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ANNALS  
OF  
ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

*With the approbation of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, of Their Graces the Archbishops of Montreal and Ottawa, and their Lordships the Bishops of Three Rivers, Rimouski, Sherbrooke, St. Hyacinth, Nicolet and Charlottetown, and the Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac.*



SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

# ANNALS

OF

# ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.—THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

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All correspondence to be directed to Rev. C. E. CARRIER, Levis College, Levis, P. Q.

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## SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

1<sup>o</sup> Two masses are offered up every week, one on Monday, and the second, on Saturday, for subscribers and their families; 2<sup>o</sup> another mass is said, on the first Friday of every month, for deceased subscribers.

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## THE FEAST OF SAINT ANNE.

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IN THE MISSIONS OF DAKOTA.

A short letter from the faithful servants of Good Saint Anne, who inhabit the lovely plains lying around Turtle Mountain, Territory of Dakota, in the United States, will not be devoid of interest for the pious readers of the *Annals*.

The feast of Saint Anne was celebrated this year at our Mountain with an unusual concourse of people.

and unwonted solemnity, in our new but prosperous missions. Three public and solemn festivals were held during the eight days of the octave and the novena in honor of Saint Anne.

On the day of the feast proper, July 26, the station or meeting of the Missionaries and their flocks was held at the oldest mission, which was begun seven years ago, the mission of St. John the Baptist. There for the first time, in the handsome church, 34 x 80 feet, a mass was celebrated with deacon and sub-deacon. Three sermons were preached, in the Cree (Indian) French and English languages, publishing the marvels wrought by Good Saint Anne here already at our Mountain, and everywhere, but especially at the Mother-Church of Ste Anne de Beaupré.

On the Wednesday during the Octave, came the turn of the pretty Indian Mission of St Anthony of Padua, 20 miles South West of St John, and where the nice little chapel of St Anthony, 30 x 50 feet, already pleases the eye by its charming aspect. It has a steeple and a bell which weighs 100 lbs. This chapel is due to the apostolic zeal of the missionary, Rev. Father C. Scollen, and has been built with the generous donation of a thousand dollars, given by the Misses Drexel of Philadelphia.

Good Saint Anne is particularly loved and honored here, by the Pastor and his beloved Indians, the Sautaux and Crees.

On the 2nd of August, day of the Octave, these imposing solemnities were worthily crowned by the celebration and the extraordinary concourse of people from the flourishing Canadian Missions of Butte St. Paul, Willow City and Dunseith. They were all gathered together to celebrate the beautiful feast of St Anne in the large and handsome chapel of St Paul, 35 x 60 feet, so zealously administered by their worthy and untiring missionary, Rev. P. U. Brunelle.

High-mass was chanted by Rev. C. Scollen, who, after the Gospel, preached a splendid sermon in

English, for the advantage of twenty Irish families present, who also belong to this mission. He spoke of the great confidence and devotion of the Canadians towards the holy and powerful mother of the Immaculate Virgin. The French sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Malo, missionary of St John, on the miracles performed during pilgrimages to Ste Anne de Beaupré.

Nearly 600 communions were the fruitful result of these pious celebrations.

Next year, our people purpose to have a renewal of such imposing festivities. They hope for new favors, and wish to express their thanksgiving for the abundant harvests, with which the new settlers are actually blessed. (1)

Signed on behalf of the grateful missionaries of Turtle Mountain.

C. MALO, Missionary priest.

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## THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF SAINT ANNE.

(Continued.)

THE FATHERS OF THE GREEK CHURCH HAVE TAUGHT  
THAT SAINT ANNE HAS MERITED HER  
GLORIOUS MATERNITY.

Although the above proposition seems to us to have been sufficiently proved, yet it may not be inopportune to bring forward a few more remarkable passages from the Greek Fathers. These holy Doctors set forth that doctrine, not with any restrictions, nor with a sort of timidity, as if it were question of a simple opinion, although founded, but with that assurance

(1) The three missions of St John the Baptist, of St Anthony and of Butte St Paul, have already asked for and obtained their affiliation to the Arch-confraternity of St Anne de Beaupré.

and stress which one gives to the assertion of truth. The clients of Saint Anne will be grateful to us for quoting these passages, a feeble echo of the piety of the East towards a loved mother.

