

gleamed above their heads and they fell, with swelling hearts, to erecting a sanctuary. Shortly after, it was endowed from France with a precious relic of the Virgin's mother, a few years ago by another from Rome. The shrine with its treasures stimulated the simple piety of the Lower St. Lawrence "habitants"; marvellous favors were multiplied with the prayers; with the favors grew apace the number of pilgrims and pilgrimages, and now it takes a journal to keep record of the wonders of St. Anne de Beaupré.

To deny facts that take place in the light of day, in presence of churchfuls and boatfuls of spectators of every class and condition of life, that are described in detail and published in a hundred newspapers, is an insult not only to the intelligence, but to the senses of a whole continent. Unless we ascribe to such events a mysterious and universal mesmerizing power, which would be the greatest of miracles, we must accept them, at least as pure and naked facts, having cause and effect and testimony, explain them how we may. Why will not the unbeliever go down to the Richelieu & Ontario Steamboat Co's wharf, and question the employees on what they have seen on board certain steamers of the line—the "Canada" for instance? The eye-witnesses were not only pilgrim-crowds, but all who had known and attended the cases before and after the alleged cures. Take the three cures reported last week by the Montreal "Star" and "Gazette," as well as the whole French press:

"Le Courrier du Canada" narrates several recent miracles which occurred at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré recently. Among them are Miss Elvina Proteau, cousin of Rev. Abbé Laliberté of the Grand Seminary, who is said to have been in bed two years at the Hotel-Dieu, with incurable paralysis of the lower limbs, and who, while praying before the relics of St. Anne, suddenly found the pains accompanying her disease vanish, and such a strength pass to her limbs that she threw away her crutches, disengaged herself from her attendant, who held her up, clapped her hands in joy, and stood up all by herself and walked back to her pew alone.

Another case was that of Auguste Plessis, of