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SAINT JOSEPH.

I seek a pure heart, and there is the place of my rest...

(Imitation)



Annals of Saint Anne de Beaupre.

Vol. 15. —♦♦— March, 1902. —♦♦— No. 11.

Contents: Devotion to Saint Joseph, 321. — God's service and good will, 325. — The Prodigal's return, 327. — His last will, 333. — Friendship with the Sacred Heart, 335. — A Flag of Truce, 338. — Catholic and Protestant Emancipation, 339. — Blessed Gerard, 343. — Thanksgivings, 349.

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DEVOTION TO SAINT JOSEPH.

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devotion most pleasing to St. Joseph, is to honor his Sorrows and Joys. One day he appeared to two religious who desired to know what prayers they might say to prove their gratitude to Saint Joseph for favors received. The Saint said to them: « If you desire to do something agreeable to me, never allow a day to pass without reciting some prayers in memory of the seven great sorrows which oppressed my soul, and of the seven ineffable joys which filled my heart during the years I passed in the company of Jesus and of Mary. »

Pope Pius VII has granted the following indulgences to those who recite the subsequent prayers: 100 *days* once a day. 300 *days* on Wednesdays. 300 *days* on each day of the two Novenas before his Feast, (March 19th.) and his Patronage, (the third Sunday after Easter,) with a *plenary* indulgence on

these two Feasts. Also a *plenary* once a month for daily recital; and a *plenary* for each Sunday, when recited any seven Sundays running. These are all applicable to the Dead.

The Seven Sorrows and the Seven Joys.

I. Pure Spouse of the Virgin Mary, glorious St. Joseph, great was the anguish of thy heart when, in sore perplexity, thou didst intend to put away thy stainless spouse; but unspeakable was thy joy when the Angel revealed to thee the great mystery of the Incarnation.

By this thy sorrow and joy, we pray thee, comfort our souls now and in their dying agony with the sweet consolation of a well-spent life, and a death like unto thine own, in the embrace of Jesus and of Mary.

« *Our Father,* » « *Hail Mary,* » « *Glory be,* » *etc.*

II. Thrice happy patriarch, glorious St. Joseph, chosen to be the foster-father of the Word made man, keen was the pain thou didst feel when thou didst see the Infant Jesus born in abject poverty; but thy pain was suddenly changed into heavenly joy, when upon thee burst the harmony of the angelic choirs, and thou didst behold the glory of that refulgent night.

By this thy sorrow and thy joys we pray thee, obtain for us that, when the journey of our life is over, we too may pass to that blessed land where we shall hear the angel-chants, and enjoy the brightness of celestial glory.

« *Our Father,* » « *Hail Mary,* » « *Glory be,* » *etc.*

III. O thou who wast ever most obedient in fulfilling the law of God, glorious St. Joseph! when, at His circumcision, the infant Saviour's precious blood was shed, thy heart was pierced through and through; but with the name of Jesus, new life and heavenly joy came again to thee.

By this thy sorrow and thy joy, obtain for us that, freed in life from the vile yoke of sin, we too may die with joy, with the sweet name of Jesus in our hearts and on our lips.

« *Our Father,* » « *Hail Mary,* » « *Glory be,* » *etc.*

IV. Faithful saint, who was admitted to take part in man's

redemption, glorious St. Joseph, Simeon's prophecy of the coming woes of Jesus and of Mary, filled thy soul with agony like death: but thy soul was filled with blessedness when he foretold salvation and glorious resurrection to innumerable souls.

By this thy sorrow and thy joy, help us with thy prayers to be of those who, by the merits of Jesus and His Virgin Mother, shall partake of the glorious resurrection.

« Our Father » « Hail Mary » « Glory be, » etc.

V. Watchful guardian, bosom-friend of the incarnate Son of God, glorious St. Joseph, how didst thou toil to nurture and to serve the Son of the Most High, especially in the flight into Egypt; but far greater was thy joy in having with thee God Himself, and in seeing Egypt's idols fall to the earth!

By this thy sorrow and thy joy, obtain for us to keep aloof from the infernal tyrant, quitting all dangerous occasions, that all earthly idols may be cast out from our hearts, and that employed in the service of Jesus and Mary, we may ever live for them alone, and with them calmly die.

« Our Father » « Hail Mary » « Glory be, » etc.

VI. Angel on earth, glorious St. Joseph, while thou didst marvel at seeing the King of heaven obedient to thy bidding, fear of the tyrant mingled with thy joy when thou didst bring him back from Egypt: but, reassured by the Angel, thou didst dwell at Nazareth with glad heart, in the sweet company of Jesus and Mary.

By this thy sorrow and thy joy, obtain for us that, with heart set free from every hurtful fear, we, too, may taste the quiet of a tranquil conscience, safely dwelling with Jesus and Mary, and one day die within their loving arms.

« Our Father » « Hail Mary » « Glory be, » etc.

VII. Model of all holiness, glorious St. Joseph, without fault of thine, thou didst lose the holy child, Jesus, and for three days, to thy great sorrow, didst seek for Him, until, with joy unspeakable, thou didst find thy Life amid the Doctors in the temple.

By this thy sorrow and thy joy, we pray thee with all our heart, stand between us and danger, that we may never lose

Jesus by mortal sin ; but if, to our shame and disgrace, we lose Him, may we seek Him with such ceaseless grief that we may find him propitious to us, especially at the hour of our death, and thus go to enjoy Him in heaven, and there with thee sing His divine mercy forever !

« *Our Father* » « *Hail Mary* » « *Glory be,* » etc.

Ant. Jesus was about thirty years old, being, as was supposed, the son of Joseph.

V. Pray for us, blessed Joseph.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

God, Who in Thine ineffable Providence didst vouchsafe to choose blessed Joseph to be the husband of Thy most holy Mother : grant, we beseech Thee, that we may be made worthy to receive him for our intercessor in heaven, whom on earth we venerate as our holy protector. Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

It is the bubbling stream that flows gently, the little rivulet that runs night and day by the farmhouse, that is more useful, than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the powerful greatness of God there, as He pours it forth from the hollow of His hand. But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets that water every farm and garden, and shall flow on every day and night with their gentle and quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds alone that good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life.



GOD'S SERVICE AND GOOD WILL.



COULD words portray a father's grief in seeing himself the parent not of ordinary children, but of little unaffectionate monsters naturally inclined to revile the author of their days. But should these unfortunate beings, understanding their own perversity, try to become like other children, and begin to love as much as possible their unhappy father, would he not weep with joy in beholding the happy change? Certainly.

