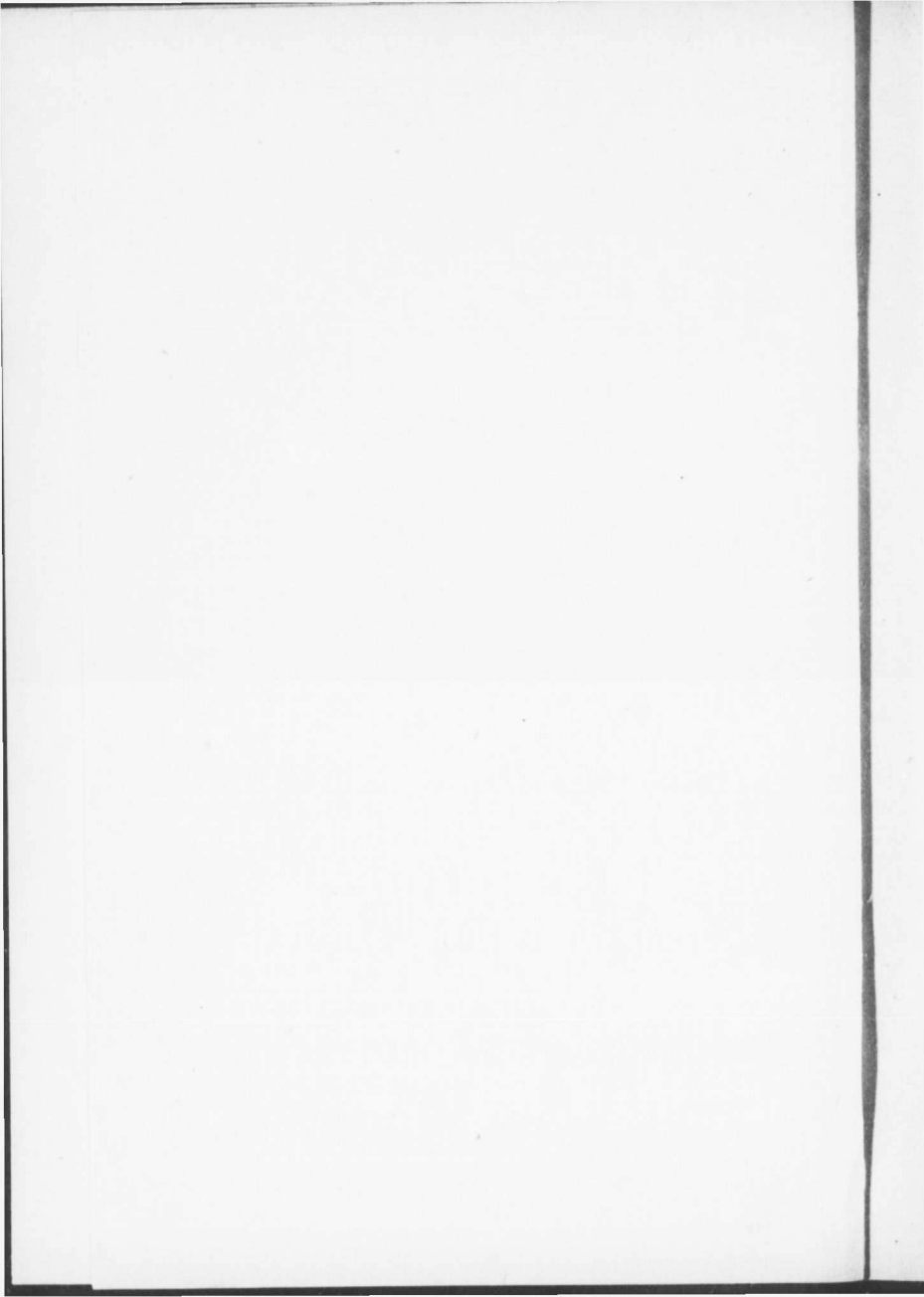


THE  
MIRACLES  
OF  
BEAUPRE



J. M. J. A.

THE MIRACLES  
OF  
BEAUPRE

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A COLLECTION  
OF THE

Most Remarkable Cures

WROUGHT AT

The far-famed Shrine of Ste. Anne  
de Beaupré

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COMPILED BY  
A REDEMPTORIST



STE-ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

1908

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1908



GOOD ST. ANNE

# Approbations

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APPROBATION OF HIS GRACE MGR. L. N. BEGIN,  
ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

Archbishopric of Quebec,

October 9th. 1907.

REVEREND FATHER,

I can but highly praise your zeal in publishing these pages to recall the many benefits of our great *Thaumaturgus* of Canada.

This collection of celestial favors that you offer the faithful will, I doubt not, increase their confidence, already great in St. Anne ; in reviving their fervor, it will excite a desire to draw from the inexhaustible source of her maternal bounty.

It is true that this volume contains but the recital of favors already registered in the Annals of the Sanctuary of Beupré, but it is not less certain that many of these favors have been entirely forgotten or are ignored by the greater number of the faithful. Their publication in book form will engrave them in a lasting manner in the minds of all.

You relate miraculous cures that defy criticism. Other favors whose miraculous character is less clearly defined, manifest however divine intervention. The precautions you have taken to offer only facts absolutely authentic, can but guarantee the merit of your work.

I heartily approve this publication, since it

will extend the knowledge and love of her whom we fondly name "Good St. Anne".

Wishing you a rapid and extensive circulation of this work all to the glory of the Patroness of our country, I bless you with all my heart and re-

Yours truly in Christ,

† L. N. ARCH. DE QUEBEC.

### APPROBATION OF THE ORDER.

By virtue of the powers granted me by the most Rev. Mathias Raus, Superior General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and on the favorable report made to me by two theologians of our Congregation, charged with examining the work entitled "The Miracles of Beaupré", by a Redemptorist, I hereby sanction its publication.

CAM. VAN DE STEENE, C. SS. R.

Sup. Provincial

Brussels, October 6th, 1907.

### DECLARATION

Being desirous of complying absolutely and entirely with the decree of Urbain VIII, we declare that we attach only a purely human belief to the extraordinary and supernatural facts related in this book. Also, in using terms of eulogy or of veneration concerning pious persons, we do not intend, in any manner, to anticipate the judgment of the Holy Church, to which we submit in mind and heart.

## PREFACE

In the Church of Canada, devotion to St. Anne has always been a source of grace and signal favors. The Annals of our country are a lasting proof of it. Scarcely had the Gospel shed its first rays of light upon New France when miracles wrought through the intercession of St. Anne, made of a humble Chapel, on the coast of Beaupré, a place of pilgrimage dear to the early inhabitants of the country.

Mgr. de Laval, first bishop of Quebec, himself a humble pilgrim at the shrine of St. Anne, attests to the devotion of his flock towards the Saint. "We confess" he writes in 1667 "that nothing has helped us so effectively to bear the grave responsibility of our charge, in this new diocese, than the special devotion of the faithful towards St. Anne, devotion that distinguishes them from all other nations."

About the same time, the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation wrote: "Seven leagues below Quebec, at Petit Cap, is a church dedicated to St. Anne in which our Blessed Lord works wonders in favor of the mother of His Mother. Here the paralytic is restored to vigor, the blind see, the lame walk, infirmities of every sort are made disappear."

Two centuries and a half have gone since these facts were written, but to-day as then Beaupré is the Mecca of all human misery and the chosen spot of most extraordinary divine intervention. The faithful crowd to this favored shrine with fervid eagerness to ever find the Holy Mother of heaven's

Immaculate Queen, their powerful and kind wonderworker.

Innumerable pilgrims have knelt and prayed in this blessed sanctuary. What tales of woe have been poured forth at the feet of this consoler! how many weary souls have sought light and rest! how many broken hearts have sobbed out their anguish! how many spiritual miracles have been recorded!

But alas! nothing escapes the action of time. Most of the wonders wrought at St. Anne's shrine of Beaupré, in the past centuries, are to-day unknown or forgotten. For thirty years the Annals of St. Anne de Beaupré have faithful record kept of these marvels. But who have treasured these leaflets of thirty years?

In the hope of offering the devout clients of St. Anne a stimulus to their piety, we have compiled the remarkable cures obtained at her shrine. The collection of facts taken almost exclusively from the Annals of St. Anne, are from the editor's pen; others have come to us often from an eye-witness of the miracle or from one who had been well-informed of the fact, or again from the privileged object of St. Anne's special favor. These accounts lack neither ease nor elegance of expression; others, devoid of all literary form, are beautiful in their simplicity and candor. Apart from essential grammatical corrections, we have closely followed the phraseology of the reciter.

It is evident that we do not aim at a work of erudition or controversy; our end is not to prove the possibility of miracles, nor to demonstrate the miraculous character of the cures wrought in the sanctuary of Beaupré. To what purpose? Thanks be to God, "ces esprits forts", who reject the supernatural in every form and refuse to believe any marvel that surpasses their limited intelligence, are rare among our Christian population. But that



we do meet more frequently is the incredulous Thomas whose vacillating faith hesitates to accept miracles, readily assigning them to effects of natural causes.

Protestant physicians themselves have been forced to admit that cures beyond human skill have been wrought here. After a visit to the shrine, one of them writes : "I believe that the miracles attributed to St. Anne are authentic, and if in the past wonders have been wrought, they are renewed frequently before our eyes in her sanctuary." (1)

But it does not follow from this that all miracles attributed to St. Anne are authentic. Error and illusion are possible here as they are in all other things ; however, we have chosen cures certified to by physicians or bearing the attestation of the priest as most worthy of consideration.

"That marvelous cures have really been wrought at the sanctuary of Beaupré is a fact that nobody can reasonably call into question. Sceptics may smile and scoffers sneer, but they can offer no explanation of the phenomena. Let them exclaim that the cures proceed from nervous exaltation, and straightway the infant in arms is the subject of a cure. Let them say that the cures are more imaginary than real, and they are answered by the voice of the deaf-mute for the first time breaking silence. There is indeed but one explanation possible, the Almighty permits that through the prayers of this great servant, cures shall be wrought and

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(1) 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. "Give up, Madam, all hopes in human remedies, and consult Doctor Ste. Anne de Beaupré They say she belongs to your religion : she will probably cure you ; for she alone is able to do so." Another Protestant physician has asked for the same Doctor's address, wishing to submit to her some difficult cases.

the name of St. Anne be hailed as blessed amongst the people for the wonders wrought by her at this national pilgrimage of Canadians."

We have not limited our choice to the cures obtained at the shrine of Beaupré. St. Anne has been pleased to manifest her power at other hallowed spots in Canada, rewarding with generous measure the living faith and loving confidence of her supplicants.

May this book be found in every Catholic home, to foster faith and confidence in the Patroness of Canada !



## INTRODUCTION

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From one of the back numbers of the "Annals of St. Anne de Beaupré," we reproduce the following article, which will serve as an introduction to the reading of the following pages, and which can but dispose the reader to readily believe in St. Anne's powerful intercession and, as a consequence, the reality of miraculous cures wrought at the shrine of Beaupré.

"Pilgrimages to the shrine of the "Good St. Anne" at Beaupré are the order of the day. Never was the number so great ; and it is daily increasing. Not only from Quebec and Ontario, but from New England and the Middle States, organized pilgrimages set forth, joined in by many from all parts of the North American continent. What is the attraction at the humble and obscure village of St. Anne ? What is there in the church so unpicturesquely situated at the foot of the hill, lengthwise with the river ? Why this yearly and daily increasing conflux of strangers, having amongst them so many crippled and maimed and bandaged—the blind, the pale and the weak—that it can be compared only to the crowds which of yore flocked to the shore of Genesareth, where stood One who cured every languor and whose fame went abroad into the whole country ?

More than two hundred years ago, a small ship's crew from Brittany were ascending the mighty river, when suddenly a storm burst on them in the dark of night. Death yawned beneath when, remembering the good St. Anne of their native Auray, they vowed her a shrine where first they would set foot on land, if she saved them from their peril. At early morn their bark had drifted ashore, the clouds lifted, an azure sky

gleamed above their heads and they fell, with swelling hearts, to erecting a sanctuary. Shortly after, it was endowed from France with a precious relic of the Virgin's mother, a few years ago by another from Rome. The shrine with its treasures stimulated the simple piety of the Lower St. Lawrence "habitants"; marvellous favors were multiplied with the prayers; with the favors grew apace the number of pilgrims and pilgrimages, and now it takes a journal to keep record of the wonders of St. Anne de Beaupré.

To deny facts that take place in the light of day, in presence of churchfuls and boatfuls of spectators of every class and condition of life, that are described in detail and published in a hundred newspapers, is an insult not only to the intelligence, but to the senses of a whole continent. Unless we ascribe to such events a mysterious and universal mesmerizing power, which would be the greatest of miracles, we must accept them, at least as pure and naked facts, having cause and effect and testimony, explain them how we may. Why will not the unbeliever go down to the Richelieu & Ontario Steamboat Co's wharf, and question the employees on what they have seen on board certain steamers of the line—the "Canada" for instance? The eye-witnesses were not only pilgrim-crowds, but all who had known and attended the cases before and after the alleged cures. Take the three cures reported last week by the Montreal "Star" and "Gazette," as well as the whole French press:

"Le Courrier du Canada" narrates several recent miracles which occurred at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré recently. Among them are Miss Elvina Proteau, cousin of Rev. Abbé Laliberté of the Grand Seminary, who is said to have been in bed two years at the Hotel-Dieu, with incurable paralysis of the lower limbs, and who, while praying before the relics of St. Anne, suddenly found the pains accompanying her disease vanish, and such a strength pass to her limbs that she threw away her crutches, disengaged herself from her attendant, who held her up, clapped her hands in joy, and stood up all by herself and walked back to her pew alone.

Another case was that of Auguste Plessis, of

108 Wolfe street, a twelve year-old boy, who suffered from a nervous complaint, which caused his arms to shake in such a manner that he could not even serve himself at table. On his return from the shrine, says the article, the boy had lost every trace of the disease, and tested the strength of his arms by lifting up chairs, threading needles and similar feats. The third case is that of Stanislaus Lafrance, the thirteen year old son of Mr. J. B. Lafrance, of 303 Maisonneuve street, who, it is said, for two years could not use his left leg which had become shorter and powerless from inflammatory rheumatism. At the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré he walked up to the communion-table with the aid of his own crutches, and returned to his seat without them.

These subjects were widely known in Montreal, one being the cousin of a respected clergyman, and having undergone treatment at the Hotel-Dieu from the most distinguished physicians. The addresses are recorded with name, street and number. Crowds have visited and verified the cures. To question the facts of the case or call them into doubt, were to insult, not only the intelligence, but the eyes of all Montreal. It were rather stultify oneself before the world.

As to the explanation of the facts, some may attribute the cures to the power of faith and its influence over the nerves. It must be a faith strong and far-reaching indeed, that will suddenly renew the withered tissues of nerves, muscles and bones, and infuse life afresh into the paralysed limb. It is notorious that the patients ascribe their cures, not to their faith, but invariably, and with one mouth, to the intercession of the good St. Anne. There is evidently no power in nature's laws and forces to work such effects in such conditions—suddenly, without application, in opposition to all nature's wonted courses of action. Otherwise why would the discovery of such hidden and extraordinary virtues have been left to a ship's crew of ignorant sailors? Why should they operate only in connection with prayer to a supernatural deity offered through the invocation of a certain Saint, in a certain shrine, before a certain statue, on appli-

cation of a certain relic ? It is clear that effects so marvellous in themselves and the manner in which they have been brought about, can be referred only to a personal power above nature and nature's laws, who can act independently of them, and set them aside at his pleasure, because he has established them and is Lord over them. He can and does answer the prayers of His children, and honors those who have on earth led lives of holiness according to the moral law which He set them.

Not many summers back, a Protestant clergyman of New-York, incredulous about the miracles of Lourdes, took a journey to the favored spot to see and investigate for himself. Having witnessed a number of striking facts, he admitted in the first place their truth and reality ; secondly, their divine and supernatural origin ; thirdly, the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin with which they were inseparably connected ; and, fourthly, the truth and divinity of the Roman Catholic Church in which alone miracles were wrought, and the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin taught and proposed. Perhaps, if the unbeliever will go on a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré, he will accept the miracles, he will believe in the dogma of the invocation of Saints, and he will become a member of the Church, in behalf of which alone miracles are wrought and which alone professes the invocation of Saints.



I  
The First Cures

1662-1667

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**Account given by Mr. Thomas Morel, first  
resident parish priest of St. Anne  
de Beaupre.**

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This account, which bears the approval of Monseigneur Laval, opens with the following preliminary reflections :

From all time God has chosen some churches among others wherein, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, the Angels and Saints, He opens wide the treasury of his mercies, and works many miracles He does not work elsewhere. In our day, He seems to have chosen the church of Ste Anne du Petit Cap (1) as a favorable asylum and a sure refuge for the Christians of the New World. He has placed in the hands of that Saint a treasure of graces and blessings which she dispenses liberally to all who devoutly pray to her at that spot. It is assuredly for the same object that He has inspired the hearts of all with a singular devotion and an extraordinary confidence in the protection of that great Saint. Consequently our people have recourse to her in all their needs and receive most signal and most extraordinary aid from her, as may be seen by the miracles that have been worked there in the past six years.

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(1) Name formerly given to the parish of *St. Anne*. It was towards the year 1840, that the expression *Ste. Anne de Beaupre*, or merely *La Bonne Ste. Anne* began to be used.

It is not my intention to relate them all here, but merely to give some of the more remarkable ones, to satisfy the piety of those persons who have desired me to do so. I do it all the more willingly because, having been either an eye-witness or having obtained accurate information, I shall be able to speak with greater certainty.

I.—In the year 1662, MARIE ESTHER RAMAGE, aged 45, wife of Elie Godin, of the parish of Ste Anne du Petit Cap, was so bent down for eighteen months, that she could not straighten herself. She was obliged to drag herself along leaning on a stick and had no hope of recovering her health through human means. She remembered that her husband had said in her presence that Louis Guimond, (1) of the same parish, had been suddenly cured of severe pains in the back, by devoutly laying three stones in the foundations of St. Anne's church which was then being built. Then she asked the Saint to perform a miracle in her favor as she had in favor of that man. At the same time, forgetting her stick which had disappeared, she found herself standing straight on her feet, walking with as much ease as ever. Astonished at so sudden a change, she began to thank St. Anne for the favor she had conferred on her, and she has been in perfect health ever since. This miracle served greatly to confirm in the faith that family that had long lived in the pretended reformed religion.

II.—In the same year, on the 26th July, the feast of the glorious St. Anne, NICOLAS DROUIN, aged 14, son of Robert Drouin, of the parish of Chateau Richer, was cured of epileptic fits. These at-

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(1) This Louis Guimond is therefore the very first one whose miraculous cure can be historically ascertained. He died a few years later, at the hands of the ferocious Iroquois who submitted him to a most cruel martyrdom.



tacks frequently exposed him to the danger of death by fire or by drowning. He made a vow to St. Anne and began a novena in her honor, following the advice I gave him at the request of his parents. By this means he recovered his health and was thoroughly cured of his illness. He continues to come every year with his parents to thank St. Anne, on the day of her feast, in her church of the Petit Cap.

III.—In the year 1664, MARGUERITE BIRE, wife of Mathurin Roy, of Quebec, had broken her leg. As the bone was fractured in four places, it was impossible to set it, and the poor woman was completely crippled. She remained eight months in that state, unable to walk and with no hope of a cure, in the physician's opinion. This led her to have recourse to God through St. Anne's intercession. To that end she began a novena, made a general confession and also made a vow that she would, every year, visit a church or chapel dedicated to St. Anne. On the day of her feast, she had herself carried to the church of the Petit Cap. While she was at mass, she felt herself strengthened at the moment of the elevation. When the time came to go to Holy Communion, she left her crutches and walked to the sanctuary railing. When some persons came to help her, she said: "I will go alone; the good Saint (I) has strengthened me and worked a miracle in me, thanks be to God! I have not been able to do so much for eight months" Since that time she has not used crutches and can attend to her household duties without difficulty. She fulfils her vow to St. Anne every year.

IV.—ÉLIE GODIN, aged 50, of the parish of Ste Anne, was ill of a dropsy which no medicines could

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(1) It is therefore from the very beginning that the wonder-worker of Beaupré was given the glorious title of *Good St. Anne*.

relieve. He thought of preparing himself for death, and asked me to administer the Holy Viaticum to him. I told him to have recourse to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Anne. After preparing him, I went to the church to say mass for his intention. When I returned to give him communion, he said to me with a serene countenance: "I am cured. Allow me to get up. While you were in church and I was saying my beads, I fell asleep quietly and during my sleep I saw two venerable ladies who approached me. One of them made me see a very long and very narrow road that seemed to lead to heaven. On seeing this I was quite filled with consolation and quite relieved from my sickness." In fact, after receiving Holy Communion, he gave thanks to God, arose, went to church and before his novena was finished, he was able to work as before he was sick.

JEAN ADAM, aged 23, a native of the diocese of Sens (France), has settled in the neighborhood of Quebec. On the 24th March 1665, he suddenly felt such a sharp pain in his eyes that he said it seems as if they were being pierced with an awl. After a few days, he was quite blind and remained in that condition until the month of June. Then he made a vow to say the rosary nine times in honor of St. Anne, and to visit her church at the Petit Cap. He made a similar vow to Our Lady of Loretto in Italy, after which he was taken to Ste Anne. After mass, while the priest was reading St. Anne's gospel over him, the blind man saw the priest three times, only for an instant, it is true, but sufficiently clearly to distinguish the color of the vestments which he had never seen. Enlightened by inspiration from on high, he declared that he would recover his sight at the expiration of three

days. That actually happened, for, on the third day, which was the last of his novena, while at the mass that was being said for him, in the chapel of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers in Quebec, he again felt a sharp pain in both eyes as from a stab with an awl, and some drops of water fell from his eyes. Then he saw the sacred Host held up in the hands of the priest. He was cured. Since then his sight has always been excellent.

VI.—A soldier of the Carignan regiment, aged 22, called JEAN PRADES, a native of France, entered the Hotel-Dieu hospital, in Quebec, on the 29th June 1667. He was attacked by two mortal diseases. For six months he had completely lost the use of one leg which was paralyzed to such an extent that he did not feel blows or the incisions the doctor had made in it at various times. Moreover, he had an abscess in his stomach producing a hiccough which presaged speedy and certain death.

One night, he was in a strange and unaccountable state of mind. He seemed to hear a voice telling him that he would please God and recover his health, if he would promise to consecrate the remainder of his life to the service of the hospital. Transported with joy, he consented and stated that he would soon be cured.

Nevertheless, the most alarming symptoms set in, and his death seemed imminent. Extreme Unction was administered to him. But, contrary to all previsions, an improvement suddenly manifested itself, and before long, all trace of the disease in the stomach had disappeared. The patient was however confined to his bed, for his leg was completely paralyzed and the physician declared that, unless a fresh miracle happened, he would be unable to walk.

Far from diminishing his confidence, this declaration made him resolve to get himself to Ste

Anne de Beaupré, and to make a novena there, because he was sure he would be completely cured. He therefore began his pious exercises, but continual discouragement and weariness took possession of his mind on the very first day. This lasted until the fifth day which was the feast of the glorious apostles St. Peter and St. Paul.

Prostrate at the foot of St. Anne's altar, the pious soldier poured forth his sadness and his sorrows, imploring the aid of his protectress. Suddenly he was seized with a violent pain in his leg ; he felt all the blows, all the incisions made in that limb since the beginning of his illness; then, overcome by pain, he fell into a deep slumber which filled him with the sweetest consolation. The pain was gone ! He awoke and found his leg bathed in perspiration ; this passed away and he found himself as fully cured as if he had never been ill. He gave thanks to God and to St. Anne for the favor he had received through her intercession. He left his crutches and walked freely, not without exciting the admiration of those who knew of his illness and who thought it would be as difficult to cure him as to bring a dead man back to life. But both are easy for God to whom naught is impossible.

Besides the marvels I have just related, there are many others, of which I have taken notice, and which I merely mention in a general way, saying that a great many persons having devoted themselves to St. Anne, have been miraculously assisted; some have escaped death, their canoes having been capsized, or having been wrecked in their boats, and reduced to the extreme peril of their lives ; others have been cured of divers maladies against which medicine was powerless. Every one finds in this place a relief from his infirmities, provided that he appeal to St. Anne with devotion and con-

fidence. More noteworthy among all these favors, are the most powerful graces which God has given and still gives every day, through the intercession of St. Anne, to several sinners for their conversion to a better life. Having, for the past five or six years, performed the office of pastor in this church, I have known several to whom a like happiness was given ; but these favors pass between God and the soul, in the secrecy of the heart, and are fully known only in eternity.

Such happy beginnings lead us to hope that God, through the intercession of St. Anne, will fill in this holy place with countless blessings our new country. May His bounty grant that our sins be no obstacle to their course !”

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#### Mgr. LAVAL'S APPROBATION.

“As we know that it is honorable to reveal the works of God, we notify each and all of those whom these presents may concern, that everything contained in the present pamphlet written in French by Mr. Thomas Morel, performing curial duties in the church of Ste Anne, near Quebec, at the place commonly called Beaupré, which pamphlet has been submitted to us, is entirely in conformity with the truth ; that consequently it may be given to the faithful in order to excite their devotion to the most holy ancestress of Jesus Christ and the mother of the august Mother of God. Therefore, of our episcopal and ordinary authority, we approve and confirm it by these present letters, confessing moreover that nothing has helped us more efficaciously in bearing the burden of the pastoral charge of this nascent church than the special devotion of all the inhabitants of this country to St. Anne, a devotion which, we may assure with certainty, distinguishes them above all other people.

Given at Quebec, in our episcopal seminary, on the twenty fifth day of June, in the year one

thousand six hundred and eighty, under our seal and the signature of our secretary.

FRANÇOIS

First Bishop of Quebec.

By order of the Most Illustrious and  
Most Reverend Bishop of Quebec,  
FRANCHEVILLE.

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II

Cure of Mr. Marsollet, of Quebec

1675

Certificate of his physician, Florent Bonnemere, S. J.

I, the undersigned, certify that I attended Mr. Marsollet, of Quebec, one half of whose body was paralyzed, the right arm and leg being deprived of movement, while the tongue could not pronounce a word without stammering and only with great difficulty. I gave him for a long time all the medicines usually administered in such cases, but without giving him any relief. Seeing this, he implored divine aid and says that he was completely cured in St. Anne's church at Petit Cap, after invoking her. This I have seen and do acknowledge. In testimony whereof I have signed.

FLORENT BONNEMERE,

Practising medicine in Quebec.

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III

Cure of Charles Landeron, of Quebec

1684

Relation written by Mr. Thomas Morel, who was then Canon of the Quebec Cathedral.

In the year 1684, CHARLES LANDERON, son of Etienne Landeron, of Quebec, aged 14 or 15, was almost blind and had to give up his studies at the college of the Rvd. Jesuit Fathers. He returned

home, fell ill and was attended by physicians. Finding that he was threatened with total loss of his sight which was failing daily to such an extent that he could not see his way about and could obtain no relief, he commended himself to St. Anne and a vow was made by his parents who brought him to her church at Petit Cap, believing that God would restore his sight. They left him with me. I got him to make a novena during which I said nine masses. The boy manifested such devotion, piety and confidence that everybody was edified. Nor content with that novena during which he began to get better, he redoubled his confidence in St. Anne. As God still required something more from him, he began another novena and begged me to continue it with him, promising to come every year to St. Anne's church, on the day of her feast, to offer his humble thanksgiving, if God were pleased, through her intercession, to give him back his health as he hoped. He told me he would not leave her church or return to Quebec until she had granted him that grace, so great was his desire to be cured. That came to pass, for the great Saint was so pleased with the boy's prayers and confidence in her, that at first something extraordinary happened to him. He saw for a short time as well as he had ever seen ; then his sight grew stronger from day to day, and he began to read and to write in his own hand-writing to his mother ; he could see the houses across the river on the Island of Orleans, about two leagues distant. Finally, before leaving St. Anne, he was entirely cured.

He has resumed his studies and his health is better than ever. He attested the truth of this before me, an eye witness of the miracle.

THOS. MOREL,  
Canon of the Quebec Cathedral.

## IV

### CURE OF GENEVIEVE RIGAUT

Of Cote de Beaupre

September 15th, 1698

This miraculous cure is told by Mr. Soumande, who was then pastor of St. Anne de Beaupre.

GENEVIEVE RIGAUT, wife of Mr. Têtu, captain of militia of the Côte de Beaupré, had for over twenty years, but especially for the past three years, been afflicted with a disease which cannot in decency be mentioned. For the past three years she had not a half day's rest. Wishing to get some medicine herself without speaking to a physician, she took some which was just the contrary to that which her disease required; this brought on another mortal disease. When her husband saw her so altered and in serious danger, he wanted to know something about her illness so as to be able to tell the physician. But she, being afraid to tell of the evil effects of the medicines she had taken of her own accord, asked her husband to consult the doctor about her original sickness. All the physicians stated, without hesitation, that she could not recover. Finding that she could not live very long and that human aid could be of no avail, she resolved to have recourse to heaven. Inspired with devotion for and confidence in St. Anne, she had herself conveyed, not without great difficulty, to the church of Petit Cap, where she made a novena with such devotion that on the sixth day she felt herself quite cured. She was afraid, however, to tell anybody, for she was herself much surprised and feared that perhaps she was not really cured. On that day, as I was passing Mr. Lessart's house where she was living, I inquired about her illness. She answered with a smile: "If I dared to admit it, I should say that I am quite cured, for I have



no more pain." Nevertheless she continued her novena to the end and, without assistance from any one, returned to her home, about two leagues from the church. Since then she has never suffered from her sickness and is better than ever.

In testimony whereof, I have signed the present certificate with her and the undersigned eye-witnesses of the marvel that occurred in the said church of Ste Anne du Petit-Cap, on the fifteenth September, one thousand six hundred and ninety eight, (1698) while I was pastor of the parish.

(Signed) ET. LESSART,  
GENEVIEVE RIGAULT,  
L. SOUMANDE, Priest, Canon.

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## V

### CURE OF JEAN SALOIS

Of St. Laurent, Island of Orleans.

March 8th, 1700.

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Account given by Mr. Leveyer, who was then pastor of the the parish of St. Anne de Beaupré.

I, the undersigned, François LeVeyer, priest, pastor of the parish of St. Anne du Petit Cap, on the Côte de Beaupré, certify that on the 23rd October 1699, JEAN SALOIS, son of Claude Salois and Anne Mabile, his father and mother, inhabitants of the parish of St. Laurent, Island of Orleans, was injured by a blow from an axe accidentally inflicted by François Olivier, his brother in law, while they were cutting the same tree. The axe struck his knee and severed the sinew of the knee-cap which was drawn back by the other muscles. The surgeons who dressed his wound, namely: Sieur Lavimodière of Chateau Richer, and Sieur Belle-Isle of Quebec, were unable to unite the severed tendon which had so withdrawn, but they

nevertheless closed up the wound. The man was thus crippled for the remainder of his life. In fact, the knee-joint being neither retained nor held back by that tendon, the bones of the thigh and leg separated from one another whenever he tried to lift his leg on which he could not stand. After the wound closed up, the knee was inflamed in the day time, and the inflammation went down at night, causing him much pain.

When he was hurt, he made a vow to St. Anne who is honored in this church and had ten masses said in her honor. As soon as he was able to come himself to fulfil his vow, he had himself carried here and arrived on the 1st March 1700. He went to the house of Sieur Lessard, near the church, to make a novena in honor of the great Saint. The very first night he was free from all the pain that, before then, made him frequently cry out at night. He began his novena on the first day of Lent, the second day of March, confessed and received communion in St. Anne's church. He continued to come and pray there with great faith and perseverance, for almost whole days at a time, until the second Monday of Lent, the 8th March.