St John Damascene, in his sixth and seventh homilies on the Nativity, says that Mary is the daughter of grace more than of nature, that we are indebted for possessing her to the prayers and holiness of her parents. Let us quote the whole page :

“ Who was the father of this virginal stem, who was her mother ? Anne and Joachim, glorious couple, united by the Word Himself, whose union was more divine than all others ; since their offspring is of priceless value, how could the stem that bears it not be worthy of it ? Now, that magnificent stem, issued from a holy root, seemed unable to produce its fruit. But “ the just cried, and the Lord heard them ; and delivered them out of all their troubles.” King David had thus predicted in his divinely inspired song. The just cried, did he say, and it seems to me that in these words he speaks as the interpreter of all the human race..... The just cried, they have claimed the fruit of their union and a more perfect manifestation of God.

“ Adonai, Lord God of Hosts, Thou art aware of the shame of our barrenness, Thou knowest in what affliction it lowers us. Look favorably on the lowliness and humility of thy servants, grant them the object of their desires, and they will offer thee their gift as an homage. Then the God who is quick to pity and slow to punish heard their prayer, He gave them her who bears the name of Mary, who became for us a splendid and unspeakable compensation for the unhappy Eve.

“ Let every creature, therefore, rejoice on this day, and celebrate with transports of joy the holy deliverance of the Blessed Anne ! She has given to the world the Treasure of all riches ; no created power may deprive her of them. By endowing mankind

with such a precious Treasure, the Creator has entirely raised man, and through and with man, all nature to a better state. For man holds an intermediate place between matter and spirit; he is as the link and knot of all beings, whether visible or invisible, and for that very reason, the Word of God has taken to Himself all creatures by uniting with our humanity. Let us, therefore, celebrate in Joachim and his spouse the cessation of that sterility which was an obstacle to our happiness.

“ Why, indeed, was the Virgin born of a childless mother? Was it not to prepare by a prodigy the one thing new under the sun, to open the way for the wonder of wonders, and unite that which is humblest with that which is most sublime? But another reason suggests itself, a reason higher and in a measure more divine. Nature yields to grace, and, not being able to go any further, stops with trembling at the sight of a work so sublime, and acknowledges its powerlessness. For, being granted that the Mother of God was to be born of Saint Anne, nature could not precede grace; it remained sterile, while Grace bore its fruit: for nature was unable to give to the world the loved Daughter of God, of whom was to come forth the First born of all creatures and the upholder of all things. O Anne! O Joachim! O happy couple! Every creature is attached to you by the closest obligations; and *through you*, it can offer to its God the most perfect of all gifts: a chaste mother, alone worthy of her Creator!

“ O happy Joachim, who hast merited that Immaculate Fruit! O chaste womb of Anne, in which was formed and silently developed itself that Fruit of holiness! O womb in which was conceived that living heaven vaster than the boundless expanse of the other heavens! O breast feeding the nurse of Him who feedeth the world! O marvel of marvels! O prodigy effacing all others! It was just that God, vouchsafing to humble Himself to our lowliness, should open the way by miracles to His ineffable Incarnation. But

how shall I continue? My soul is ravished beyond itself, it is divided between fear and desire. My heart beats; my tongue is paralysed; I can no more contain my transports; I succumb before these marvels; a divine fainting seizes me and love drives me wild. But away from this all vain terror, let love triumph; let my soul sing on the lyre of the Holy Spirit: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad."

*(From the French of Father Mermillod, S. J.)*

*(To be continued.)*

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## AT SAINT ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

### NOTES.

The consecration of the basilica of St Anne de Beupré is postponed until next year, the erection of the great altars not being sufficiently advanced.

The movement of pilgrimages to St Anne increased daily during the summer months.

In the month of July 41,000 pilgrims came to the shrine, and the number of pilgrims registered during the first half of the current year, that is to say, from January to July, surpasses by 4,000 that of the same period last year. St Anne's fame extends far and wide. From all points of North America, they come to consult her and pray to her. A young Australian, passing by New-York, on his way to England, where he is to enter a religious order, come to St Anne's to recommend to her the important question of his vocation. Virtuous citizens, pious ladies come here to enjoy the peace of the Lord in silence and retirement, and to reanimate their faith by the sight of so much fervor.

The Arch-confraternity of St Anne continues to enrich its registers with numerous inscriptions. Since they were first opened, two or three months ago, no less than 18,000 associates were enrolled. A great



number of parishes of Canada and the United States have asked for a diploma of affiliation.