Well, I know one who is the afflicted father of many heartless children; and God is that Father, and we are His children, unfortunately, children of sin. Nevertheless, He pities us, knowing that *« we were conceived in iniquities: and in sin did our mothers conceive us. (Ps. l.) He does not forget « that we are compared to dirt and are likened to embers and ashes, « (Job. xxx.) and that He brought us out of the pit of misery and of the mire of dregs. (Ps. xxxix.)* Therefore, He is patient and merciful with us, and a little good will on our part, provided that it is sincere and efficacious, suffices to console Him and cause Him to forget our past iniquities and disobediences.

This good will does not mean undeviating fidelity that must never falter; it simply denotes the determination of constantly renewing a twofold resolution: *to save oneself and to love God.* A person says: *« My God, it is still my misfortune to stray frequently from salvation's path and from Thy love; but after every downfall I always strive to rise and will constantly try to return to my two great obligations: to save my soul and love Thee more and more. »* Such a determination rejoices God beyond measure, and He blesses the daily efforts of His weak but repentant child. His bounty is so great that He rewards a simple beginning of good desire, even a mere desire to desire to do good. Thus, He is even pleased when He beholds a great sinner who, void of any wish of salvation, grieves over his own callousness, his own perverseness.

If good will or even its beginning rejoices the Lord, great is also His sorrow when He beholds a soul utterly thoughtless of its salvation and of His love ; and great is such a soul's danger. Therefore, that I may not be a subject of grief to my God, I shall strain every effort to show my good will. I know that He does not expect an unflinching constant fidelity from me in the very beginning ; all that He wants is a constant renewal of good will, a lovable determination to attend to the salvation of my soul and to His love.

O Jesus, strengthen my soul in that twofold thought, and grant that, from this moment, if I ever have the misfortune to wander away from Thee again, I may immediately return.



Let us remember that in the place of suffering there are probably souls that have a special right to our prayers, such are those of our parents, brothers and sisters, and other relations and friends. Let us also remember that being in the condition of debtors for their sins, they cannot assist themselves. This thought should impel us to relieve them according to the best of our ability. And by assisting them we shall not only give great pleasure to God, but shall also acquire great merit for ourselves. In return for our suffrages, these blessed souls will not neglect to obtain for us many graces from God, particularly the grace of eternal life.





THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

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AND returning to himself, he said : How many hired servants in my father's house abound with bread and I here perish with hunger ? » (Luc. xv.) God has different ways to touch a young man's heart running after the things of this world, hastening on to perdition, hoping, thereby, to rest his restless soul. That Father sometimes reminds His wayward boy of his former happiness, of the joys of those living in His service ; but He most frequently places before the sinner's eyes a striking tableau of his own degradation and misery. Because the sight of his corporal necessities affects man deeper than that of his spiritual requirements.

Ah ! now the Prodigal has learnt that his body doomed to rot, that his bones which will, ere long, become dry and arid, are not *all* in man. Consumed by his infamous pleasures, disgusted with what he had hoped would calm the yearnings of a soul created for immortality, he experienced a sad and bitter feeling ; remorse had overpowered and crushed him. — Contemplate that unfortunate victim of a degrading passion. Though still in the flower of youth, he is a perfect image of complete decrepitude. See his furrowed brow, his pale hollow cheeks, his care-worn exterior. His dull, deathly appearance denotes that the fountain of pure emotions, of innocent joys, is poisoned. He no longer knows what it is to love, to sympathize, to shed tears of compassion. Like one awakening from a deep sleep, the unfortunate boy understood that wisdom begotten of bitter experience.

O God ! one may truly exclaim, when far from Thee, the soul soon becomes miserable and destitute. « Woe be to the

unfortunate soul, says St. Augustin, that recedes from Thee with the hope to find happiness elsewhere. Vainly will it turn in all directions; disappointment will meet every effort. Thou hast made us for Thee, O my God, and with Thee only shall we find rest and bliss. Thou alone canst satiate our longing for happiness; Thou alone canst save us from the unending tortures awaiting the sinner after his moments of sinful pleasure; Thou alone, O Jesus, canst free him from conscience's never-dying worm, whereby he experiences in this life the anguish of the damned. »

Listen to the wail of grief from the Prodigal's broken heart, from his betrayed love, from his stranded hopes: « *Who will give water to my head, and a fountain of tears to my eyes? and I will weep day and night* (Jer. IX.) over my present state of degradation. Ah! who will restore me to my Father's affection which I wilfully spurned; who will bring me back my long last joys of childhood? »

Dear Reader, imagine yourself for a moment in the Prodigal's place. Compare what you are now or have perhaps been during your adolescence, with the innocent years of your childhood. Why have you not always remained as reasonable, as sensible as you were when on the threshold of life, knowing the wherefore of your creation and the two inevitable terms awaiting you? How sweet the dear name of Jesus, your Redeemer and your Judge, then sounded to you! How easy it appeared to love Him, how simple to obey Him! You then knew by experience that prayer was the soul's life. Every day when, on bended knees, you said: « Our Father, who art in heaven: » you felt that you were really speaking to a *Father*, and how ardently you longed to go and live with Him! — My God, my Love, what a dreadful change has come over me! I have wandered from Thee, yes! far from Thee, O Lord, and I wished to live like those who seem to live, but who are verily dead in Thy sight! Father, forgive! for like the Prodigal, I will return to Thee to leave Thee nevermore, O Fountain of eternal life!

After having deplored his waywardness, the Prodigal Son cried aloud in bitter sadness: « O ephemereal pleasures, O

pernicious wealth, how empty is your name! You promised to calm my desires, but your promises have been in vain! My soul's yearnings for the Infinite can never be satisfied by your finite allurements, your temporal treasures. Therefore, I will rise and return to Him who alone is capable of making me happy. * *I will arise, and will go to my father, and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee: I am not now worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And rising up he came to his father.* »

Note well his words. Notwithstanding his degradation, the Prodigal still desired, he still willed. He had abandoned his father, but the parent had never forsaken his child. His sad, compassionate heart had constantly followed him in the midst of his waywardness; it had patiently waited for the boy to take a moment's respite, to say that it loved him yet, that it would love him until the final day when his life would close in the shadow of the tomb, where death would despoil him of his proud spirit; that it would love him until time would be engulfed into eternity, yawning abyss where hope no longer exists.

The child had seen that image, and looking around he noticed and understood his loneliness. His companions with whom he had squandered all, his friend of riches, of the passing hour, had abandoned him in the moment of want. The only thing that greeted him fondly, was his father's image, the object of his first love; it alone remained faithful in the midst of his infidelities. The souvenir of home with its scenes of childhood had risen in his memory and filled his heart with courage, love and repentance. — O domestic hearth, paternal roof where, in early youth, we inhaled with the breath of life the love of holy things, love which unites the children of God! In vain do we age; in the midst of our wanderings we return to you with hearts still young, and were it not for Eternity calling us away to give us a home more permanent and a thousand times happier, our hearts would be inconsolable to leave you for ever.