In the evening the sick man wished to see if there was any improvement. He found that he could walk without crutches and without a stick and he sent for me. God, who willed that the confidence of the faithful in St. Anne's protection should be increased, permitted that Madame de Champigny, the wife of the Intendant of Canada, and the Chevalier de Champigny with Mr. Sarrazin, physician, should come from Quebec on a pilgrimage to this church, on the following day, the 9th March, in order that they might be the unimpeachable witnesses of the miracle worked in favor of that man through St. Anne's intercession. In fact Mr. Sarrazin, who is very learned in the treatment

of wounds and of diseases, examined the wound in the presence of Madame de Champigny, of her son, of Sieur Lessart, his wife and some others ; he questioned the patient as to how he was after the accident, and declared that he had been crippled and that the cure could not have been effected by natural means. He promised me an attestation of all this.

These facts led me to ask the parishioners to assist, on the following day, at the mass we celebrated in thanksgiving for so miraculous a cure. The young man, after receiving communion with many others, went up a ladder, in the presence of all, to hang his crutches on the wall of the church, to serve as a memorial of the favor he had received.

In testimony whereof I have signed the present certificate with the undersigned witnesses : Guillaume Morel, François Caron. The other witnesses were unable to sign their names.

( Signed ) GUILLAUME MOREL,  
FRANÇOIS CARON,  
FRANÇOIS MICHEL, LEVEYER, Priest.

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## VI

### Cure of Marie Josephte Arcand

Of Deschambault, P. Q., August 5th, 1768.

**This most marvellous cure is related by Rev. P. R. Hubert, who was then parish-priest of St. Anne de Beauport, and attested by both the pastor and the seigneur of Deschambault.**

The cure I am about to relate took place under my eyes, in the presence of trustworthy persons, in a church which God has, on several occasions, made remarkable by the number of marvels worked through the intercession of St. Anne who,

throughout the whole Church, is the comforter of the afflicted. This marvel seemed to me one of those things that cannot be forgotten without ingratitude, nor allowed to be ignored without indifference or contempt for God's mercies. The expression "cure" which I use in connection with what I am about to relate, might perhaps convey the idea that I wish to judge of a thing beyond my competency. Such however is not my intention. I wish merely to mention what I have seen or whereof I have certain proof in hand, so as to avoid the just reproaches of those persons who always enjoy the recital of the marvels of the Almighty, when supported by truth and by evidence beyond suspicion.

Some of the pastors, my predecessors, have made it their duty to lay before the eyes of the faithful a portion of the marvels worked by God in this church through St. Anne's intercession, and as many persons of merit have favorably received the collection, I look upon this as a reason for continuing it whenever the opportunity presents itself through God's mercy.

In connection with what I am about to relate, two things have appeared to me equally certain : the very serious disease of a person and the cure of that same person. The disease, a long and dangerous one, which was considered of such a nature that it could not be treated with any hope of success, was known to all the inhabitants of the parish of Deschambault, all of whom considered it incurable, according to the opinion of the physicians and of competent persons. Mr. Menage, pastor of Deschambault, Mr. de la Gorgendière, the seigneur, have done me the honor of writing to me and telling me the nature of the disease, the manner in which it was treated and what was thought of the sick person. What they have told me agrees per-

fectly with the deposition given by the sick woman herself and leaves no doubt as to the disease. To show its origin and progress, I will give those two letters. The name alone of the persons who have written them is a warranty of the truth thereof :

*Letter written by Mr. de la Gorgendiere, in the month of January 1769, transcribed by us, the pastor of Ste Anne.*

Sir,

One of my people, called Alexis Létourneau, told me recently that you would be pleased to have information respecting the sickness of Marie Josephte Arcand, wife of Honoré Lavoye, who was cured last summer through St. Anne's intercession.

I swear that what I am about to tell you is true.

Marie Josephte Arcand is an honest and exemplary woman, as pious as any one in the parish, who is incapable of telling a falsehood in such a matter. In the month of November 1767, she had such violent pains in both legs and thighs that she was unable to do anything. Her legs swelled to an extraordinary size. I went to see her, at the beginning of December, and found her lying on the floor because she could not stay in bed. The swelling has decreased in one of her legs and she was suffering horribly. I went to Quebec and saw Mr Dubary who promised to go to Deschambault if sent for.

When I got back, at the end of January, I went to see her. She had just received the holy Viaticum. I made her consent to send for Mr. Dubary, which was done. He found her in a dying condition. Her leg and thigh were so swollen that they measured at least a yard in circumference. It was pitiful to witness her sufferings. The doctor made an incision and ordered fresh ones to be made if the other closed up ; this was done during three weeks, and I think that over three gallons and a half of water flowed from the incisions.

During that time, Mr. Menage administered

communion to her twice, and everybody expected to hear of her death at any time. She remained in that condition until the month of May last, when she seemed to get better; the swelling in her leg had decreased but all the sinews were in such a state that she could not move her leg. She had herself carried to the church where she received communion. I went to see her several times as she lay in bed, wishing to give her some hope, although I had none myself, seeing her dreadful condition. She told me the pain was getting worse and that she could not stand it any longer.

Crutches had been made for her, but she could use them only in the house. The other leg was beginning to be attacked when she resolved to go to Ste Anne. You know what happened while she was there. A "Te Deum" was sung in the church, which shows that nobody doubted that the cure was a miraculous one. After a week she came on foot to thank me. I wept for joy and have daily thanked St. Anne.

She is well and everything denotes that God has worked a miracle in her favor.

(Signed) DE LA GORGENDIÈRE.

*Letter fr m Mr. Menage, pastor of Deschambault, written in the month of September 1768.*

Sir,

I have received the letter you did me the honor of writing to me, asking for information regarding the illness of Marie Joseph Arcand, wife of Honoré Lavoye, who belong to my parish. The following facts are true:

Mr. Dubary, physician, came to see her at her house and gave her medicine. On his return to Quebec he inquired from the people about here, whether she was dead, and said that it would be useless to send her medicine. All the people in this and other parishes, who know of her illness, always thought she would die of it, and that nothing could cure her. Mr. de la Gorgendière was of the same opinion. He and others have signed in testimony.

(Signed)	De la GORGENDIÈRE	MENAGE, pastor.
	CHARLES BOUDROT	JEAN PERRAULT.
	AUGUSTIN DELISLE	PAUL PERRAULT.

Such evidence, I am sure, leaves no doubt as to the disease ; the proof is manifest and I do not think anything more can be desired.

If the disease is certain, the cure is no less so. It was sudden, complete and lasting. It was effected at a time, in a place, under circumstances which show that God, touched by the pleadings of the sick person, was pleased to manifest His power and the strength of His almighty arm. The manner in which the miraculous cure of Marie Josephte Arcand took place, under my eyes, is given below. I will state nothing but what I know to be true because I saw it myself.

On the 14th August 1768, that woman, who had been ill for a long time, came to our church in fulfilment of the vow she had made during her illness to come on a pilgrimage to St. Anne, if God gave her some relief in her suffering. She was brought from Deschambault to this place by her husband who carried her into the church and put her in a pew. She could not use her legs at all ; she could not get up or walk even with her crutches which were brought with her. After praying for some time in the church, she asked me to confess her, which I did at once. I asked her if she could kneel and she replied that it was impossible. After confessing and praying for half an hour, her husband carried her to the vehicle and conveyed her to a house in the neighborhood where she passed the night.

On the following morning her husband brought her to the church, as he had done on the previous day, so that she might hear holy mass which I said for her and at which she assisted with great devotion, and during which she did not cease to shed tears. When the moment of holy communion came, she felt relieved and as if her strength were returning. To approach the holy table, she took her

crutches and got there with much difficulty. This she found extraordinary and thought that God had been pleased to grant her relief. After holy communion she went back to her pew as she had come, with such difficulty but without needing any assistance to support her. After mass she asked me to show her St. Anne's relic which she kissed with respect.

It is customary in this church, whenever a sick person comes on a pilgrimage, to read the Gospel of St. Anne's mass over such person. I did so after she had kissed the relic and withdrew to the sacristy for my thanksgiving. The woman remained for some time kneeling at the sanctuary railing; this cause her no pain as she had hitherto felt when she wanted to bend her knees which she could not even do. After remaining in prayer on her knees for about half an hour, she wanted to get up and took her crutches for the purpose; but she did not need them; she felt strengthened; she arose and began to walk as well as she had ever done and with a firm step.

I cannot describe that woman's feelings and surprise. She was beside herself and unable to express her joy and gratitude. Her eyes were filled with tears, and one would have thought she was in great affliction. I asked her to walk again, which she did, going down the church and returning to the railing without the least trouble, as she assured me.

After thanking her benefactress, more by her tears and sighs than by her prayers, she came to the presbytery on foot, without her crutches and without assistance. Shortly afterward she returned to the church whither I accompanied her to add my thanksgiving to hers. Those who had seen her at mass in the morning and in church on the previous evening, also came to the church. All thanked



the Almighty with prayers and tears ; they were astonished when they saw that woman, a complete cripple but a few moments ago, walk with ease. This has continued to the present day and she has felt no pain in her leg since.

I, the undersigned, certify that I have related the facts connected with that woman's cure, as they really occurred under my eyes, in the church of Ste Anne.

P. R. HUBERT, Pastor.

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She came back on a pilgrimage on the 7th July 1769, and continues in good health.

P. R. HUBERT, Pastor.

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## VII

### Good St. Anne Saves a Traveller from Inevitable Death

(Towards 1790)

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The following narration was written by a priest who heard the details of this wonderful story from the very lips of the favored traveller.

In 1847, during the first years of my priesthood, I witnessed a scene which impressed me so deeply that I can never forget it. On a beautiful evening of July, I was summoned, in haste, to the assistance of an old man of eighty years of age. I had been greatly edified by his sincere piety, his exemplary conduct and by his many virtues. I, therefore, felt considerable astonishment on seeing this venerable octogenarian weeping like a child, and struck with terror at the sight of approaching death. When he perceived me, he exclaimed in a dispirited and quivering voice : "Hasten, father, to my help ; the evil one has been trying for hours to cast despair into my soul, and I dread to succumb, so frightful and disheartening are the remi-

niscences he pictures to my fancy. But you, father, seem surprised at my words : that is because you know nothing about my youth. My youth ! With what distressing recollections it fills my memory !" And he began to sob as one over laden with sorrow and about to die under the burden. I trembled with fear lest the patient might choke without uttering anything further. Nevertheless, after a few cheering words which dropped into his soul like a refreshing balm, he recovered his calmness, seemed to take fresh courage, and begged my permission to reveal the cause of what he called his well-grounded terror. The following is what he related and gave me permission to relate in my turn for the edification of youth, and to inspire a boundless confidence in the power of St. Anne.

"When I was young, I felt a violent inclination for adventurous voyages. My father having granted me a few dollars, I thought I was rich enough to travel round the world. I was determined to try, and, after having embraced my old mother and my good sisters, I hastened away from my parents' roof to hide the tears that fell in spite of myself and to deafen my ears to the sorrowful sighs of those who were dear to me. I first directed my steps towards Montreal, of which I had heard such wondrous accounts. It was there I fell in with three young men of my own age and inclination. A few hours sufficed to establish between us a close intimacy, and we built up together the most gigantic schemes. A man of experience who could have overheard us would have immediately taken us for four maniacs ; but we were so thoroughly convinced of our own wisdom that we were determined to reject all advice. Our first plan was to travel westward, as far as we could go. We started with rifles, fishing implements and some provisions. What a mad project when I come

to reflect upon it ! Before continuing my narrative, I must inform you that I had been brought up as a good Christian by a pious mother, who lost no opportunity of speaking to her children about the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne. I therefore, in spite of my giddiness, preserved in my heart a great confidence in these two great saints. My newly-made friends had not enjoyed the same priceless advantages, and had become prodigies of vice at an age when I hardly knew what it was. Never in my life had I heard such blasphemies, such abominable words as those they were continually using ; to this they added the most degraded excesses of lust, and they were as intemperant as the beasts of the field. You can conceive, father, that in such company, many months did not go by before I became just as bad as my companions. The only difference which remained between us was that I still muttered a few short prayers in secret, whilst they would have blushed to send up a single invocation to heaven. Their lips were too foully stained by the abominable filth they were continually giving vent to, to address a prayer to God, to implore the help of the Saints.

After a few months travelling through the forest, over lakes and rapids, running a thousand risks, feeding on the game we managed to shoot, we at least reached the banks of the Red River. There we met with Indians, half-breeds and whites of all nations. Our passions could now enjoy the greatest liberty, because there was not more religion among these men than among the buffaloes that ranged the prairies.

To shorten my recital which might become tedious, I will merely tell you that we remained in this place and at the neighboring posts during three years, which were spent more in wicked pleasures than in serious labor. Life was so free on the

prairies ! One might have thought that my companions and I had no other mission to fulfil than to give scandal ; our immorality went so far that it astonished the very barbarians among whom we lived. One day, such had been our excesses that the Indians plainly avowed their intention of massacring us at no distant period ; whereupon two of my companions immediately conceived the plan of arming themselves to the teeth, and of murdering the inhabitants of a neighboring wigwam on the following night. They killed six victims, amongst whom were two women and three children. When they returned all bloody to tell us of the frightful deed, we decided to fly without delay ; for, knowing the vindictive spirit of these savages, we were sure of being exposed to the most atrocious tortures were we to be discovered. We fled with the quickness of the deer pursued by the hunter. At daybreak we were already far from the scene of the massacre ; but in what a pitiful state ! Our legs and feet were torn and bleeding, our clothes were tattered and we were exhausted with fatigue. But how could we think of taking rest ? It would have been death to us. Our only hope of safety was in forced marches, without even devoting a few moments to swallowing some food. After three days and three nights of such travelling, more dead than alive, we reached the banks of a river which we were obliged at any price to cross, in order to escape from our ferocious enemies. We set to work to build a raft to cross to the opposite bank. At the end of half an hour, our raft was built and launched. We thought ourselves in safety, but alas ! heaven also was pursuing us, and held our death-warrant suspended over our guilty heads. After rowing as far as the middle of the stream, our strength gave way to such a degree that we were obliged to let our frail raft float adrift, without

knowing of the abyss, a few yards distant, that was to swallow us up. My whole being shudders when I think of it ! A quarter of an acre further on was a cascade followed by several others, and the current was so rapid that we could not avoid them. At this sight, my companions, instead of looking up to God and imploring His divine mercy, gave vent to all the rage and fury of despair, and uttered blasphemies that the devils of hell alone could suggest to them. For my part, their excessive impiety disgusted me and made me enter into myself. At the very moment when the raft was going to be swallowed up in the chasm, I cried out with a lively confidence : — St. Anne, save me from peril and I promise to have a mass celebrated in your honour, and to repent sincerely.—I could say nothing more, for a moment later, we were all cast into the waves, senseless and on the brink of eternity !

This accident happened at about six o'clock in the evening. The next morning, at daybreak, I recovered my senses, and found that I was resting on the trunk of a tree which had been washed ashore. It was then my tears began to flow : I wept so long and so abundantly that the ground was moistened. How sincere was my thanksgiving for so miraculous an escape ! Heaven, Saint Anne had saved me. My companions were certainly lost, and in what state ? O my God ! The remembrance of my pious mother, who had taught me such christian sentiments, filled my heart with emotion. I promised to be grateful towards her for such an inheritance, during the remainder of my life.

I staid on my knees for nearly an hour, thanking God, thanking the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne, thanking all the Saints in heaven, and forming the firm resolution of spending the rest of my days in the practice of virtue, and the service of God. I then arose, and after having eaten some roots and

some wild berries, I pursued my journey with the help of a rude walking-staff.

It was only after three weeks of privations and hardships without number that I managed to reach a Canadian settlement ; but, I had so richly deserved my hard fate, that I never opened my mouth to complain of it. I rested a few days with a settler's family whose cordial hospitality I can never forget ; and then I started for my native parish. But my long expected joy of seeing once more my dear old parents, was changed into cruel and bitter sorrow. I was just going to cross the threshold of the church where I had been baptized, where I had made my First Communion, when I cast a look towards the cemetery, and near the entrance, I espied a large black cross on which a name was engraved,—here the old man's tears began to flow more violently—It was the name of my beloved mother ! I fell down on my knees and remained long without having the strength to rise. My mother had died broken-hearted ; the grief of my departure had killed her. All this made me feel with greatest evidence, how guilty I had been. Father, now that I have told you all, is it not just that I should deplore the errors of my youth ?''

A few days after, this venerable old man died of the death of the righteous.



## VIII

### **Cure of Marguerite Barbo**

**Of La Baie du Febvre, P. Q.**

June 18th 1791

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The details of this miraculous cure are given us by  
Mr. F. C. Gallard, who was then pastor of  
of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

“On the 18th of the present month (June 1791) a man called Barbo, a farmer of La Baie du Febvre, brought into the church of Ste Anne his daughter MARGUERITE, about 21 years of age, I think. She was carried to the sanctuary railing to venerate Ste Anne's relic, sitting in a chair borne by two men from the next house to that spot. For six months she had languished in a pitiful state ; her whole body seemed deprived of feeling. Marasmus had made a walking skeleton of her ; she could hardly use her arms or legs ; her head swung about on her shoulders according to the movements of her body and she could not hold it straight ; her mouth, shut close for some weeks, could be opened only with the blade of a knife which I saw, while a small piece of wood inserted between her teeth, prevented her from shutting them tight, and allowed of the introduction of food. This had for a long time consisted of a few spoonfuls of sweetened wine poured into her mouth and which she swallowed with difficulty. Her eyes, which she opened sometimes, seemed unable to distinguish anything. For sometime her ears could convey no impression to her mind ; her tongue could not articulate, her voice was inaudible. In a word she seemed deaf and dumb, paralytic and lethargic. According to the statement of those who accompanied her, she had sometimes made signs that had not much meaning. For instance, before leaving La Baie, she had stretched out her hand in the direction of this place;

which was thought to mean that she wished to come to Ste Anne. Such was her condition.

"When she was brought to the church, her parents wanted to hear Mass with her, but I was unable to say it because I was not well. I merely made them all kiss the relic and returned to the presbytery. Shortly afterward I heard a voice mingled with sobs, saying: "Oh Sir, what a miracle! My dear daughter is better!" I asked where she was and was told she was at the neighbor's. I ran there at once and great was my surprise when that young woman, who a few minutes previously had been carried to the altar-railing by the persons who bore her, who appeared to have no sense of feeling, and the whole details of whose sickness had been told me as I have just related, appeared before my astonished eyes with a spoon in her hand, carrying it to her open mouth, sitting on a chair without support, with bright and speaking eyes. I asked her whether she knew me. She stared at me. I then asked her if she felt better and she made a positive sign. As she seemed exceedingly weak, I ordered that she be put to bed. She was asked if she wished it and she at once arose from her chair, held out her arms to her father and went, supported by him, to a small room four or five paces away where her bed lay on the floor. I then took the required information. The father and several others present told me that about ten minutes after she had venerated the relic, she suddenly arose, took two steps and knelt on the step of the altar-railing with her beads in her hand, and remained some time as if in extasy.

"Last week a woman came on a pilgrimage from the same parish as the girl in question, accompanied by a sick man and some crippled women. She gave me news regarding the condition of the Barbo girl, which she got from her father



whom she met on her way down at Platon. He was with his daughter and companions resting on the beach. I then learned that the girl was strangely better when met at Platon ; that she was eating strawberries her father picked for her ; that she had answered the woman who asked her what she was eating, saying : "I am eating strawberries my father has brought me." She would not say any more although many questions were asked. She had spoken some time before, after her departure from Ste Anne but with difficulty and as if choosing her words. For several months before coming here in fulfilment of her vow, she had not spoken, as I have already stated.

"Such are the most accurate details I can give regarding the circumstances accompanying the marvelous fact I have just related."

Ste Anne, 28th June, 1791.

F. B. GAILLARD, Priest.



## IX

### Cure of a mother of family just arrived from Ireland.

(Towards 1820.)

The following story is related by Rev. Alph. Leclerc, the founder and first editor of the "Annals of St. Anne"

"About the year 1820, an Irish Catholic family, consisting of three persons, sailed from England for America. Some distance from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a furious storm arose, dismasted their ship, wrecked it and nearly all the passengers were swallowed up. The head of this family was one of the victims, but the mother and daughter, who wore images of Ste Anne, were saved. However, each was ignorant of the fact that the other had been saved, for they were separated in the storm; both escaped on fragments of the wreck. After having been tossed about by the waves, they were picked up by two different vessels sailing to Quebec where they arrived at two days' interval. The mother arrived first and, finding herself quite alone, she abandoned herself to the deepest melancholy at the thought of her double loss, for she had no doubt that her daughter had also perished in the shipwreck. As the days went by, her sorrow grew deeper, her solitude more dreadful and unbearable. She felt her heart breaking and her soul could not bear up under the weight that pressed upon it. She seemed alone even in the midst of crowds, and to think that all mankind has perished with her husband and daughter. In her despair she sought out the darkest places as if she wished to hide herself in a tomb. Soon her mind wandered and she lost her reason. Then death seemed the best thing for her and she tried to kill herself. Imagine a woman with disordered hair, torn garments, haggard

eyes, foaming mouth, a harsh and discordant voice, the most dreadful despair depicted on her features! One can form but a feeble idea of all this. In such a pitiful condition who could cast a ray of light in that darkened mind? Would the sight of her only daughter suffice to restore her reason? No human power could restore that stricken mind and, as we shall see, this could come only from heaven.

"Her unfortunate daughter came to Quebec without any hope of ever seeing her mother whom she believed to be at the bottom of the sea. She wept bitterly for she was only fifteen years old and was alone in a strange land. While abandoned to her sorrow, she learned that a strange woman, who had also been ship-wrecked, was in the same city and had had the additional misfortune of losing her reason. She was at once sure it must be her mother and ran to see that stranger. But what a spectacle! When a mother and daughter meet after going through such dangers, they should rush into one another's arms. But such is not the case! The daughter, it is true, runs to her mother, wishes to fall at her feet and bathe them with her tears. But the mother regards her stupidly at first, then with dread, she recoils and wishes to fly, exclaiming; "What! an angel! O go away from this hellish place. Hear you not howls, imprecations, horrible blasphemies? How have you penetrated into this hell in which I have been plunged for ages?"

"The unfortunate girl was obliged to withdraw without embracing her mother. The painful interview only increased her anguish, for if it is sad to lose one's mother, it is sadder to find her insane. However, she did not despair. She placed her confidence more than ever in God and hoped He would not leave her alone at such a tender age. At the same time a striking miracle had been worked

through Ste Anne's intercession. She soon heard of it and from that moment her confidence knew no bounds. She begged a man, as charitable as he was rich, to take her mother to the church of Ste Anne de Beaupré and she proceeded there herself. She obtained from the pastor of the parish that he should offer up the holy sacrifice of Mass for her dear mother who was at the altar in a state of furious excitement. A large crowd, attracted by pity or curiosity, thronged around the wretched woman and her daughter. The poor desolate child knelt in deep recollection. The priest, prostrate before the holy tabernacle, was quite moved by what he saw. He asked all present to pray with him while he immolated the spotless Victim. While Mass was being fervently said and heard, it was observed that the dread impressed on the features of the unfortunate mother had given way to a calm and serene expression ; her limbs were no longer agitated, her eyes were closed and tears flowed freely from them. But if she wept silently, she was still in a state of undefinable vagueness. From time to time she opened her eyes but without fixing them on anybody. Her lips opened to prayer and uttered these words : Save me ! Save me ! As soon as Mass was over, the priest left the altar and proceeded toward the mother and daughter. To the latter he said : "Have confidence ; your mother will be restored to you." He applied a relic of St. Anne to her lips. How pious was the child's kiss ! How supplicating the tear that fell on the precious object ! Then the priest passed on to the mother and made her venerate the same relic. She seized it with feverish eagerness, pressed it to her lips and to her heart and seemed disinclined to part with it. When the priest asked her to give it back to him, she said with unspeakable happiness : "Oh ! How thankful I am to you ! But is my

daughter living ? Did she not appear to me in the form of an angel ! Oh, how beautiful she was then !”

The priest replied : “She lives ; she lives to love, cherish and comfort you. You will see her in a few moments, but not in this holy place. Go and take some food and you will see your child.”

The girl, on a sign from the good priest, had already withdrawn to the presbytery to receive her mother there. Who can properly describe the scene ? How the two clung to one another ! How violently their hearts beat !

How deep must have been the gratitude of that mother when she learned that her cure was due to her daughter's piety but, above all, to St. Anne's intercession.

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## X

### CURE OF GENEVIEVE MAILLOUX

Of L'Île-aux-Coudres, P. Q.

(June 3rd, 1841.)

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**This miraculous cure has been attested by the parish-priest and two eye-witnesses.**

Madame GENEVIEVE MAILLOUX had been for several years, subject to frequent attacks of epilepsy. Each time these attacks brought on violent and painful convulsions, causing a paralysis of the arms and lower extremities, which however used to pass away by degrees.

This infirmity grew worse from year to year, and at length the lameness became permanent. It had steadily lasted for five months, when in June 1841, the sufferer had herself conveyed to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, hoping there to obtain her

cure. Indeed her pious entreaties were heard ; for she went home completely cured and never, after this pilgrimage, did she experience the slightest return of the disease. These facts have been attested by the parish-priest, the physician and several other residents of l'Ile-aux-Coudres.

#### ATTESTATION

"Before us, the undersigned pastor, came and appeared Olivier Boudrault, Louis Demeulles, Augustin Dufour, farmers, and P. Did. Mailloux, of the parish of St. Louis de l'Ile-aux-Coudres, who certified to us that Geneviève Mailloux, wife of Mr. Boudrault was subject to frequent fainting fits daily for seven years, with intervals of a few days; moreover, she occasionally had epileptic fits that threw her into violent convulsions which left her crippled in her legs and arms and prevented her leaving her bed ; that the lower part of her legs and her feet were bent into a semicircle ; that the disease had grown worse of late years ; that there was no interruption for the past five months and that it ceased only on the third day of June of the present year, in the church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré whither the sick woman had been conveyed in fulfilment of the vow she had made to obtain her cure, and that from that date she has had no attack of her disease.

Dated at l'Ile-aux-Coudres, the 15th August, 1841.

P. Did. MAILLOUX, M.D.

L. NOEL, Parish-priest.

Then comes the deposition of Elie Dufour and Hippolyte Desgagners, who conveyed the sick woman, Geneviève Mailloux, to Ste. Anne and who certify that, when she embarked on board the vessel that was to take her to Ste. Anne, she could not use her legs and was crippled by the disease ; that during the voyage they saw her faint, that when she landed at St. Anne, she was the same and even worse than when she embarked, that is to say she could neither walk nor use crutches ; finally, that the said Geneviève Mailloux, after fulfilling her vow for which the voyage was made, re-

turned to l'Ile-aux-Coudres, with the use of all her limbs and walking without assistance from anybody ; that since then they had seen her act as if she was in good health, go to the offices of the Church and do her work as before she was ill.

Dated at l'Ile-aux-Coudres, 15th August, 1841.

L. NOEL, Parish priest.

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## XI

### CURE OF ANGELE BILODEAU

Of St. Roch, Quebec.

1849

This remarkable cure is told by Rev. Alph. Leclerc who gathered the details from the lips of the favored person in the presence of her sisters who confirmed all she said.

"I, Angèle Bilodeau, of St. Roch, Quebec, was then fourteen years old. One day I felt great pain in the spine. I thought it would pass and attached little importance to it, but it grew worse from day to day, and I soon was quite unable to walk. Before long, the entire nervous system was affected and the pain I suffered was beyond endurance. My family seemed very anxious about me, because notwithstanding all the care I was given, the disease increased to such an extent, that all my limbs became paralyzed.

"A year passed in this sad condition and I was so emaciated that I looked like a living skeleton. My kind and loving parents, seeing that human aid was of no avail, decided to beg Heaven to cure me. As they had often heard of Good St. Anne's power and of the extraordinary favors she obtained for those who prayed to her with confidence, they decided to carry me to the foot of her altar at St. Anne de Beaupré. This act of faith on their part was amply rewarded as you will see.

"The holy priest then in charge of that parish, did a great deal for me by his fervent prayers. I owe him eternal gratitude. I was brought into the church shortly before the holy Mass that was to be said for my intention. When the time came for receiving holy Communion, my dear father carried me in his arms to the holy Table and remained near me with one of my sisters to support me. But I did not require their services long. An astonishing marvel took place which I shall never forget. Hardly had the Host rested on my tongue than I felt a complete cessation of all my pains or rather a complete cure. I at once asked my father and sister to withdraw their support and let me stand alone. To their great surprise, at the same moment, I arose and, with a firm step, proceeded to my pew where I knelt for my thanksgiving.

"After Mass, I went with several other persons to the altar-railing to venerate the relics of Good St. Anne. It is impossible to describe the joy of my family when I returned home. They shed many tears of gladness, and since then our confidence in St. Anne has been unbounded."





## XII

### CURE OF MISS BILODEAU

Of St. Roch, Quebec.

1865

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**This miraculous cure is related by Rev. Alph. Leclerc,  
the founder and first editor of the "Annals of  
St. Anne."**

"Sixteen years ago, in 1849, St. Anne had miraculously cured a young girl of St. Roch, called Angèle Bilodeau. This time the heavenly patroness interceded in favor of another member of the same family. MARIE, an older sister, was attacked by a disease similar to that from which her sister had suffered. Soon her legs and one half her body were paralyzed and the sick girl was unable to walk. For seven months she was in that pitiful condition. Finally her whole body was paralyzed and she was confined to her bed, being unable to make the slightest movement. All who saw her despaired of her recovery. Thereupon her parents resolved to take her to the shrine of Beaupré. Most fervent was her prayers in the holy shrine. Mr. Gariépy, who was then parish-priest, and who has since entered the house of his eternity, said mass and at the moment of communion, the sick girl was carried to the altar railing. Hardly had the priest placed the Host on her tongue when she felt a trembling through all her limbs; she arose and walked away with a firm step to kneel in a pew beside her sister. The cure was complete and permanent.

### XIII

## St. Anne Saves Seven Shipwrecked Young Men of St. Jean, Island of Orleans.

December 1872.

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The story of one the seven who were protected by  
the Saint.

Mr. Editor,

Two years ago, seven young men, all apprentice pilots and residents of St. Jean, Island of Orleans, started on a voyage to England, which was a part of the duties of their apprenticeship.

Many trials lay in store for them. Two months passed without their families getting any news of them. Great anxiety began to be felt and manifested itself in the faces of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and friends. Their homes, formerly so cheerful, became sad and sorrowful. God, having, no doubt, special views regarding them, permitted that those seven young men, on their arrival in Liverpool, should embark together on the steamship "Germany" for a long and perilous voyage. Providence had likewise decreed that the steamship should be wrecked, and a striking miracle be worked for the edification of the faithful.

One evening, news came to one of the families that the seven apprentices had perished in the wreck of the steamship "Germany". Imagine the despair of those worthy parents. They and their relatives put on mourning and had high masses chanted for the repose of the souls of the unfortunate victims of the disaster.

In January, a letter bearing many post-marks was received by Mr. Cyprien Langlois. A glance at the envelope showed him the handwriting of his

absent son. With trembling hands he opened the letter which contained the following account :

Larochelle, ( France, ) Décembre 27, 1872.

"Dearest parents,

"No doubt you have long since thought that I was dead. But banish your fears, for I am still living and I hope to embrace you soon again.