A lady from the United States had long suffered martyrdom from neuralgia. Already four doctors had uselessly tried to relieve her. She consulted a fifth, a Protestant, who, to her great astonishment, gave her the following advice: "Cease, Madam, all your remedies, and consult Doctor Sainte Anne de Beaupré; they say she belongs to your religion: she will probably cure you." Another Protestant physician has asked for the same Doctor's address, wishing to submit to her some difficult cases. May Saint Anne reward their confidence by enlightening and bringing them to the true faith.

A French lady, settled in Ohio since a number of years, was seized with a complication of dangerous diseases: diphtheria, typhoid and other fevers. Her cheeks and lips had become as black as coal and all chapped. She remembered, in her affliction, that the present Bishop of Burlington, Monseigneur Goësbriand, then a missionary, had placed all the mothers in his missions under the protection of the Good Ste Anne de Beaupré. Animated with a lively confidence in her heavenly protectress, she fell asleep saying: "Saint Anne, cure me." After a few hours of peaceful slumber, she awoke perfectly cured. Her two Doctors, who are Protestants, are called in to witness the fact. They certify that she is quite well and can hardly believe their own eyes.

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### STE ANNE D'AURAY.

(Concluded)

At length, triumphing over every difficulty, and after having been subjected to severe examination by various ecclesiastical superiors, Nicolazic obtained the permission of the Bishop of Vannes for a suitable chapel to be built and endowed. This sanctuary con-

taining the original ancient statue of St Anne soon became an object of profound veneration, and the devotion to the august Mother of Mary assumed larger and larger proportions. The learned Bollandists give a lengthy list of the wonderful miracles that were here performed, and mention that many persons were punished in a remarkable manner for speaking lightly of the devotion to St Anne. As at our own beloved "Good Ste Anne's" of Beaupré, these miracles were not only of a temporal or physical nature, but even more frequently were miracles of grace, hardened sinners obtaining their conversion, and afflicted souls being strengthened and comforted.

The Carmelite Fathers were entrusted with the charge of this sanctuary of Ste Anne d'Auray in A. D. 1627, and they considerably embellished the church. In the year 1639, Louis XIII, King of France, still further embellished it bestowing on it a considerable relic of the Saint. In 1638 we find Pope Urban VIII, by bulls dated sept. 22nd, granting great indulgences to pilgrims as well as to the confraternity of "Ste Anne d'Auray."

During the French Revolution, in the year 1792, the Religious were driven away from Auray, their convent and church pillaged and sold and the treasured statue broken up and burned. But one small piece, a part of the face, escaped destruction, and this fragment is now placed in the pedestal of the new statue.

In the year 1815 the convent and church were bought back and entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers who established a "Petit Séminaire" or college for boys, but these Fathers were expelled in 1828. The college, however, has been administered on by other priests and professors, and is still the ecclesiastical college of the diocese of Vannes. From 300 to 400 boys are educated here, and those among the scholars who have a vocation for the priesthood pass on to the "Grand Séminaire" at Vannes.

The present church is of modern construction, the first stone of it having been laid in January 1866. Unfortunately much of its beauty is hidden by the many small houses and shops which are grouped about it.

This splendid Basilica is built of granite in the Renaissance style. It is of imposing proportions and elegant form, and its summit is crowned with a statue of St. Anne which can be seen from afar. An elegant modern writer (Miss Anna Hervé) thus speaks of this statue. "It is this statue which the Breton pilgrim seeks with eager eyes, when on his toilsome way from his island home in the stormy sea, or his cottage on the wild and lonely moor. It is to this statue he turns and gives his last as well as his first salutation. At the point where, once past, he knows he shall no longer see the spire of his beloved church nor the statue of his cherished mother, he kneels, and with bared head and reverent mind, offers his last prayer and makes his last supplication to her who is so dear to the Breton heart."

The church itself is in the form of a Latin cross. The interior is divided into three naves, and we might almost say there are two other naves which spring from the transept and surround the choir; and opening on these naves are the numerous chapels situated in the apse. The choir itself is a marvellous masterpiece of taste and richness. It is all of polished brass and precious marbles. It is paved with fine mosaic work. Within the sanctuary a tablet is set in indicating the exact spot where the famous statue was found by Nicolazic as we have related.

