and wounded seriously 45 passengers.

About 800 of Chicago's unemployed are now earning a living on the drainage canal, and it is probable that before cold weather comes 3,000 more will be given employment.

William H. King, a wealthy man of Newport, who has been for twenty years in an insane asylum, has been released. Many friends protested against his incarceration, not believing him insane.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

The festival of St. Joseph (March 19), appointed a holiday of obligation for Portugal by letters Apostolic, has been officially recognized by the Chamber of Peers at Lisbon. In future the feast will be rigidly kept in the kingdom and its colonial possessions.

Among the benefactions of the Pope on his recent name day 12,000 francs were distributed from his private means to the general poor of Rome and 6,000 to poor priests. All the Sovereigns and nearly all the Presidents of Republics sent him messages of congratulation.

There has been a bomb explosion at Rome, opposite the Alferi Palace, where the Pope's noble guards hold their club. A young man of twenty-five named Riccini was picked up outside grievously injured and conveyed to hospital, where he has since died. It is suspected that he was the author of the outrage.

A telegram from San Thome, in the independent State of Congo, announces the death of Mother Marie-Etienne, of the Convent of Moanda, known in the world as Madlle. Van Wynsberghe of Blankenberghe. This lamented deceased was one of the ten sisters who left Ghent for the mission on December 9th 1880.

A general Chapter of all the Superiors of the Trappist monasteries will be held on October 1 in the house of St. Marie des Fontaines, near Allier. The chief Abbe, Father Sebastian Wyart, who was captain adjutant major of the 1st Battalion of Pontifical Zouaves previous to 1870, will preside on occasion. The Chapter will take into consideration the new arrangements which have been made, so that the Order may enjoy the full benefit of unification.