The newspapers must have informed you of the loss of the steamer "Germany", on which we have been wrecked. Having left Liverpool on December 18, we sailed for New Orleans, and were to stop at Bordeaux on our way. At six o'clock in the evening of the 21st, we sighted the lights off the shore. A furious gale of wind arose and we were stranded on a sand-bar, more than two miles from the river. I had been placed at the wheel, that we had taken care to bind firmly, after having provided ourselves with life-preservers. Immediately after the command "Every man on deck !" an order was given to launch the boats. Hardly ten minutes later, an enormous sea shattered them to pieces, submerging all those that manned them. Another boat containing twenty souls frantic with terror, capsized and was broken against the ship's sides. The sight of all these unfortunate persons cannot be imagined ; their cries of distress mingled with the cracking of the ship's timbers, the howling of the blast and the horrible roaring of the sea. On all sides might be heard the cries of agony of drowning persons, of mothers whose children had perished in the waves. Hardly two or three were rescued from the number, but it was only to suffer longer, for a wave washed them out to sea again, as soon as they had reached deck. Our limbs were benumbed with cold and fright, and notwithstanding our courage and our experience of such hardships, a violent despair was rapidly gaining on us. We felt convinced that, from one moment to another, our turn would come. It was impossible to try the boats again, for the sea swept the ship fore and aft, and half an hour later, the vessel was all battered.

To crown our misfortune, the pilot told us that

we could expect no help from land. The sea was too violent where we were, and it was useless for any craft to venture to reach our ship. It had twenty chances to one of being swamped on the way.

At this supreme moment, I made a last effort to climb up the fore-mast, where, to my great surprise, I remarked Mr. Nazaire Delisle, whom I thought drowned a quarter of an hour ago. We then saw the main-mast fall with a dreadful noise on the deck and crush in its fall about twenty persons who had tried to find shelter there. An hour later, a portion of the fore-mast to which we were clinging, was broken and carried out to sea. The remainder of it fell on the bridge, and in my fall, from a height of about thirty feet, I was nearly crushed to death by a number of fellow-passengers falling upon me. I could hardly breathe; my chest was resting on an iron bar, and I thought the weight I bore would break all my bones. At last, luckily for myself, a rolling wave swept the deck, carried away all those who were on me, and left me alone. I held a chain in my hands, and the shock of a second wave was so violent that it dragged me the full length of the deck, the chain slipping in my benumbed hands. We were six left on the deck, each clinging to some solid object, so as not to be washed away by the gigantic waves. We heard on all sides the cries of the drowning, without being able to lend them any assistance.

Here I must tell you of a miracle, the thought of which makes my heart beat quicker, such is the gratitude I feel towards good St. Anne. Yes, it is indeed St. Anne that saved us; without her assistance, it is sure that you would never have seen your son again. We were seven of us, pilot's apprentices on board the "Germany". The six of us who are from St. Jean (Island of Orleans) you well know: Xavier Demeule, Eugène Lachance, Nazaire Delisle, Napoléon Baillargeon, Adjudor Baillargeon, and myself. The seventh was N. Lavoie.

It was a little fishing-smack that rescued the survivors, about sixty persons altogether, among whom several of the ship's officers, a certain num-

ber of passengers, and ourselves. A French steamer, the "Mendosa", then took us on board. Nothing can express our astonishment when all seven met again; for, during the tempest, the night was so dark that we could distinguish nothing. Each one thought of his friends and fancied they were lost. It happened, as we found out by questioning one another, that each one separately had made a vow to good St. Anne. What can explain such a coincidence, at a moment when the presence of death had bereft us of our self-possession? — Is there not something supernatural in this? We then resolved that, besides the vow made in private by each one of us, we should make a collective one, vowing to go fasting from food, on a pilgrimage to Ste Anne de Beaupré. Be assured that we shall not fail to accomplish our vow as soon as we shall return home. We were all vividly impressed by this wonderful protection. We beg of you to proclaim it everywhere for the glory of St. Anne.

But, to continue my narrative, when we had reached La Rochelle, they landed us in the port. We were so weak and exhausted through emotion and fatigue, that we had to lean on the arms of charitable strangers. During that stormy night, the remembrance of which will never leave my memory, we had lost all our clothing, what remained on us being in tatters. Having disembarked in this pitiful state, bare-headed, bare-footed, and almost fainting, we were received by the kind citizens with a generosity and hospitality that brought tears to our eyes. Every one was eager to assist us.

Please have a high mass of thanksgiving sung in honor of good St. Anne, until I can fulfil my vow. I am anxious, as you may well imagine, to show my gratitude towards her, for the miracle she has wrought in my behalf.

Your affectionate son,

PHILEAS LANGLOIS.

While the letter was being read, all shed tears of gratitude for St. Anne's ineffable goodness. May

this testimony serve to make her beloved and honored, not only by mariners constantly exposed to danger, but also by all who suffer and who might be tempted to despair ! Such is the object I have in view, Mr. Editor, in asking you to publish this touching story.

Ye readers who are unfortunate or unhappy, invoke St. Anne frequently ! She will do for you what she did for those shipwrecked young men; she will protect and save you.

A friend of the family,

T. E.

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#### XIV

#### CURE OF MELANIE MICHAUD.

Of St. Pacome, P. Q.

July 1873.

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The following is a letter written to the Editor of the **Annals of St. Anne**, by the parish-priest of **St. Pacome**.

Dear Father,

I send you an account of a miraculous cure obtained through the intercession of good St. Anne in favor of one of my parishioners. The poor girl had for eight years been subject to sufferings and infirmities which prevented her from doing anything and paralyzed all her limbs. Neuralgia, palpitation of the heart and other diseases made her life a continual torment and resisted all the physician's care. In her trouble she was inspired to make a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Heeding nothing but her faith ; having never traveled ;

knowing nothing of the place where she was going nor how to get to the shrine, she got on the train alone, guided by her faith. In arriving in Quebec where she had never been before, where she knew not a soul who could give her information, she was greatly embarrassed. She inwardly commended herself to St. Anne who at once gave her a mark of her protection. The first person whom she asked to tell her the shortest way to the shrine, was precisely the captain of the steamboat plying there.

"She was at once taken to the boat and made comfortable. On arriving at St. Anne, she went to stay with the good Sisters and the sympathy she received dispelled all her fears. She began a novena, but before granting her cure, St. Anne doubtless wished to test her faith and her courage once more. One night she felt in all her limbs sufferings more horrible than she had ever felt before. Her confidence, far from weakening, only increased still more. On the last day of the novena, while kneeling before St. Anne's altar and fervently imploring her intercession, she suddenly felt cured. Since then, that is for nearly three months, she has felt none of the pains that had previously made her suffer every day, and she does her work without either difficulty or fatigue.

"In the fervor of her gratitude, she requests me to publish this cure which she considers miraculous, and she attributes all the glory to Good St. Anne.

(Signed) Frs. BEGIN, Priest.

XV  
CURE OF MISS PLAMONDON,

Of St. Sauveur, Quebec.

(October 10th, 1873.)

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The following narrative is from the pen of Rev. N. Laliberte, Almoner of the Archbishopric of Quebec, and a happy witness of the cure.

Dear Father Leclerc,

Having been an eye-witness, so to speak, of a miraculous cure wrought by the intercession of Good St. Anne, in her venerated sanctuary, it is a most agreeable task for me to give you some details on the subject. They are strictly exact.

A young girl, fourteen years old, daughter of Pierre Plamondon, a merchant of St. Sauveur, Quebec, had been suffering for several months from an extraordinary disease in the left foot. Remedies were powerless, and the illness was increasing from day to day. No less than ten fragments of bone, some of them of considerable size, were discharged from numerous sores in the affected foot. An Oblate Father who visited the poor child several times, told me that these sores seemed so dangerous that the doctor, after consultation, had decided to amputate the wounded limb. The parents of the sick girl made the vow of taking her to Good St. Anne, at the close of a novena, which they immediately began. I happened to be at St. Anne when Mr. Plamondon arrived with his daughter, on Saturday, the 10th of the present month, in the morning. I was giving Holy Communion at the High Mass, when I saw a man carefully supporting a young girl who was walking on a crutch. It was Mr. Plamondon and his



dear sick child, who were approaching the Holy Table. Both received our divine Saviour with great confidence in the powerful intercession of Good St. Anne. After receiving Communion, Miss Plamondon did not even think of taking her crutch again ; she felt that she was cured, and returned to her seat alone without any support or assistance.

I did not know the details of this marvellous cure until after the High Mass, when the father, still overwhelmed with emotion and joy, came to ask me to have some Masses said in thanksgiving. I hastened to let the happy object of this miracle venerate the holy relic of St. Anne, and I confess that I could not restrain tears of admiration and gratitude, when I saw the dear child leave her place with eagerness, and come with a firm step to kneel at the rail. Gladly did I hold to her lips the relic of her who evidently had a special affection for the child whom she had cured. I too did my best to thank the Saint, both for the child and for myself, as I considered it a great honor to have been the fortunate, though unworthy, witness of such a wonder. The sores on the foot had not disappeared, but there was no longer any pain, and there never has been since.

Honor, gratitude, and eternal confidence be to the good mother of the Blessed Virgin, the powerful protectress of all who have recourse to her !

Nap. LALIBERTE, Priest,

Almoner of the Archbishopric of Quebec.



# XVI

## CURE OF FLORE BRULOTTE

Of St. Joseph de Lévis, P.Q.

(July 1874)

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**Relation of Abbe Alph, Leclerc, the founder and first editor  
of the Annals of Good St. Anne.**

On the 28th July last, a young girl called FLORE BRULOTTE, of St. Joseph de Lévis, 28 years of age, went on a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, to be cured of a disease which the physicians pronounced incurable. For nearly two years, we believe, she had been suffering from pneumonia, and the disease had made such progress that it seemed to have reached its last stage. When she reached the end of her pilgrimage, she was doubly inconvenienced, for, in addition to her illness, she lost her voice and was barely able to ask for what she needed.

During the night following her arrival, notwithstanding her excessive fatigue, she could not close her eyes on account of her racking and constant cough. When the Sisters of Charity with whom she lodged, heard her cough, they thought she would be wholly unable to go to church the following morning. Nevertheless, the courageous girl got up and went to Holy Mass. She was also able to approach the Holy Table and receive the God of every succor. At that instant, divine mercy began to manifest itself visibly in her favor.

At the moment when the Holy of Holies descended into her heart, she experienced a most extraordinary sensation. It seemed to her that her chest swelled out; she could breathe freely and she felt that her voice was restored to her. It would be impossible to describe the transport of

joy she felt nor the gratitude that filled her soul. The usual time for thanksgiving seemed to her to last but a second. When she could leave the church she proceeded to the sacristy and addressing herself to the pastor, who was there, she said:—"Do you recognize me? Yesterday, you remember, you could not hear me. You see now how easily I speak. This is what happened: As soon as I had received Communion, it seemed to me that I had a lump in my chest that grew bigger and bigger; at the same moment, I felt so much better that I thought I could speak easily. You see that I was not mistaken."

On the day after the great pilgrimage, we saw that young person ourselves and questioned her. Her voice was clear; but there was nothing to show that her pneumonia had disappeared. She still coughed in a manner to cause uneasiness. But this was merely another test to which Providence wished to subject her faith and confidence, for since she has returned to her family, all trace of her cruel disease has disappeared and two priests who visited her, have since assured us that her cure is radical.

Honor to Good St. Anne for the mercy she manifests towards the sick and infirm who pray to her with confidence!



## XVII

### CURE OF A LITTLE GIRL

Of Notre Dame de Lévis. P. Q.

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This Cure is related by an Eye-witness.

The 30th of July, among the multitude of pilgrims who wended their way to St. Anne's, there was a woman from Notre Dame de Lévis, carrying in her arms her little daughter who was but five years of age. After the celebration of High Mass, while the relic of St. Anne was being venerated by the faithful, at the altar railing, that woman with her child ever clasped in her arms, approached the railing also to partake of the favour granted to thousands of others. When the good mother had pressed the sacred reliquary to her lips with profound respect, she begged that the same favour be granted to her dear child, who had lost her eyesight and almost the entire use of the legs, which was the result of a violent fever she caught when but two years of age. The priest cheerfully complied with her request, and applied the holy relic to the eyelids of the poor little cripple.

This act of piety having been performed, the good mother hastened to the sacristy, following a large number of pilgrims, who were going thither to avoid the annoyance necessarily resulting from being in a large crowd of people. She always held her precious treasure in her arms, but as yet unaware of the favour that had just been the reward of her faith and confidence. Hardly had she sat down to rest, that her little girl told her that she could see and was cured. This extraordinary occurrence attracted the crowd around her, and as we were but a few paces from the gathering, we drew near to ascertain the cause of it. The mother her-

self told us what happened, and was overjoyed to add weight to her recital, by showing us her child. As the heat had become suffocating, we begged her to go out of doors ; she immediately complied with our solicitations and went out, taking her dear child by the hand, who, not as she was wont to do, walked with the greatest facility.

The little girl, being blind since she was two years of age, was frightened to see so many people and began to cry. In the mean while the parish-priest with other priests arrived to test the accuracy of what we have just related. One of the accompanying priests, Father Girouard, whose hair was white as snow, asked her what was the color of his hair ; she answered him that it was white. The Rev. Father Blouin had her undergo a similar trial by showing her a medal of St. Anne; she immediately extended her hand to take it.

Thus, but a few moments ago this poor little girl was stone blind and almost completely deprived of the use of her limbs. Now she sees as perfectly as she did previous to her sickness, and has recovered the use of her legs. Who will not then exclaim, hearing of such a wonder wrought in such circumstances : "O St. Anne, thou art all powerful with the Almighty ; one never invokes thee in vain. May countless thanks be returned to thee for the favours thou grantest to those who invoke thee with confidence !

AN EYE WITNESS.



## XVIII

### Cure of Caroline Lemay

Of Ste. Croix, P. Q.

September 30th, 1874.

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The following narrative is from the pen of Rev. D. Gosselin, who was an eye-witness of this remarkable cure.

On September the 29th, in the year 1874, a lady residing in the parish of Ste Croix, and aged 35 years, was carried down upon a bed to the feet of St. Anne de Beaupré. This poor crippled woman, CAROLINE LEMAY by name, had been 15 years suffering from the consequences of rheumatism and other ailments which, according to the doctor's opinion, were quite serious, probably even incurable. As all medical resources proved unavailing, the sick woman realized that there was neither comfort nor cure to be hoped for but from above. She, therefore, turned her eyes to heaven and resolved to put her cause into the hands of St. Anne. She bound herself by vow to visit the Saint's most venerated shrine in Canada; but before fulfilling it, she began a preparatory novena in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin's mother. She derived no apparent benefit from this act of devotion; however, her faith was in no wise weakened, on the contrary, she felt greater courage to undertake her proposed pilgrimage. As has been stated above, she was placed on a bed when she left her parents' home, and this is the way she was taken to St. Anne's.

Such was this courageous girl's confidence in the intercession of St. Anne, that she had brought with her the dress she looked forward to wear on her return.

The next morning, she was laid down in the

church on her couch. A low mass was attended in this uncomfortable position, after which the relic of the great wonderworker was brought to her to be venerated. She kissed it with sentiments of a deep piety. There was a high mass sung a few moments later. It was God's will that His Divine mercy should be granted her, while the Holy Sacrifice was going on ; so at the moment of the Elevation, she felt that something extraordinary was taking place within her ; she was entirely rid of her sickness. She straightened herself up and sat down on her couch, to the astonishment of the many pilgrims who thronged the Basilica that day. When mass was over, the parish priest drew near and inquired as to her condition: "I am cured" she said, beside herself with joy ; "yes, I am cured !" "Well, if it is so, let every one here witness the fact ; walk around the church. She immediately arose and went around the church twice. She was so thin that she almost appeared like a living skeleton ; seeing her, the whole Congregation was moved to tears. She then proceeded to the sacristy, meanwhile declaring that she felt very hungry and thirsty. Water was given her from the fountain of St. Anne. She drank three cups of it one after another, and would have taken more, had not the parish-priest stopped her and told her to go to the Convent where she would get some nourishment.

At that moment, a most touching scene took place : among the pilgrims of that day, was the wife of Honorable Gédéon Ouimet. She had been a witness of all that had happened, and deeply impressed, this christian woman, animated with the liveliest faith, knelt down at the feet of the girl who had been cured, took her hand into her own, and kissed it with veneration saying : "Since you are the object of St. Anne's kindness,

you have a right to our veneration and respect."

After this wonderful event, Miss Lemay spent a few days more at St. Anne's ; she was able to partake of her food with relish and enjoyed nights of calm and peaceful sleep.

A few days later, she felt strong enough to walk down the long quay leading to the steamboat. She went home on Oct. 2nd, leaving at St. Anne her bed, to attest her wonderful cure.

(Signed) D. GOSSELIN, Priest.

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## XIX

### **Cure of Little Orilla Leclair**

Of Rimouski, P. Q.

1894

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This cure is related by the child's mother, and attested by the most Rev. Edmond Langevin, who was then Vicar General of the Diocese of Rimouski.

Mr. Editor,

At the very time the Sovereign Pontiff has honored St. Anne, by elevating her feast to double rite, second class, for the universal Church, it is a consoling obligation for me to inform you of a cure obtained through the intercession of this great Saint, in the chapel dedicated to her honor at Pointe-au-Père. Although six years have elapsed since then, nevertheless the cure is the more evident, owing to the perfect health which the child has since then enjoyed. I send you a written account of the cure, without adding or omitting anything. ...

Your most truly,

EDMUND LANGEVIN, Vic.-Gen.



## MRS. VICTOR LECLAIRE'S OWN STATEMENT

My little daughter, MARY ORILIA, became blind when thirteen months old, resulting from a sickness which is called by physicians hydrocephalus. It was easy to see that the dear child had lost her sight, as she would not take things offered her, as other children are used to do, and her eyes did not flicker in the least when we passed our fingers or other objects before them. This grievous sickness had also caused her head to enlarge in a disproportionate size.

A pilgrimage to the Chapel of St. Anne de la Pointe-au-Père being organized, I determined to take my little invalid there, to obtain her cure. Rev. Father Bernard encouraged me very much to make the pilgrimage and exhorted me to have confidence, at the same time assuring me that a reward would certainly crown that little sacrifice.

I journeyed in company with a young girl, very devout to St. Anne, and no less anxious than I to see the child restored to health. We assisted at Mass, sung by Father Bernard, at which we received Holy Communion. Immediately after Mass I went out for a few minutes, leaving my child to the care of my companion. On returning to the Chapel, many came to meet me, exclaiming :—"A great miracle has been wrought ; your child has recovered her sight. What joy for you !" —Now, here is what happened :

At the end of the Mass, Father Bernard had come to present the relic for the veneration of the pilgrims. When we carried our blind daughter to the altar-railing, the benevolent priest put the holy relic on her lips and eyes. It seems that at this moment sight returned to the child. I am told that Father Bernard, to make sure of the cure,

offered her a flower plucked of the altar; she extended out her hand to take it. I did the same, when entering the Chapel, and I had no difficulty to verify that my dear babe had indeed recovered her sight; for she not only grasped the flowers, but even looked at me with a smile; whereas before she never rested her eyes on me, nor took what was offered her.

I make it my duty to add that St. Anne did not leave her work unfinished which she had so well begun. The difformity with which this same child was afflicted, also disappeared by degrees; her head has returned to its former size, and since then my little Orilia has enjoyed very good health, and her eye-sight is perfect. (1).

With this belief I have signed, at St. Germain of Rimouski, the eighth of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy nine.

(Signed) Mrs. VICTOR LECLAIRE.

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(1) This blindness, or at least this grievous weakening of the sight, is the ordinary, not to say the necessary result of the sickness which young Mary Orilia Leclaire suffered, namely hydrocephalus. Well, in the present case, that illness was cured before the hydrocephalus; the effects disappeared before their cause. Is not this a clear proof of a supernatural and miraculous intervention?

## XX

### CURE OF YOUNG GUGY

Of St. Sauveur, Quebec.

(24th June, 1875.)

Relation of Rev. Father Gladu, O.M.I., attestation of the mother  
of the boy who was miraculously cured, and testimony  
of Rev. J. Simard, C.S.S.R.

On the 24th June 1875, a poor mother of a family residing in St. Sauveur, Quebec, knelt in the church of Good St. Anne at Beaupré. Her eyes were raised in supplication to the well-beloved patroness of the shrine. In her arms she held a little boy two and a half years old, who was sadly afflicted, for his eyes were closed to the light of day; he was blind, totally blind. At the age of six months, large and hideous films had spread over the globes of his eyes. The physicians who were consulted said they could do nothing for him and had to tell the sorrowing family the sad truth: that the child would always be blind. Before the light of reason shone on his intellect, at the age of nineteen months, his eyes were entirely closed to the light of day. The disease was accompanied by acute pain and made the poor child suffer martyrdom. The parents, losing all hope of earthly aid, prayed to heaven and made a vow to St. Anne. As soon as the child could lisp a few words, they taught him to invoke St. Anne and, on the 24th June 1875, they came to the church to accomplish their vow. The priest was at the altar, celebrating the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The mother knelt with the afflicted boy in her arms, and two other little children near her. All prayed fervently and confidently. The Mass was drawing near the end; the priest was about to administer

Communion ; God was about to leave His Tabernacle and give Himself to his faithful adorers. Suddenly, the child leaned towards his mother and said to her with emotion : "Mamma, how pretty Good St. Anne is !"—"Do you see Good St. Anne ?"—"Yes, Mamma, I see her. How pretty she is !"

The child had suddenly recovered his sight. His mother had often said to him : "Let us pray well and you will see Good St. Anne." And the first object that met his gaze was the picture of St. Anne that was hung over the main altar in those days.

The boy was cured. Imagine the mother's joy ; observe the tears running down her face radiant with happiness. Some of our Quebec readers have no doubt known her. She is Mrs. Jean Gogy.

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#### ATTESTATION OF THE MOTHER.

Our poor child was only six years old when films began to spread over the globe of both eyes. They made him suffer very much. They looked so dreadful that all the physicians who attended him said he would certainly lose his sight. In fact, when he was nineteen months old, he was completely blind. How painful it was for us to see our child in so sad a state, and to see him suffer such acute pain ! In this great extremity, his father, grandmother and myself we made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Ste Anne de Beaupré.

Pending the arrival of the day when we should be able to accomplish the vow, our poor little boy wore a medal of St. Anne and prayed fervently to that great Saint. After waiting some days, we started accompanied by one of his uncles.

On the morning after our arrival, we all went to church to hear Holy Mass. At the moment of Holy Communion, my child leaned towards me and said with emotion : "Mamma, how pretty

St. Anne is."—I asked him if he could see.—"Yes", he said, "I see St. Anne on the altar".—In fact, the dear child had recovered his sight ; St. Anne had obtained his cure.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I felt then. I could not possess myself ; and was beside myself with joy ; my heart overflowed with gratitude.

I may forget everything that affects me most closely in life, but I shall never forget St. Anne's goodness, tenderness and power, and I am sure it will be the same with my child.

Mrs. Jean Gagy

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**Testimony of R. J. Simard, C.S.S.R.**

I know Mrs. Gagy and her son Jean, the boy miraculously cured as above related, and I am in a position to certify that all the details of that extraordinary cure are strictly accurate.

Jos. SIMARD, C.S.S.R.

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XXI

**Striking Conversion of a Young Man,**

Of Quebec.

(1875.)

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Relation of Abbe Alph. Leclerc, founder and editor of the  
"Annals of Good St. Anne."

The following fact occurred in Quebec, last summer. A pious mother had a son who, up to the age when so many young men's lives are so sadly wrecked, had given nothing but satisfaction to her who bore him. But, on reaching that fatal age, either because he was spoiled by evil companions or for some other reason, he started headlong on the way to perdition. His mother

mas nothing to him anymore ; he rejected her wise counsels with the greatest contempt and even treated her harshly. He made rapid progress on the road to ruin ; in a short time he gave up all religious exercises ; morning and evening prayers, holy mass, confession and communion were all left aside. Swearing, obscene language and evil counsel became his usual conversation. The most dangerous meetings, the most objectionable houses always found him there. His conduct was enough to make his pious and tender mother die of sorrow.

In the excess of her grief, that woman of ardent and lively faith had a brilliant inspiration.-- "Why", she suddenly said to herself, "should not St. Anne who has obtained so many bodily cures and the return of so many to grace, obtain the conversion of my dear child ? Yes ; she will come to my aid. I am sure that with her powerful assistance, I shall obtain the favor heaven has so far denied me."

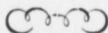
Fully convinced of this, she knelt before her crucifix and an image of Mary, and began a novena in honor of the mother of the Immaculate Virgin. Never had she prayed with so much fervor and assurance to obtain what she wanted. Nevertheless, the first days of those devotional exercises passed without any change in the conduct of the young debauchee. To witness his excesses one would have said that he had divined his mother's charitable intentions and took pleasure in torturing her still more. He was far from suspecting that, like Paul, he was to be overthrown on the way to Damascus, that is on the road to perdition on which he was making such rapid progress. In the midst of his dissipation, he was suddenly assailed by terrible remorse which made him shrink back in horror from the pit that

was being dug at his feet.—“What !”, he exclaimed, “I am still so young and already so guilty.”—At the same time, the tears of anguish he had brought to his mother’s eyes, filled his heart with a flood of bitterness. He wept bitterly himself, and promised every reparation. The novena had just ended ; the eagerly solicited conversion had been effected !

The mother, who had just arisen from her knees after the last prayer that was to conclude the devotional exercises, knew not as yet what heaven had in store for her, when her son came in earlier than usual, approached her with down-cast eyes and in manifest confusion and, weeping and trembling, said to her :—“Mother, be comforted, I will resume my exercises of devotion. Tomorrow I will go to mass and continue to do my whole duty as a Christian and a good son.”

At these words, the tender mother felt so happy that she cast a look of surprise at her son, which seemed to say : —“What ! Already ! St. Anne has been so prompt in giving me back my son !”—Then, after affectionately embracing him, she shed tears of joy, promising St. Anne to have recourse to her in all the troubles that might come to her and her son.

From that happy moment, the young man became a model of submission, obedience and filial love. He never leaves his mother without permission. Glory to St. Anne !



## XXII

### Conversion of a Free-mason

Of Boston, Mass. U.S.

August, 1876

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The details of this conversion we owe to Mgr. Antoine Gauvreaux who was then parish-priest of St. Anne de Beaupre.

In the month of August 1876, a Canadian, Mr. G., residing in Boston, visited St. Anne de Beaupré, not as a pilgrim, but as a tourist. Reared by a christian mother in Quebec, he had lost his faith, abandoned all religious practices, and become a free-mason. He did not at all believe in the power of St. Anne, and had not the slightest intention of invoking her intercession. A conversation which he had with the pastor of the parish, induced him to disclose these circumstances of his life. Persuaded by the pastor, this free-mason promised to assist, the following day, at a Mass which was to be celebrated for pilgrims arriving from Sorel and Three-Rivers. The pastor prayed assiduously and had prayers said for him.

Mr. G. was already in the church when the pilgrims entered. Among them was a young man, infirm, who, in sight of all, moved painfully along with crutches. His limbs were stiff, adhered one to the other in such a manner that he could not separate them. As he approached Mr. G., one of his crutches slipped and he fell heavily on the floor from which he was raised with the help of many willing hands. The free-mason was deeply moved at the sight of such infirmity, and inwardly said: "If this young man should be cured in my presence I must believe that there is in religion, and in that devotion to St. Anne something besides what



has been told me. What must I do ? Can I resist evidence ? Impossible ! And impossible it seems to me to change my life"—Mass began. The poor infirm one prayed with all his soul, saying to God, as he afterwards stated : "O Lord, I am only a miserable sinner unworthy of appearing before Thee, but, here, Good St. Anne prays for me. If I ask relief from my infirmities, it is not that I desire my health to be restored ; because I might ill-use the gift of health to offend Thee again, but I ask that I may earn the bread of my aged parents, who, without my assistance, will be obliged to beg. Have mercy on them, have mercy on me !"

Blanchet, the infirm man, went to receive Communion with such devotion as to move the entire congregation. Not one of his actions was lost on Mr. G., who attentively watched all his movements. When Mass was over, Blanchet, moving on his crutches, approached the balustrade to venerate the holy relics. With ardent piety he kissed them, and, at the same instant, he dropped his crutches, stood erect, exclaiming ; "A miracle, a miracle, I am cured ! " With tears and prayers, he thanks St. Anne for her intercession. The astonished and moved multitude made way for him as he passed with a firm step, constantly repeating : "I thank thee, O Good St. Anne." Every one wishes to see him and all are happy in his happiness. But he whom the sight has most moved is Mr. G. He has seen the prodigy and can no longer resist the influence of grace. He pushes his way through the vast concourse of people, his eyes filled with tears, and reaching the sacristy, meets the pastor, to whom he says : "Sir, I should be the most miserable of sinners, if I did not become sincerely converted after what I have witnessed. Help me to make a good confession ! " Good St. Anne had really converted him while she cured Blanchet. Mr.

G., from tourist became a pilgrim, prayed, received Holy Communion, and went away resolved to lead thenceforward a christian life.

The Rev. Mr. Gauvreau, pastor of St. Anne, a happy witness of these wonders, wrote an exact narration thereof, confirmed, as regards the cure of Blanchet, by the certificate of a physician.

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XXIII

**Cure of Mrs. Michael O'Connor,**

Of Adamsville, P. Q.

(September 16th, 1878.)

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Relation of an eye-witness and attestation of the parish-priest  
of Adamsville.

The pilgrims who had the happiness of being at St. Anne de Beaupré, on the sixteenth of this month, were most singularly favored by our holy Patron Saint ; for they witnessed two great miracles which I shall, in a few words, endeavor to describe, for the edification of your many readers.

Mrs. O'CONNOR of Adamsville, P.Q., had suffered for many years, from a disease that deprived her of the use of her limbs, so that she was obliged to drag herself along painfully by the aid of crutches. Her doctors having held out no hope of relief, she turned her thoughts to St. Anne, whose fame for wonderful cures had become known to her through friends who had visited her glorious shrine at Beaupré. Learning that an Irish pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré was shortly to start from Montreal, under the guidance of Rev. Father Callaghan, she went to that city and joined the band

of pilgrims who arrived at their destination the following day. Fatigue consequent on the voyage and the length of the pier from the landing to the Church at Beaupré were added to her already existing malady, so that she arrived at the church door in a state of helplessness.

But once inside the sacred precincts, a fervor came over her soul that she had never felt before. She took a seat in the front part of the temple, heard the Mass which had begun and in due time received Holy Communion with the other pilgrims. The Holy Sacrifice was hardly finished when she felt completely transformed. Rising without any visible aid to a standing position, quietly, so as not to disturb the surrounding worshippers, she advanced towards the altar to kneel. St. Anne had rewarded her faith by granting her a complete cure. I need not describe the enthusiasm of the hundreds who witnessed this prodigy, the transports of joy that reign under such circumstances can be more easily imagined than described, especially in a gathering filled with the ardent and likely faith possessed by the Irish. God, in His goodness, and notwithstanding my miseries, gave me the privilege of being an eye-witness to this miracle in order that my confidence in good St. Anne should know no bounds. May God increase that confidence in the hearts of those who read these lines !

However, the healing of the bodily infirmity of Mrs. O'Connor was only an introduction to another cure, a spiritual one which took place on the same day. A citizen of Quebec had come from sheer curiosity : he had been a Catholic, but had forsaken the faith of his fathers and had become a Baptist sixteen years ago. When he saw Mrs. O'Connor's efforts in trying to get from the wharf to the church, he said "If that woman gets her

cure, I will not long remain a protestant." He kept his word. When he saw the cripple of the morning walk unaided, he recommended himself to St. Anne, more from impulse than devotion, and threw himself into the arms of the parish priest, who, with tears of joy, received the new prodigal, heard his confession and received his public abjuration of heresy, while the multitude chanted the "Magnificat."

AN EYE-WITNESS.

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Attestation of Reverend J. R. Lussier, Pastor of the Parish.