The high altar is monumental and was the princely gift of Pius IX. The dais (or canopy), the reredos, the tomb or body of the altar, the steps leading up to it, are all hewn out of purest white marble, which marble had been taken to Rome from far-off quarries during the reigns of Titus and Domitian, as is attested by an

inscription. This altar is adorned by statues of the four Evangelists sculptured by the celebrated Falguière, and a St. Joachim, by the same artist, is sculptured on one of the piers supporting the sub-arch of the choir.

The chapel specially dedicated to St. Anne is a marvel of art, and here, as in all parts of the church, are an incalculable number of *ex-votos*. In an elegant niche, surmounted by a richly chiselled dome, is the miraculous statue of St. Anne which dates only from the year 1823, but in the pedestal of which there is to be seen the only fragment, the left side of the face, of the original statue which escaped from the fury of the revolutionists.

In the painted windows which surround the church are depicted the various scenes of the wonderful circumstances we have already related concerning the building of the first church by Nicolazic.

We will now speak of the *Scala Sancta* or Holy Staircase. This is situated in the "Champ de l'Épine" (Field of the Thorn), a field of an oblong form, and is nearly opposite to the front of the church or rather Basilica, at only a short distance from it. This Holy Staircase is a remembrance of the Passion of our Lord, of that Staircase which He ascended at Jerusalem. Great indulgences are attached to this devotion, and it is much practised by pious pilgrims.

This Holy Staircase consists of two long flights of twenty eight steps each, connected at the top by a large platform on which there is an altar. Both steps and platform are roofed over, so that devotions may not be interrupted by bad weather. It is at this altar that Mass is said at the time of the great pilgrimages, when the church, although capable of holding three thousand persons closely packed, is not large enough to contain the multitudes which flock to St Anne on these occasions.

The pilgrims making this devotion go up the flight of steps on the north side of the staircase, on their

knees, meditating on the different stages of the Passion of Our Divine Lord, and saying a short prayer on each step until they arrive at the top, where, at the foot of the altar on the platform, they make their concluding prayer. Then they walk down the flight on the south side and their devotion is finished.

It is from the platform of this Staircase that the evening sermon is given when the crowd of pilgrims is unusually large, and even Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is here given, amidst the blaze of torches and tapers which mingle their brilliant light with the milder rays of the moon and the sweet pale effulgence of the stars.

Around this oval inclosure too passes the procession called by the Bretons "la retraite aux flambeaux". Each one of the immense multitude of pilgrims bearing a lighted taper, protected from the wind by a gaily-colored cup-shaped envelope, and in serried ranks the pious crowd proceeds to the Basilica, passing along the streets, under the trees, around the oval, singing their hymns, to well-known airs, with a fervor and soul-stirring accent that is contagious. Cold must be the heart that is not warmed to fervor on beholding the devotion of these pious supplicants.

Beside the *Scala Sancta* there is what is called the *Cloître*, a place much frequented by pilgrims. The Seminary, of which we have already spoken, is connected with the church by an ancient cloister forming the four sides of an uncovered square. Some of the doors of the Seminary open on this cloister, and on its walls are the Stations of the Cross. In the centre of the square there used to be a large Calvary where the pilgrims knelt to begin the Stations, but this Calvary has now given place to an enormous plain wooden cross brought by pilgrims from the Holy Land.

Ste Anne d'Auray has its miraculous fountain, which, as is the case with our own Ste Anne de Beaupré, is the instrument of many miraculous cures.

In the days of the Revolution Ste Anne d'Auray suffered severely from the barbarous and reckless conduct of the mobs who pillaged and ruthlessly destroyed so many venerable treasures of the past.

The country immediately around Ste Anne d'Auray is flat and uninteresting. Unlike Lourdes, no mountains look down upon this sanctuary which is approached by a road passing over a barren moor called a "lande". At no considerable distance, however, there are many spots of historic interest and many traces of past wars.

From Canada the easiest way of access would be by French steamer to Havre whence there is direct railway communication to Rennes and thence by way of Redon to Auray or to Ste Anne itself. From Paris also the route is an easy one.

The pilgrimage of Ste Anne d'Auray being a sort of mother pilgrimage to that of our own "good St. Anne," we have thought that these few words concerning the mother might be acceptable to the pious clients of the daughter, the readers of the English Annals of St. Anne de Beaupré.

G. M. WARD (MRS PENNÉE.)

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## LA BONNE STE ANNE.

FROM THE CITY OF THREE RIVERS TO THE SHRINE.

