

through Ste Anne's intercession. She soon heard of it and from that moment her confidence knew no bounds. She begged a man, as charitable as he was rich, to take her mother to the church of Ste Anne de Beaupré and she proceeded there herself. She obtained from the pastor of the parish that he should offer up the holy sacrifice of Mass for her dear mother who was at the altar in a state of furious excitement. A large crowd, attracted by pity or curiosity, thronged around the wretched woman and her daughter. The poor desolate child knelt in deep recollection. The priest, prostrate before the holy tabernacle, was quite moved by what he saw. He asked all present to pray with him while he immolated the spotless Victim. While Mass was being fervently said and heard, it was observed that the dread impressed on the features of the unfortunate mother had given way to a calm and serene expression ; her limbs were no longer agitated, her eyes were closed and tears flowed freely from them. But if she wept silently, she was still in a state of undefinable vagueness. From time to time she opened her eyes but without fixing them on anybody. Her lips opened to prayer and uttered these words : Save me ! Save me ! As soon as Mass was over, the priest left the altar and proceeded toward the mother and daughter. To the latter he said : "Have confidence ; your mother will be restored to you." He applied a relic of St. Anne to her lips. How pious was the child's kiss ! How supplicating the tear that fell on the precious object ! Then the priest passed on to the mother and made her venerate the same relic. She seized it with feverish eagerness, pressed it to her lips and to her heart and seemed disinclined to part with it. When the priest asked her to give it back to him, she said with unspeakable happiness : "Oh ! How thankful I am to you ! But is my