I met, yesterday, Mrs. Mich. O'Connor who was miraculously cured by St. Anne, in 1878. She made in my presence the following statement :

"After a long illness, my legs remained so paralysed that I could not walk without the aid of crutches. I was attended by several skillful physicians and specially by Dr. McMillan, who was then a resident of Adamsville. But all was in vain. I remained an invalid.

Having heard that Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, Montreal, was organizing a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré, I resolved to join it, despite the opposition of several of my relatives who considered me as unable to undertake so long a journey. I came back from Beaupré without the aid of my crutches which I left at the shrine. Good St. Anne had cured me, and I am glad to state that the cure was complete and permanent."

Authentic account.

(Signed) J. R. LUSSIER, priest.  
Adamsville, Nov. 11th, 1907.

## Cure of Charles Beauchemin,

Of St. Cyril of Wendover, P. G.

(July 1878.)

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The following narrative is from the pen of Mgr. Ant. Gauvreau, who was then parish-priest of St. Anne de Beaupré.

Charles Beauchemin, of St. Cyril of Wendover, in the diocese of Nicolet, was struck with apoplexy in May 1878. The attack was so violent that it paralysed the limits of the sick person and put him in danger of death. The last Sacraments were administered to him. He made a vow to go St. Anne de Beaupré, on foot, begging his bread on the way, if God would restore him his health. From St. Cyril to St. Anne the distance is at least 120 miles. The patient got better; the effects of his malady disappeared, leaving him however quite dumb. Beauchemin could not articulate a single syllable. A month passed away without any amelioration in his condition. How could he, dumb as he was, fulfil his pilgrim's project, and beg his bread as he advanced? Fortunately he knew how to write. Full of courage and confiding in St. Anne, he started out on his journey with his slate, by means of which he showed his condition, expressed his wants, and the object of his pilgrimage. After having endured the most humiliating trials, surmounted all fainheartedness, and overcome the temptation, a hundred times renewed, which impelled him to abandon this tiresome and perhaps fruitless journey, he finally arrived at St. Anne de Beaupré. There he began a novena, and confessed his sins in writing, but was unable to receive Holy Communion owing to paralysis of the tongue. He was wont to pass his time in prayer in the sanc-

tuary. On the third day Beauchemin wrote, on his slate, to the pastor the following words: — "Permit me, if you please, to receive Holy Communion to-morrow; my tongue is beginning to unloose itself.... If I can receive Holy Communion, I am sure that I shall be cured." — On the following day he received Holy Communion, a particle only of the Sacred Host being given him, because of the difficulty he experienced in swallowing. He made his act of thanksgiving in tears, praying with the utmost fervor. Half an hour afterwards, as the pastor was entering the presbytery, he heard some one hailing him in a loud voice. It was Beauchemin, who came, with his face bathed in tears of joy, to inform him of his recovery: — "Glory be to God and to St. Anne! I am cured, I can speak, as well as ever..... how delighted my wife and children will be!"

It would be impossible, writes the pastor, in his narration of this cure, to express the sentiments which, at that moment, filled my soul, and the transports of gratitude which filled him to whom speech had been restored. He finished his novena in thanksgiving; and all the pilgrims, who had been informed of what had befallen him, wished to see and hear the happy protégé of St. Anne.



XXV

Cure of Miss Amanda Mignault,

Of St. Gervais, P. Q.

(August 13th, 1878.)

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This cure is told by an eye-witness, and declared authentic by the  
Doctor's certificate.

Mr. EDITOR,

Having witnessed a miracle at St. Ann's last week, I hope you will be kind enough to publish an account of it in your Annals. I had promised to publish it and would have done so sooner, but I was waiting for Dr. Tanguay's certificate here enclosed, which I also ask you to publish.

A young lady, by the name of Miss Amanda MIGNAULT, dislocated her right shoulder, while playing with her brother, about the beginning of last April. The shoulder, instead of healing, became worse until it was beyond cure; the physicians worked at it as often as ten times but never was it rightly set. During storms, the nerves of her arm contracted in so violent a manner that it required a person to hold her arm continually. Seeing that the doctors could do nothing for her, she had recourse to St. Anne. She begged her sister and her cousin to accompany her to the shrine; so they set out from St. Gervais on the 12th. of April. It is impossible to describe her intense sufferings on the journey. Finally on the 13th. she went to confession and received Holy Communion with great fervor, and whilst she was venerating the relic of St. Anne, she felt a chill go through her shoulder, and she felt immediately relieved of an immense weight. "Is it possible that I am cured?" thought she. But such was actually the case, and

as a testimony she left the sling which held her arm on the Altar railing, returning home as happy as one may imagine.

She had still to fulfil the obligation of publishing an account of this extraordinary favour; so, she asked me to kindly take charge of the matter.

A. D.

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**Doctor's Certificate.**

About the 8th. of last August, I was called to give medical care to Miss Mignault, whom I saw for the first time since the beginning of her illness. I found her seated in an arm chair, her head resting upon the back, the only position she could take.

From time to time her shoulder and right arm were convulsed by such violent nerve contractions, that she had to be held continually. She had completely lost the use of her arm, and her shoulder was so sore that she could not bear the application of a soothing liniment that I gave her. Mr. Mignault told me that the girl intended to go to St. Anne's to implore her help. She went and, to my great astonishment, I saw her at my office last Thursday, the 15th, and she was quite well. Her shoulder was cured and the afflicted arm as strong as ever.

P. TANGUAY, M.D.





## CURE OF A CANADIAN

Of Louisiana, U. S.

(September, 1878.)

The details of this wonderful cure were sent to the Editor of the "Annals of St. Anne," by the very person who has been the privileged object of St. Anne's special favor.

## REV. FATHER.

Knowing all the gratitude that my wife and I owe to Good St. Anne, I consider it a duty of mine to let you know of the great favour obtained through her intercession, in order that all who are devoted to that great Saint may thank her with me and for me.

During the month of September, 1878, as you know, yellow fever was working great havoc in Louisiana. The plague was raging all around us, but had not yet invaded our hearth, when, on September 15, my two children fell sick together. The elder was soon carried away by the awful fever. Eight days later, I fell ill myself, and on the following day, my wife was stricken down. On the fifth day, the doctor succeeded in stopping the progress of her fever; as for myself the disease was increasing in intensity, in spite of remedies and prayers that were unceasingly addressed to Good St. Anne; I even made a vow in honor of that great Saint, vow which I will not fail to fulfil as soon as I am able to go to Canada.

On the eighth day, as I was rapidly getting worse, I sent for the priest. He came and brought the Holy Communion to both my wife and myself, and administered the last Sacraments to us. On leaving the house, pointing to me, he said to the nurse: — "Watch him close, for he is near the

end ; we shall have one more funeral for to-morrow.' It was then, between six and seven o'clock in the evening. I spent the rest of the night and all the following day in a state of burning fever and of great weakness. The doctor judging of the uselessness of medicines, would not give me any more. For four days he had given me over and could not explain how I could remain alive.

On the evening of the ninth day of my illness, my hands and my feet grew cold and I was soon at the point of death. About a quarter past nine, I appeared to breathe my last ; my pillows and bed-clothes were taken away, my eyes were closed, I was covered with a white sheet and everything was made ready for my burial.

All my friends were loath about breaking such news to my wife ; she was so weak ; the least emotion might prove fatal. They had already told her I was not better ; but she answered I would not die and she continued her prayers to Good St. Anne. A short while after, they went to tell her I had become worst, and the doctor had given up all hope. At last they told her I was breathing my last. But she would always answer that I would not die, for she was so confident in Good St. Anne to believe she would let me die, and she would still pray: "O Good St. Anne, she said, do not allow my husband to die ; you know how much I am in need of him ; even if he were dead, restore his life to him ; since you can do it, do it for the love of God". God lent an ear to her prayers. The preparation of my burial had lasted three quarters of an hour. As they enshrouded me, behold my breathing came back to me as to a man that was nearly suffocated. As soon as I recovered my senses, I sat on my bed, asking for my bed-clothes, because I felt cold. Fever had totally disappeared. I told those that stood there, that I

was cured, they could go to rest themselves, and that I would do the same. I slept during the remainder of the night and had not an hour of fever since.

Those who were attending me were very much frightened, for they had believed me dead. Though Protestants they readily admit a miracle. Glory to Good St. Anne !

A CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER  
TO THE ANNALS.

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XXVII

**St. Anne Saves a Mariner from  
Unavoidable Wreck.**

1875.

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**This Wonderful Event is Related by a Member of the  
Mariner's Family, and Attested by the Parish-  
priest of the place.**

In the course of last summer a young man named Alfred Thibaudeau, of the parish of Portneuf, was enrolled, with all his pious family, in the Confraternity of Good St. Anne. Some time after, this young man embarked with his father in a little schooner to sail from Portneuf to Montreal. He took with him, as a precious relic, his ticket of admission into the Confraternity. Scarcely had the vessel gone a few miles when a furious gail arose. As the life boat which was on the deck threatened to be swept off by the waves, the young man endeavored to fasten it tighter. This effort brought him into extreme danger, for both he and the boat were thrown into the water ; to complete the misfortune the boat capsized and, in a second, the young man was carried several rods down the stream.

The father, seeing what had happened, uttered a heart-rending shriek. Instantly he veered the schooner crosswise so as to make a barrier, but the wind was so strong that the vessel could not remain in that position without being immediately swamped. He was obliged to continue his course, and to abandon his unhappy son to a watery grave. What a terrible moment! to see his child exposed to a certain death, without being able to bring any help! Very soon a considerable distance lay between the two unfortunate men.

In this extreme danger, the young man remembered that he wore a picture of St. Anne, printed on the ticket which we have mentioned. Filled with confidence, he cried from the depths of his heart, "Good St. Anne, save me!" He promised to have a High Mass sung if he was spared. Scarcely had this prayer been uttered when the great distance which separated him from the life-boat was passed over in an instant. But as it was floating the wrong side up, he could only catch hold of the keel, whereon he clung with desperate courage. After two hours of terrible struggles, his strength was exhausted, and as the raging waters threatened to deprive him of the only plank of safety, he made a last invocation with so much fervor that he was instantly heard. By a real wonder, the boat righted and the shipwrecked, without being able to tell how, found himself in it. However, he was far from being out of danger, for his little craft was full of water, and the waves that constantly dashed over it, forced him to remain on his knees to avoid being swept off again. Another hour passed in this terrible position. During this time of frightful anguish, he was continually praying, for he saw no safety but in help from heaven.

While he was thus struggling with death, he

perceived a little vessel named "Queen of Angels" coming toward him. He called for help with distressful cries ; but the captain could only exhort him to take courage, telling him that he would at once send a steamer. The good man kept his word, and about a quarter of an hour later, a little steamboat came to search for the poor victim. It was not easy to find him, for only his head was above the waves and they washed over him every instant. The steamer circled around several times before she could discover him. Finally God judged that the struggle had lasted long enough, and the steamer bore down directly on the little boat. A life-preserver was thrown to the young man, a ladder was lowered over the side, and he soon was safe on board. With earnest and intelligent care, the unfortunate sufferer speedily recovered and was happily restored to his family, which will cherish eternal gratitude to those who rescued their dear Alfred from a watery grave.

When in the presence of his mother and his other relations, the young man kept repeating with tears. "Yes, it is Good St. Anne who miraculously saved me ; how can I ever forget her? No, never, never!"

The preceding details have been related to us by Alfred's own sister. In the course of the week which followed this wonderful event, the promised High Mass was sung, in presence of a great concourse of people. The pastor of Portneuf has kindly added his certificate to the foregoing record.

"I, the undersigned, pastor of Portneuf, certify that the incident related above by Léda Thibau-  
deau, a sister of Alfred Thibaudeau, really took place, and the account given of it is true and faithful.

In faith of which I have signed,

**FELIX DUMONTIER, Priest,**

P.S. I will take the liberty of calling attention to two circumstances which clearly show the intervention of Providence. 1. How did the victim succeed in reaching the boat, which after throwing him into the water, was quickly drifted off by the wind, leaving between the two, the length of an acre at least? 2. Having reached the overturned boat and when supporting himself upon the keel, how could he command strength enough to right it, at the very moment that he was feeling so weak as to be on the point of losing his hold? In view of such circumstances, we regard the fact, as altogether extraordinary, and well fitted to inspire the greatest confidence in St. Anne. This motive led us to ask the family to publish the fact for the edification of the readers of the "Annals".

F. D., Priest.

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XXVIII

**CURE OF PHILOMENE COTE,**

Of Ile Verte, P. Q.  
(January 17th, 1878.)

**This miracle is related by the person cured and attested by the Pastor and Physician of the place; besides it bears the signature of Rev. Fr. Rioux, C.S.S.R.**

Mr. EDITOR,

I cannot allow the miraculous cure that I owe to St. Anne unnoticed.

Last year, for the first time, I felt pain from a cancer, which in a short while made rapid progress. According to the opinion of the doctor no cure could be expected without an operation. This I underwent in Montreal, but to no avail, for a second operation was soon deemed to be necessary. As I was too weak to bear it, and was greatly dis-

couraged on remembering my first sufferings, it was postponed for several months. I placed the matter in the hands of Good St. Anne and, in September, I started on a pilgrimage to her beloved Shrine at Beaupré. After this, I felt for a time somewhat better, but toward the end of the month the pain returned with increased violence. The doctor then declared that, short of a miracle, nothing could master my disease. I began another novena to St. Anne, but my sufferings only redoubled ; so much so that I had to receive the last Sacraments and my death was expected every moment. But on the 17th of the following January, towards morning, I fell into a peaceful sleep. After a few hours, all on a sudden I awoke and was entirely cured. I regard it as a bounden duty to publish this new marvel wrought by St. Anne.

PHILOMENE COTE.

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**ATTESTATIONS**

The cure mentioned above is a fact authentic and known to all.

ALPH. WINTER, Priest.  
A. E. Grenier, M.D.

I know Mrs. Alphonse Lavigne (Philomène Côté), and I am in a position to state that her cure has been real and permanent.

(Signed)

P. RIOUX, C.S S.R.



## XXIX

### CURE OF A NUN

(Unknown Place)  
(July 25th, 1880.)

The following letter was addressed to the Rev. Father Superior of the Redemptorists at St' Anne de Beaupre.

Very Reverend Father,

According to our promise, we hereby give you an account of the miracle wrought in our community. For eighteen months one of our Sisters was confined to her room by a very complicated illness, which allowed of no hope of recovery. At intervals her sufferings became so intense that we thought the beloved sufferer was near her end; and three times in the course of eighteen months, we considered it prudent to have her anointed.

When the feast of St. Anne approached, our Sister felt interiorly impelled to ask for the restoration of her health. Faithful to this inspiration, she began, in concert with the infirmarians, a novena of Litanies to the Saint. In the course of the novena her sufferings, instead of diminishing, only increased, and the night that preceded her cure was one of the most painful of all. The next day, the 25th, we recited the First Vespers of the Festival, during which our dear Sister, uniting herself with us, reiterated with great faith her humble supplication to the powerful mother of Mary.

She was heard! Suddenly she feels inspired to leave her couch of suffering, she throws herself at the feet of the statue of St. Anne, thanks her, and then hastens into the cloisters, crying, "I am cured! I am cured!" The infirmarian arrives and



is all the more surprised as but a short while before she had left the invalid in a state of great exhaustion.

After having questioned the sufferer over and again, and assured ourselves of the miracle, we all went into the choir to sing a "Te Deum" of thanksgiving. Our patient remained on her knees the whole time without experiencing any fatigue.

From that moment our dear Sister has taken part in all the exercises of the Community, going to the refectory as well as to the choir, and her health appears to improve every day.

Thanks then to Good St. Anne!

THE SUPERIOR OF THE COMMUNITY.

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XXX

## CURE OF MRS. D. H. PARE,

Of St. Vincent de Paul, P. Q.  
1880.

This cure is related by the husband of the favored person and attested by the Doctor's certificate.

My wife was taken ill some years ago. After having been attended by several doctors, her illness was looked on as incurable and her sufferings were terrible. She could not walk and from the knee to the ankle she was covered with wounds. Not being able to lie down on account of the feeling of suffocation brought on by that position, she had to remain constantly seated, suffering from such incessant thirst that she could not pass more than an hour without drinking. She had been in this state for nearly two years and a half, when, the doctors despairing of her case, she placed all her hopes in St. Anne.

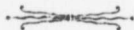
She undertook a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Beauré, an undertaking which our relations and friends looked on as foolish and imprudent, saying she would die before arriving at her journey's end. Filled with faith and confidence, she set off for St. Anne de Beauré, and having arrived there, was seated on a chair and carried into the sanctuary by myself and a charitable gentleman. She received Holy Communion seated in her chair and then heard three Masses in thanksgiving. During all this time, she felt no need of taking any beverage. After her thanksgiving, she remarked to me that she felt better; she rose and went towards the sacristy, and mounted the steps leading to it without any great difficulty. After having received the blessing of the parish-priest, she retraced her steps quite unassisted, and walking more and more easily. St. Anne had cured her! Shortly afterwards all her pains left her, her wounds healed, the swelling disappeared, and now she is perfectly well.

D. H. PARE.

We adjoin the certificate given by one of the physicians who attended this lady:

I, the undersigned, physician, certify to having attended Madame Paré from the end of the year 1877 to the commencement of 1880, without obtaining any satisfactory result. A month ago, the same Madame Paré came to see me and appeared to be perfectly cured.

F. A. GERMAIN, M. D.



## XXXI

### CURE OF AN OLD CRIPPLE

Unknown Place.

1882.

The following narrative is from the pen of Joaquin Miller, an American writer, who had never faith in any religion—he himself confessed it—and yet believed in the miracles of Beaupré. One cannot therefore doubt the good faith and perfect sincerity of the Author.

“During the month I spent in Quebec, I often conversed with men of quality, lawyers, writers, etc., and I did not meet with any who doubt the efficacy of prayer addressed to St. Anne.

For my part, I have not seen the blind recover their sight, but an English lady of great distinction, Mrs. G.P., (I) related to me the details of the cure of a little girl ten years old, who had been blind from her birth. I never heard a more charming and pathetic tale. All that I know is that it is true. The narratrix is of a most honorable family; she is a friend of one of the greatest of living poets, and one of her brothers is a literary celebrity.

That lady led me one day into the humble chapel of the convent at St. Anne. In a corner, a nun dressed in black, was kneeling. She was blind. She had come from a distance: she spent her whole days in prayer, waiting to be cured. “Will she recover her sight? ask I. — Yes, most certainly”, answered the good lady, and she related marvelous things she had witnessed at St. Anne’s.

That same day, I remarked in the church a poor

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(1) Mrs. George Penné, born Georgiana Ward. Her pen and her purse in turn generously contributed to the glory of the Wonder-Worker of Canada. She died at St. Anne de Beupré in 1895.

old man all crippled, and so weak that he could not even use crutches. They helped him to drag himself as far as the statue. He sank down at its foot. As I had not come to pray, but to see, I attentively fixed my eyes on that man. Nor could I easily detach them from those features in which feeling and life seemed extinct, and so deadly pale. Yet the sufferer raised his head and his lips moved. I will say no more, lest I might profane the subject. Let me merely add that I saw the old man restored to health, if not to youth. He arose, and I followed him as far as the door. There, he took his travelling-bag and his stick, and began to walk with a vigorous step. I followed him for a while. No doubt could remain: he was cured.

You may think it absurd that an old miner of the Sierras, an old dreamer and an old rhymor, who never had faith in any religion, and who never had time to pray, should be caught relating such facts, giving his word of honor that all that has just been said is the sober and perfect truth. But so it is the truth, and I know that the miracles attributed to St. Anne, "the good St. Anne de Beaupré" as they call her, are authentic, and that if miracles were wrought in olden times, they are still wrought nowadays.

There may come, and doubtless, there will come hither many American travellers disposed to laugh at all they see. Americans are so fond of laughing! But, allow me to say it, this feature of our national character which makes us smile at what we don't understand, and treat with contempt ideas current elsewhere, sometimes goes a great deal too far.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## XXXII

### CURE OF YOUNG STUART

Of Brooklyn, N.Y.

(14th August, 1883.)

Account given by the Boy's Mother.

Permit me to ask you to publish in your esteemed periodical, the account of a miraculous cure at St. Anne de Beaupré on the 14th August, 1883, which was referred to at the time by the papers of Quebec and Montreal.

In the year 1882, my son, then only five years old, received a severe injury to the spine, which gradually grew worse until he was a complete cripple. He had no strength whatever in his right hip.

When I visited my friends in Ottawa the following summer, I had him examined by two eminent physicians who said he had curvature of the spine, which could be relieved only by wearing a spinal corset and other appliances used in such cases. On the following day (before I had ordered the instruments) Providence called my attention to a pilgrimage which was to go shortly to St. Anne's shrine, where I heard that many miraculous cures had taken place. Feeling unworthy of such a favor, but full of confidence in divine mercy, I was convinced that if I could but get to the blessed shrine, my son would be cured.

With a heart full of faith, I joined the pilgrimage and went to St. Anne with the pilgrims.

Mass was celebrated on their arrival and all received holy Communion. When I went to receive, I placed my little boy at the foot of the great statue of St. Anne, "the mother of the afflicted" and when I returned I commended him to her tender mercy and begged her to restore his

health. While I knelt at her feet praying for my child, the latter fainted. I carried him to the open air where he soon recovered consciousness and, to my astonishment and joy, he came back to me quite cured, without the slightest sign of infirmity. From that moment, he has enjoyed excellent health.

Mrs. THOMAS STEWART.

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XXXIII

**St. Anne preserves a resident of Three Rivers from Apostacy.**

(August, 1885.)

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Letter to the Editor of the Annals from the Recipient of  
**St. Anne's Protection.**

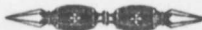
During the summer I was beset by a very violent temptation to apostatize and enter the sect of French Protestants. I spoke of it to my confessor... and I made a pilgrimage to St. Anne to be delivered from it, but without success. And yet I had made my pilgrimage to the best of my ability : I had taken but one meal a day during the journey, had prayed much and hoped more. St. Anne remained deaf to my prayers. I came back disconsolate and more discouraged than ever. Finally, worn and overcome by the pertinacity of that horrible temptation, I gave way to it inwardly.

On the 25th July I was resolved to go to Montreal on the following day and join that sect. The night between the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth was the most horrible of my life. I remembered

that, on the following day, I was to have gone and recited the office of the Most Blessed Virgin with the Congregationists and I wondered what they would think if I did not go. This idea and still more the thought that I was about to abandon forever the devotion to Mary, to her whom I had so dearly loved from my childhood, caused me inefable torture. Finally, at half-past six, I started for church, fully determined however to take the train for Montreal immediately after the service. When I entered the church my eyes, in spite of myself and involuntarily,—for I would look at nothing that might shake my resolution—fell on a statue of St. Anne. I felt as if struck by lightning; it seemed to me as if an invisible hand was pushing me out of the holy place and a sob of anguish escaped me. I was overcome, overwhelmed; I realized the unworthiness of my conduct and remorse filled my heart. I went out and sought my confessor, asking pardon of God and of Good St. Anne for my weakness and lack of confidence. When I rose from my knees, I was comforted and strengthened. From that day the temptation has never returned.

A thousand thanks, O great and good St. Anne! Without thy help I should now be an apostate.

A Resident of Three Rivers.



## CURE OF YOUNG FISET

Of Springfield, Mass.

(August 1885.)

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Account by reliable witness, attestation of two  
Physicians and Evidence of Laure Conan.

The pilgrimage of the men's congregation of St. James Church, Montreal, arrived this morning at St. Anne de Beaupré, after a very favorable journey in every respect.

Among the pilgrims is a person whose cure is so extraordinary that we cannot refrain from making it known in all its details to our readers.

He is a young man 17 years old, called FISET. His father lives at Springfield, Mass., whence the youth came some days ago, on purpose to make a pilgrimage to St. Anne. Even yesterday his body was covered with hideous sores, some of which were very extensive. His right leg, bent by the disease, was held at the thigh by an iron support and he could barely drag his feeble body along with the aid of two crutches.

He had been thus afflicted for seven years and nothing could relieve him.

While at his father's in Springfield some time ago, he read the accounts of various pilgrimages in the "Annals" and found in each report an account of one or more and sometimes striking miracles. Thereupon he asked his father for money to enable him to make a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré. The father, who is poor and has a family to support, was unable, notwithstanding his willingness, to give his unfortunate child any money.

He therefore begged in the town of Springfield,



asking for money to go and pray St. Anne, in her shrine of Beaupré, to cure him. He soon collected enough and came to Montreal where he embarked with the pilgrims of St. James. Yesterday morning he received Communion in St. Anne's church and was going back, not yet cured, when he met a priest who knew him. The priest asked him if he felt any better and when he replied that he did not, in a voice betraying some discouragement, the priest advised him not to leave but to go back and venerate St. Anne's relic.

He went back to the altar railing to venerate the relic which he kissed very devoutly.

Before going on, the priest who was offering the relic for veneration, applied it to his chest. At once he felt so great and such unusual relief, such intense emotion that he seemed as if in ecstasy. His leg was straightened and all his sores were closed. He arose without crutches, without the aid of anybody, suddenly and perfectly cured. Throughout the return journey, he walked and was as well as any one.

On his return to Montréal he went to receive Communion at the church of Notre-Dame, and then proceeded to the house of one of his aunts, where a medical examination was made to establish the cure.

Two physicians of that city, Dr. Bourque and Dr. Jacques, examined him. His cure is perfect and lasting.

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#### Evidence of Laure Conan.

In the first days of August 1885, a lad of sixteen, named FISET, from Springfield, Mass., came to St. Anne. For seven years his whole body had been covered with horrible sores, which defied all efforts to heal them. Moreover, his right leg was so distorted that he could not move without

crutches. Kneeling before the altar, he was permitted not only to kiss the Saint's relic, but to press it to his breast. Instantly an extraordinary delicious tremour thrilled through his frame. A kind of ecstasy seized upon him, and in that supreme moment, his sores began to heal, his crooked limb straightened out, and he went away with joyful steps, leaving his crutches at the altar.

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XXXV

## CURE OF MISS LABRIE

Of St. John the Baptist, Quebec.

July 1886

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Certificate of her Physician and Testimony of her Parish Priest.

I first knew Miss Labrie about six years ago. She had been suffering for twenty-five years from dyspepsia in a most pronounced and acute form, and since her complaint has been aggravated. I have attended her from time to time without any result. In 1881, it was judged necessary to give her Extreme Unction. Previously, for a long time, she could take no other nourishment than gruel much diluted, and milk and water. Even this slight nourishment fatigued her and caused a burning sensation in her stomach and digestive organs. On many occasions, even last year, she suffered from intestinal ulcers and abundant hemorrhages, so that she was reduced to the utmost weakness, which obliged her to keep her bed the greater part of the time. At the beginning of this month, I was consulted as to the feasibility of taking her to St. Anne de Beaupré, on the pilgrimage of the parishioners of St. Jean-Baptiste, fixed for the 15th of

July. I did not think it advisable to undertake this journey, as I dreaded some fatal issue thereof. Moreover, during the five or six days immediately preceding the 15th of July, her condition was worse than ever. In spite of all obstacles, Miss Labrie persisted in her desire to go to St. Anne. So great was the fatigue she experienced on this journey, that many persons present, and the invalid herself, thought that she would never return alive to Quebec.

But after having venerated the relic of St. Anne, she immediately felt stronger, and more at ease, and began to walk without assistance. More than this, she partook of some nourishment, what she had been unable to do for a long time. Her return home was a most happy one, and since, her condition has undergone constant amelioration. In fine, this change wrought in Miss Labrie has been so great, so sudden, and so complete that I have not the slightest doubt of its being due to the powerful intercession of Good St. Anne, and I am most happy to give this testimony in honor of the wonder-worker of Canada.

(Signed) J. P. BOULET, M.D.

This report of Dr Boulet is true and complete. Miss Labrie continues to enjoy perfect health. She has made a second pilgrimage to St. Anne, without the slightest fatigue. She hears Mass every morning and receives Holy Communion thereat, spending the rest of the day in working and visiting the sick. In testimony whereof, I have signed.

F. X. PLAMONDON, Pastor.

## CURE OF AN IRISH LADY

Of St. Ann's Parish, Montreal.

July 26th, 1887.

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The following narrative is from the pen of one of the Redemptorist Fathers in charge of the Parish.

In the beginning of July 1887, an honest Irishman of the parish of St. Anne, in Montreal, who had been for years suffering from rheumatism all over his body, made a pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, to obtain his cure. But — and God alone knows why, — he left the Shrine without having been cured.

A few days later, his wife was taken with inflammation of the bowels and, in a short time, she was reduced to the last extremity. The doctors pronounced the case to be hopeless, and I, who relate this, prepared the poor woman for eternity.

Meanwhile the husband incessantly prays to St. Anne in whom he has the greatest confidence. The more desperate the case seems to be, the greater and stronger his confidence is. One morning, as his wife was almost dying, he goes on his knees by her sick-bed, and in one of those sublime movements of faith, which transport mountains, he exclaims: — "Ah! good and beloved St. Anne, so often and with such great difficulty have I been to the Shrine of Beaupré to obtain my recovery ; and yet I always remain infirm. Well, let it be so, I am willing to remain sick. But I pray thee, O dear Saint, cure my poor wife who is so necessary to the family."

This happened a day or two before the feast of St. Anne, July 26th. The condition of the sick woman was always growing worse. I went to see her

every day, and could not understand how she could remain alive.

At last, dawns the feast day of St. Anne. The night before had been a trying one for the patient, who was growing rapidly weaker and weaker ; and in her family, prayers were being continually offered up for her recovery.

Towards 9 o'clock in the morning, the sick woman had been left alone for a few moments, when all of a sudden the door of her room was opened... "St. Anne has just cured me, exclaims the agonizing one of a few minutes before ; I am hungry, give me something to eat." She was indeed cured and her cure had been instantaneous.

That same morning, I myself saw her walking about in her house, talking with her husband and children, and relating to all the details of her miraculous cure. She was still weak, but her strength quickly returned, and since then, she enjoys perfect health.



**Cure of Eugenie Langlade**

Of St. David, P.Q.

(July 26th, 1887.)

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This Remarkable Cure is Related by the Cir.'s Father,  
and confirmed by the Doctor's Certificate.

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

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

We drove home. The doctor, whom I sent for

at once, was unable to come before late in the evening. He found no inflammation and perceived that the wound was already beginning to heal. The child's recovery was rapid, and since then, she has felt no evil consequences from the accident.

Filled with gratitude towards St. Anne, I am happy to fulfil my promise.

NARCISSE LANGLADE.

I, the undersigned, certify that the above relation, as to the nature of the wound caused by the fork, and the speediness of the cure, without any inflammation or hemorrhage, is perfectly true. The wound was certainly a dangerous one, and I feel happy to join with this respectable head of a family in testifying to the goodness of St. Anne and in offering her my most sincere thanksgiving.

L. A. FORTIER, M. D.

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XXXVIII

CURE OF MISS TILLIE POWELL

Of Laconia, N. H.

(October 17th, 1887)

**This wonderful cure is related by the favored person herself, and confirmed by the testimony of both the parish priest and the physician.**

Four years ago, I was hurt in the back by being thrown from a sleigh whilst out driving. At first, unwilling to believe that I had sustained any serious injury from the accident, and thinking it simply a cold that had settled in the muscles of the back, I neglected it for a few weeks. But at last, I was forced to consult one of our local physicians, and was under his care for ten months. Finding myself getting worse instead of better, I decided to go to Boston for attendance. Accordingly, in the following January, I went to Boston, entering one of the best hospitals there for treat-

ment. Whilst there, I was under the care of some of Boston's ablest surgeons and physicians, and all that human science and kindness could do to relieve me was done ; but with very poor results, as my left foot soon began to trouble me, and I was later struck with paralysis from the waist downward. In March of the following year, they decided that nothing more could be done for my case, so I was brought back to Laconia on a stretcher, hoping that death would soon come and end it all.