*What a Pilgrim Felt, Saw and Heard during the Pilgrimage.*

On the morning of Tuesday, the 17th July, the little town of Three Rivers was astir at an early hour. A commotion was visible round the doors of those inns chiefly patronized by country people, carriages were driving into the yards, passengers alighting, breakfast was being consumed as fast as it could be prepared, and all was bustle and excitement. The private dwellings too, were more or less scenes of hurrying to

and fro. sandwiches were being cut, cake packed into baskets and raspberry vinegar stowed away in portable flasks. Motherly dames carefully pulled out the broad bows of their daughter's cambric sashes, and gave tender little pats to obtrusive puffs and wrinkles in gowns—and the fair wearers of the gowns lent themselves to this vicarious vanity the more thankfully in that they did not wish to give too much time to their own toilets—for had not the priest only last evening told them to be wise, and remember that a pilgrimage was not a picnic.

Then in the beautiful old parish church, from five o'clock in the morning, the Maries were grouped praying. Aye, and the Marthas too, but the latter left their baskets at the door.

Surely the richly carved walls of that matchless little sanctuary never enclosed a more devout throng of worshippers than those pious people who :

“ With God's blessing fresh upon them ” began the day with the highest act of Catholic worship.

Eight o'clock was the hour named for starting from the pier, but it was well on to nine before the “ Canada,” carrying about twelve hundred souls, let go her grapplings and steamed down the river, the plashing of her paddle wheels mingling, with the notes of the “ Ave Maris Stella,” the singing of which sacred song appeared to be joined in by all on board.

The city of Three Rivers, or, to give it its more elegant appellation, “ Les Trois-Rivières,” presents a particularly beautiful and picturesque aspect from the deck of a vessel descending the St. Lawrence. The lower town with its slanting streets and quaint old buildings. in the distance the Coteau St. Louis rising above the verdant flats of the Banlieue, whereon grimly stands the ruin of an old windmill, the Plateau (with its pretty trees and flowers), the exquisite peeps up the Rae des Casernes, terminating in the lovely little church of the era of the French occupation, the cathe-

dral-spire towering above the superb elm-trees, the boulevard of which the Trifluviens are justly proud, the old white monastery of the Ursulines, like some dream-castle on a fairy isle, the magnificent new seminary, the scarcely less fine hospital of the Sisters of Providence, the many handsome private houses of the citizens, all contribute to a scene not easily surpassed in Canadian landscapes. On steams the "Canada," past the entrance to the St. Maurice, where we see the mouths of the river des Trois-Rivières, past Cap de la Magdeleine, where in the shadow of the fine new sanctuary nestles the little church of the early Jesuit mission, almost as old as Canadian civilization, on past the entrance to the Becancour, past Batiscan, and Champlain and St. Pierre-les-Becquets, and the other smiling villages that dot the banks of the river St. Lawrence. But these glimpses at scenery are "stolen glimpses," for the director of the pilgrimage, the Very Rev. Chanoine Cloutier has ascended to the upper gallery and commenced the recitation of the rosary.

On bended knee the pilgrims respond in the saloons, from the outer deck, through open staterooms, front stairs and galleries come the oft repeated words:—*Sainte Marie, Mère de Dieu, priez pour nous, pauvres pécheurs, maintenant et à l'heure de notre mort. Ainsi soit-il.*

After the chapelet comes a little sermon and then "free time" which we cannot employ better than by taking a stroll about the boat to see who and what manner of people are our fellow-passengers.

To begin with the reverend clergy—there are over twenty priests on board—six of whom wear the jewelled ring and purple insignia of Canons of the Cathedral. There is one Jesuit father, there are seminary-priests, country *curés*, and a large number of young ecclesiastics—these latter as sedate and dignified as the oldest canon of the chapter.



Then, as to the rank and file—there are young people, and old people, and young old people, and old young people, and children of all ages, from babies upward—and there are deformed and cripples, and dwarfs, and weak, wistful invalids. And, O God of mercy ! how many broken and desolate hearts ! how many shattered hopes and ruined lives, none but Thy all Omniscient Goodness can tell !