The boy returns, but shall the father greet him, shall he bend to him who refused absolutely to submit, to desist from

his folly on the day of the painful separation? Shall he who has known no joy for years which seemed like centuries on account of his rejected love, shall he pardon the child who spurned his affection, who compared him to his companions of debauchery and gave them preference? Shall the father, surrounded with wealth and possessions, receive the Prodigal who returns simply because he is disenchanted, because he is unhappy and dying of hunger?

Justice and mercy, retaliation and love, clamor for their rights. Should the father receive him, it will undoubtedly be only after the Prodigal will have done penance; he will make him atone for his years of absence and contempt by as many years of refusal and disdain? Will the repentant son not deem it a blessing to be permitted to eat with the dogs *of the crumbs that fall from the table of their master?* (Matt. xv.) Who has ever understood the power of a father's love? Who has ever sounded the depth of his heart? Love is all the more heroic that it has more injuries, greater offenses to pardon, it is all the stronger and greater the lower it must descend to lend a helping hand to an ever ungrateful wretch; it is all the more noble and sublime that it wilfully forgets an enemy's wrong, and shares its riches with him. Such was the father's love for the long lost son!

The night preceding his son's arrival, the father was sleeping, but his rest was uneasy. His manly features bore an imprint of sorrow. Alternately they appeared dark and pained, radiant and beaming with joy. He was dreaming of his boy; he saw him weak and extenuated, staggering along the roadside. He saw him laughed at, buffeted by those who passed him by the way and refused to assist him. When the morning had come, the father strolled forth from his beautiful residence; he could not account for the strange feeling that had come over him; he appeared more forlorn than ever. He instinctively gazed over the landscape toward the point where the horizon floats uncertain between the desert sand and the blue sky of heaven. . . Suddenly he began to thrill with emotion, his eye recovered its lost brilliancy, his pale features flushed, his heart throbbed, he leant forward, gazing intently,

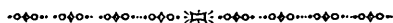
to better descry what he beheld. It was only a poor beggar, a man covered with rags, who had just emerged from behind a thicket of trees down the road. . . « It is he, it is he ! » the aged father cried out, « it is my beloved, my long lost son whom I had thought dead, but who still lives. » And paternal love infusing new life into old days, the father ran to greet his child. Throwing his arms around his neck, he pressed him to his loving heart, covering his careworn face with tears and kisses. « My son, my poor dear child ! . . » He would fain have said more, but his joy oppressed him, whilst he unceasingly caressed the object of his constant earnest yearnings. . . « *And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him fell upon his neck and kissed him.* »

O ineffable mercy ! O prodigy of clemency, of bounty, and of love ! A moment's repentance blots out a crime-laden past !

Dear Reader, you may understand the meaning of this parable, of the Prodigal and the Father — God and His ungrateful creature. If you have been a prodigal, if you have broken God's heart by your waywardness, by sin, no matter how long your absence from His home, from His love may have been, rest assured that He still loves you, that He craves for your affection. Grant Him the joy of a prodigal's return ; during the holy time of Lent repair the past by a moment's deep sorrow and repentance, so that on Easter morning, when your loving Jesus will come forth from the Sepulchre, from His prison of love, the Tabernacle, He may greet you at Holy Communion, give you the kiss of peace, cover you with His mantle of grace, and call you « His son. »

O Jesus, I frequently say to myself : « the days are quickly passing, the years are gliding by, my cross-fraught life is fading like a shadow ; ere long the welcome tomb will open to receive me. » I recall my infancy, my youth : at every step I encounter the spectre of sin, ingratitude, base black ingratitude ; nowhere can I find a flower of love to offer Thee. Then my thoughts try to pierce the appalling darkness of the future, and the demon of despair makes the Wiseman's words resound in my ears : « *A young man according to his way, even when*

he is old, he will not depart from it ; thy death shall be the echo of thy life ! » Falling on my knees and weeping bitterly, I deplore my past errors and the sterility of my present life. Left to myself, I drink to the very dregs the bitter chalice of my lowness, of my confusion. In that moment, Thy sweet memory rises before me, and I see that of all my friends, Thou alone dost still love me... O my Jesus, notwithstanding so much love on Thy part, must I continue refusing to love Thee, to give Thee my miserable heart ? No, my dear Redeemer, I now offer and consecrate it entirely to Thee. With that heart I may love Thee, with it I will love Thee, during my life, in the hour of my death, and throughout eternity. Amen.



What is the crying need of home ? Not money. Not intellect. No refinement. Not wisdom. It is *love, and warm demonstration of love*. Life is such a little thing, a short space of years at best, and to live it through and to have missed love in childhood from father and mother, is the saddest thing in all the universe. Most people love their children. Few fathers and mothers would own to a lack of affection for their offspring. But in many homes there is a lack of real living love and tenderness that fill the heart to overflowing with love-words, kisses, fond caresses. The « good-night » kiss, the dear hand upon the little one's head and cheek, how these things expand the child's soul and make it receptive to good influences. To be a father or mother is to hold the keys of heaven and hell for the human race. The relation is a divine one, with infinite demands, and yet how often undertaken with no forethought, no sense of the awful responsibility. Wisdom, goodness, nobility, strength and patience are needed by the parents, and, above all, *love*.

HIS LAST WILL

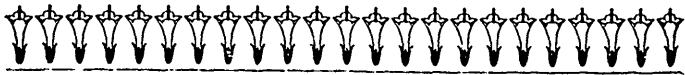
A few years ago, a drunkard who died in Oswego, N. Y., left the following lines as «his last will and testament.» They read : «I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can, in their feeble state, bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I can bring upon them. I leave my wife a broken heart and a life of shame. I leave to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and a remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave. »