After my arrival at home, my folks wished me to try another doctor here. I hesitated for some time. I had gone through so much and tried so many different treatments, that I thought there could not be anything left to try, and it would be simply a useless expense. But after a few months, I consented, this time calling in a Canadian doctor, who, after the examination, said he would put an extension on my left foot to try to bring it to its normal length, (it had grown shorter than the other one), and in time perhaps I might become able to sit up. But after wearing a weight of thirty pounds from May until September, this too, like all other efforts, failed, leaving me worse than ever.

Over and over again, they thought it was but a question of a few hours or days, when death would come and relieve me ; but God had other ends in view,, as He would neither let me die nor get better. In Oct. 1886, an abscess formed under the arm, which resisted all the doctors' efforts to scatter, and grew larger every day, sometimes causing the arm to swell as far as the elbow. During all this time I had had masses offered, novenas made to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. Anne and St. Joseph, promising to make a pilgrim to Ste Anne de Beaupré, as soon as I could walk a few steps. All were equally unsuccessful, for during



twenty months, I had not even turned on my side in bed. At last, I decided to make the pilgrimage just as I was, asking God to either mercifully let me die or relieve me in some measure, to give me back the use of my limbs, if only enough to enable me to sit up a little and move my body myself in bed. I did not dream of asking for a perfect cure. People here said I should be dead ere I reached Montreal, if I attempted to go. But I knew my life was in God's hands, and He would do what was best. So, on Friday, Sept. 23, 1887, I started. My friends tried to persuade me at least to leave on some other day than Friday, saying it was unlucky ; but I deliberately chose it, knowing that I should have to make the journey in one of the baggage-cars, my bed being too wide to be placed in the other coaches ; and, as the slightest motion caused me pain, the jolting of the cars would make me suffer greatly. And as our Lord suffered Himself on that day, I thought that perhaps He might take pity on me and end it all. But, Oh ! I did not dream of the awful agony I did have to endure until we reached Montreal. Even at this late day it makes me shudder to think of it. From Montreal to Quebec, as we travelled by boat, it was somewhat easier, but still very painful, and, on arriving at Quebec, I found myself unable to pursue my journey any farther ; so, we crossed the river to the Levis side, where I stopped at my brother's, Mr. John H. Powell, for a fortnight, trying to persuade him to take me on to St. Anne de Beau-pré. At first he refused, saying it was madness ; and if St. Anne was going to cure me, she would do it where I was. At last he consented, saying he was taking me there only to die. So, on Sunday, Oct. 9, we left Quebec for St. Anne, intending to make a novena at the famous shrine. Contrary to our expectations, this part of the journey was

comparatively easy. I suffered a little, of course, but nothing compared to the previous part of my journey. Arriving too late for Mass, my brother procured lodgings for my sister, who had accompanied me through all the weary journey, and for myself, at a short distance from the church, and from which I was carried to church every morning to hear Mass. The Reverend Redemptorist Fathers residing at St. Anne joined me in making the novena, and, until the evening of the seventh day, I felt easier than I had for the two previous years. I did not suffer much, and felt sure St. Anne would help me. But on Saturday, the seventh day of the novena, towards evening, the old pain returned, increasing every hour throughout the long night. I was going to Holy Communion the next morning, and I thought as our Lord gave Himself to me, He would surely give me relief at the same time, and that hope sustained me during the long hours that I had to wait. As communion time came, I tried to move, but found myself as helpless as ever, and had to communicate as usual in my bed, the pain increasing every moment; and so Mass ended. What change there was, was for the worse. I felt that God did not intend to help me, and for a few moments, I was bitterly disappointed, and could not help asking Him why He was forgetting me; but only for a few moments. Then I knew God knew best, and as He would not cure me, He would probably end it all soon. It would be best so. So I gave up all hopes of help, asking instead for strength enough to bear patiently what ever pain was still in store for me, and deciding to leave St. Anne's on the following day, as my novena would then be over.

The men then came to carry me to the boarding-house, where they placed me in the dining-room. A heavy fur circular had been laid over me in the

morning, as the weather was chilly, and, as I found it very heavy, I asked my sister to remove it. As she was doing so, a queer suffocating feeling came over me, and, at the same time, it seemed as though some unknown force compelled me to get up. I unconsciously pushed my sister aside, and, before I realized it, I was on my feet and half way across the room, there stopped by one of the men who had carried me in, crying: "My God! the girl is cured". And I knew then I was on my feet once more, without help and perfectly cured. The pain had all left me and has never returned—my back is as strong to day as it ever was. When I realized that I was really cured, we all knelt down and said nine "Ave Maria's" in thanksgiving.

Then I dressed and returned to church, waiting for High Mass, and kneeling, sitting, and standing, when the rest of the congregation did so. In the afternoon I again went to church, walking all around the edifice, and returning to my boarding-house without feeling more than ordinary fatigue. The next day I left for Levis, and in a few weeks again, returned to St. Anne's, this time to make a retreat of three days in thanksgiving.

When I first realized that I was cured, I thought only of my back and foot, and forget all about my arm, and, when I did remember to examine it, I found it too had been perfectly cured. Not the least trace of swelling remained; St. Anne has not left me even the slightest deformity.

I am perfectly cured in every way. On Christmas eve, I returned to Laconia. Oh! what a different journey it was from the one I had performed three months previous!

Every day brings me new strength and a more thorough knowledge of the great favor God and St. Anne have granted me! God grant me grace to

live so that He will always find me worthy of it.

TILLIE POWELL.

To the above most interesting and touching relation are subjoined the following certificates in confirmation of its authenticity.

This is to certify that Miss Tillie Powell was visited by me during the twenty months she spent in Laconia. She was very sick during that time, confined to bed, unable to get up or even to move. Twice her life was despaired of, and I anointed her twice. Having recovered a little, she was carried to the cars, and left for St. Anne de Beaupré in the baggage-car, lying in her easy-chair.

I am willing to take the most solemn oath to the truth of this statement, and am most positively convinced that her coming back to us, cured and able to walk, is due to divine interference.

To-day, six months after that cure occurred, she walked up to my house for this letter, and enjoys perfect health.

J. LAMBERT, Priest.

I certify, that Miss Tillie Powell was under medical and surgical treatment, at Laconia, N.H., during the space of fifteen months. She was then suffering from disease of the spine, caused by a fall from a carriage which had happened two years previous. During all that time, she was obliged to keep bed, nobody being able to touch her; even walking in the room would cause her great pains. After a few months attendance, weights were applied so as to produce extension and contra-extension, one leg being three inches shorter than the other. Every thing failed to bring her to health and she was given up, as all hope of recovery seemed useless. During those fifteen months she twice received the last rites of the Church. She had also been treated for the same disease at Boston by the most distinguished physicians at a Hospital during one year. They put her in iron corsets, plaster of Paris bandages, &c., and then also she was given up, death, as it seemed, being the only end to her long sufferings. She determin-

ed at last to be brought to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré. She was conveyed there in her bed, and after three years, during which time she could hardly move her head alone, and suffered continually severe pains, she was brought to life again by the intercession of the mother of the Mother of God, St. Anne. She is now enjoying perfect health and comfort. This marvellous cure can be verified by all the leading physicians in Laconia, N. H.

Chas. F. CLERK, M.D.

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XXXIX

CURE OF Mrs. CHOINETTE,

Of Holyoke, Mass, U. S.

July 11th, 1888  $\frac{5}{11}$

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The following account is from the pen of the Editor of the Annals, who quotes the words of the favored person's husband.

Mrs. Georges Choinette, who has been blind for five years, has returned home from St. Anne de Beaupré, completely cured, by using the waters of the holy well. Since she was stricken with blindness, she has made every endeavor to be cured, and her husband, who is foreman in a paper-mill of this city, has spent thousands of dollars. Her husband tells the following story of the miraculous cure: — "Two months ago", said he, "I resolved to send my wife to Montreal, where she consulted a famous specialist. He did no better than our local physician, and I sent her to another specialist, who was also unsuccessful. At this time her eyes were so bad that there was only a blur before them. She could not distinguish any object. The shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, is located a few miles below Quebec, and is noted throughout Canada, if not the world. Reaching there on July

10th, we arrived in the morning, and attended low Mass and received holy Communion. Then we secured the holy water from the well of St. Anne de Beaupré, knowing that if there was to be any cure, it must come through this. That night we went to Montreal. The next morning my wife bathed her eyes in the holy water and almost immediately gave a cry of joy. 'Mon Dieu!' she exclaimed, 'I can see; I can see!' And, sure enough, she could not only discern objects and persons near to her, but those at some distance as well. Then we both gave thanks to God for His great kindness. It was a happy day I can tell you. We reached Holyoke and my wife saw her loved children for the first time in a number of years. — Later in the day a correspondent called upon the Holyoke and Springfield physicians who had attended Mrs. Chognette. They are of the opinion that the woman's sight was badly impaired, but not lost. Had she continued longer with them, they might have helped or cured her. They do not attempt to account for the miracle."

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XI,

CURE OF A BLIND BOY

Of Portneuf, P. Q.

(July 1888)

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The following is a letter addressed to the Fathers of St. Anne de Beaupre, by the parish priest of Portneuf.

**Reverend Father,**

I hasten to acquaint you with the result of our pilgrimage to the shrine of Good St. Anne.

Several of our sick and infirm parishioners have obtained, through the intercession of the great Saint, much relief from their sufferings.

Among the numerous favors granted to us, there is one that deserves a special mention.

A child nine years old, deprived for the last seven years of the use of one of his eyes, with which he could not even distinguish the light of a lamp, has been completely cured. His diseased eye, the right one, is now as healthy as the left one, which never was affected.

The miracle began to take place when they applied to the child's eye water from the fountain, and was perfected by the contact of the relic. An opacity which covered the pupil of the sore eye completely disappeared.

One of our doctors who had attended the sick child when the affection began, about seven years ago, without obtaining any satisfactory result, declared, after having examined the child, that his eye had become once more perfectly healthy.

All honor to Saint Anne ! Please help us to

N. CINQMARS, P.P.

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XLI

CURE OF THREE PILGRIMS

from Acadia, N. B.

July, 1888.

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Relation written by Rev. Fr. Fievez, C. SS. R., and certificate of a Physician.

This year again, we have witnessed the faith of the Acadians, and their confidence in Good Saint Anne. They come from their distant parishes, from Memramcook, Port Mulgrave and Miscouche, from Prince Edward Island, from Arichat and other parts, some from two hundred leagues, others from two hundred and fifty, and, for the first

time, a little group coming from a distance of three hundred leagues, to visit the sanctuary of St. Anne and behold the effects of her powerful intercession. These are the Acadians from Arichat, Cape Breton, headed by their worthy pastor, an old acquaintance of St. Anne.

Gratifications of the naturel order had been refused them. The fatigue of the journey, tedious delays, scarcity of lodgings owing to the unexpected arrival of another pilgrimage, the inclemency of the weather, everything united to give their pilgrimage a character of penance. But, like true Christians, they patiently bore all these annoyances, and God and St. Anne rewarded them for it.

Several astonishing cures were the fruit of their resignation. We have ascertained the following, and we feel happy in bringing them to the notice of our readers.

Mrs. P. DOUCET, of Baie Ste Marie, N.S., had suffered for six months from a painful affection of the knee. Before leaving for St. Anne's, she began a novena, and already felt some relief. At St. Anne's, she felt sufficiently well to dispense with her hitherto indispensable crutches, and notwithstanding a slight weakness in the knee, she was able to go to the sacristy and move about with the other pilgrims.

Mrs. MARCELLINE CORMIER was brought, from her dwelling-place to Levis, in the car which served as a hospital for the sick pilgrims. She has been six years ill, and suffered from general debility, which has constantly confined her to her bed. At the moment of Holy Communion, she felt her strength returning, and she came to the sacristy to inform us of her having been cured. The physician who accompanied her all the way, was obliging enough to give us the following certificate :



"I hereby certify that Mrs Cormier was in a state of extreme prostration, and that I had her under my care during the journey of pilgrimage. I can now verify that she is quite well."

F. X. COMEAU, M.D.

But the most wonderful case, perhaps, is that of Mrs. LEBRUN, of Minudie, Joggin's Mines, N. S. For the last two years, a dreadful disease had kept her in bed without strength or motion. An extreme weakness of the dorsal spine prevented her from raising herself without assistance to a sitting posture. To come to St. Anne's, she had to be carried into the cars. At the moment of receiving holy Communion in the basilica, she felt the pain in her loins disappear, her strength came back to her, and she went to the sacristy to give her testimony. Laughing with joy, and weeping with emotion and gratitude, she related the circumstances of her cure, and then returned to the church where the favor obtained by her was announced to the faithful present, and a "Te Deum" sung in thanksgiving for so great a proof of St. Anne's influence with God.

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XLII

**Miraculous Cure of Two Nuns**

of the Hotel Dieu, of Tracadie, N. B.

July, 1888.

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Account of their Illness and Cure, attestation of the Superiour and Certificate of the Physician.

**I.—Sister Blanchard's Own Statement.**

In the month of May 1886, — I was then twenty-five years old, — I was affected with spitting of blood to a considerable degree: but as I suffered no pain, I continued my work without heeding

the future. In September 1887, about sixteen months later, the hemoptysis returned, less abundant, however, than the first time ; but accompanied with a violent pain in the back, and I then began to cough. I took pectorals, cod-liver oil prepared with paregoric, honey and spirits ; blisters and strengthening plasters were also applied. The cough seemed to give way a little without altogether disappearing. In February, I caught a severe cold, and the pains in the region of the lungs recommenced with greater intensity than ever. My weakness became such that I could not bear the least fatigue, nor lift the least thing without feeling my strength exhausted. After a rest and some alleviation of my work, the pains grew more bearable. But in April, the blood-spitting returned with a racking cough, continual pains in the chest and back, and loss of voice ; also, abundant perspiration at the least effort, so much so that I was obliged at every moment to wipe my spectacles which were always covered with drops of moisture. In the month of May, more blood-spitting, twice renewed in the space of a fortnight. I then tried a so-called marvellous remedy : it relieved me indeed, my oppression abated, my cough was partly alleviated and my voice became more audible.

Towards the end of the month, feeling somewhat better, I went down from the infirmary ; but two days later, my pains returned with greater violence, and my weakness increasing, I was obliged to return to the infirmary ten days after. I lost my appetite, and a burning fever, especially towards evening, greatly fatigued me. Every evening, from seven or eight to ten or eleven o'clock, I took a fit of coughing which began again in the morning when I awoke. Every night I felt a heavy perspiration. I finally grew so weak that it was

all I could manage to go up and down the infirm-ary-stairs to go to the choir.

Meanwhile every thing was tried : blisters, Croton oil, pectoral potions, &c. I was in that state when we made a novena recommended by our Reverend Father confessor, in honor of St. Anne. The first days of the novena, I felt much worse, weaker and more oppressed. On the morning of the last day, I was seized on arising with my ordinary fit of coughing, which made me vomit.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, I went to the choir for the last prayers of the novena, during which I felt that I was cured ! The pains ceased and the cough did not return ; and I went up the stairs without any difficulty ; I felt as strong as I had ever been before my sickness. In the evening I ate a hearty supper, I went to bed without coughing ; I slept the whole night without awaking or perspiring and I rose the next morning perfectly well ; so that I may affirm that my cure was instantaneous. That very day we chanted a "Te Deum" of thanksgiving, in which I joined with all the strength of my voice without the least fatigue. That very day also, I resumed the observances of the community-life as well as my other duties, and I have continued to be quite well. Eight months have now passed since that cure was wrought, and since then, I have neither coughed nor felt any pain. I have not even caught cold this fall, although nearly all our sisters have.

Praise and glory to good St. Anne!

. Sister BLANCHARD.

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#### II.—Sister Mary of the Angels' Statement.

A few days before making my religious profession, which was on Nov. 3, 1887, at the age of twenty-three, I caught a severe cold which per-

sisted so that I was sent to the infirmary. After several remedies and applications, feeling relieved, towards the end of September, I resumed my observance. The cough, however, continued throughout the whole winter without giving me too much fatigue. I regularly took three times a day prepared cod-liver oil. But, in the spring-time, I felt so weak, that I could hardly walk up the stairs. The least thing put me out of breath and obliged me to sit down to rest. I coughed a great deal, especially during the night which I spent sleepless, and nearly always sitting up in my bed, owing to the oppression and general uneasiness I felt, besides, violent pains in the chest and back. I lost my appetite, and a pain in the right side forced me to enter the infirmary on the 5th of June; I had a continual fever and a heavy perspiration. In a word, I was so weak that I could hardly either sew or knit.

On the day of the cure of Sister Blanchard, the community having begun a novena to good St. Anne in my behalf, it seemed to me during the first days that I was better; but towards the middle of the novena, I found myself much weaker and more sick. The last day but one of the novena—day on which the Acadian pilgrims were at St. Anne de Beaupré, and my relatives had a Mass offered up for me — I felt much better. Finally, on the last day, I felt perfectly well, with the exception of a certain fatigue in the back below the right shoulder; but the cough had completely disappeared. This feeling of fatigue lasted a few days and then disappeared altogether. Since that day (July 14, 1888) I have coughed no more and have enjoyed as good health as before my sickness. I left the infirmary the same day, and resumed all observances and all my duties without experiencing any fatigue. Eternal thanksgiving to good St. Anne!

Sister MARY OF THE ANGELS,

### III.—Attestation of the Superloress.

In the beginning of October last, Sister BLANCHARD was seized with spitting, followed by a cough which resisted all our efforts, until in April last, the hemoptysis returned more abundant than ever, accompanied with extreme weakness, loss of appetite, heavy perspiration and a racking cough. In the morning our dear patient could dress only after having coughed so violently as to provoke vomiting, a symptom which showed itself even on the day she was cured.

As for Sister MARY OF THE ANGELS, she caught a severe cold, a few days before her religious profession, which took place on the 3rd of last November. Her cold soon took an alarming character, and persisted in spite of all our care. She was in about the same state as Sister Blanchard, except that she coughed less; but, on the other hand, her sufferings were greater.

We were disconsolate; our dear sisters could not, said everybody, without a miracle, survive the falling of the leaves. Towards the end of June, our Father Confessor, who has a lively devotion toward St. Anne, suggested the idea of a novena to that powerful patroness of Canada, in union with the Acadian pilgrimage which was to take place about the beginning of July. We followed his advice.

From the beginning of the novena, Sister Blanchard felt worse; she suffered more violent pains in the region of the lungs, her weakness and coughing also considerably increasing. On the last day of the novena (July 6), she had some difficulty in going up the stairs to the infirmary, after mass during which she had received Holy Communion. Yet, at one o'clock in the afternoon, she insisted on going down to the choir for the closing prayers of the novena. When it was over, she returned up-

stairs without any fatigue. She was cured!... all her sufferings had ceased, her weakness had disappeared. In the evening she eat a good supper with an appetite unknown to her for several months past, she spent the night in one sleep, and she has not coughed since. On the very next morning, she re-assumed the observances of the community and the duties of her office without any fatigue. On that same day, we chanted a solemn "Te Deum", amid tears of joy and gratefulness, in which our dear miraculously-cured Sister joined with all the strength of her lungs without any difficulty.

Immediately after the "Te Deum" we began another novena to Good St. Anne for Sister Mary of the Angels whom the miraculous cure of Sister Blanchard had filled with confidence, The last day but one of the novena, on which day the pilgrims were at St. Anne de Beaupré, our good little Sister found herself much better. But, the morrow, which was the last day of the novena, saw her happiness completed; she was quite cured! Her strength and appetite had returned; her cough had altogether disappeared. Indeed, she returned to her duties without experiencing any difficulty. The "Te Deum" was once more chanted in thanksgiving for such a favor.

These two cures, howsoever astonishing they may seem, have been sustained to the present moment. Praise be given for them to Saint Anne!

Tracadie, N. B., August 1888.

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**Physician's Certificate.**

I have the honor to inform you that I have examined the letters of the Reverend Sisters Blanchard and Mary of the Angels of the Hôtel-Dieu of Tracadie.

I was very much struck with the account given by Sister Blanchard of her sickness, in which, step by step, I could follow the invasion of "Pulmonary Phthisis," and the subsequent phases of the malady. The description was, in truth, so exact that it would be impossible not to recognize the malady in question.

The sudden change, without any intervening period, which took place at the close of the novena to good St. Anne, was undoubtedly supernatural, and I feel no hesitation in declaring solemnly that I look upon it as a miracle, and one of the numerous manifestations of the bounty and power of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin.

The case of Sister Mary of the Angels is not less extraordinary than that of Sister Blanchard.

I. D. MIGNAULT, M.D.,  
Attending Physician of the Hôtel-Dieu.

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XLII

**CURE OF SISTER STE. HILARIE**

of the Cong. of Notre Dame.

August 16th, 1888

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This Account, from the Pen of the Miraculously Cured Nun, is  
Corroborated by the Physician's Certificate.

I, the undersigned, am happy to make the following declaration in testimony of my lively and sincere gratitude towards St. Anne, to whose intercession I owe my prompt and perfect cure at the Shrine of Beaupré, on August 16th, 1888, and I hope this simple narrative may contribute to increase confidence in, and devotion to, that illustrious Saint.

Though being in poor health from 1878 till December 26th, 1882, I was however able to attend constantly to my ordinary occupations, but at

the end of the school-year I felt greatly fatigued. Thanks to the repose of vacation, I was always able to return to my work when the next term began, but with a reluctance inexplicable to myself, and which was attributed to my weak condition.

On Christmas Day, 1882, I had an attack of extreme prostration, and lost consciousness. From that moment, I continually suffered so much from headache that I could not follow any conversation, nor bear the least noise, and at the same time, I also lost my memory completely. The physician of our Community said that it was a case of spinal inflammation extending to the brain.

From that date (December 25th, 1882) until 1887, I could only work at intervals, and frequently returned to the infirmary, where each time I had to follow a new treatment.

From the beginning of February 1887, I was confined to bed and never left it for eighteen months. During all this time I suffered unceasingly from violent pain in the head, and had forcibly to remain in the same position, without making the least movement. I had pains in every limb and grew swollen excessively. Seeing myself in this state, I understood that my end was near. I prepared for death in such an earnest way that I felt pained at seeing some of my sisters die before me.

The physician exhausted all the resources of his art to cure me, cupping, leeches, acupuncture, baths of hot and cold water, and finally cauterization which caused me frightful pain.

After having undergone this most excruciating experiment without the slightest relief, I lost confidence in all human help, and I determined to ask permission of my Superiors to make a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré. At the desire of our Rev. Mother Superior General, I made two novenas



in succession but without result, and the disease continued to grow worse. Despairing of my cure, I now only prayed for the grace of a happy death. However, a little while after I began a third novena to St. Anne, imploring from the great Saint an improvement that would enable me to bear the journey to Beaupré, for I nursed in my heart the firm conviction that if I only could go thither, I should entirely recover. During this third novena I was able to move my right arm a little and to sit up in bed. Encouraged by this first success I commenced a fourth novena and then a fifth, and as the improvement continued from day to day, the physician and our Reverend Mother Superior General permitted me to undertake my pilgrimage. I was hardly able to start, though I was accompanied by two Sisters of our community and several members of my family. They thought I was losing my reason, and said: "She will die on the road." But nothing could disturb me, for I was sure and certain that if I once arrived at the shrine of Good St. Anne, I would be cured. Two days after, on August 16th, 1888, I was at the feet of our holy wonder-worker to solicit my recovery. As I was too weak to receive Holy Communion during Mass, it was given to me before.

Immediately after receiving the sacred Host I felt, if I am allowed to say so, I felt a pleasant warmth along the spine, which went up through my whole system.—I was cured! What was not the astonishment of my family, all of whom were present, when they saw me suddenly move and go about without any resistance!

After rendering thanks to God and my kind benefactor, I returned to my community, where my arrival was saluted with an outburst of surprise, joy, and gratitude, impossible to describe.

Five days after, I was appointed to go on a mission to Sherbrooke to take a class of forty pupils. I had charge of it throughout the year, and I am happy to testify that since the date of my cure, I have not had one single attack of that painful illness, which was pronounced incurable and mortal.

Now I can study, read and write without the least fatigue, which I had not been able to do for nearly four years. Nay, for the first time in six years I have followed this time all the exercises of our annual retreat, without feeling inconvenienced in the least.

Praise, thanksgiving, glory, and love to my powerful and beloved protectress St. Anne!

Sister SAINTE HILARIE,  
Of the Congregation of Notre-Dame.

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#### CERTIFICATE OF THE PHYSICIAN.

Reverend Sister Sainte Hilarie,  
Congregation of Notre-Dame.

Reverend Sister,

I have attentively read the account of your late illness and extraordinary cure. I am very glad to be able to certify that this account is correct, and that I have no doubt of your perfect and entire cure.

A. D. AUBRY, M.D.



**CURE OF MADAME DELAUNAIS**

of Nicolet, P.Q.

September, 1888.

The Following Narrative is from the Pen of the Editor of the  
"Annals of St. Anne."

During the pilgrimage of the parishioners of Nicolet, at St. Anne de Beaupré, on the 10th of last September, a poor mother, named DELAUNAIS, was miraculously cured of a sickness that for two long years had riveted her to a bed of suffering. At her earnest request, her family consented to have her brought to the miracle-famed sanctuary. Numberless precautions were taken during the journey, so weak was the sufferer. Those who accompanied her dreaded lest every moment might be her last.

On their arrival at the church, the patient, who was carried in a box, was deposited at the foot of the statue of St. Anne.

While Madame Delaunais lay thus, close to the statue she fell asleep through fatigue. When she awoke she uttered a prayer of thanksgiving to good St. Anne. She was cured of a swelling that affected her whole body and caused her atrocious pain. However, she was still unable to walk, and she was borne to a lodging-house to spend the night.

When the bells tolled to summon the pilgrims to the church, to her great joy she felt a sudden relief; soon after all pain had disappeared; her paralyzed limbs had recovered their former suppleness. St. Anne had heard her prayer; this time it was sure that her cure was complete. All those who, the day before, had pitied her condition, saw her walking in the church, without help, up to the communion-table.

So that all might witness her cure, she was made to advance in front of the sanctuary ; all present responded with indescribable emotion to the prayers of thanksgiving she then addressed to good St. Anne. The joy of all was great and many tears fell while the "Te Deum" was chanted.

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XLIV

## St. Anne Saves a Young Man from Temporal and Eternal Death.

(1888.)

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The Following Wonderful Fact is Related by the Rev. Father Savard, One of the Missionary Priests of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

One day as I was waiting for the train to set out at the station of a parish in the diocese of Montreal, I noticed a young man who attentively observed all my motions. He walked back and forth, seeming to examine my religious habit, and plainly showed that he wished to speak to me. Finally he approached respectfully.—"Father" he said, "I believe you are one of the missionarypriests of Good St. Anne de Beaupré ?"—On my answering that he had not mistaken, he continued : "Pardon the liberty I take in addressing you. I am also a child of Good St. Anne ; to her I owe the life of my body as well as the life of my soul. On returning to Beaupré, please, remember to tell this kind mother that I thank and always will thank her for the great miracle she has wrought in my favor.

"One Sunday afternoon, about a month ago, I was amusing myself in company with two of my

friends. I held in my hand a revolver which was loaded and which I playfully handled and turned about. Being so accustomed to my weapon, I feared no danger from it, when of a sudden, while we were talking, I happened to touch the trigger. The pistol discharged striking me in the middle of the breast. Oh, how good St. Anne has been to me on that day ! The ball went through my clothes, but was stopped by a medal, a medal of St. Anne, which I constantly wore since my last pilgrimage to Beaupré. I fell on my knees together with my two friends, and we thanked with all our hearts that good Mother who had preserved me from temporal and eternal death ; for, alas, Father, I was not ready at that moment to appear before God. As soon as I can, I will make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Beaupré”.

L. SAVARD, C.S.S.R.

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XLV

## CURE OF ROSE HUDON

of Hebertville, P.Q.,

(August 17, 1889.)

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This Miracle is Told by St. Anne's Favored Client and Confirmed by the Physician's Certificate.

After three months of silence which by obedience I have been obliged to observe, it is a pleasure for me to testify publicly my gratitude to Good St. Anne, who has obtained me the incomparable favor of a miraculous cure. Permit me, Mr. Editor, to give some details of this cure and so to increase among your subscribers faith and confidence in our great wonder-worker.

For some months I had been afflicted with a disease which daily grew worse, in spite of the attentive cares of a skilful physician, and all the remedies which his knowledge and his desire to cure me could suggest.

Dyspepsia was causing me such intense pain, that for some weeks it was absolutely impossible for me to take any food, and I was soon reduced to the last stage of exhaustion.

In the opinion of the doctor, all the resources of his profession were powerless and he discontinued visiting me. None but the Celestial Physician could recall me to life.

My good parents thought it necessary to send for one of my brothers, who was a priest, at that time vicar at Eboulements, to be present at my last moments, for death seemed inevitable. I alone hoped against all hope. My lively faith in Good St. Anne increased with the danger.

On the arrival of my brother, I imparted to him my ardent desire to go to the sanctuary of our great Patroness. He consented to take me there, or rather to take a walking skeleton, as they called me then.

The carriage-ride from Hébertville to the railroad station at Chambord, was very painful ; it was only through the use of morphine that the dreadful tortures I was enduring could be relieved, and that I was able to continue the journey. The morning of August 15th, I reached St. Anne de Beaupré. They immediately carried me to the church ; I drank some water, of the miraculous spring, and I heard a Mass that was celebrated for my intention. I experienced no improvement ; yet I felt my confidence increasing. I had come with a certainty of being cured. My prayer of

every instant was "Good St. Anne cure me !" I went back to the church twice in the course of the day.

The next day, Friday, they took me there again in the morning ; it was impossible for me to remain more than a quarter of an hour, and on returning to my boarding place, I was obliged to go to bed. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I felt so ill that my sister, who had made herself my nurse, went for one of the Redemptorist Fathers to hear my confession. I could not receive Holy Communion on account of attacks of vomiting, which returned every five or ten minutes. The good Father, after encouraging me to suffer with resignation to the divine will, expressed the hope of giving me the Holy Viaticum, if I could only remain for twenty minutes without vomiting.

The following night was an excessively painful one ; intense suffering made me lose consciousness; my eyes could no longer distinguish objects, and my limbs were cold like ice. Those around, seeing what an extremity I was in, were inclined to blame my family for having consented to my departure.

On Saturday, the 17th, my sufferings lost nothing of their intensity. I entreated my sister to have me taken once more to the church, hoping to receive Holy Communion. The Father, who had heard my confession the day previous, feared some accident, for the attacks of vomiting were still very frequent, but I insisted and he consented.

It was in the Chapel of the Holy Family that I was enabled to unite myself with our Lord Jesus Christ ; and afterwards I venerated the relic of Good St. Anne. Oh miracle ! At that very moment all pain suddenly disappeared ! I arose and walked without help to the statue of my benefac-

tress. How was I to express to her my gratitude  
how to thank her ?

I went to the sacristy to meet a Father who could testify to my complete cure. I then returned to the boarding house. As I had been away so long, they were just about to come and look for me, and the hotel-keeper had already asked for help to bring me home.

This new favor of St. Anne was speedily known ; a number of visitors came to inquire, and I had to answer many questions about my long and cruel illness and my sudden cure. As my family were anxious to see me, I had to quit St. Anne de Beaupré as soon as my novena of thanksgiving was ended. It was without any fatigue that I now made the journey which a few days before had been so painful for me. I even went to Roberval to visit one of my sisters, a member of the Ursuline Order.

It is now three months since I was cured, and my health continues to be excellent.

Glory and love to Good St. Anne !

ALMA ROSE HUDON

I, the undersigned, certify that Miss A. Hudon, of Hébertville, who was constantly under my care for two months, was suffering from a severe affection of the nerves, a disease that sometimes causes death by exhaustion.

