

SAINT ANNE, HELP OF MARINERS.

From one of the back numbers of the *French Annals*, we reproduce the following letter, which will surely interest our readers, and convince them once more of St. Anne's powerful patronage.

Larochelle, (France,) December 27, 1872.

"Dearest parents,

"No doubt you have long since thought that I was dead. But banish your fears, for I am still living and I hope to embrace you soon again.

The newspapers must have informed you of the loss of the steamer *Germany*, on which we have been wrecked. Having left Liverpool on December 18, we sailed for New Orleans, and were to stop at Bordeaux on our way. At six o'clock in the evening of the 21st, we sighted the lights off the shore. A furious gale of wind arose and we were stranded on a sand-bar, more than two miles from the river. I had been placed at the wheel, that we had taken care to bind firmly, after having provided ourselves with life-preservers. Immediately after the command "Every man on deck!" an order was given to launch the boats. Hardly ten minutes later, an enormous sea shattered them to pieces, submerging all those that manned them. Another boat containing twenty souls frantic with terror, capsized and was broken against the ship's sides. The sight of all these unfortunate persons cannot be imagined, their cries of distress mingled with the cracking of the ship's timbers, the howling of the blast and the horrible roaring of the sea. On all sides might be heard the cries of agony of drowning persons, of mothers whose children had perished in the waves. Hardly two or three were rescued from the number, but it was only to suffer longer, for a wave washed them out to sea again, as soon as they had reached deck. Our limbs were benumbed with cold and fright, and