

From Montreal to Quebec, as we travelled by boat, it was somewhat easier, but still very painful, and, on arriving at Quebec, I found myself unable to pursue my journey any farther, so, we crossed the river to the Lévis side, where I stopped at my brother's, Mr. John H. Powell, for a fortnight, trying to persuade him to take me on to St-Anne de Beaupré. At first he refused, saying it was madness, and if St. Anne was going to cure me, she would do it where I was. At last he consented, saying he was taking me there only to die. So, on Sunday, Oct. 9, we left Quebec for St. Anne, intending to make a novena at the famous shrine. Contrary to our expectations, this part of the journey was comparatively easy. I suffered a little, of course, but nothing compared to the previous part of my journey. Arriving too late for Mass, my brother procured lodgings for my sister, who had accompanied me through all the weary journey, and for myself, at a short distance from the church, and from which I was carried to church every morning to hear Mass. The Reverend Redemptorist Fathers residing at St. Anne joined me in making the novena, and, until the evening of the seventh day, I felt easier than I had for the two previous years. I did not suffer much, and felt sure St. Anne would help me. But on Saturday, the seventh day of the novena, towards evening, the old pain returned, increasing every hour throughout the long night. I was going to Holy Communion the next morning, and I thought as our Lord gave Himself to me, He would surely give me relief at the same time, and that hope sustained me during the long hours that I had to wait. As communion time came, I tried to move, but found myself as helpless as ever, and had to communicate as usual in my bed, the pain increasing every moment, and so Mass ended. What change there was, was for the worse. I felt that God did not intend to help me, and for a few moments, I was bitterly disappointed, and could not