Frequent and persistent attacks of vomiting hindered her from retaining any food ; she suffered unceasingly from sharp pains that could only be relieved by anodynes.

When this young person set out on her pilgrimage to St. Anne, she was in a state of extreme weakness and emaciation, and I had lost all hope of curing her ; wherefore I consider her cure as miraculous, especially for reason of its suddenness and permanence.

Dr. T. A. TALBOT.



## CURE OF MISS FLORA LAPOINTE

of Ste. Justine, P.Q.

(September 2nd, 1889.)

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Narration Written by Rev. Chs. Trudel, Chaplain of the  
Sacred Heart Hospital, Quebec.

"God is wonderful in his Saints", says Holy Scripture, and this admiration forces itself on those who see with their own eyes, and touch, as it were, with their very hands, one of those wonders which the all-bountiful God works through the intercession of his Saints.

Such was the impression recently felt by all the inmates of the Hospital of the Sacred Heart, in Quebec, on the occasion of the miraculous recovery of one of the patients of the Institution.

Miss FLORA LAPOINTE, of St. Justine, had been confined to a bed of pain for three long years, forced to remain day and night lying in the same position. The physician had not been able to give her any relief, and in the beginning of last July, she was removed at her own request to the Hospital of the Sacred Heart, where she hoped to obtain her cure, or at least some help from a more regular treatment. But after a careful examination, two doctors declared there was no hope of her recovering.

Seeing herself condemned to remain for life an invalid and a burden to others, she had recourse to Good St. Anne. Filled with the greatest confidence, she asked to be carried to the Shrine of Beaupré where that great wonder-worker of Canada is pleased to manifest her power with God.

On Monday morning, the second of September, they bore her on her bed from the Hospital of the Sacred Heart to the steamer. When she reached the church, she was placed near the statue of St. Anne, where she received Holy Communion before Mass. She had hoped to obtain her cure at this solemn moment, but God wished to try her faith. Though a little discouraged, she still continued to pray with confidence.

After Mass she was allowed to venerate the holy relic, and at the same moment she experienced something extraordinary and inexplicable. She felt that she was cured and able to rise and walk. In her transport, she began to cry aloud, to weep, to talk without well knowing what she said or did. Then she rose and began to walk, to the great astonishment of those who witnessed the miracle.

The news of this astonishing cure was brought the same day to the Hospital of the Sacred Heart, where they had earnestly supplicated that the prayers of this good girl might be heard. There was great excitement in the house the next evening, when they saw the poor patient of the day before, leave her carriage with ease before reaching the Hospital, and approaching alone and on foot, to give to all a proof of her cure. All congratulated her, while she could not sufficiently thank her benefactors for their prayers to which she humbly attributed the favor which she had obtained.

Shortly after, it was time for evening prayers in the chapel, and Miss Lapointe went thither, and knelt like all the others who were present. They sang in thanksgiving that popular chant so often repeated with joy and fervor by grateful pilgrims:

"Receive, St. Anne, on this happy day  
"The homage thy grateful children pay."

Abbé Chs. TRUDEL.

**THREE REMARKABLE CURES**(June 24th, 26th, 27th, 1890.)

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The Following Statement is from the Pen of one of the Redemptorist Fathers of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

The season of regularly organized pilgrimages to St. Anne de Beaupré resumed its course in June last. The glorious protectress of Canada was not long in responding to the confidence of the numerous pilgrims. She has already deigned to manifest her bounty and her influence by striking favors.

On Tuesday, June 24, among the pious pilgrims of Granby, was a young lady, Miss M. L. RICHARD, of St. Ephrem, township of Upton. For the past fifteen years she had been infirm, and unable to walk without crutches. She had made a previous pilgrimage without improving her condition. Miss Richard seemed to lose confidence in St. Anne, and long showed towards her a feeling of indifference for which she now feels sorry. Inwardly solicited to make a second pilgrimage, she bound herself towards St. Anne by a very serious promise, including an engagement for life, if she were to obtain her recovery.

St. Anne would not be surpassed in generosity.

After having received Holy Communion in the Basilica, the afflicted pilgrim went to wash her infirm limb in the fountain of St. Anne. Her first feeling was one of a very acute pain, but it quickly vanished. It was the signal of her recovery.

Miss Richard began to walk easily, without her crutches, and went to the church, with her

friends, to pour forth her prayers with her tears of gratitude at the foot of the statue of good St. Anne. The congregation, deeply impressed, shared in her emotions, her piety, her happiness. She left her crutches in the sanctuary as a token of her gratitude.

II. On Thursday, June 26, Miss LOUISE LEBLANC, of l'Épiphanie, who belonged to the edifying pilgrimage of Joliette, was cured of an infirmity from which she had been suffering for the past nine or ten months. A knee seriously diseased and heretofore incurable obliged her to use crutches. She recovered, before the eyes of the affected and wonder-stricken pilgrims, the ease and facility of an ordinary gait. Miss Leblanc offered her crutches as an "ex-voto" to St. Anne.

III. On Friday, June 27, the pilgrimage of Boucherville, directed by the Rev. Mr. Primeau, pastor of the parish, also enjoyed its good share of blessings.

Among the pilgrims might be remarked an infirm man whose condition inspired compassion. His name was SIMEON GODHOUSE, of St. Cyrien, (Napierville). At the age of 50 years, he was afflicted with a very painful disease in the loins and legs, which had resisted the attendance of five physicians and a treatment of four months at the Hôtel-Dieu (hospital) of Montreal. From the boat to the church of St. Anne he had to be helped by two men. Immediately after having received Holy Communion, he felt he was cured, and he returned to his seat without the aid of his crutches. Hundreds of persons have seen him walk about repeatedly to renew the proof of his recovery. He, too, left his crutches at the foot of the statue of his merciful Benefactress.

Praise and gratitude to St. Anne!

## CURE OF MR. OVIDE BOIVIN

of Eboulements, P.Q.

(June, 1890.)

This Miraculous Cure is Related by the Favored Person and  
Attested by the Parish-Priest.

Mr. EDITOR,

Allow me to publish in your esteemed review the relation of an altogether miraculous cure wrought at St. Anne de Beaupré.

For several years past, my right eye had been seriously affected, so much so that I had almost completely lost the use of it. From time to time, I wore goggles to guard against the intense sunlight. In May 1890, the left eye became affected in a remarkable manner. During eight days I suffered the most atrocious pain. I tried medicine for a month, but without any benefit; the evil increased, and I completely lost the sight of my left eye.

Being the father of a large family, I felt somewhat disheartened at the sad prospect of a life-long blindness; but I resolved to have recourse to St. Anne. We commenced a novena, and a High Mass was chanted at Eboulements, with a general communion of the whole family at the end of the novena. I spent seven more days enduring the same pain; on the eighth day, the pain disappeared, but the light came not yet. On the ninth day, I was able to assist at High Mass, and receive Holy Communion with all the members of my household. The pain had quite gone away, and I could see light enough to guide myself. Our good parish-priest, knowing the wants of my family,

exhorted me to revive my confidence and to undertake a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré. I promised to do so, and five days later, I set out accompanied by my wife.

Reaching Beaupré on the 23rd of June, we received Holy Communion on the 24th, and after a few moments spent in the church, I could ascertain that the light was growing more visible to my suffering eyes. On the 25th, we communicated a second time, and the light grew clearer and clearer.

I left my spectacles at St. Anne's and I returned home without requiring to use them any more. Since that time, I can read and write without spectacles, thanks to the great protectress of our Province. I shall never cease thanking her for her kindness.

OVIDE BOIVIN.

**Attestation of the Parish Priest.**

Good St. Anne, always exhaustless in her charity, has rewarded in Mr. Boivin his firm confidence, and it was at the moment when all seemed hopeless that she manifested her power.

I therefore certify that the above statements are perfectly exact, and, in witness thereof, I willingly deliver the present certificate. The improvement in his sight continues.

Praise be to St. Anne our mother !

L. E. LAURIOT, P.P.



## CURE OF SISTER MATTHEW

of Chicago. U. S.

(July 26th, 1890.)

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The Following is a Letter from Rev. Father Malo, Indian Missionary, and an Eye-witness of the Cure.

Rev. Dear Editor,

In the form of an "ex-voto" to my great protectress St. Anne, as an expression of heart-felt thanksgiving to the good Lord, I beg of your kindness to publish in your edifying "Annals" of Good St. Anne the following genuine facts, as a glorious proof of the Saint's special protection on all those who apply to her for assistance.

Last July a saintly nun of the order of the Sisters of Mercy, came a thousand miles, from the mother-house in Chicago, to the Indian Mission of St. Anne's, at Turtle Mountain, N. Dakota. This courageous Sister was a consumptive so far gone, that she had to halt and rest for several days on her way, in order to reach the much desired end of her long journey.

To the skillful care and renowned ability of Doctors in Chicago she preferred her intimate trust in the power of good St. Anne. To this place well chosen for a summer resort she had been invited by her dear friends, the Sisters of the same Order of Mercy, who are here in charge of a large Chipewewa Indian mission school. Soon after the arrival of the sick Sister and her most devoted companion-Sister, an evening service for the solemn Novena in preparation to the great Feast of St. Anne, July 26, was begun by the whole community, Sisters and pupils, to the number of 150 Indian

children, who can pray and sing well on any such occasion. They surely did all their best ; and it was well understood by all that these good prayers and canticles were daily offered in honor of good St. Anne for the happy return to health and strength of our dear sick friend visitor, Sister Matthew. Our ardent prayers during the novena to our great Patron-Saint had hardly begun to be offered up, when on a fortunate morning, our sick friend declared to have been most refreshed and strengthened from a wonderfully good sleep she had enjoyed that very night before, instead of the miserable sleeplessness caused by night sweats ; a keen appetite had also come back again.

She even felt strong enough to walk by herself to the pretty little community chapel for the six o'clock Mass ; it was a communion-day for the nuns, and she happily received with all the others during that Holy Mass offered for her special intention. From that day the much comforted Sister kept steadily improving in health and strength till the end of the novena. On the great feast-day of St. Anne, July 26, a general communion of the most joyous thanksgiving, by all Sisters and pupils, was heartily offered to the Divine Lord, who vouchsafes so mercifully to hear the prayers of the little and humble, and honors so generously His dearest Saints. In my opinion, shared by the community of the twelve Sisters of this Mission, this most sudden recovery from the last stage of consumption of Sister Matthew, is a "miracle" obtained through the powerful protection and prayers of our great St. Anne.

Sister Matthew immediately wrote back to Chicago, to her dear Rev. Mother Geneviève and the community, to tell them the happy tidings of her miraculous return to health ; which wonderful news was only fully believed when she arrived



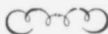
in person and spoke for herself to her rejoiced and thankful community, relatives and friends.

On the first of Sept. Sister Matthew began, and continues to-day, to teach a class of 40 boys, in her dear mission of St. Gabriel, Wallace street, Chicago.

Last Sunday, in the joyous concourse of five or six hundred good and pious Chippewa Indians, was blessed and installed as an altar-piece in the humble stubble-roofed little chapel of St. Anne, a superb full-size statue of good St. Anne and the little Virgin Infant. This is a munificent gift as an "ex-voto" of the generous Sister Matthew.

May the good Lord bless her with a long and useful life for her piety, and exceeding charity towards our poor but dear Indian Mission of St. Anne of Turtle Mountain, N. Dakota.

Father MAI,O,  
Chaplain and Indian Missionary.



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## Conversion of a Protestant Lady

from Ontario.

(August, 1890.)

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The Following Narrative is from the Pen of the Convert, who  
Became a Catholic at the Shrine, after having  
Witnessed the Miraculous Cure of  
Her Brother-in-law,

My brother-in-law, JOHN HARDING, was slowly dying from cancer in the tongue. Medical skill far and near had been procured, but we could scarcely expect to succeed in curing that which had baffled the physicians of a German ruler and an American hero.

Where could we seek for new assistance ?

Just then, my little niece, Mamie, came running into the room, holding a headless doll tightly to her breast.

"Darling", her mother said, "I thought you were minding papa for a little while ?"

"Papa is saying his prayers, and says he does not need me."

Out from the lips of a child came wisdom: did not "need" the company of his beloved child ; he had some one better, and my sister's eyes met mine, with perhaps the one thought : "why not call in the aid of Heaven ?"

We came of a staunch old Presbyterian stock, and terrible was the shock when my sister Annie, the pet of our father's house joined the enemy by marrying a Catholic. Her name was prohibited in the home formerly so full of her bright presence ; and no communication held for years, till it was proven by her actions, that, though with them,

she was not of them, but had remained true to the Auld Kirk ; then I was allowed to go with a flag of truce, to find her sorrow-stricken over her husband's incurable disease.

I found him a good man, as far as the world goes, caring for his wife and family with the many comforts which money can give ; but I soon saw there was a something wanting to make this home, containing a model father and devoted mother, almost perfect, and this was one religion.

"Why could he not make her God his God ? Had she not given up more for him ? So I thought, ...and, picking up my Testament, opened at random, I read, "Ask and you shall receive." That must be the meaning of little Mamie's words "Papa was saying his prayers."

That same evening, as Annie and I were seated by her husband's couch, a young man entered. He was John's partner in a cigar factory, and was generally considered one of the most clever and upright business-men in the city, though he was a follower of "the man of sin."

In the course of conversation, he, Mr. Milne, suggested John taking a trip down the St. Lawrence, among the Thousand Islands as far as Quebec, and, further, to St. Anne's, if he felt able.

My sister caught eagerly at the idea and urged John to go, saying she "too would enjoy seeing the old historic city and also her namesake, St. Anne's." Strange she had never heard of it before.

Two weeks later, behold us, a party of five, en-route for St. Anne's. We went by rail to Kingston, and there, taking the steamer Sardinia, started off one glorious August morning...

The boat was crowded, and as my nephew, Jack, and I were drinking in the only too swiftly passing beauty, Mr. Milne came towards us in the

company of a gentleman with a clean-shaven face, dressed in black clerical-cut suit, edged with the ominous little round collar, and introduced him as "Father Coady."

With a mental prayer against Jesuitical temptations (for I thought every priest was a Jesuit or wolf in sheep's clothing), I reluctantly entered into conversation, and found myself listening with keen interest to the pithy remarks of this scholarly and withal courteous priest, on men, women, and books, especially the latter, and so we parted. I always remember his half-request, half-injunction to me, as I stood, my hands full of the tourist's usual complement of frothy novels, to "try and read one less of these, and one more of a higher standard."

But now I felt Jack's hand clutch mine to "steady me," he said in a manly tone, but I think it was to steady himself, for our boat was commencing to ride the Lachine Rapids. The Indian pilot, who seems to be immortal, boarded her, and we held our breath, as up and down, in and out, with terrible lurches, she kept her own.

Near me a pretty girlish voice was repeating :

"Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past."

when, God in Heaven ! What is that ?

A man, in his excited forgetfulness, leaned over the side to watch one mountainous wave of raging foam, and losing his balance went down. As well try to rescue a ball of snow from out a boiling cauldron. One awful moment the white face looked up, and there rang out, even above the terrible roar of the waters :

"Lord, have mercy on me."

And I saw the courtly priest who seemed so much like other men, with one hand raise his hat, and with the other make a mysterious sign in the

air ; but I did not know "then" that he was placing a beacon-light to guide a soul between the rocks of eternal death.

The man over-board was Mr. Milne, and with him sank a short-lived dream of mine.

My brother-in-law being in his state-room, did not hear the commotion, and when we landed at Montreal the priest only told him his friend was called away suddenly, but hoped to meet him at another port.

The sun was setting on Montreal as we passed, that beautiful city ; and rising again as we entered Quebec, through one of the finest harbours in the world, lying at the foot of this Gibraltar of Canada.

At six o'clock next morning, with our eyes closed at the corners, we were on board the little boat which was to convey us down to La Bonne Ste. Anne, as the people persisted in dressing up our destination. I heard many of the passengers regretting they had not gone the previous day, as there had been a pilgrimage from New-York, and a wonderful cure effected. So it was a Catholic shrine we were travelling to, where the sick were said to be made whole. Like a flash the truth burst upon me, that this was why Mr. Milne had been so eager for John to come, and lost his life thereby.

Going into the cabin I chanced to raise my eyes, and there hung a cross with the Figure. Surely I was in a strange land, and what was this old quietness among so voluble a people ? Some seemed to be counting an endless number of little beads of all colors, whilst others read with intent earnestness little books. I asked Jack if the latter were Bibles, and he laughed and said, "Yes, a translation," but even he appeared disinclined to talk. Just then his father came out of an inner

room saying the priest would hear him now.

My brother-in-law's face was feverish and his eyes unnaturally bright as if trying to repress some intense excitement, and I saw many a brown lined face soften as they whispered :

"We will pray to the Good St. Anne for you," and he smiled a grateful answer, as if they had promised some new remedy for his pain...

It was a delightful sail of twenty-one miles, past Montmorency Falls, by little white hamlets that made Goldsmith's sweet couplets keep time to the ploughing of the boat.

I see all rushing to the bow, and up goes a glad cry "La Bonne Ste. Anne."

I also see the older John catch the younger by the hand, barring out the unbelieving wife and mother.

She and I stand apart, feeling a strange shyness creep over us, as "guests without the wedding garment."

Not a word is spoken, as, quietly and orderly all quit the boat. John has to be carried to the carriage, for my sister whispers to me, "he and Jack refused to eat any breakfast."

Here and there, as we go along, I notice in the open gardens the statue I am becoming familiar with, and, as we draw up to the fine stone edifice, I see the bowed form and withered womanly face of Joachim's holy spouse, looking down from a statue of golden make.

As we enter, on either side, stand two huge circular racks, reaching from ceiling to floor, with tier after tier completely filled with crutches of every form and design, telling a sad story of the ills that flesh is heir to. In the centre aisle again I meet La Bonne Ste Anne, her whole pedestal hung with costly offerings.

Midway in the church we took a seat, and

Annie and I sat, whilst the father and his son knelt, and with bowed, reverent heads, assisted at the very silent service going on at the altar.

The deep-toned organ seemed to be the only friend I met, for it was voicing the strange thoughts numbing my brain and softening my heart.

But now there is a stir in this motionless congregation, for there comes the tinkle of a sweet-sounding bell.

Still lower bow those reverent heads, even Annie doing likewise, but mine seems to go up higher... there is a gleam of white above the bent head of the priest, and, how is this? mine goes down, to my lips spring the words from I know not where: "I believe, O Lord, help Thou my unbelief." And I did not raise it till there sounded a louder peal of the same bell, and I saw father and son passing out, following up the crowd and kneeling round the altar-rail, till that self-same "gleam of white" rested like a dove on each cleansed tongue.

More silent worship. The priest's hand raised in the same form as that made over the closing waters of the dying Milne, a fervent kiss pressed on that abstract "form" changed into wooden, with a centre of some fragments. And as grateful voices ring out a "Te Deum" over one more favor obtained through La Bonne Ste Anne, I knew that John was cured, that George Milne did not die in vain, and a soul sick unto death with the sure cancer of unbelief is made whole, as with humbled heart I give up the fight and acknowledge, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the Forgiveness of sins, Resurrection of the body and life everlasting. Amen."

## CURE OF MISS LAMARCHE

of St. John the Baptist, Montreal.

(July, 1891.)

This Cure is Told by the Favored Person Herself, and Attested  
by the Parish-Priest, who was an Eye-witness Thereof.

Rev. Father,

St. Anne did me a great favor once, and, with your permission, Rev. Father, I desire to take advantage of your kindness to render public homage to the power of our great Thaumaturga, and to help me in thanking her. I will relate the facts simply as I know them, and as I believe them to be true. It is a testimony that I bear in all sincerity of mind, and with overflowing heart. I leave to others who are holier and more learned than I, I mean those who have authority to decide such grave questions, to judge, if necessary, what name should be given to the favor which St. Anne conferred upon me.

In 1891, I was eighteen years old. At thirteen years of age, I had fallen down a staircase of three or four steps, and my right foot had since been crippled. For two years, the injury become worse; I could hardly walk without a crutch and a cane, and even then with much difficulty. For two years also, I was under the care of able physicians; but their efforts had been fruitless, and I continued to be lame.

In July 1891, the pastor of the parish where I lived and still live, Rev. Mr. M. Auclair, of St. John the Baptist, Montreal, organized, as he does every year, and always with success, a pilgrimage of married and young ladies to Ste Anne de Beau-



pré. I resolved to go, my pastor approved of it, and blessed my resolution. My doctor, to whom I spoke of it, was not opposed to it, but he told me I could not be cured. I had so much confidence in the goodness of the mother of Mary, that I answered, showing him a slipper, that I would put it on my lame foot at Ste Anne's and that, in spite of the assertions of science, I would return cured.

I prepared for the momentous journey by a novena. During the voyage, from Montreal to Beaupré, I suffered a great deal. At St. Anne's, I had to be carried to the church, for I could not walk alone. At the Communion, I had to be brought to the Holy Table in the same manner. I had always great confidence, for which I again thank him who knows so well how to direct my will. His prayers were to be heard, and my confidence was not to be in vain. After receiving the Blessed Host, I felt myself cured, suddenly, completely cured. I told those who assisted me to let me return alone to my place. I suffered no more pain. How did that happen? I know nothing about it. Or rather, I know that I felt at that blessed moment, one of the sweetest emotions of my lifetime! Never will I forget it.

After Mass and thanksgiving, near the spring that flows not far from the old chapel of Beaupré, I recited aloud the last part of the rosary, in the midst of a number of relations and friends who wept with joy. I went from the church to the steamer without fatigue though perhaps with a little hesitation; it was so long since I had walked so easily. St. Anne had thus allowed me to fulfil my prediction, and my physician was destined to be not a little surprised on seeing on my foot the slipper I had showed him.

On the steamer, all the pilgrims could see the change that had taken place in me, and all were charitable enough to thank God and St. Anne with me.

Oh ! how happy I was that our Lord had chosen my poor self to manifest, once more, the power of Her who on earth was His glorious ancestress ! How happy I was to proclaim and to prove that the prayers of my good parish-priest, of my relatives, and of my friends had been powerful in Heaven ! For, without a doubt, it is to all the fervent prayers of those who were kind enough to interest themselves in me, that I am indebted for having gained my cause from the great Thaumaturga of Canada.

We are now in 1899. It will soon be eight years since I have walked on my two feet. I have not, for all that, the privilege of never feeling any pain ; but my foot formerly so crippled is perfectly well. I oblige no one to believe me , but I have the right, it seems to me, to know and to say that I do not suffer any more, but that I am completely cured, and also to thank St. Anne.

AZILDA LAMARCHE.

Azilda Lamarche is a niece of mine and I have been an eye-witness of her miraculous cure in the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré. I therefore certify that the above statements are perfectly exact, and in testimony thereof I willingly deliver the present certificate.

M. AUCLAIR, P.P.



## CURE OF MRS. ADAM CLOUTIER

of Montreal, P.Q.

(July, 1891.)

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Relation of One of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Anne de  
Beaupre, and Attestation of the Pastor of the Parish.

St. Anne's arm is not shortened. This summer  
the marks of her power are numberless.

Let your readers judge by the following case  
chosen out of many others equally remarkable.

CELINA CHARTRAND, wife of Adam  
Cloutier, had been completely paralyzed in  
her legs. Four doctors had exhausted all  
the suggestions of the medical art in as-  
sisting her. After three consultations at dif-  
ferent times, they had pronounced her re-  
covery impossible. The insensibility of her limbs  
was such, that she felt no pain when pins were  
inserted into the flesh of her legs and thighs.

In her misfortune, she had recourse to Good  
St. Anne, begging her to restore the use of her  
limbs, so that she might apply herself to the edu-  
cation of her young family. She made a novena  
and undertook a pilgrimage in her honor. At the  
Basilica of St. Anne, she dragged herself to the  
Communion-table with the help of two crutches  
and assisted by two men.

It was there that divine grace lay in store for  
her. It is most often at the moment of Holy Com-  
munion that the power of Heaven manifests itself.  
Does not St. Anne beseech her divine grand-son  
thus to glorify His real presence in the most  
Blessed Sacrament ? And at Beaupré, as well as

at Lourdes, is it not the triumph of the Host-Jesus that is manifested through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of Good St. Anne ?

Hardly has she received the Host when she feels strong enough to stand up alone. When she has reached the statue, she needs her crutches no more. She who for the last two years had been unable to kneel down, was then able to visit the fourteen side-chapels and pray kneeling in each one of them. She walked about freely and went to the store to purchase some articles of devotion.

The pastor of her parish who directed the pilgrimage, came in person to certify her cure.

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### LIII

## CURE OF MRS. LAVIGUEUR

of St. Sauveur, Quebec.

(September 18th, 1891.)

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The Details of this Remarkable Cure were Written by the  
Happy Client of St. Anne, and Confirmed by  
the Certificates of Two Physicians.

I, the undersigned, Mary Arthémise Giroux, wife of James Lavigueur, commercial agent, have suffered during four long years from an affection of the chest. Every winter I was forced to stay in bed during two and sometimes three consecutive months. I had consulted several skilled physicians, among others Dr. Fiset, of St. Sauveur, the parish wherein I reside. That able practitioner carefully attended me during two years ; but, as in March, 1891, through delicacy he considered it proper, in order to spare me any further useless expense, to inform my husband that my disease must inevitably bring me to the grave, during the ensuing autumn at the very latest, I had recourse to another

physician. Dr. Charles Elliott,—my new medical attendant—on perceiving me, could not withhold the following avowal : "Madam, your condition is hopeless, neither I nor any other physician can ever cure you. Nevertheless, if such be your desire, I shall try to give you some relief." As, naturally, I wished to live, I accepted his proposal with gratitude.

The doctor therefore visited me, recommended absolute rest, ordered me to take to my bed, and, as I spat quantities of blood, prescribed the use of ice and cold water. In spite of his constant solicitude, I grew weaker every day ; I was obliged to have two persons to lift me up, so utter was my state of exhaustion. But evidence was too manifest : I soon understood that all hopes of recovering my health must be given up.

The sorrow that this prospect brought me was so great that I hesitate to describe the heart-rending sadness and regret, the anxiety and dread that it caused me. The obligation so painful, yet inevitable for a Christian, then presented itself to my thought. I must prepare for the eternal voyage. My spiritual director warned me to lay aside every temporal care and to think only of my salvation. I promised to conform to the Divine will, and to get ready to receive the last Sacraments. I received the Holy Viaticum on September 12, at 6 o'clock in the morning, and in the evening of the same day, I was anointed.

Seeing that all earthly means were fruitless, I applied to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and of the Precious Blood for a novena of prayers in honor of Good St. Anne. For my part, I vowed to make a pilgrimage every year, on foot, to the shrine of the great Saint, to wear no other jewel than my wedding-ring, and to publish my recovery, should St. Anne graciously hear my prayer.

We began the novena ; several days passed, and brought no signs of recovery. On September 17, at 9 p.m., a great weakness came over me : my relatives and friends were in the room. I felt more violent pains than ever before throughout my long illness ; the sweat of agony moistened my forehead, my feet were as of ice, my hands damp and cold. My husband telephoned to Dr. Elliott ; the doctor immediately arrived, looked at me, and said to those who were present : "She will not live after midnight," And again, before leaving, he unhesitatingly affirmed : "I can do nothing for her ; but a visit from her priest may be advantageous." My husband ran off for my confessor. The Father came, recited the prayers for the dying, and when about to depart, said to my husband : "If she is still alive to-morrow morning and able to swallow, come for me : I shall bring her once more Holy Communion."

The night went by without bringing me the strength either to speak or to move ; however, now and then I enjoyed a moment of consciousness, and I profited of this to prepare to appear before the awful tribunal of God. How much the thought of that dreadful hour awes the poor dying person, especially when he feels the slow approach of the terrible visitor !

Towards 9 o'clock, in the morning of September 18, I was able to receive once more the divine Consoler of the afflicted ; my weakness was such that I had to content myself with a small particle of the Host. At 9 o'clock, I was seized with another fit of weakness. My nurses, unable to quench my thirst and relieve my parched mouth, moistened my lips with a feather dipped in water. At 11 o'clock, the Doctor came in ; he was quite surprised not to find signs of mourning on the door. After having examined me, he said : "Her condi-

tion is the same as last night ; in my opinion, she must die to-day."

Science and experience had spoken, but St. Anne is not bound to respect the decisions of men. At a quarter past one, my nurse came to my bedside and offered me a little brandy and water. I immediately opened my eyes, sat up alone in my bed, and in a loud voice, I exclaimed :—"I am cured, give me my clothes ; I wish to get up"—The emotion of all present was such that they looked at me, but nobody obeyed.—"At least," said I, "recite five times the "Pater" and "Ave" to thank Good St. Anne : St. Anne has cured me."—The assurance of my speech, my joyful countenance, the vigor with which I began and continued praying, threw my husband into a state of trouble bordering on fear ; he was uncertain whether to rejoice or to think I was under the influence of a nervous attack.—To end his embarrassment, he telephoned to the Doctor to come without delay, and went for my Confessor.—On the advice of the latter, I took, for the first time during two years, a bowl of broth with two biscuits. I rose alone, to the great astonishment of the beholders, and with firm step, I went twice round the room. In the mean while, somebody knocked at the door. I went to open it, when in came the Doctor. Great was his surprise to see before him his patient, whom he had left dying at 11 o'clock in the morning and who was cured at 1 o'clock the same day. The poor man could hardly believe his own eyes. He examined me, sounded my lungs, and overjoyed at such a marvellous change, he avows—although he does not enjoy the happiness of being a Catholic—: "She, who has cured you, Madam, is more powerful than I am. Your chest is sound, your lungs healthy, you are strong again for years."

I can attest all the details of this miraculous cure by many witnesses and the certificates of my medical attendants. Moreover, the date of my letter shows that several months have gone by since it happened. Nevertheless, I continue to enjoy good health, and, desirous of keeping my promise, I beg of you, Mr. Editor, to publish my cure in your interesting "Annals."

Mrs. J. LAVIGUEUR.

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**PHYSICIANS' CERTIFICATES.**

I, the undersigned, certify that Mrs. James Lavigueur had been some years in consumption and that both her lungs were attacked. She had reached the last stages of tuberculosis and was utterly incurable. In her extremity she turned towards heaven and is now cured. There is no trace left of her extinction of voice. She has the strength of a person in full health. My treatment contributed nothing towards this sudden change. I could afford her relief; no doctor could cure her.

In acknowledgment of this prodigy I cheerfully sign this certificate.

(Signed)

Charles ELLIOTT, M.D.

This is to certify that Mrs. James Lavigueur, née Marie-Arthemise Giroux, was undergoing medical treatment in March, 1891. At the time I thought her doomed to die of consumption within five or six months at the most.

On the 10th of last November, after due medical examination, I ascertained that there was full and entire cure of the lungs.

From the narrative of the case, the story of her family, and the observations I had made previous to the events of September 18, 1891, I do not hesitate in declaring that I believe there has been a miraculous cure.

In conjunction with Dr. Jolicœur, I visited Mrs. Lavigueur on the 10th of December, 1891, and we both verified the perfectly sound condition of her lungs.

(Signed)

Dr. M. FISET, M.D.L.



## CURE OF MRS. O'HARA

of Dubuque, Iowa, U. S.

(October, 1891.)

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The Following Narrative is from the Pen of the Parish-Priest  
of the Place.

To be grateful is a duty which, though too often neglected, is nevertheless an imperious one. It is but just to thank St. Anne—not only in the solitude of one's soul, but publicly—for a new favor she has recently granted. The person, for whose benefit the miracle—how could I call it otherwise?—was wrought, seeing her trust in St. Anne so bountifully rewarded, insists on proclaiming aloud the marvellous power of her benefactress.

