

infirm youth from working and even from wearing anything on his foot.

At the time, the colonizing of the *Bois Francs*, or *Hard-Wood* regim, in the Eastern Townships, was greatly spoken of. A great number of farmers of our parish and the surrounding ones went to visit the place, so much praised for its fertility and fitness for colonization. The eldest brother of our infirm young man desired, like others had done, to verify all these reports by his own experience, and see if the advantages to be expected from those new settlements were such as they were said to be. The locality chiefly spoken of was near Lake St. Francis, at a distance of about 25 leagues. Part of the way was to be performed on foot; and for our lame youth, that part comprised all the distance from the Chapel of St. Anne, which was on his way, to Lake St. Francis. He nevertheless conceived the plan, humanly speaking it was a foolish one, of undertaking the voyage, having an inward presentiment that St. Anne would cure him on the way. His desire to start was so great, and his trust in St. Anne so unshaken, that his parents, yielding to his entreaties, allowed him to start, fully persuaded that, without a supernatural intervention, the term of his voyage would be St. Anne's chapel. But he, on the contrary, was confident that the term of his sufferings would beat that very sanctuary. What passed in the heart of our young man during his colloquy with St. Anne? We don't remember that he ever made it know to anybody. The confiding prayer of that soul so sincere and still in the fervor of youth must have gone up like a burning arrow to the shrine of the Saint. What is certain is, that, on leaving the chapel, he felt relieved and better, so much so, indeed, that he felt able to begin and accomplish on foot all the remainder of the journey, that is to say, over forty leagues, without feeling any other incommodity than what might result from a long march. When he returned home, he was perfectly cured.