Could any stronger indictment of the saloon be written? Could one expect to read a more truthful pen-picture of liquor's terrible effects upon man, upon home, upon family, upon wife, upon children, upon sisters and brothers? The drunkard leaves behind him all that can bring shame and degradation to his relatives. Has it ever yet been known that honor followed in the wake of the drunkard's faltering footsteps? No. He is abominated and loathed by the lowest characters of mankind, for be they what they may, they still are men, they still have the use of their reason; but the drunkard is less than a brute, for liquor deprives him not only of the use of his mental faculties, but also of his limbs. Nevertheless, as it has been, so will it be. The dreadful examples of the past and of the present, were for the past *only* and are not for the present; it would be too childlike for the *strong* young and aged people of to-day, to be guided by their warning lessons. They must also be taught at Nature's school of bitter experience. In the beginning they never intend to take *too much*, to overdo it. Only one drop, a mouthful! Every one knows that he who wishes to be held in estimation nowadays, must be a *man* (to become a brute in the near future) like others. . . . One drop calls for two, two for three and so on until barrels full have been consumed, and man's honor and glory, his wealth and his family's happiness, his body and soul have been drowned in whiskey's

accursed glass. Then, though his trembling hand may not pen it, though his parched lips may not voice it, though his liquor-fumed brain may be too stupid to dream it, his ignominious death will tell more forcibly than pen, or voice, or brain, that he leaves to his loving yet unloved parents, as much sorrow as they can, in their old days, bear ; that he leaves to his dear brothers and fond sisters, playmates of his happy boyhood days, as much shame and mortification as he can bring upon them ; that he leaves to his faithful wife whom he had promised to support, to protect and to console through life's wilderness, a broken heart and a life of shame ; that he leaves to each of his unhappy children whose guide and model he should have been, a life of poverty, a life of ignorance, a low character, and the shameful, bitter remembrance that their father rots in a drunkard's grave !



You may write it down on the tablets of your minds, boys and girls, that in this life which lies before you, you may do what you will. Choose, study, work — and the thing you desire is yours. But wishing will never take you one step toward success or add one thought to your store of knowledge. Work — that is the road which leads to the desired goal ; all who would reach the goal must travel over the road. No one can do this work for another. It is a part of the all-wise plan which runs through and above all our planning, that in matters pertaining to the upbuilding of character, the improving of the talents lent us, each one must stand for himself. But none need stand alone ; if the will is on the right side — God's side. He will be with it. And with such a helper, success is sure.



FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SACRED HEART.



THE reason why Jesus takes us so willingly for His friends, is the immensity, the greatness of His love.

Were it in a man's power to love each of his fellow-creatures like a father loves his child, that man would immediately consider all men his children, in order to enjoy the pleasure of loving and of being loved. The Heart of Jesus alone possesses that great privilege of love. Its affection is incommensurable. It loves each individual as if he was alone in the world. Holy Writ compares God's love for man to the sun's rays and heat which penetrate everywhere. Even that comparison falls short of the truth; for the ardent love burning in the Heart of the God-man would permit Him to love billions and trillions of creatures with the same intensity as He loves one.

Therefore, one may easily understand why a God so good and loving is constantly looking for friends. His heart must love; and He greets them with open arms, because He is sufficiently opulent to enrich all upon whom He bestows His affection. Supposing we possessed a heart large enough to love everyone equally and ardently, we would, on account of our poverty, naturally shrink from such vast friendship, for we would blush to love and be unable to give. But Jesus Christ is capable of loading with choicest favors all those who have the happiness of receiving His love and of giving their own in return. Consequently, it all depends upon me; Jesus is ever ready to greet me as His friend; if I so desire, I may immediately enter into His intimacy.

This is all the more feasible that Jesus is everywhere. Knowing nature's inconstancy and forgetfulness, would not a

mother, were it in her power, be personally present at the same time, in as many different places where her children would go to live. She might, thereby, keep them faithful to her love. Seeing the impossibility of such a case, mothers silently submit to separations which they hope will not be eternal. But the power of Jesus is equal to His love. Wishing to leave nothing undone that might, that could favor, foster His friendship with us, He assured us of His perpetual presence and nearness to us in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. « *Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.* » (MATT. XXVIII.) Wherever there is an altar with a consecrated Host, there will I find Jesus with His love, ready to exchange it for mine. Consequently, nothing prevents me from being His friend. Not His greatness, because His happiness is to descend to a level with me ; not any « smallness » of heart, because His is immense ; not distance, for the simple reason that He knows none ; He is with me until the end of time.

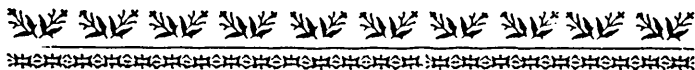
One final difficulty remains to be solved. Friends should agree. They must not displease each other ; all offenses, contradictions and betrayals are unknown to them ; their love must be mutual, and I, alas ! fulfil none of these conditions. How frequently do I not do just the contrary ? O my good Master, my soul is sometimes wicked, sometimes frail, always fickle, ever changing. My thoughts are constantly in opposition to yours, for a mere trifle I transgress your Law, and my wicked heart is constantly paining you. Even in its best moments, should it show any love, that love quickly ceases, for its affections are elsewhere, frequently far away, if not directly against you. How often am I not inclined to act contrary to your holy will ? Time and again I have heard your plaintive voice : « O Friend, redeemed by My blood, why do you pain, insult and betray me ? *Return, ye transgressor, to the heart.* » (Is. XLVI.) Can friendship exist under such circumstances ?

Notwithstanding all this, my Savior seeks the affection of His fallen creature, « *for I am not come to call the just but the sinners.* » (Matt. IX.) And Faith tells me that it was to conquer

my heart and its love, that Jesus came down from heaven, that He suffered and died upon a cross. Therefore, my sins do not, in a certain way, break all ties of friendship between us. My obstinacy, my impenitence alone can sever our friendship. But, when, acknowledging my sinful state, I try sincerely and efficaciously to abandon it, my chains of friendship strengthen in proportion to the success of my efforts. Supposing (which God forbid) that I had the misfortune to commit a mortal sin of which I sincerely repent, Jesus would instantly look upon me as kindly as He did upon Magdalene, the day she broke an alabaster box of ointment of precious spikenard and poured it out upon His head. (Marc. XIV.) My friendship would evidently be still imperfect on account of my late sin, but that union would be friendship, because Jesus now loves my truly contrite heart. This is still truer when applied to fragile venial sin, to faults and imperfections. All these failings, when sincerely deplored, do not prevent the soul from acting friendly with Our Lord. But should my soul, though free from mortal sin, remain steadfast in venial faults; should they be committed without scruples or remorse, or supposing it would be frequently guilty of one, a *favorite* one, by which persistent displeasure is given to Jesus, then, though I cannot be called His enemy, neither can I lay claim to the title of true friend, because friends avoid causing each other pain.

Rejoice, then, my soul, if you only wish it, you may become the friend of your lovable Savior, for He is not a proud God who fears abjection; He is not a God limited in His affections; He is not a distant God; He is not a God who rejects penance. On the contrary, He seeks the humble of heart; His fond heart is open to all, and is ever ready to make the first step in reconciliation and be constantly with you in your path through life.





A Flag of Truce :

or,

Must We fight for ever ?

— o —

THE purpose of the subsequent pages which were written by Father T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R., is expressed by its title. It is not a Treaty of Peace, not a formal discussion of terms of agreement between Protestants and Catholics. It is something preliminary, a white flag of truce waved with the hope of stopping the conflict for a little, for the sake of discussing whether there is any desire or possibility of peace. It is an attempt to show that, if prejudice can be laid aside, there is more agreement than is commonly thought between the opposing forces, and that the fight is often for words rather than for realities.