On a sofa about midships, lay a young woman, pale and wasted, coughing violently, her feverish pulse, too bright eyes, and sunken cheeks bearing evidence of grave malady. But on the lower deck in a wicker perambulator sat a beautiful boy of five years of age, his poor legs nerveless and limp from some affection of the spine. A few feet behind him a nice looking woman sat alone, her face wearing a singularly patient expression. Addressing her I said : " Is this your first visit to St. Anne's ? " " Yes, " she said, " the weather is very fine. " I tried again, eliciting the reply, " From the parish of Shawenegan on the St. Maurice, " whereupon somebody, taking in the situation, came up and bellowed the enquiry into her ear, and at last hearing answered, Yes, she had never yet prayed at the shrine of the good St. Anne.

Up stairs in the saloon there were some most pleasant groups, one consisting of a nun, with a sweet serene face, and a dear old lady of over eighty years of age, who was as bright and cheerful as a bird, had a magnetic effect upon your correspondent.

In the centre of the smaller saloon was a table whereupon you might buy St. Anne in various attitudes for various sums from five cents up to five dollars. There were also rosaries, medals, books and tapers for sale.

High up on the centre of the galleries above the stair-landing was a statue of the patron of grandmamas with her Immaculate Daughter, and before it slowly consumed many waxen tapers, the offerings of the faithful to the good Saint Anne.

From time to time during the day there were prayers, hymns and instructions from one or other of the priests, and confessions were heard in all parts of the steamer.

The programme did not admit of a stoppage at Quebec on the way down, so that we had the novel experience of steaming past the Fortress City. How beautiful it is, the cradle of our country, seen from the river, and equally beautiful in its smiling verdure is the Côte de Beaupré. The steep fall of the Montmorency glittered like a silver ribbon in the sunshine, and the hamlets of l'Ange Gardien and Château Richer lay basking in the mellow light—as we skimmed past their wave-washed shores, towards the goal for which we were bound. Punctually at four o'clock the "Canada" was made fast to the quay at Saint Anne's, and with glad hearts and a devout demeanor the pilgrims fell into line. At the head of the procession walked one of the priests of the Bishop's Palace, then came the silken flag, with its ancient device, and the motto "*Adveniat Regnum Tuum*," the banner of the League of the Sacred Heart, and then the pilgrims four and four; but even in fours, it takes a procession of over twelve hundred some time to reach a given point. On they marched, chapelet in hand, singing as they went a canticle in honor of the good Saint Anne, up the long quay, along the village-street, and into the magnificent sanctuary, the Basilica of Sainte Anne de Beaupré. After a few words of instruction from the Rev. Father Mallengier, C. SS. R, the congregation dispersed to seek lodging for the night, and refreshment for the inner man.

Much has been said and written about the magnificent church erected at the favorite shrine of the Catholic section of Canada. It is really a gorgeous temple, and one which would repay many visits and much study. The lateral chapels are rendered the more interesting on account of their having been given by various dioceses, parishes and congregations.

These chapels are all frescoed in different devices— one, the gift of Madame Pennée, the chapel of the great founder of the Franciscans, is ornamented with the various emblems of the Order, and upon a beautifully carved altar imported from Belgium, stands.

“Sweet Saint Francis of Assisium”, exquisitely modelled in *carton pierre*, and surrounded by dainty paintings of the little birds that loved him so well.

A beautiful statue is that of Saint François Xavier, given by the congregationists of the Jesuits, Church in Quebec. Another of merit is that of Saint Anthony of Padua.

Perhaps the prettiest chapel is one given by a private gentleman, whose name I forgot, but very beautiful is the one donated by the diocese of Les Trois Rivières, and upon its altar is a truly grand statue of St. Louis of France—the name-saint of the well beloved bishop of the diocese.

Above the high altar hangs the old oil painting of St. Anne, the Virgin Mary, and two pilgrims, given by the Marquis de Tracy as a votive offering in 1666.

In the sacristy, through the kindness of a friend, resident at St. Anne's, your correspondent was shown the chasuble worked in floss-silks by Anne of Austria, sent by Her Majesty to the church at Beaupré.

Time has not marred this rich vestment, its colors are as brilliant as when wrought in by the delicate fingers of the Queen mother of Louis le Grand. Another treasure is a massive silver crucifix, standing about twelve inches in height, given by the gallant Iberville. Then there are two quaint old altars which, so tradition says, were carved under the direction of some good curé of St. Joachim in the days of the old régime. The good curé found the young men of his parish addicted to evening rambles, so to keep them at home he undertook to teach them wood-carving, and hence the profusely ornamented old white and gold altars of the former Church of la Bonne Sainte

Anno. Beneath the vestry is a sort of bazaar where pilgrims can buy souvenirs of their visit to this celebrated shrine.

