

joy of the whole earth, your glory becomes a common cause of gladness to all men. Yes, you are happy, you who enjoy the privilege of being the parents of such a daughter! Blessed be ye, O ye who bring unto us that gift of God! Blessed the breast that fed it, and the womb that bore it!"

(To be continued.)

(From the French of Father Mermilloi, S. J.)

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### SONNET.

The time of life that hath so quickly flown.  
 Seems like a journey through some desert place  
 Where all is silent and I stand alone.  
 Yet, here and there, within a narrow space,  
 A bright oasis cheers the traveller's gaze.  
 The thought of youthful friends and happy days  
 Forever past, awakens oft a tear  
 Of fond remembrance, as I turn once more  
 To look upon the past and view each year  
 Wherein the heart recalls the scenes of yore.  
 And then, as onward I pursue my way,  
 I think how soon my journey's end may come.  
 Perhaps my course is nearly run, the day  
 Is near when I shall reach my happy home.

M. S. B.

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### PASTORAL LETTER

OF THE BISHOPS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE OF QUEBEC;  
 PROMULGATING THE BRIEF WHICH CONSTITUTES ST. ANN  
 PATRONESS OF THE SAID PROVINCE.

We, by the mercy of God and the favor of the Holy  
 Apostolic see, Archbishop and Bishops of the Eccle-  
 siastical Province of Quebec,

*To the Clergy Secular and Regular, and to all the  
 Faithful of the said Province, Greeting and  
 Benediction in Our Lord.*

Your ever increasing devotion, Our Dearly Beloved  
 Brethren, towards St. Ann, mother of the Blessed