Protestants do not form a united body, under one organization and government ; their warfare, therefore, against Catholics is of the Guerrilla kind, and my little flag is waved in the hope of attracting the attention of any small band or individual skirmishers, who may parley on their own account, without consulting other combatants. The book is small, because a Flag of Truce is not a Royal Standard. I only want to get a hearing during two or three half hours. I pray the Holy Spirit of Peace to bless those half hours to the removal of bitterness and softening of prejudice.

Catholic and Protestant Emancipation.

— o —

SOME business had taken me to a small town in the West of England, and I had to spend two or three long winter evenings in the coffee-room of the hotel. I had not much inclination for conversing with its chance occupants, and found it a dreary task to turn over and over again the London and local journals; so I inquired for a circulating library, whence I could obtain some books. I was directed to one kept by a respectable widow in the High Street. On inspecting her stock, I found that it consisted mainly of a very inferior class of novels, in a worn and greasy state, among which were several of disreputable notoriety. A few questions showed me that the widow knew little of their contents, and had no wish to be enlightened. They were supplied by a London agent, and were evidently the sweepings of the book-shops. Her customers, she said, found no fault with them, and she herself had no time to read books. She got what were asked for. So I paid my deposit, and putting aside the literature of recent date, I chose from the older stock a few books, which might serve to beguile the time — two novels, two narratives of travels, and a volume of poetry. *Frank Mildmay* and *Midshipman Easy*, by Captain Marryat, were the novels. The gallant captain had been a favourite in my school days. It might be pleasant to awake recollections of boyhood. Books of travel and adventure have always interested me. I noticed two which promised well by their titles, *The Bungalow and the Tent*, by Sullivan, and *A Journal of an Expedition Fourteen Hundred Miles up the Orinoco*, by Robinson. Of these books, or of their authors, I knew nothing. I saw that they had been printed in the first quarter of the present century. The volume of poetry was *Italy*, by Samuel Rogers. I felt ashamed at never having read this poem. Here was an opportunity of removing ignorance. From these five books I promised myself some quiet amusement, in the old sense of the word, which means the state of those who *muse* pleasantly over strange or curious

matters, letting the mind wander amid associations thus awakened ; and I found what I sought, not exactly in the things narrated, but in the startling religious prejudices of the writers. Books that are more than half a century old do not awaken disgust or anger, as if they had just appeared, and were actually doing mischief. The two forgotten volumes of travel were so grotesque, wherever religion was mentioned, that instead of exciting bitterness in my mind, they suggested the pleasant thought that modern Protestants are more sensible, or certainly less prejudiced, than their grandfathers. What I found in Marryat and Rogers, I will tell presently.

On opening Mr. Sullivan's book I had expected to find a record of the experience of a Catholic military officer. It was however soon evident that the author was no Catholic, and that, if an Irishman, as his name suggested, he had kept well aloof from his Catholic countrymen. One passage was so curious that I copied it in my pocket-book. After remarking that Protestant missionaries find it hard to cope with Catholics in the conversion of the natives of Ceylon, because the latter are at unity, whereas the former are ever contradicting each other, Mr. Sullivan hastens to neutralize this dangerous admission as follows : « The Roman Church, moreover, recognises the doctrine of allowing the end to justify the means, and does not hesitate to tolerate and even patronise a certain admixture of idolatry in her worship — by that means inducing a belief among her converts, that the dissimilarity is not so great after all, and that by transferring their faith from Buddha to some other saint, whose image is offered to their worship, they are merely worshipping him in another form. » Thus far the writer might be only borrowing a leaf from the Anglican Homily *On the Peril of Idolatry*, but his next observation has a genuine originality. « I have frequently entered Roman Catholic Chapels in Ceylon, and seen the priest seated on high at the altar, surrounded by trashy finery and blazing lamps, receiving the grovelling prostrations of the worshippers, and it could not fail to strike me that the ceremony appeared too much like the adoration of the priest himself, the substitution of an animate for an inanimate object — and

that the idol-worship of the Buddhist, and the priest-worship of the Roman Catholic were but different forms tending to the same end. *

My musing or amusement on reading these words was to conjecture at what rites Mr. Sullivan had been present ; and to think how little the good celebrant of Mass could have suspected, as he sat patiently with hands on knees, while the Creed was being sung, and the people knelt at the *Incarnatus est*, that there was a peering British officer likening him to a gilded idol of Vishnu or Siva. I found also some amusement in the thought of Mr. Sullivan himself, on his return from his travels, being admitted to « grovelling prostration » before his Majesty George IV., of pious memory, and in wondering to what purpose his worship of that « animate object » might have tended. Lastly, to use Mr. Sullivan's phrase, « it could not fail to strike me, » that if a priest may be like an idol, a British officer also, though he have feet that walk far and wide, and a hand that writes books of travels, may have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and a mind that understands nothing.

Laying aside the *Bungalow and the Tent*, I turned to *Fourteen Hundred Miles up the Orinoco*. Mr. Sullivan travelled East, Mr. F. H. Robinson, West, but they both carried with their Protestant spectacles, through which to study the manners of the world. My eyes soon fell on the following page, which I also transferred as a curiosity to my pocket-book. « I must confess that I could never obtain a perfect conception of the conduct of the Padre to a dying person till I had actually witnessed it. There is a formal procession of the Padre and a few of his satellites towards the house in which the unfortunate person, supposed to be dying, lies. The ceremony generally takes place in the dead of the night, and as they approach to the house, there are placed, at intervals of considerable distance, from six to ten or twelve lanterns with lighted tapers, some persons carrying images of Christ on the Cross, some the Host,* or other emblems of their religion.

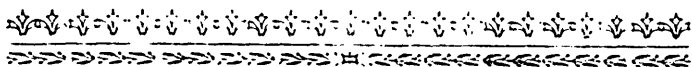
* Note, dear Catholic reader, « some the Host » ! It is a master-stroke.

Then they moved slowly and solemnly along, praying without ceasing for the departing soul of the dying man, and at the same time, the awful effect of the scene is heightened by the occasional tolling of the bell. Upon entering the house they formally take their place in the chamber, and candles are held before the sick person's eyes; he is then urged with various interrogatories as to his resignation or fear of death, indeed, all manner of stratagems seem to be devised sufficing absolutely to frighten a man out of the few glimmering sparks of life which remain. It may well be imagined that but few survive this dreadful visitation, almost severe enough to drive a healthy man out of the world. »

Mr. Robinson, the author of this remarkable account of the visitation of the sick, was a surgeon, and a scientific explorer. Whether his account of the fauna and flora of the Orinoco district was as imaginative as his pictures of ecclesiastical functions, I did not think it worth while to inquire. After making my extract, I closed his book, and dreamt that night of priests seated on high amidst blazing lamps and receiving grovelling prostrations, and of sick men driven out of their wits by having lighted candles held before their eyes.