Six years ago, Mrs. MARION O'HARA, of Dubuque, Iowa, was suddenly stricken with palsy. After a long and painful sickness, she nevertheless rallied, but remained in a condition of utter weakness which, besides the continual uneasiness which it caused, often brought on suffering and prostration. Forewarning signs of the return of the malady appeared from time to time, and moreover, all the left side, remaining more or less helpless, was subject to a numbness which went on increasing.

The poor lady's condition was a very sad one, for how could she find life pleasant when one of the chief elements of relative welfare, health, was totally wanting?

In July last, Mrs. O'Hara underwent a fresh attack, more serious than the previous ones. This time she was anointed for death. She prepared,

with a truly Christian spirit, for the eternal voyage. However, it was not yet God's will that she would be called to Him.

She was inspired to appeal to St. Anne whose potent intercession is now so well known in the United States and in Canada. Medical science, besides, could do nothing to relieve her ; for, in spite of the attendance of a practitioner, paralysis made alarming progress. Her appetite had left together with sleep ; the patient was obliged to keep to her bed almost continually, and even then, she was unable to rest on her left side. She rapidly grew weaker, and the diseased part of her body underwent certain changes and phases of depression, the result of which, humanly speaking, was to be irremediable. Her limbs became deformed, her left arm, grown almost lifeless, began to shrivel up. The physician mentioned the necessity of an operation in the head, the success of which he could not warrant ; he was in nowise able to promise a cure to his patient. All her friends and relatives daily expected her death.

One thing alone remained, therefore, to be done : to appeal all trustfully to the protectress of the afflicted, to that worker of miracles whose devotion has spread so rapidly, owing to the numerous prodigies accomplished by her, especially within the space of the last few years.

Accordingly, in October last, Mrs. O'Hara began a novena in honor of St. Anne with the view of obtaining her recovery. Two religious communities, one in Canada, the other in the States, also joined her in this novena.

O agreeable surprise ! On the very first day the patient felt much better. All pain had left her, and—what is more wonderful still—all sign of paralysis. "It is easier to imagine than to express, said she later in the transports of her joy,

what I then felt." On the fourth day, she resolved to try her strength, and worked for several hours. The next day, she who could hardly walk about the house, was able to walk two miles on foot, without the least fatigue. They who had seen her lately in such a state of suffering, were astonished at such a sudden and radical change.

Since then, Mrs. O'Hara has always been well, and quite lately, she wrote as follows: "I am enjoying perfect health, a blessing of which I have been deprived for the last six years!"

One may be naturally unimpressionable, prudent beyond limits, even more or less sceptical. Yet, we must avow, when evidence itself undertakes to convince us. Unless one be an obstinate rationalist, it seems well-nigh impossible to deny that we are here in presence of a fact bearing all the characteristic signs of a miracle: a malady looked upon as beyond cure, and nevertheless cured in a sudden and permanent way. Besides, when we know from experience that this is only the repetition of what has often happened, thanks to the power of St. Anne, we cannot help crying out in the voice of the Prophet: "God is wonderful in His Saints.

Let us praise God for all that He does and let us learn how to show our gratitude towards Him. May this late cure, added to so many others, enhance the glory of St. Anne. May it also serve to fill with a trustful devotion all those who invoke her in prayer. The more we meditate on the design of God, the more we admire their depth. God's action in this case evidently has not for its sole object the complete relief of a sick person, but also the manifestation of that truth so often proved by striking facts: when we ask with confidence, we are sure to be heard. "Petite et accipietis." "Ask and ye shall receive."

(Signed)

Rev. H. BERNIER

**CURE OF THE LITTLE ROSE PARENT**

of Montreal.

(July, 1892.)

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The Details of this Remarkable Cure were Written by Rev.  
L. Lindsay, who was then Editor of the  
"Annals of St. Anne."

This occurred a year ago. The little ROSE PARENT, whom you now see full of life and spirits, cheerfully assisting her mother, was then pale and listless, barely breathing and looking as if the slightest shock would cause dissolution.

For several months a disease difficult to describe but whose violence seemed to be concentrated in the region of the heart, undermined the child's strength and was gradually leading her to an early grave.

Several physicians were called in one after the other, but the result was always the same: little Rose, like her name-sake mentioned by the poet, was to live but the space of a day.

She was the only daughter of a poor widow and consequently her only joy, her only hope. God had already taken her husband from her and was He about to require the sacrifice of her beloved child? To the confident mother this seemed impossible, but her christian soul was already preparing by resignation for the hour of sacrifice and rightly so, for, humanly speaking, the child was doomed beyond a doubt. The illness had so exhausted her strength that she was incapable of the slightest movement; her mother had to carry to her lips the few morsels of food she could swallow and the poor child would frequently faint while her clothes were being changed.

At the commencement of her illness she had been several times to confession to one of the vicars of Notre-Dame, a zealous priest, who visited her to encourage her to be resigned and prepare her for the sacrifice of her life. On the advice of the physician, her confessor had already administered Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum. She had become so weak as to lose her voice. To call her mother she made use of a slight guttural cry, barely audible to other than the maternal ears. For that reason the last confessions were made by signs.

About that time the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament organized a pilgrimage to Ste Anne de Beaupré. As a last resort the mother thought she would take her dear invalid to the feet of St. Anne to preserve her only child; a happy idea which Divine mercy inspired to her maternal faith. The confessor readily approved of the idea; he also was convinced that St. Anne would cure her and stated his confidence to several of his colleagues.

On the eve of the pilgrimage, the child made her confession, still by signs.

To convince himself of her weakness, her confessor made her make the sign of the Cross by lifting her emaciated hand himself to her forehead, to her breast and to each shoulder. He then asked her to complete the sign of the Cross herself, but when he let her hand go, it fell heavily by her side.

The mother was very anxious that the priest should go to the pilgrimage, to contribute by his prayers to its success and be himself a witness of the cure which he hoped would be effected. But increased parochial duties prevented his leaving his post, not without regret, for he dreaded a reproach if the result were unsuccessful.

However God rewarded the faith of the priest, the mother and the child. St. Anne kindly welcomed the pilgrims and sent them back, their prayers granted.

Mrs. Parent had hired, on McGill street, a child carriage with two seats in which her twelve year old daughter could comfortably lie. On reaching St. Anne she took the child to church and wheeled the carriage to the altar-rail so that the child could receive Communion with her.

This was, as on many occasions, the favorable moment. God is pleased to glorify His Divine Son, present under the sacramental elements, by selecting the moment of Communion for manifesting the power of his blessed servants.

The child had hardly received the sacrament when she got out of her little carriage and went joyfully to her astonished mother, saying : "Come here mother so that I may speak to you, for I can speak now."

The report of her cure soon spread amongst the pilgrims and, as ever, caused increased confidence and an outbreak of thanksgiving. The excitement would have been greater if the child had not been unknown to the majority of the pilgrims who came from another parish and joined in this pilgrimage under unusual circumstances.

This is the reason why but little was said of it in the papers of the time.

But he who had known all the phases of the child's illness from the very outset, who had seen her leave in a dying state and whose prayers had followed the child and her mother to the feet of St. Anne, was also destined in an evident and authentic manner to observe, on her return, the manifest action of the hand of God and the powerful intercession of the Saint.

He had barely crossed the threshold of the house before he heard a strange voice saying : "Good day, Mr. P... how are you ?" Not knowing who was speaking, he went towards the room of his little patient. To his great surprise, he found her sitting up, chatting cheerfully, surrounded by her mother and friends who had come to see her and were crying with emotion. Her voice had a peculiar accent and was more like a young man's than a little girl's voice ; a phenomenon probably due to the abnormal condition of the vocal organs after a long illness.

It was considered, and justly so, I think, that this showed the instantaneous nature of the cure at least in substance.

As to the details, everything soon resumed its natural course. Rose's voice is normal, the child is radiant with health and happiness. She can go to school and assists her mother in her household duties. May she, for whom a miracle has been obtained through St. Anne, always bear in mind the benefit she has received and know how to be grateful for it. God requires much from those who have much received.

Whoever wishes to ascertain the authenticity of this account, may hear it from the very lips of the mother and daughter. They reside at No. 317, Commissioners street, Montreal.

L. LINDSAY.



## CURE OF MISS EMMA BEAUDRY

of Portneuf, P. Q.

(September, 1892.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Related by the Parish-Priest and  
Attested by the Local Physician.

Dear Mr. Editor,

One of my parishioners, Miss EMMA BEAUDRY, asks me to communicate the following facts to you, to the honour of our holy and illustrious Patroness.

In May 1890, Miss Beaudry who had for six years been suffering from a serious internal disease, could not rise from her bed which she had kept all winter, when her physician Dr. Wilbrenner advised her to go to the Hôtel-Dieu in Quebec, to obtain the special care which the pitiful state of her health required. Being unable to stand, she was with difficulty removed to Quebec where she spent two months, following the prescription of Drs. Lemieux and Ahern, under the direction of the good Sisters.

She had several times to undergo a medical examination, the invariable conclusion being that an operation was as necessary to save her from certain death as it was difficult to perform, on account of the exhaustion of the patient.

It was finally decided to perform the dreaded operation; but the idea had to be at once abandoned as it was admitted that it was impossible for it to be successful.

The able physicians then recommended that she should endeavour to regain her strength in the air of her native place and surrounded by her family, during the months of July and August, in the



hope that she would afterwards be able to undergo the operation which could alone effect her cure.

This wise counsel was followed. Miss Beaudry who was carried back to her home in a chair, had, in the month of September, recovered sufficient strength to be able to stand and walk a little, so her friends prepared to bring her back to Quebec.

Nevertheless the young invalid submitted with difficulty to the wishes of her family. Nothing could be more repugnant to her than the examinations and operations with which she was again threatened. In the midst of her anxieties, she thought she could not do better than leave her fate in the hands of St. Anne, praying her to preserve her from the trial which she dreaded and promising, if her prayers were granted, to make a novena in the sanctuary of Beaupré and to publish in the "Annals" the favour granted to her.

Her prayer was hardly ended before a sudden change occurred at the very seat of the disease.

The internal tumour, the removal of which was to be so perilous if not fatal, commenced to dissolve of itself and all pain disappeared never to return.

Since then Miss Beaudry has always enjoyed excellent health. After fulfilling the first part of her promise, the novena at the sanctuary of St. Anne, she was anxious to fulfil the second part, the publication of the favour obtained, a duty which circumstances beyond her control have until now prevented her from accomplishing.

The favored supplicant of St. Anne begs the readers of the "Annals" to be good enough to unite with her in thanking the great Saint for the cure she has granted her and also for the extraordinary spiritual graces which she received at the same time through her powerful intercession.

A. CINQ-MARS, Priest.

I, the undersigned, Auguste Wilbrenner, physician, certify that Miss Emma Beaudry is in perfect health and, having treated her for several years, I consider her perfect cure as something extraordinary, considering the nature of the illness from which she suffered at the time.

Auguste WILBRENNER, M.D.

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LVII

## CURE OF MISS NELLIE GOLDEN

of Oswego, N.Y.

(July, 1893.)

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The Details of this Cure were Received from the Lips of Rev. Father Fievez, C.S.S.R., by a Pilgrim who Communicated them to the Editor of the "Annals,"

The following is not a fancied miracle, but an authentic fact witnessed by hundreds.

Among the numerous pilgrims who came from Oswego, this week, to St. Anne de Beaupré, was a young girl aged fifteen, named NELLIE GOLDEN.

Six years ago, she accidentally fell striking her left knee against an iron rail. The fall caused a considerable luxation, which the most skilled physicians were powerless to reduce. It even seemed as if the remedies of human art only aggravated the evil. After trying everything that her parents' love could suggest, the young girl seemed incurable, she became infirm and was obliged to use a crutch to walk.

Nellie reached St. Anne on Wednesday last. Her last night spent on the pilgrims' train, was a se-

ries of long hours of atrocious suffering, that made her utter heart-rending cries, and drew from her travelling-companions tears of sympathy.

At last, after a long night of unspeakable pain, she has reached the end of her journey ; she is in the venerated sanctuary of the great worker of miracles. She drags herself along painfully with the help of her crutch, and suffering more than ever, she confesses and receives Holy Communion. It was at that moment that St. Anne manifested her credit with the Almighty. Nellie felt herself completely cured ! She left her crutch at the foot of the statue and went, without any assistance whatever, to take a seat in one of the pews of the Basilica. After her act of thanksgiving, which was a long hymn of love and gratitude addressed to the mother of the Immaculate Virgin, she went out of the church unaided, and, with the firm step of a person who has never been infirm, after which she briskly walked up the 28 steps of the "Scala Santa !"

I see from here the hideous grin of our puny free-thinkers on reading these facts ; but what avails their ignoble smile against the three or four hundred witnesses of this miraculous cure ?

I have received these details from the lips of Rev. Father Fiévez, one of the Redemptorists attending the Basilica of Ste Anne de Beaupré.

A. PILGRIM.



## CURE OF GEORGE DAIGLE

of Montreal.

(August, 1893.)

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The Following Statement is from the Pen of an Eye-witness of  
the Facts which he Relates.

Never yet since the working of miraculous cures by the mother of the Virgin Mary was commenced in Canada, have there been such numerous and so largely attended pilgrimages to the Shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupré, as during the present summer. Within the last two months there have been on an average from 1,000 to 5,000 pilgrims a day at "La Bonne Ste-Anne," as the shrine is affectionately termed by the French Canadian pilgrims, and often on Sundays, the number has exceeded 10,000. They come from all parts of the United States, as well as of Canada. The pilgrimage to the shrine last week of the congregation of the Oblate Fathers of Montreal, was marked by the occurrence of a number of miracles. The most astonishing was the sudden cure of Georges Daigle, a workingman, 44 years of age and residing at 299. Montcalm street. Daigle had suffered from partial paralysis for seven years. During the last three years he had been unable to work and since the month of May last had completely lost the power of moving his legs. No later than July 26 last, Dr. F. G. Finley, of the Montreal general hospital, gave Daigle this certificate :

I certify that George Daigle has been under the care of the physicians of this institution. He suffers from paralysis of the legs and is unable to

walk. He desires to obtain any employment which will permit him to work seated.

Fred. G. FINLEY, M.D.  
Montreal General Hospital.

When he arrived at the wharf in Montreal from which the boat was to leave for St. Anne's, he was unable to go on board himself and had to be carried by two of his neighbors, and at St. Anne's he had similarly to be carried off the steamer. After praying for some time in the church, he begged to be carried to St. Anne's fountain in front of the church. Here he bathed his legs and feet for some time and at the Communion he was carried to the holy Table, and as soon as he had communicated, found himself able to walk alone to the fountain, whence, after again bathing his limbs, he succeeded in climbing, on his knees, without assistance, all the steps of the "Scala Santa," followed by hundreds of people, many of them friends and neighbors of his own, some of whom were moved to tears by the spectacle. He walked down them without assistance, and stated that on his way up his strength came gradually back to his limbs, and that he was absolutely free from all the pain that he had suffered night and day for so long a time past. He claims too, that when his disease was pronounced incurable by Drs. Finnie, Molson, Debannel, Stewart and Finley, he believed at once from what he had heard before that St. Anne would cure him.

AN EYE-WITNESS.



## CURE OF THREE PILGRIMS

from Picton Ont.

(September 14th, 1893.)

The Details of these Cures were written by One of the Redemptorist Fathers of St Anne de Beaupre.

Although the season of pilgrimages is drawing near its end, Good St. Anne continues to perform miracles. No less than three yesterday the 14th September. I send you a concise report, so that you may publish it if you think proper and thereby still further increase the confidence in our great Thaumaturga.

The first miracle was in the case of a little boy whose legs were affected and who had to use crutches. He came to St. Anne with two crutches, but he left them there and went back quite cured.

The second was in the case of a young man of twenty, from Picton, Ont. His whole body was attacked by disease and he was reduced to a state of great weakness. After having in vain consulted several physicians, he at last placed himself under the care of a specialist, who did his best for him, but could not cure him or even perceptibly alleviate his sufferings. But he had great confidence in Good St. Anne. He resolved to make the pilgrimage at any risk, heedless of the length or expense of the journey. He reached here some days ago, with all the other pilgrims. The appearance of his body was that of a Lazarus, for he was literally covered with bandages from his head to his feet, under his outer clothing. He prayed fervently throughout the whole time the pilgrimage lasted. He allowed his companions to return and remained behind to pray until he was cured. His confidence

was not in vain. Yesterday morning, he suddenly felt quite cured and took off his bandages which made quite an apparatus. These were hung up before the statue of Good St. Anne, as a new trophy amidst all the others of this year.

Finding himself cured, the young man came to the sacristy to give an account of it. Then he went to an elderly lady who was destined to be the third person in whose favour a miracle was performed. This lady who had for some time been partially paralyzed and unable to walk without crutches, had undertaken the journey only at the repeated instances and stimulated by the confidence of the young man. Leaving her family and prepared to suffer, she also came from Picton, Ont., and remained after the departure of the other pilgrims. The young man went to her and in his happiness told her about his cure. He added, smilingly: "Now that I require nothing more for myself I will pray for you. Pray also yourself with confidence." This was St. Anne's reply to their prayers. The lady went to receive Communion and hardly had the consecrated Host touched her tongue when she felt her paralysis leave her completely.

Beside herself with joy at finding herself cured, she went to the chapel of the Holy Family where she was soon surrounded by a group of persons who congratulated and rejoiced with her, I may even say who wept with her, but their tears were tears of joy.. One of the Fathers was attracted to the spot by the noise. When he learned that it was a miracle, he wished to make sure for himself and he sent the lady to the sacristy under the pretext of writing her name (J. Kirwin) in the register and of explaining her cure. This she did, standing, without either crutches or stick. She also had de-

cided to remain until she was cured. Finding herself cured, she started to carry the glad tidings to her family.

This lady was converted from Protestantism a few years ago. There is no doubt that this was her reward. May this example open the eyes of her former co-religionists !

Let us thank and love Good St. Anne. Let us pray to her ; she will always assist us.

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LX

CURE OF MRS. N. JUBINVILLE

of St. Joseph, Manitowish.

(December 19th, 1893. )

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Relation Written by the Favored Person, and Confirmed by the  
Parish-Priest, who was an Eye-witness of the Cure.

I had been suffering for three or four years from a very serious illness. I was attended by the best physicians who gave me some relief, but it did not last. They said I would never recover and the illness got worse and worse. Throughout my sickness, I did not forget St. Anne. About the middle of last December, my illness was at its worst. The physicians could no longer give me any relief. I received the last sacraments in the night of the 15th December, and my death was hourly expected. I remained four days in that condition, and at the end of that time I suffered horribly and was so weak that I could not turn my head nor move my hands. Considering that my end had come, I had myself turned with my face to the wall on which hung a picture of St. Anne. I had a medal of St.



Anne, which I had placed on my head, and I asked the persons present to be good enough to say the rosary to my intention. I no longer expected to be cured, but I thought that before the rosary was ended I would be judged. I was mistaken, for before the rosary was ended, I was cured. The parish priest was sent for in all haste ; they thought he would arrive too late to see me alive. He came to see my cure. When the prayer was ended, I sat up in my bed to the great astonishment of all present. After having the necessary clothing handed to me, I got up and walked about the house ; I sat down and conversed with those present, namely : Mrs. Joseph Jubinville, Mrs. Trefilé Davault, Miss Barnabé. From that time, I have done my work without any assistance. Eternal gratitude to St. Anne !

Mrs. Narcisse JUBINVILLE

I, the undersigned, can certify that from what I have heard and seen with my own eyes, the above facts are perfectly true.

N. PELLETIER, P.P.



**CURE OF MRS. CHARLES LAROSE**

of Ottawa, Ont.

(1893.)

This Cure is Related by the Favored Person Herself, and  
Attested by the Local Physician ; Besides it Bears the  
Signature of Several Witnesses.

It is now three years since I made my first pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, in the hope of being cured of a trouble of the heart from which I suffered for about ten years. There was a swelling on my left side under the heart. I could not touch or press it, it was so sore inside, and there was a constant bealing pain around my heart. The least exertion caused flushes of heat and weakness and my breath was very short. I could not walk any distance, I often slept in a chair, for I thought I would smother if I lay down. I consulted several physicians but received no benefit whatever. The opinion they came to, after a consultation, was that I had fatty degeneration of the heart, and my physician, the late Dr. O'Brien, prescribed medicine to remove the fat, but it proved too strong for my constitution, so he said nothing could be done but to take out door exercise ; but that was almost impossible, as I could not walk a block without resting and my limbs and feet were swollen. Thanks to Good St. Anne for her powerful intercession, after venerating the relic and having it applied to my heart, I was cured. On my return the next morning, I found that the swelling was gone. I continued to improve, the swelling also left my limbs, and shortly after I walked four miles without experiencing any of my former trouble. Sympathizing

friends joined me in a novena and Mass of thanksgiving and now gladly testify to the truth of the foregoing. I can also say now that my cure is permanent.

Mrs. Charles LAROSE.

Having attended Mrs. Larose during her protracted illness, I declare that the above statement is correct in all its details.

A. PAILLIER, M.D.

Witnesses : Mrs. John O'Leary, Mrs. Hugh McCullough, Mrs. John O'Reilly, Mrs. Jn. Larose, Miss M. Leyden.

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LXII

## CURE OF MISS JOSEPHINE LAVOIE

of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

(May 1st, 1894.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Told by the Happy Recipient of St. Anne's Favor, and Attested by both the Pastor and Physician of the Place.

Since childhood, I have always been sickly and frequently suffered from headache.

In the year 1891, about the month of March, when I was 16 years old, I had an attack of grippe. After that my health became very weak and every year I had to keep my bed for several weeks.

At the beginning of last March, I was so weak that I could do nothing and remained all the time sitting in an easy chair. A hacking cough which caused intolerable pain in my head, chest and

sides, never left me, day or night, and for some time I spat blood. Death seemed near and I desired it, to join my sister and brother who had been carried off by phthisis and had gone to a better world.

My parents and all the family, seeing that all the medical remedies which had long been tried were vain, prayed with confidence to the great Thaumaturga of the Canadians and made three consecutive novenas with me.

On Monday, the 30th April last, my confessor came to see me at half past four in the afternoon ; three weeks before that, I had left my easy chair and was confined to my bed. I expressed to the Reverend Father the great wish I had to be able to venerate St. Anne's relic ; he willingly complied with my request and let me have it till the following day. What happiness for me ! I thought that this tender Mother might cure me and take away the violent cough which continued to afflict me. After the departure of the priest, I prayed to my glorious Saint saying repeatedly :

"Oh ! Good Saint Anne, stop me from coughing, and cure me." My request was granted, notwithstanding my unworthiness. Whenever I felt any pain, I at once applied the holy relic, and the pain went away. It was about half past five in the evening when I felt that I was getting better. A few minutes after, I ate some meat and potatoes, which I had been unable to do for a long time. About half past eight, I felt asleep and slept until seven in the morning. It was my mother herself who, on her return from Mass, came to awake me. Never had I slept so soundly.

I was resuscitated, radically cured. On that day, the 1st May, I sat at table with the family, ate, like others, with a good appetite.

I have now been cured for over a month ; my health is excellent and I know by experience what good health means.

I no longer have any headache, the cough has gone away : the whole illness has disappeared. I can do my household work and study without any inconvenience. God be praised ! Glory and gratitude to powerful St. Anne !—

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#### MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

The astonishing cure of my niece, Josephine Lavoie, compels me to admit that Good St. Anne is alone wiser than all of us physicians of the Faculty.

My niece is a young girl of seventeen.

This spring, she was attacked by a series of symptoms in the side of the chest, with a complication of anæmia and dyspepsia which left no doubt in my mind that her illness would soon have a fatal ending, especially as her eldest brother died last year under the same circumstances.

After having employed all the resources of modern medicine, syrups of hypophosphites, creosote of beechwood, sulphate of atropine, &c., I had to admit to myself that the disease was following its course fatally and would eventually end in the grave.

Thereupon my niece resolved to give up all idea of human aid and to place herself solely under the protection of St. Anne, whose sanctuary is quite close to her home.

This was about a month ago.

Well, it is my duty to state in all sincerity that Miss Lavoie is to-day as well as she was before the manifestation of the first symptoms of the serious affection of the chest which brought her so near to death.

If this result be slightly humiliating for the earthly physician, it is assuredly very glorious for the Great Curer of On-High.

Eugène DICK, M.D.

### **Testimony of the Parish-Priest.**

During the visits which I regularly paid to the dear patient whose cure is the subject matter of these relations, I was in a position to observe the rapid progress of the fell disease which had already carried off her brother and her sister in succession. I was convinced that without supernatural aid she would not live to see the summer. When I left the relic of St. Anne with her, at the end of the novena, I told her that I hoped that she herself would open the door when next I visited her ; she promised to do so and she kept her word. In fact, she came to meet me the next day ; she was cured. Glory and gratitude to St. Anne !

J. TIELEN, Parish priest

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### **LXIII**

## **CURE OF SISTER MARIE**

of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal.

(July 14th, 1894.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Told by the Rev. Mother Superior of the Community, Confirmed by the Attestation of One of the Physicians of the Hotel Dieu.

Reverend Father,

I have delayed in sending you the details which you expected with reference to the cure of our dear Sister Marie.

The delay is due to the fact that I was very anxious to send you at the same time a certificate from the physician who attended her. He was here when the pilgrimage returned from St. Anne de Beaupré, and he did not hesitate to say that there was something supernatural in that cure, but he

preferred to wait a while before giving a written certificate. He has been away since then and will probably be absent for some time. I would consider that I failed in gratitude to St. Anne if I delayed any longer to tell you that our Sister declares that she was thoroughly cured by the intercession of the glorious ancestress of our Lord, at the moment that she received Holy Communion, in the sanctuary of St. Anne de Beaupré.

She felt some pain in the left heel for a week, but not where the disease formerly was, and at present she walks as well as on the day she was cured.

Before that, she could not stand at all on that leg and used crutches or a small vehicle to go from one place to another since the month of February 1892. She was treated by a physician and by a surgeon but with little success, obtaining only temporary relief. She even resigned herself to be a cripple for the remainder of her life, when I suggested to her to go on a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré, to endeavour to obtain a cure.

She hesitated\*all the more to consent to this, because she did not wish to give up the sacrifice she had made. Nevertheless, as an obedient daughter, she started and she now reaps the fruit of her humble submission.

I may add that all our community are happy in sharing the gratitude of our Sister to her generous benefactress.

We have made, in common, novenas of thanksgiving to that Blessed Mother, and we hope that our filial gratitude will draw down on us new favours from Her who is so justly called "Good Saint Anne."

Sister BRAULT, Superioress.

I hereby certify that Sister Marie Chapleau of the Hôtel-Dieu was under my care for a long while.

She suffered from chronic periostitis of the left tibia which made walking very difficult and painful.

Medicines and even a rest of two years were of no avail.

After a pilgrimage to St. Anne, all these symptoms disappeared and on examination I found that all swelling and pain had also disappeared.

I have no hesitation in declaring that this sudden cure is beyond the ordinary laws of Nature.

L. D. MIGNAULT, M.D.  
Physician of the Hôtel-Dieu.

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LXIV

## CURE OF MISS MARY THOMPSON

of the Hotel Dieu, Kingston.

(July 31st, 1894.)

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Account by Rev. Father Fievez, C.S.S.R., and Attestation of a  
Protestant Physician.

On the 31st July, the pilgrimage from Smith's Falls, Ontario, arrived at St. Anne's.

The great Saint seemed to have favorably considered the fatigues of so long a journey and amply rewarded the faith and piety of these good pilgrims by granting them the most signal favours.

A young girl, named MARY THOMPSON, had suffered for several months from rheumatic pains so violent that she had to abandoned all work. An orphan, deprived of all support, without any means of subsistence, she applied for admission to the Hôtel-Dieu in Kingston, which was granted



her. Dr. Phelan, a Protestant, attended her for four months, but in vain. The illness resisted all the efforts of science and finally the physician declared that medicine could do no more.

Given up by the physicians, Miss Thompson prayed to St. Anne and asked the grace of being able to go to her privileged sanctuary.

The pilgrimage from Smith's Falls was advertized. During the journey the pain was intolerable, but she edified every one by her patience under suffering and her piety. Two Protestant ministers who accompanied the pilgrimage frequently spoke to her. Arrived at St. Anne's, Miss Thompson, supported by her friends, went to the church, confessed, heard Mass, received Communion and at once felt perfectly cured.

All pain has disappeared and Miss Thompson now enjoys perfect health.

Several Ontario newspapers have discussed this cure ; some deny that there was any supernatural intervention ; the others saw in it a manifestation of St. Anne's power.

In any case, this is what Dr. Phelan, the Protestant physician who attended the young girl, says :

"Mary Thompson, who suffered for four months from rheumatic pains, has "certainly" been greatly relieved by her visit to the sanctuary of St. Anne de Beaupré."—Dr. Phelan.

A Father of Saint Anne.



## CURE OF A PROTESTANT LADY

of Toledo, Ohio, U.S.

(September, 1894.)

This Remarkable Cure is Related by One of the Nuns of St. Vincent's Hospital, and Attested by Three Eye-Witnesses.

St. Vincent's Hospital,  
Toledo, Nov. 27th, 1894.

We owe it to the honour of St. Anne to report to you what we consider a miracle, wrought here last September, in favour of a Protestant patient, through the application of a particle of the dust gathered from the tomb of the glorious Saint.

Mrs. EMMA WEIBER was operated upon, last September, for a cancer of the uterus. With the prostration incident to such an operation, peritonitis supervened and within a few days she was reduced to imminent danger. The physicians gave up all hope of her recovery. When she was apparently at the point of death, one of our nurses, Miss Henriette Poirier, who, last July, visited the shrine of "La bonne Ste Anne", and brought the forementioned Relic which was given her by Monsignor Marquis for our chapel, asked one of the Sisters to apply it to the dying lady. She did so, and all present most earnestly prayed to St. Anne for her recovery. From that moment she rallied and so marked were the signs of convalescence that, when the physicians visited her, a few hours later, in their astonishment they asked: "What have you done to her?"

She left the hospital the 22nd of last month, quite well, and though a Protestant, she recognized that her cure was due to the intercession of St. Anne.

If you deem it conducive to the propagation of devotion to "La Bonne Ste Anne" to publish a notice of this miracle, the witnesses will gladly testify to what I have related.

Sister BRADY, Secy.

Witnesses : Sister McDonald, Henriette Poirier, Sister Brady.

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LXVI

## Cure of Miss Anne Cunningham

of Franklin Falls, N. H.

(September, 1894.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Told by the Favored Person and Attested by the Pastor, who was an Eye-witness Thereof.

Towards the close of September 1891 I had a severe cough, and my stomach refused to retain food. I had the best medical attendance which the town afforded and, besides, one of the best physicians of Manchester was called in, and whilst I had strength, my brother brought me to Boston to consult a noted specialist. Some doctors said it was bronchitis; one however differed and stated that the trouble arose from my stomach. I suffered thus during the winter of 1891-92. In April 1892, my cough ceased, but I afterwards had severe attacks of vomiting and gradually grew weaker, so that the priest was sent for. I was anointed and prepared for death. After the reception of the Sacraments I felt better. From June until August the only nourishment I could retain was ice cream. After August my fits of vomiting returned, so I

had to abandon ice cream. I tried to take light food such as gruel and beef tea, but I could not retain it, and all winter I lived on snow water and some chesnuts. From April 1892 until the feast of St. Anne 1894, I could hardly retain any nourishment and I could not walk for two years. Up to the age of fifteen I always enjoyed good health. This summer my sister desired me to go to a Hospital, but I requested to join the first pilgrimage to St. Anne's. On the eve of our journey, I asked to be carried to church to end my novena, receive holy Communion and pray for strength for my journey.

When morning came I felt weaker and was carried to the church, although it was thought I would be brought back a corpse.