After supper, when the blue shadows of the Laurentian Mountains fell athwart the swift running river, and the pasture-land of the Isle of Orleans grew misty and dim, we sallied forth again to visit the little chapel which has been constructed from the materials of the old church of St. Anno. Along the village street, past the humble cemetery where stands a Calvary—the face of the man-God appealing in mute agony to the hearts of “all those who pass by” and we are at the portal of the tiny church. Inside are many persons praying devoutly: it is dark, and the darkness is but made visible by the flame of one tiny taper burning upon the gilded altar.

As the Blessed Sacrament was not, in the church, there could be no impropriety in entering the sanctuary, which we did, helping ourselves to another taper and lighting it at the pale flame on the altar.

In this little chapel are preserved such relics of the old church as would not accord with the magnificence of the new one. The altar is very very ancient, and richly gilt. In the corners of the sanctuary are two old Corinthian columns, all white and gold, around the walls are various votive offerings in the form of pictures. Writing of them in the *Catholic World*, Miss Anna T. Sadlier says; “Of the artistic excellence of many of these pictures we say nothing,” and her words convey the correct impression. One in especial is very curious. It is small, about twenty-four inches by twelve. It portrays Saint Anne seated in a cloud. In the foreground a boat is upset in a terrible sea, and to its shapeless sides cling five young persons in the utmost peril. In the distance we see the Church of St. Anne, the old “Petit Cap,” and the Laurentides. In the corner in quaint painting, is: “Ex Voto J. B. T. Aucler, Louis Bouvier, Marthe Feuilleteau, tous

3 sauvés, Mna. Chamar. âgée de 21 ans, Margte. Champagne, âgée de 20, ans un jour, toutes deux noyez, ce 17<sup>mo</sup> Juin, 1754, à 2 heures du matin, tout 5 dans ce triste état se recommandant à la bienheureuse Ste Anno."

Above this truly marvellous work of art hangs one entitled "Vœu fait par l'équipage de la Ste. Anne," bearing date 1700. In this corner there is a strange, very ancient statue of the Blessed Virgin, in which she is represented with beady black eyes. On the pedestal we read :

B. V. M. Help of Christians.

Marie

Secours des chrétiens

Priez

Pour le peuple,

Intercédez

Pour le clergé.

In the opposite corner of the sanctuary is a very beautiful little painting, which has the appearance of a group of miniature portraits of the Queen of France and her children, kneeling before a representation of Saint Anno. Whatever this picture may be it is certainly the work of an artist of no mean ability and skill.

The only other picture of any merit is one of Mademoiselle de Bécancourt of Les Trois Rivières, afterwards Sister of the Holy Trinity in the community of the Ursulines.

Coming out of the gloom of the little chapel into the creeping twilight, we pause before the fountain so long venerated to drink of its sparkling water and then pass up the hill, terrace after terrace of weary steps, to the convent of the good Grey Nuns. Here is indeed a "Maison de Pension" worthy of the name. From the entrance-hall of the convent, the view is

superb, and so seemed to think the privileged boarders, of whom there were over a hundred grouped on the threshold and in the grounds. It is not an expensive place of lodgment, this convent, and there are few more lovely spots for ladies to pass a quiet summer.

Descending to the village street we could not resist another peep at the Basilica. Its kneeling throngs, its pyramids of crutches, its lights and flowers and atmosphere of beauty. In the numerous confessionals, the priests were hard at work and around them clustered the penitent pilgrims, two of whom, presumably, had not very heavily laden consciences, as they were fast asleep. Connecting the lateral chapels with the Sacristy is a semi-circular corridor, wherein hang two large frames containing spectacles, left at the shrine by those to whom sight was restored. There are here some pictures of St. Anne d'Auray, in Brittany, and one old engraving of great interest.

It was a gift from the Abbé H. R. Casgrain to the Rev. Redemptorist fathers in 1887, and bears the signature of that illustrious gentleman. It is, as a quaintly printed paragraph sets forth.

"Le vrai portrait du très Religieux fr. Didace pelletier, fr. lay Récollet, natif de Ste Anne en Canada, mort en odeur de sainteté dans la mission de la nouvelle France le 21 février 1699 âgé de 41 ans et 29 de Religion et que Dieu honore par plusieurs miracles."

The Frère Didace, in the dress of a Récollet, holds a skull, and stands before a crucifix.