(To be continued)





BLESSED GERARD



ABOUT twelve miles from Conza, in Basilicata, a province of the kingdom of Naples, the little town of Muro lies in a most charming spot on the slope of the Apennines. A row of hills protects it from northern storms, while a beautiful fertile plain stretches out before it toward the south. In the long course of centuries, many able men came forth from Muro, but none of them shed such lustre upon their native place as did the child whose wonderful life we wish to lay before our Readers for their edification and sanctification.

Blessed Gerard Mary Majella may justly be called one of the greatest prodigies of the Church during the eighteenth century. He is certainly one of the purest and most cultivated flowers of Catholic piety; one of those great incomprehensible souls which appear from time to time in the firmament of the Church, and usually exercise a salutary influence over men threatened to be overtaken by the night of infidelity.

Our hero was born on Holy Saturday, April 6th, 1726. His parents, Dominic Majella, a tailor by trade, and Benedicta Gallella, were very poor in the goods of this earth, being obliged to work very hard for their daily sustenance; but they were rich in heavenly gifts and greatly loved by their neighbors. From the very first hours of Gerard's existence, certain extraordinary facts seemed to foretell the great sanctity to which God called him. His mother was the first to notice them. The child was exceedingly quiet; he was never known to cry or scream for the nourishment proper to infants. On certain days, he even abstained entirely from food without showing any sign of illness. The first words that he uttered

were the holy names of Jesus and Mary, which his tiny hands accompanied with the sign of the Cross on his forehead, mouth and breast.

When he was three or four years old, instead of taking part in the children's amusements, he devoted his time in making little altars, in erecting small crosses, and in performing other similar things, wishing, thereby, to imitate the ceremonies of the Church. Prayer was his favorite pastime, and though a mere infant, he was frequently discovered in some hiding-place or other, rapt in familiar intercourse with God, and most indifferent to the things of this world. When at church with his mother, he knelt so quietly, so devoutly, so modestly, that he was a source of great edification to everyone.

About one mile and a half from Muro, exists a small chapel dedicated to our Lady of Capotignagno. In spite of the rough and stony road leading to it, the church was and is even now, a favorite resort of the faithful who go to venerate a small wooden statue representing the Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms. One day that Gerard, who was then only five years old, had found his way there and had begun to pray, it appeared to him that the statue became animated, and a moment after the Infant Jesus stood before him in all his heavenly loveliness, inviting the child to pray with Him. After a short time of most wondrous joy, the Infant gave Gerard a small loaf of fine, snow-white bread, and disappeared. The child returned home and gladly showed the present to his mother. When asked who had given it to him, he answered : « A beautiful lady's child with whom I had been playing. » Thinking that her son meant some neighboring playmate, Benedicta made no further investigations.

This incident filled Gerard's heart with joy and caused him to return, almost daily, to the chapel of Capotignagno to play with the Infant and receive his present of bread. As the boy always brought his little gift home, it was more than sufficient to arouse his sister's curiosity, so one day, Bridget secretly followed her brother when he was hurrying to church. There, she witnessed the mysterious prodigy of Gerard in childlike play with the Infant Jesus.

It appears that our hero also received bread from the Blessed Virgin. For he expressed himself in a way, that such a fact may be supposed. When visiting the church, one day, with his mother, he pointed to the statue of our Lady with the Infant, and said: « See, mother, there is the lady who sometimes gave me bread, and there is the child with whom I used to play. »

A favor similar to that which he had received in the chapel of Capolignagno, was also bestowed on Gerard in the garden of the Archpriest De Cillis. Having, one day, led a number of children to the garden, and while engaged in his devotions before a small cross fastened to an almond tree, a light appeared suddenly among the branches. Its brilliancy was so remarkable that it attracted De Cillis and other persons near by, and was even seen by many outside the garden. They stood in mute astonishment before the tree, but could behold nothing, except the unusual light. Gerard alone saw in the middle of the brightness, the well-known, beautiful child coming down the tree and moving toward him. Having reached the ground, the Infant Jesus came and gave him a piece of bread, and Gerard ate it. Upon his return home, his mother noticing that her boy did not eat the food which she had kept, asked him for an explanation. He innocently replied: « Mother, I have already eaten; the child gave me some bread. »

Being so young, Gerard did not perfectly know who the child was that exercised such a powerful influence over him; the heavenly favors were made known to him only at a subsequent period. Twenty years after, he said with his usual simplicity to his sister Bridget, who had come to visit him when he had become a religious: « Now I know that it was the Infant Jesus who gave me the bread when I was a child; I then believed that He was a child like other children. » « Well, » jokingly answered his sister, « come back some day to Muro to visit the Madonna of Capotignagno and the beautiful child. » « No » said Gerard, « I need not go to Muro to find the Madonna and her child; I can now see them everywhere. »

These unmistakable signs of divine predilection made the

parents watch carefully over the boy whom they regarded as a heavenly treasure confided to their care. Benedicta, convinced *that her son was created only for Heaven*, did all in her power to assist in developing in his heart the seeds of virtue.

When Gerard was seven years old, he was sent to school where he soon learned to read, to write, and to speak with facility. This did not prevent his progress in spirituality, for divine grace always found his pure soul ready to receive its impressions. He soon became the model boy of the school. His teacher, Donato Spicci, was wont to call him «his soul's delight» and he loved him with a father's tenderness. He, therefore, employed Gerard in teaching the smaller children, and in repeating with them the lessons that had already been given. Outside of school, the boy continued his work of love by gathering around him the children in order to instruct them in their Christian duties and teach them how to pray. Notwithstanding his tender age, he was already an apostle and director of souls.

He always remained the same simple and obedient child, ever attentive and submissive to his parents' commands. His fear was so great of offending them that, if any offense had been given, he did all in his power to make amends for the wrong done. This filial fear was the cause of one of his first miracles. A lamb which had been intrusted to Gerard's care, disappeared one morning. It was found out that it had been stolen and killed. As the lamb did not belong to Gerard's parents, but had only been confided to their safe keeping, their grief was doubly great on account of its loss. The child, unable to witness their grief, consoled them by saying : « Be sure, dear parents, the lamb will return, the lamb will come back. » He then began to pray, firmly believing that God would grant his petition. Shortly after, the same lamb that had been carried off and killed, was actually restored alive to its owner, and no one knew how such a thing had been accomplished.

