

A YOUNG GIRL SAVED FROM DEATH BY ST. ANNE.

On the 26th of July, 1887, my young daughter, Genie, aged 14, was helping me to load hay, when suddenly grew dizzy, lost her balance and fell from top of the load, holding in her hand an iron fork. When I picked her up, I saw that she was dangerously wounded; one of the prongs having entered her neck below the collar-bone, not far from the windpipe, and from her back below the third rib, thus passing through the upper portion of the left lung. I saw at once the gravity of the wound, and I feared for my dear child's life. Prompt assistance was necessary. As I could not bring her home without first drawing out the fork while made her suffer so at the least condition.

Alone, far from home, I feared that by drawing out the fork I might determine a fatal hemorrhage. In my anxiety, I had recourse to St. Anne. Uncovering my head, and falling on my knees, I entreated our good mother to come to my help, promising that, if she deigned to assist me and cure my child, I would have a high mass celebrated in her honor, and make known, as much as possible, the favor she would grant me by having it published in the *Annals*. Full of confidence, and having made the sign of the cross, encouraged by the certitude that St. Anne would assist me, I drew the fork out of my child's body, without seeing a drop of blood issue from the wound.

We drove home. The Doctor, whom I sent for at once, was unable to come before late in the evening. He found no inflammation and perceived that the wound was already beginning to heal. The child's