In the morning, from five o'clock, mass is offered at Saint Anne's and hundreds upon hundreds of devout pilgrims approach the holy table. After mass, breakfast, and then the blessing of the various objects of devotion brought by the pilgrims, the reading of the gospel over the sick, a sermon, and the veneration of the relics. During all this time the devotion of the people appears to know no bounds; they pray, they give thanks, they give alms.

And then came the departure in the order of arrival, the solemn, slow marching down the long, long pier; it was low tide, the marshes were bare, and peasants in bright red shirts were swiftly mowing the sweet marsh-hay. Flocks of birds serenely wandered among the waving grass and minnows played in the little pools. Over the Island of Orleans a bright streak of golden light cut in twain a heavy storm-cloud, and its gleam was reflected by the colossal statue of Saint Anne, that wonderful statue of gilded copper, which, standing between the two towers of the church, keeps ward and watch over the Côte de Beaupré.

The air was fragrant and heavy, as if with coming rain, and all silent but for the measured tread of the pilgrims, and a few notes of the "Ave Maris Stella" floating down from the village-street, that dear old village, soon, alas! to be invaded by the iron horse of progress.

Shortly after leaving St. Anne's the Very Rev. Canon aforementioned began the recitation of the rosary, and at the conclusion of the last "Ainsi soit-il" there was a commotion on the lower deck, followed by another at the end of the saloon, where reclined on a sofa a young woman who had been bedridden for two years, and who declared herself perfectly cured, and ravenous for food, of which she had not been able to eat with relish for a long long time. This cure may or may not be genuine, but down below, where I had the day before in vain tried to carry on a conversation with the deaf woman from Shawenegan, joy reigned. She had completely recovered her hearing. Of that there was no mistake. "Are you sure she was deaf?" asked a lady on board, of the curé of her parish. "Ah! madame, indeed I am," he answered. "It was always most difficult for me to confess her."

So the announcement was made, and from the decks and saloons of the "Canada" rose from twelve hundred voices, such a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving as could

never be heard in this Canada of ours outside of the Province of Quebec. The morning interspersed with religious exercises brought us to Quebec, where some hours were allowed to visit the town. At three we steamed off on our homeward trip, reaching Three Rivers about nine, and over and anon we knelt to pray, or sang the sweet French hymns of the Bonne Saint Anne. Everybody was happy, everybody was good. Not a frown, not an unseemly word, not a rude action, occurred to mar the harmony of the voyage. Among the immense crowd there was not one drop of strong drink, nor any resort to games nor betting to while away the hours. Once indeed a panic threatened. In rounding a point in the river, the boat dipped, everybody ran to the sinking side to see what was the matter, thereby increasing the danger, but one word of explanation from *Monsieur le Curé* and all was righted. The entire pilgrimage was so well managed and so edifying, that it is difficult to give it an adequate meed of praise. "Oh! yes," said a resident of St. Anne's, in speaking of this, but you must remember that we consider the Three Rivers Pilgrimage an exceptionally nice set of people." This doubtless is a fact, but still from many other parts of this dear old province, countless throngs yearly make their way to the shrine at Beaupré in a spirit of piety, of charity and obedience, for is not the whole land from La Gaspésie to Lake Nominungue constant to the motto of the Breton peasant of the old regime.

"One faith, one heart, one tongue."

LORRAINE.

—(From the "Star")



## BASILICA OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

### SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE ALTAR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN HONORED UNDER THE TITLE OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

The Basilica of St Anne will have nineteen Altars. One of the number has yet to be constructed and paid for. It is the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Our Perpetual Help.

This altar is to be in white marble, enriched with gilt-brass ornaments, and will rise to the vault of the Church.

We feel convinced that persons devoted towards St Anne would be happy to contribute to the erection of this monument to the glory of the Immaculate Daughter of the Protectress of Canada.

We, therefore, with the approval of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, open a subscription-list in the *Annals of St Anne de Beaupré*.

Persons contributing at least 25 cents will have a share in the masses and prayers which are offered in the Basilica for benefactors.

St Anne de Beaupré, Aug. 15, 1888, feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady.

CHS. DEBONGNIE, C. SS. R.,  
Rector and Parish Priest.

N. B.—Offerings may be sent either to the Shrine of St Anne de Beaupré, or to the Director of the *Annals*.

#### FIRST SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

The Redemptorist Fathers of St Anne de Beaupré..... \$20.00