As it has already been said, the sweet name of Mary was one of the first words uttered by Gerard. Thus, the love for his heavenly Mother was, as it were, born with him. It increased with the passing years, and became most ardent since the

Madonna of Capotignagno had begun to sweetly influence his soul. His greatest pleasure was to recite the rosary and perform other acts of devotion to honor the Queen of heaven; her festivities were days of great joy to his loving heart, causing him to appear happier than usual, his eyes sparkling with delight. His dear Mother Mary was not indifferent to her client's affection. One day when visiting, in the town of Caposele, a sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin venerated under the title of Mater Domini, (Mother of the Lord,) he fell into a profound ecstasy, which was a most consoling sight to all present. She had given him a foretaste of the joys awaiting those who persevere in her devotion.

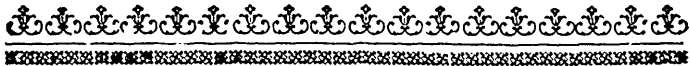
If the Blessed Virgin filled Gerard's heart with so much joy, what can be said of his happiness when in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament? The boy always went to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with greater joy than his companions showed in hastening to their most favorite games. One day when Gerard was about seven years old, he was assisting at Mass. Seeing the priest giving holy Communion and being unable to restrain his ardent desire, he advanced to the altar-railing and knelt with the other persons who intended to receive. The celebrant, noticing that the child was too young, passed by him. Gerard then retired to a remote corner of the cathedral, where his sad little heart sought relief in an abundant flow of tears. His grief touched the Heart of Jesus, for, on the following night, the archangel St. Michael came in person, to give the child the Bread of angels. This extraordinary fact would have remained unknown for ever, had not obedience obliged him to tell it when he had become a religious. It appears that Gerard had more than once the happiness of receiving communion in a miraculous way. A priest once found him kneeling before the altar, and as it seemed very strange, the servant of God asked him what he was doing there. « A little child, » he answered, « came out the tabernacle and gave me holy Communion. These frequent occurrences naturally increased the young saint's love for the Holy Eucharist and his desire to visit frequently his hidden God. When the ringing of bells invited the faithful to visit the Blessed Sacrament,

he was often heard to exclaim: «Come, let us visit Jesus Christ, our dear Prisoner!»

The day of Gerard's first Communion was one of great rejoicing. His innocent heart sanctified by mortification and glowing with love, received its Lord with angelic purity. From this time forward, the saintly youth went to communion every other day.

The first decade of Gerard's life had passed away; one third of his life had been engulfed into eternity. So far, his soul had abundantly enjoyed the most extraordinary spiritual pleasures and had experienced but little of life's sorrows. He had been beloved by all: the Infant Jesus had played with him; Mary had made him presents; he had been consoled by an angel, and had participated in ecstatic joys. Yet this is not the form in which God usually moulds His saints; it is a mere proof of His favor; a special vocation; a particular sign of His choice. God generally forms His *oroni* amid storms and trials; and the more He has destined them to union and intercourse with Himself, the more He permits them to be tried in the crucible of tribulation. The purely celestial period of Gerard's life soon came to an end; side by side with all the graces and favors of Heaven, that which played the principal part in his subsequent life was — the Cross.

Life is a well written drama of about three scenes. Youth is its golden bud; manhood, its beautiful flower; and old age, its grand and honored leaf. Honest thoughts, pure motives, generous impulses and manly sentiments, are the jewels from which life's crowning laurels and its wreaths of honor will emanate; they gave to the past its solace, to the present its joys, and to the future its hope. Vice and dissipation allure in youth, but they lash and scourge in after years; they fill old age with sharp crags, rugged rocks and barren peaks. Virtue is life's only dominion, within whose beautiful citadel happiness reigns supreme queen and goddess



THANKSGIVINGS.

— o —

Exeter, N. H. — I enclose \$ 2.00 to Good Saint Ann in gratitude for a speedy recovery from an operation of a tumor. I promised to publish my recovery in the *Annals*.
Subscriber.

Monadnock, N. H. — Enclosed find 50 cts., for favor granted me through Saint Ann.
Mrs. F. Knowlton.

Grand Marais, Mich. — I wish to thank Saint Ann for several favors she has bestowed upon me.
Subscriber.

Gloucester, Mass — Enclosed please find \$ 1.00 for mass in honor of Saint Ann, for obtaining instant relief from severe pain.
M. H.

Minneapolis, Minn. — Enclosed \$ 2.00 for masses in gratitude to Saint Ann for a very special favor she granted me. I ask her to grant me one more.
Mrs. A. J. Ivens.

Syracuse, N. Y. — I wish to have it mentioned in the *Annals* that I received a cure from Saint Ann, with heartfelt thanks. Off. 10 cts.
A. N. G.

Philadelphia, Pa. — Some time ago I wrote requesting your prayers for several special intentions, and I also promised to have it published in the *Annals*, if Saint Ann would grant me my request. I wish to inform you that two have been granted.
Maria S.

White Earth, Minn. — I enclose you \$ 2.00 for masses in honor of Saint Ann. One for my brother Louis Bonton and the other for my daughter, Alma; she had sore eyes and was cured, thanks to Good Saint Ann.
Mrs. Mary Mc. Martin.

Eau Claire, Wis. — When visiting the Shrine, July 1901, I promised Saint Ann that, if she would cure me of my sick headaches, I would return thanks. My request has been granted.
Nellie Mc. Gee.

Bristol. — I thank you, Good Saint Ann, for having cured my son who was suffering from catarrh and nervous debility. Enclose \$ 1.00.
Mrs. R. Murdock.

Minneapolis, Minn. — I was suffering with a pain in my left side. I made a novena to Saint Ann and had a mass said in her honor. I was cured and have been since. I also thank her for many other favors.
Mrs. F. X. Gentleman.

Victory Mills, N. Y. — I send you \$ 4.00 for masses to be said in thanksgiving. Last year, I went on a pilgrimage to the Shrine, and promised Saint Ann to give her the first money I earned, if she would cure me from heart trouble from which I had been suffering for more than one year. Ever since my pilgrimage I have been better.
Julia Gannon.

Toronto. — I am very thankful to Good Saint Ann for a favor obtained after promising to have it published in the *Annals*.
M. J. K.

Lachute. — Enclosed 50 cts, for a favor granted. Mrs. M. Lachute.

Amesbury, Mass. — I send you \$ 5.00 which Mrs. Aisenault gave me to forward to you in thanksgiving to Saint Ann to whom she is indebted for the cure of her wrist, which three doc ors had attended unsuccessfully. Clementine Dufrène. — Also for partial recovery of Mrs. S. Peltier, who was afflicted with sore throat.

Carmanville, Ont. — Gratitude for a favor obtained. A Friend.

Livermore, N. H. — Thank Good Saint Ann for favor received. N. D.

Carmanville, Ont. — Many thanks to Good Saint Ann for curing me of heart failure. I promised publication if request were granted. I have not had a bad turn since February, 1901. This is the longest time I have ever been without heart failure, in fourteen years. I believe from the bottom of my heart that I am cured. Mrs. Michael Kennedy.

Fontenel, P. Q. — Last summer my face began to swell and kept on for several weeks until my jaw became so stiff that I could hardly open my mouth. I prayed to Good Saint Ann, and promised, if cured, that I would have it published in the *Annals*. The swelling disappeared, thanks to God and Saint Ann. Daniel Adams.

Toledo, Ohio. — I send this little offering \$ 1.00 in thanksgiving to Saint Ann for a favor received. Agnes Smyth.

La Salle, Ill. — I promised Good Saint Ann, that if relieved from facial neuralgia, I would have it published in the *Annals*. I am now free from pain and happy to fulfil my promise. Eliza J. Stuart.

West Gardner. — I wish to thank Good Saint Ann for many, many favors granted me. Louise.

Detroit, Mich. — Enclosed offering is for masses in honor of Saint Ann, for favors received. Mrs. J. F. Mc Cusker.

Point Levis. — We wish to thank Saint Ann for several favors obtained through her intercession. Mrs. E. Evans; Mary E. Walsh.

Williams, Ont. — In thanksgiving to Good Saint Ann and St. Joseph for favors received after several novenas, one mass. M. M.

Green Bay, Wis. — Enclosed \$ 2.50 for masses in honor of Saint Ann to thank her that my daughter gave up the company she was keeping. Would you please publish? Mrs. Geo. S.

Souris, Man. — Enclosed find \$ 1.00 for mass in honor of Saint Ann for favor, received and for her further intercession. M. E. H.

Monkland, Ont. — Enclosed 50 cts, which I promised Saint Ann for favors received. Mrs. John Kioux.

Fort Edouard, N. Y. — Some time ago I promised Saint Ann that if she cured my sister who was dangerously ill, I would send \$ 2.00 for masses in her honor. My sister recovered and I now fulfil my promise. Mrs. W. A. Murray

Deerfield, Mass. — I promised Saint Ann that if she would keep my family and myself from catching typhoid fever, and allow me to continue my work, I would give \$ 1.00 for mass. My prayers were heard. Mrs. N. Archambo.

Montreal. — Many thanks, to Saint Ann that father has stopped drinking.

Rochester, N. Y. — Enclosed you will find ten dollars. I make the offering in thanksgiving for a special favor. My sister, a young girl of nineteen years, has been paralyzed for three years, and, last summer, she was afflicted with convul-

sions, so we promised an offering if she would be free from them, and she has not had a convulsion since October, and we feel it is an answer to prayer.

I ask you to pray that my sister will soon have the use of her right hand, she uses her left hand some, but she is very anxious to move the other hand. She has been in bed all this time and she is not able to help herself any, nor is she able to read, but she is blessed with a cheerful disposition, and says it is God's Will, and in all our supplications we always say : « Thy Will be done and not ours, »

We also beg of you to pray for a *spiritual* favor. Josephine E. E.



Recommendations to Prayers.

— o —

PRAY FOR OUR DEAD.

— o —

GRAND MARAIS, MICH. : A. B. Block.

LOCKTON, ONT. : Ellen Ronan.

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS. : Gardner F. Comeau.

— o —

General Intentions.

— o —

THE triumph of the Holy Catholic Church and of His Holiness Leo XIII.
The Catholic Hierarchy of Canada and the United States.

The canonization of the Venerable François de Laval, Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeois, Mother d'Youville, John Nepomucene Neuman, and others who have died in the odor of sanctity in North America.

☩ The canonization of the Saints of Ireland, and a speedy restoration of her rights.

☩ The Benefactors of St Ann's Basilica.

Persons already recommended and whose prayers have not been granted.





Special Intentions.

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MONADNOCK, N. H. : « For my husband's return and conversion. » F. K. — POINT FORTUNE : « For my wife's restoration to health. Enc. \$ 2.00. » John Constantineau. — TAWAS CITY, MICH. : « For the recovery of my health through the intercession of Saint Ann. Enc. \$ 2.00, for masses. » Mrs. Anthony Gubaury. — ST-LOUIS, N. B. : « That I may obtain, in due time, a certificate for second class teacher, and that my brother may succeed in his undertaking. Enc. \$ 1.00 for masses. » Tillie J. Nowlan. — ST-LOUIS, MO. : « To be cured from very severe nervousness, that I may be able to return to work. » Geo. V. Dukoss. — MOOSE CREEK : « That my son may be preserved from sickness, and that I may recover my health. » Mrs. M. Provost. — PROVIDENCE, R. I. : « For my recovery from nervous trouble and dyspepsia of long standing. Off. 10 cts. » M. F. M. — RICH VALLEY, MINN. : « That my father and uncle may stop drinking and save their souls by returning to the sacraments, and that we may not lose our home ; for mamma's health and my aunt's recovery. » Mary E. J. — WATERLOO : « I ask, through Saint Ann, that a friend who is estranged from me, may return and that he may not fulfil what he is contemplating, and that I may obtain all I request about this case. » M. — LACHUTE : « That Saint Ann may restore my mother's health and spare her over her children, and that a person may be preserved from drink. » Mrs. M. Lachute. — CARMANVILLE : « To be cured from severe headache and to obtain a special request. » A Friend. — LIVERMORE, N. H. : « I enclose \$ 1.00 in honor of Saint Ann to obtain her protection and to be preserved from sickness. » N. Donohue. — OTTAWA, ONT. : « To be cured from a sore hand, and that my sister may be restored to health. » E. Breen. — POINT LEVIS : « Please recommend several sick persons, and a special intention. » Mary E. Walsh ; Mrs. E. Evans. — NORTH TROY, N. Y. : « For the release of my husband's soul, and the restoration of my health and prosperity. » Mrs. G. Bosca : For my husband's health and that God will bless me with child. » Mrs. M. Bosca. — SOUTH FRAMINGHAM : « For my brother's conversion and cure from liquor. » E. F. — LACHUTE, P. Q. : « To be cured from kidney trouble. » W. M. — ST-JOHN, N. B. : « To keep our family from all diseases ; six special and spiritual intentions, one for the Souls. » M. J. Mc S.

(One Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, etc.)

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WHEN I AM LIFTED UP FROM THE EARTH, I WILL DRAW
ALL THINGS TO MYSELF.

O Men whom I have loved so much!
Can you still withhold from me your heart?