Propped up with pillows, seated in my chair, I received holy Communion. After Mass I was carried before St. Anne's statue and whilst praying I felt hungry and on returning partook of some nourishment without any pain. Many months before St. Anne's feast I could not talk above a whisper and could not bear noise nor light. After Mass my voice was stronger, the daylight and noise did not affect me.

On the 4th September, I undertook the journey to St. Anne's and was carried to the train and arrived the next evening. After drinking from the Spring, I was carried to the church and placed before St. Anne's statue. The next morning I received holy Communion and venerated the Relic. The morning that my novena ended, after receiving the holy Communion, I was perfectly cured. I ascended the 28 steps of the Scala Santa on my knees. I was able to walk to the station and thanks to Good St. Anne, I am completely cured.

I send you my cure for publication, hoping it will tend to increase confidence in and devotion to Good St. Anne.

ANNE CUNNINGHAM.

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**Attestation of the Parish-Priest.**

Dear Rev. Father.—You are already in possession of the facts of the case of which you wrote me. I was the pastor of this parish at the time of the wonderful cure of Annie Cunningham at the shrine of the Good St. Anne. The facts of the case are as they were published in her thanksgiving in the "Annals of St. Anne".

From that time until she left home to enter religion, I never knew of her to be visited with a recurrence of the trouble. Her address at present is Sister M. Anna, Convent of Mercy, East Boston, Mass.

A. J. TIMON,  
St. Paul's Church.

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LXVII

**CURE OF MRS. REMI COUTURE**

of St. Roch, Quebec.

(1895.)

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This Remarkable Cure is Told by the Editor of the "Annals of St. Anne," and Attested by the Physician.

Mrs. REMI COUTURE, wife of a worthy and honest citizen, well known in the parish of St. Roch, suffered for eighteen months from a violent attack of sciatica, complicated by a cancerous tumour in the breast. Seeing her condition growing worse from day to day, she recommended herself to St. Anne and placed herself under the care of two eminent physicians who after making superhuman efforts, not to cure her, because they knew

the disease to be incurable, but at least to find some means of alleviating her horrible sufferings, declared one day that all was in vain and that no human science could save her and that without divine intervention death would shortly ensue. The poor woman, finding herself abandoned, sent again for her confessor and in spite of her great sufferings prepared herself for eternity; she received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction was administered to her. Lying on her bed of suffering, surrounded by her weeping family, she had a statue of St. Anne brought to her and pressing it in her arms, she said: "Good St. Anne, thou art all-powerful with God; thou canst cure me; thou canst give back a mother to her children; thou knowest how I can still be useful to them."

She continued praying and promised to have a high mass said and to publish her cure in the "Annals" to increase, if possible, the love and devotion which the whole world has for St. Anne.

The great Saint heard her prayer and through her intercession the suffering woman at once felt great relief.

All the friends of the family joined in making a series of novenas in honour of St. Anne for the sick woman who gradually got better, and a month afterwards went herself to the beautiful shrine at Beaupré, to venerate the relic and thank her who never refuses those who pray in faith and love.

Mrs. Couture is now able to attend to her household duties, without feeling much fatigue, and the astonished physicians, after careful examination, have stated that she was cured through divine intervention.

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Here follows a certificate from one of the physicians:  
Mrs. Remi Couture's cure is, in my opinion, the effect of divine intervention.

Here is a woman who for over eighteen months suffers from a double sciatica of an arthritic nature. Crippled in all her limbs, especially in the lower ones, she is confined to bed for several months a prey to horrible sufferings.

Two physicians attend her unsuccessfully. In her desperate condition she makes one more attempt and prays to St. Anne ; her prayer is heard and she is cured.

I would have hesitated to give this certificate had not the disappearance of a more malignant and more fatal affection, I mean a tumor in the left breast with all the characteristics of a cancerous nature, removed from my eyes the veil of doubt which hid the truth of this striking miracle from me.

Dr. Albert JOBIN.

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LXVIII

## CURE OF YOUNG PALMER

of Houlton, Maine, U. S.

August, 1888.

The details of this cure are given by the boy's mother and confirmed by the physician's certificate.

Three years ago my baby, a boy twenty-one months old, was attacked with pneumonia for the third time. He also had inflammation of the lining of the stomach and bowels, severe gatherings in his head, and discharges from both ears the odor of which was very offensive. He had kidney trouble so badly that three large gravel stones were discharged.

His sufferings were so intense that his moans were often heard on the opposite side of the street. He finally became so weak that he made no sound whatever. The only sign of life was that his eyes would follow me about the room.

I watched by his bedside for weeks expecting his death every moment. Two excellent physicians pronounced him incurable and wondered much

what kept him alive. He was a perfect skeleton, the skin lying in wrinkles on the bare bones. Still he lingered but could take no nourishment only a little brandy and water with which to wet his lips.

The doctor on several occasions said, "He will soon have convulsions and go in one of them." And when I saw the muscles twitch and that convulsions were coming, I begged and implored the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph not to let my baby have convulsions and they always ceased at once.

One night the doctor said: "He will go before twelve," and the kind neighbors begged me to lie down and rest before the end would come. In a few moments I was asleep. I had a vision of the interior of St. Anne's church and thought it was heaven; they were having Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and I exclaimed: "This is the way they adore God in heaven."

At that moment an attendant called me, saying, "your baby is dead." I arose, ran to the cradle at once and wet his parched lips. He gasped, slowly revived and soon slept naturally.

Something seemed to say to me, "Take him to St. Anne de Beaupré." In the morning when I declared my intention they thought I was insane to think of such a thing, as he would be dead before I could reach our own depot. However, I was determined to make the pilgrimage to St. Anne and without any fatigue I made the journey.

Almost as soon as the relics of good St. Anne were applied to my child, his ears and kidneys were cured. The next morning I was surprised to find his ears perfectly clean and no sign of gravel from his discharge.

In a few days I came home and in three weeks my child was perfectly well, thanks to good St. Anne.

Mrs. ROBERT PALMER.



I can vouch for the truth of the facts stated by Mrs. Robert Palmer in as far as they regard the complete recovery of her child.

WILLIAM LONERGAN, M.D

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LXIX

## CURE OF YOUNG HARRINGTON

of New York City, U. S.

1896.

The following statement is from the pen of a Protestant  
eye-witness.

Young GEORGE FRANCIS HARRINGTON, residing at No, 502, West 49th street, who had been paralyzed for three years, laid aside the cumbersome steel apparatus he was obliged to use in walking. He had been unsuccessfully treated by the physicians of the Orthopedic Hospital and others. Finally his mother determined to take her son, who suffered dreadfully, to the little church of St. John the Baptist, East 76th street, New York, to pray to St. Anne. Mrs. Harrington had heard of the many miracles worked by St. Anne on those who venerated the holy relic with faith and confidence.

The boy was convinced that the Saint would do something to relieve his pain. He and his mother therefore went on a pilgrimage to the little church and prayed to St. Anne together. Hardly had little George touched the relic than he turned to his mother saying: "Mamma dear, I think you can now remove these iron fittings. St. Anne has cured my disease and has made my legs strong again."

After some hesitation, Mrs. Harrington took the appliances off and, to her great surprise and

joy, observed that her child stood up without support and was able to walk for the first time in three years. On Saturday he was quite lively and celebrated not only the anniversary of American independence, but also the ending of his subjection to the iron apparatus.

Mrs Harrington firmly believes that the cure was effected through the Saint's intercession.

The relic is said to be portion of St. Anne's wrist bone and was sent here some years ago by order of the Pope Leo XIII. Several miraculous cures have already been effected by merely touching the relic. The altar is surrounded by crutches, sticks and "ex-votos" left by those who have been cured.

The last offering, the iron appliance used by little George, is now suspended near the altar of the Saint.

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## LXX

### Cure of Young Theodore Kortlander

of Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S.

(1897.)

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The following letter and physician's certificate were sent to the Editor of the "Annals" by the father of St. Anne's young favorite.

Reverend Father,

Feeling that this bit of truth may be the means of inspiring in others a greater confidence in Good St. Anne, I ask you to insert it in your paper, the "Annals".

In the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, the doctors told me the only hope for my daughter's life was a trip to the mountains of Colorado

or Mexico. Instead of following their advice, I placed my confidence in Good St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin Mary, and in November—the poorest time of the year for one in her condition—left Grand Rapids for the shrine at Beaupré. After visiting the shrine two days she was cured. She is now in the best of health and has been ever since our visit to the shrine of St. Anne, for which we are truly thankful and hope that others may see the benefits derived from a good faith. The two statues placed on either side of the case containing the wrist bone of St. Anne, were donated by myself as a slight offering of thanksgiving for my daughter's cure.

Two years later we made a second trip to the shrine, taking my young son, who was so crippled that it was impossible for him to walk. The people who knew him thought he would not live a year, but owing to the great goodness of St. Anne and without any human assistance whatever he was able to walk before we left the shrine, and is now able to play as other children, and has been attending school for the past year, walking the distance of eight blocks four times a day.

Any further information with regard to the above-mentioned cures may be had by writing to me.

THEO. KORTLANDER.

Boy Theodore J. Kortlander, of Grand Rapids, Mich., nine years of age, suffering from a curvature of the spine, shortening of neck, due to softening of the conical vertebrae; a hernia (inguinal) on the right groin, complete in its nature; wearing No 3 truss. He was compelled to wear a plaster cast, twice renewed. This was his condition when he arrived at St. Anne de Beaupré. To-day, without a truss or plaster corset, neck flexible, capable of every motion in every direction, as good as any child I have ever examined; ever happy, healthy, good appetite, plays about and enjoys himself as other children.

(Signed) M. A. McGOVERN, M.D.

**CURE OF ANTHONY O'DONNELL**

of Brandon, N.Y.

(22nd June, 1898.)

Statement Made by the Privileged Object of St. Anne's Power  
and Corroborated by Rev. Father Holland, C.S.S.R.

On the 20th day of March 1898, whilst performing my ordinary duties of a merchant, I was stricken with paralysis of the brain ; my left side became also affected to such a degree that I was unable to move my hand or leg ; my face was also drawn out of shape. My wife, seeing my condition, brought me the oil of St. Anne, which we always keep in the house. Noticing what she held in her hand, I noded for it and drank a few drops, and immediately my speech returned. I then made a promise to St. Anne that if God in his mercy would spare me I would make a pilgrimage every year to her shrine and, in case I would be unable to go, would send some one in my place.

When my physician arrived, he had me placed in bed. After an examination, he shook his head and told my friends that there was no hopes of my recovery. Rev. Father Hervieux, of Tupper Lake, was sent for. He heard my confession and performed the last rites of the church upon me.

The next day, I had a consultation of some of the best doctors in the State, and all pronounced my case a very critical one. They claimed that, should I recover, I would not be able to walk even with the help of a crutch in eight months and I would never be able to do mental work again.

Four days after I was stricken, I became insane and remained so for two weeks.

I had several masses said in honor of St. Anne, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. I also made two novenas to St. Anne.

On the 21st of June, there being a pilgrimage of this diocese (Ogdensburg), I joined it. On the way, I had to be assisted in and off both train and boat. I had even to be carried to the church.

A short time after receiving Holy Communion, I was taken to the rear chapel and there had the relic of St. Anne applied to my head, shoulder and side, by one of the Redemptorist Fathers. After spending a few moments in prayer, I stood up without the aid of any one, and, leaving my crutch there, I followed the Rev. Father into the main church and down to the statue of St. Anne to thank and praise her for the favor she had granted me.

At the end of services, I walked from the church to the boat and, on the way home, was able to get on and off trains without assistance. I have once more resumed my duties in my store and I feel as well as ever before, thanks to St. Anne.

Anthony J. O'DONNELL.

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**Rev. Father Holland's Evidence.**

Mr. Anthony O'Donnell has been brought to St. Anne de Beaupré, suffering from paralysis of one side. The afflicted man had been placed before the altar rail of the rear chapel, where he had the relic of St. Anne applied to his head and side. After spending a few moments in earnest prayer, behold he springs to his feet, and throwing aside his crutches, he rushes to the main church, walking like a man that had never known infirmity. He was cured.

D. HOLLAND, C. SS. R.

## CURE OF SISTER BERNADETTE

of Watertown, N. Y.

(June 22nd, 1898.)

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This Most Marvellous Cure is Told by Rev. Father Hoyois, the Then Editor of the "Annals of St. Anne," and Confirmed by Rev. Mr. Hervieux, a Well-informed Witness.

About the middle of July, we received from Rev. Mr. Hervieux, of Tupper Lake, N. Y., a letter respecting the remarkable cure indicated in our title. Among other things it said: "The sister is now quite well. I know not whether any body has written to you in connection with this miracle, but please speak of it in your "Annals."

From that time, we have been corresponding with Rev. Mr. Hervieux. He has fully confirmed the first information that he gave us. It therefore seems to us that the time has come to make known this striking proof of St. Anne's goodness. We shall do so by giving all the details that we have received from the surest sources.

It was on the 22nd June of this year (1898) that Sister Bernadette, a Nun of the Convent of St. Joseph, Watertown, N. Y., was instantly cured at the Shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupré.

On that day, came the pilgrimage from Ogdensburg, N. Y., a pilgrimage admirable for its piety, and beyond contradiction one of the finest and most edifying of the season. Among the 500 pilgrims were several sick persons, Sister Bernadette being of the number.

She is a young nun, twenty-five years old. For two years she had suffered from an internal di-

sease which was extremely painful and dangerous and had baffled the skill of the best physicians of that region. The illness had increased to such an extent that all hope was lost, and the Sister was warned to prepare for death. She received the last Sacraments, in perfect resignation to God's holy will, and generously made the sacrifice of her life.

Nevertheless the physicians who attended her did not give her up entirely. They still endeavoured to save from death the victim who was escaping from them in spite of all their efforts. Finally they held a consultation and agreed to propose an operation to the sick nun. This was, in their opinion, the only way to save her. Their proposal was not received by the patient as they expected. She was already prepared for death, and did not care to run the risk of a painful operation, the idea of which was repugnant to her. She therefore refused. The physicians spoke to the Superioress, but she also was unable to obtain the patient's consent. They went still further and tried to secure the intervention of the ecclesiastical authorities. But Monseigneur Gabriels replied that he could only advise, not order, in such a case.

All seemed lost. On her side Sister Bernadette retained in her heart a secret hope that she would be cured. But her confidence laid in heavenly succor, and not in human resources. She sent for the Superioress and said to her: "Reverend Mother, if you really wish another attempt to be made for me, let me go on a pilgrimage to Ste Anne de Beaupré. I am sure that that great Saint will cure me." Her request was granted by the good Superioress, and she was allowed to go to St. Anne.

It was under these circumstances that Sister Bernadette started from Watertown. She had to be taken from her bed, and carried to the cars

with very many precautions. As may be imagined, the journey was but one long suffering; the slightest jar causing intolerable pain. When landed at St. Anne, after such a journey, she looked more like a corpse than a living person. She had then to be lifted into a carriage with her head surrounded by cushions to convey her from the boat to the shrine.

On arrival she was placed in an arm chair at the foot of St. Anne's statue where she remained throughout the pilgrimage. What passed during that time between St. Anne and her? How many acts of confidence and at the same time of resignation were expressed by her heart? No one knows. What we do know, is that one of our Fathers, Rev. Father Lemire, went from time to time to visit Sister Bernadette and to make her venerate the holy Relic.

Meanwhile the pilgrimage drew near to its end. The last exercise took place at 11.30; when it was over, all returned to the steamer. Several of the patient's sister nuns had already left the church, without thinking of a miracle, and yet it was the moment chosen by St. Anne. This is how it was observed.

While the crowd was rapidly dispersing and about a hundred persons remained in the Basilica, Reverend Father Lemire passed by the sanctuary, and prepared to go to the sick nun's chair, to make her venerate the holy Relic once more. But great was his astonishment at seeing her come herself as quietly as a person in good health to kneel and venerate the Relic. The Father could not believe his eyes. "What! is it you?" he asked. "Yes, she replied, it is I, I am cured."

I shall not attempt to depict the emotion that seized the persons present on seeing the nun who



was in a dying condition, and unable to stand when she entered, walk without the slightest difficulty.

All wept with joy. At that moment, the Brother Sacristan took up the cushions, that were no longer needed, and headed a procession singing the "Magnificat." All followed him, including her who had been miraculously cured.

The Reverend Father Superior, who was immediately called, was able to see the marvellous change that had taken place in Sister Bernadette's condition. He was all the more struck by it because he himself had helped her to enter the church. To make still more sure that she was cured, he told her to kneel for his blessing. She did so at once without the slightest difficulty, a thing that she was entirely unable to do an hour before.

Thus she was cured ! She went to the steamer on foot without support, walking with agility a distance of nearly a mile. She came into the midst of her sister nuns and of the other persons who knew her, exciting the same admiration everywhere. The return was effected without the least suffering. She went back to her convent, and we are told "that is she quite well." The two cushions remained at the shrine.

This fact, which is thoroughly attested is one of the most marvellous that has ever occurred in the shrine of St. Anne. For that reason we have given all the details. It is a proof of the extraordinary power that St. Anne has received from God, and of her goodness in manifesting that power in favor of the unfortunate. Let us thank St. Anne : let us love her and pray to her : and she will always pour her blessings on us.

J. HOYOIS, C. SS. R.

## CURE OF YOUNG CYRIL O'REILLY

of Reading, Penn., U. S.

(July, 1898.)

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This Wonderful Cure is Related by the Boy's Own Father, and  
Confirmed by the Testimony of Rev. Father Holland,  
C.S.S.R., Who was an Eye-witness Thereof.

I regret exceedingly that I have delayed so long in answering your solicitous letter relative to little Cyril.

As Mrs. O'Reilly stated to you, Cyril had been examined by an oculist a year prior to the visit to the shrine of St. Anne. He was then three years of age and his vision was so poor that an examination was deemed expedient. The result of the same was very disheartening. The doctor said the eyesight of the one eye was so affected that only night and day were distinguishable, and the other eye was so limited in its vision, that an object was only discernable as if looking through a telescope, and that the child would necessarily experience great hardship in acquiring an education, when he would grow older, on account of the limited vision of the eye, which would be capable of distinguishing objects and letters only when in direct line with the eye, and that he would not be able to play with companions, because he could not protect himself, in the diversified movements of children at play and would be injured and hurt constantly, not being able to anticipate any movement of a person or object until it would be too late to avoid an injurious contact with the said person or object.

Our personal observation of the actions of the child previous to and subsequent to the said visit to the oculist only confirmed his opinion.

A recital of a few facts will not only be interesting to your good readers, but will be instrumental in distinguishing the case as it was previous to the visit to the shrine of St. Anne and subsequent thereto. Cyril, as you know, is a beautiful little child, in character and appearance, with eyes that seem as bright and clear as the light of day, and yet their vision was shadowed with darkness that no earthly power could dispel.

Our grief and anxiety were truly great, to know that the vision of our bright, happy little boy was thus limited, with no hope that an operation would be beneficial to him. His helplessness became more apparent as he grew older, he was continually falling over all objects in his pathway, not being able to discern articles around him; his toys would be continually lost, thus preventing him from playing with his brother in any manner; his fear of falling in a strange house was extreme, and on entering a room he was unable to detect his mother until the sound of her voice guided him.

I might also mention that on two occasions his mother took him in a store to do some shopping, when the boy would insist on taking hold of both her hands for protection,—his fear and anxiety were so great that his mother had to return home with him without accomplishing her mission.

One day, hearing of the miracles wrought by St. Anne, we resolved to appeal to her mercy and make a pilgrimage to her shrine in behalf of Cyril, which was undertaken the beginning of July, 1898.

The journey thereto was long and tedious, and the little fellow experienced home sickness, and found no pleasure in the travel for the reason that he was in constant fear of falling and was troubled

with the confusion around and about him, because he was unable to discern the subjects that produced the unaccustomed noise within his hearing.

On the day of our arrival at Beaupré, no sooner had the relic of St. Anne been applied to his eyes than he exclaimed, in the presence of about five persons, "How funny, funny, funny!" and moved his eyes up and down, and blinked as if everything struck his eyesight in a very peculiar way. Immediately thereafter his sister leading him to the church door, he freed himself from her hand, and descended the church steps alone, (an act which he never was able to do before) and at once began to run and play with little children stopping at the Regina Hotel.

The home journey was a truly delightful one. the moment the child entered the cars, he seated himself close to the window and nothing could induce him to leave it; so attracted was he with farm houses, children and scenes that met his gaze as the train sped along; one of his chief amusements was pencil and paper, which afforded him great pastime, for out journey was long and tiresome.

Since his arrival home he plays with his toys, with his brother, rides the tricycle, and in general takes care of himself as any other child; he has great freedom in his action, no longer actuated by fear and anxiety of falling and injuring himself but replete with mischief, and thoroughly enjoys himself and gets other people in trouble instead of himself. He is happy and smiling as the day is long, and the first to awake the echoes in the morning.

The above recital of facts relative to Cyril previous to and since his visit to the shrine of St. Anne de Beausé have occurred under our daily observation, and all who have known the child from

birth proclaim the wonderful change that has taken place in our little Cyril, and the miraculous cure of St. Anne. With loving and grateful hearts we can only, in our humility and gratitude, exclaim, "Dear St. Anne," and with the help of God expect to return to the shrine next summer. We have consecrated him to St. Anne, and may he ever be worthy of her protection.

Sallie G. O'Reilly. Simon P. O'Reilly

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The young Cyril O'Reilly was born blind. His people had a certificate from the doctors that he could not be cured. His mother brought him to St. Anne's. Mother and son were silently praying at the altar rail when the relic of good St. Anne was passed over the boy's eyes. The boy, before leaving the altar-rail, opened up his eyes, picked up a five-cent piece, and found and picked up a pin on the floor.

The strange thing about it was that the little chap could not understand glass. When we showed him the jewels in glass cases, he tried to put his little fist through the glass, and could not understand what stopped him. That boy is now all right and his people have erected a tablet to commemorate the miraculous cure.

D. HOLLAND, C. SS. R.



## CURE OF RICHARD POWERS

of Chespatow, Ont.

(August, 1898.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Related by the Favored One, and Confirmed by the Pastor and Teacher of the Place.

Rev. and Dear Father,

According to promise, I now enclose you here-in a statement of Richard Powers, who was with me last summer at St. Anne's, and who was miraculously cured of lameness. His cure caused immense excitement both among Catholics and Protestants. The Walkerton Newspapers had long editorials about it. I was going to send you some copies but unfortunately they were mislaid. Mr. Powers is working hard every day without the least pain in his leg or hip, he has also gained in weight, and, if God spares us, he will accompany me again next year to St. Anne's. —S. E. WADEL, P.P.

Rev. and Dear Father,

I feel it a most solemn duty to give you now, as well as I am able, a description of the affliction with which I was troubled during the past four-years.

When I was about eleven years old I got so sick that my parents had to summon medical aid for me. The doctors called my sickness the hip-disease, but could not definitely state the cause of the malady nor could they do anything to restore my former health. For over a year I could not go back to my school and when I did return to it, it was with the aid of a crutch I went.

Being the eldest of the family, in addition to other circumstances, I was obliged to assist my parents on their farm. Though I willingly gave

them my support, I found my constant companion, the crutch, a most inconvenient thing in the various works incumbent on a farmer.

After so many long years of suffering and feeling assured that medical skill and aid was completely out of question in my case, I firmly resolved to have recourse to the help of St. Anne de Beaupré of whom I had learned so much through my parish priest, Rev. S. E. Wadel.

So, about seven weeks ago I accompanied him in a pilgrimage to the sacred shrine reaching which on the 2nd ult. I was so overwhelmed with an indescribable feeling that my tears began to flow spontaneously, whereupon the officiating priest, Rev. Father Holland, approached me and asked me about my trouble and my desire. After telling him as well as I could, he touched my diseased hip with a relic of the Saint and instantly an indescribable sensation passed through me and, to the great joy of those present as well as to my own unbounded happiness, I was able to depart from the sacred place without my crutch and have never needed one since. On account of this leg being shorter than the other I am still somewhat lame, but I am quite confident that with the help and will of God, through the intercession of St. Anne, that deficiency also will disappear in the course of time.

Great, indeed, was the glorious surprise of all those near and dear to me and, in fact, of the entire community to witness the miraculous cure that had been wrought upon me.

Unnumbered thanks to St. Anne !

Richard POWERS.

I, the undersigned, having taught school in this village for the last fifteen years, can truly vouch for the truth of the above and by virtue of my office affix my notarial seal.

Geo. LEYES.

L. S.

Chepstow, Ont.

## Cure of the Little Emile Thibault

of Montreal, P. Q.

(June 18th, 1899.)

Story Written by the Boy's Sister, Who was an Eye-witness  
of the Cure, and Certificate of the Physician.

My Reverend Father,

I will relate quite simply the great favor granted us through the intercession of St. Anne ; it is a statement that I make in all sincerity of heart and with gratitude.

For some months my little brother Emile seemed to have something the matter with him ; he grew thinner and thinner. About the beginning of June 1899, red spots made their appearance on both his legs but much more on one than on the other.

My mother resolved to consult our physician who at first hesitated to declare the nature of the disease at once ; he left us in great uneasiness and prescribed some medicines. The disease continued to get worse ; the child could hardly walk ; he spent the greater portion of the day lying down ; he was unable to kneel down and could not walk a few steps without limping. The physician told us that the membrane surrounding the bones was afflicted and that caries of the bone had begun.

My father and mother were greatly discouraged for we knew that dread disease only too well ; one of our family had died of it after suffering greatly during three years.

I then advised my parents to let me take my little brother to St. Anne de Beaupré on the occasion of the pilgrimage of the Reverend Francis-



can Fathers. At first my parents were opposed to it, thinking it impracticable as the child could hardly walk and could not even be touched without feeling intense pain.

But I was not discouraged, I told my little brother to begin praying. He did so and never stopped asking mamma to let him start. For my part, I told mother not to be uneasy, for God and St. Anne would help us.

Mother made up her mind only on the 17th June, the very day of the departure of the pilgrimage ; she sent to ask the doctor if the little cripple could perform the journey. I went to him and he, full of confidence in St. Anne, gave me a favorable answer and was very glad to hear of my plan.

I started therefore on Saturday the 17th June with the pilgrimage, with a firm confidence that Emile would be cured. Strange to say, he ascended with some ease the gangway leading to the steamer "Three Rivers". He did not complain too much during the night. He had his legs rubbed and slept pretty well until morning.

On arriving at St. Anne, although the distance from the landing to the Basilica is somewhat long he walked it without complaining too much. Oh! what happiness we felt on entering the shrine! A Mass was said at once and I received holy Communion. My little brother remained sitting during that time. At the moment of the elevation, I asked him to try to kneel down. He began very quietly and succeeded : he remained kneeling for I know not how long. After holy Mass we went to breakfast. I often asked him whether he suffered and he answered that he did not. I began to believe that he was cured.

After breakfast I took him to the "Scala Santa" and asked him to ascend the twenty eight

steps with me and he succeeded in ascending some of them ; then he went up to the top without difficulty.

I asked him once more if he felt any pain and he said not. Then I said to myself : "He is truly cured." My heart overflowed with joy. I could not contain myself. I asked Rev. Father Raymond to be good enough to help me to thank Our Lord for the great favor we had just obtained through St. Anne's intercession.

Until then I had not ventured to remove my little brother's stockings to look at his legs ; it seemed to me that this would be incredulity on my part. I needed not to see in order to believe ; I knew and believed that he was cured. In the evening three Reverend Fathers who were on board the steamer, came to see him and I decided to remove his stockings and the cloths covering his sores. He was really cured. Rev. Father Marie d'Alcantara struck his legs lightly. Emile smiled and said it did not hurt him at all.

On our return to Montreal the doctor came to see his little patient and was greatly surprised on finding his legs completely cured ; they were however still slightly blue. He declared that the cure was quite supernatural and miraculous and promised to give me a certificate. I went back to him a few days later ; he again examined the child's legs and found that all traces of the disease had disappeared. He at once gave me the certificate.

At present my little brother Emile feels no pain and can easily run about as if he had never been ill.

Such are the facts as I know them and as I believe them to be true.

Glory, love and gratitude to Jesus ; thanksgiving to St. Anne de Beaupré !

Elia THIBAUT.

I attended Emile, child of Mr. Charles Thibault before his departure for St. Anne de Beaupré.

Osteomyelitis of adolescents was beginning to form in the upper portion of the thigh-bones ; the periosteum was affected. This illness is a serious and frequently a very long one. On the very day of his return from St. Anne de Beaupré, I found that the disease had completely disappeared without leaving any traces. Moreover the child can walk easily and even run about, although he had great difficulty in walking previous to his departure.

Under the circumstances I firmly believe that this sudden cure is quite supernatural and miraculous.

HENRI DUFRESNE, M.D.

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LXXVI

## CURE OF J. B. VALCOURT

of St. Benoit, Packington. P. Q.

(June 28th, 1899.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Told by the Editor of the "Annals of St. Anne," and Confirmed by the Pastor of the Place.

We read the following in the "Annals" of St. Anne, August 1899 :

"On the 28th June last, Jean Baptiste Valcourt, who had been deaf for 10 years, recovered his hearing. His pastor told us he was so deaf that when he went to confession everybody had to go out of the church. Mr. Valcourt is married and 40 years of age. His sister who resides in the United States made the pilgrimage with him to obtain his cure,

Their prayers were granted and his deafness disappeared. He felt better during the night and after receiving Communion, he heard perfectly. Both he and his sister reported his cure.

Here is the certificate of Reverend A. Thibault, pastor of St. Rose du Dégelé, dated 3rd July :

"I certify that J. B. Valcourt was the deafest man of the parish of St. Benoit, Packington, and that since his pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré, on the 28th June last, he hears like any ordinary person. Reverend Father Proulx, S.J. who is here and who has conversed with the said J. B. Valcourt finds that he hears well. Mr. Valcourt is never weary of saying that St. Anne has cured him of his deafness. Homage and honor to St. Anne!"

A. THIBAUT, Priest.

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## LXXVII

### **CURE OF SR. ST. DANIEL**

A Nun in Pennsylvania, U. S.

(June, 1899.)

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The Following is a Letter Addressed by the Miraculously  
Cured Nun to One of the Redemptorist  
Fathers of St. Anne.

Reverend Father,

Some years ago I began to suffer from a severe pain in the head : it was nothing at all like a headache and, even with the treatment of an excellent physician, it steadily grew worse, so that at times it was excruciating. Almost two years ago, I was treated by a specialist, who came to the conclusion that it was caused by a complication of internal troubles, and after a consultation it was decided that an operation was necessary.

I had already undergone four operations on my head without a sign of relief, and the thought of submitting to another, still more delicate and very dangerous, was discouraging. However the operation was performed : it nearly cost my life, and my condition after it was no better. My nervous system was a complete wreck : the slightest noise caused untold pain. I could not assist at the exercises of the community, and my sufferings were becoming worse. I could neither sleep nor rest in any way ; it was a terrible task to control myself, and when I did succeed, I cried from nervousness and pain. It had been my desire for a long time to go to St. Anne's, believing that the relief that the doctors could not give me, could be obtained at the Holy Shrine of Beaupré, although I did not have the slightest hope of ever seeing the sacred place. In the early part of June, I was surprised by an offer from my mother to visit the scene of so many wonders, and at once left home to make the pilgrimage. What took place there, I cannot describe, but suffice it to say that I am completely cured and now, after a month, there is not the least trace of any of those troubles that caused such intense agony. I am able to assist at the exercises of the community, discharge my duties without any inconvenience, walk very long distances, whereas before my pilgrimage I could scarcely walk at all without great suffering. In a word, I am a wonder to my companions, who pronounce it a miracle that has wrought such a change. My superiors say the same, and all is due to Good St. Anne whose intercession with Almighty God is so powerful.

Asking you to unite with me in thanking this good mother for all favors to the afflicted, I remain in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

Sister MARY of St. Daniel.

## CURE OF MR. LOUIS BEAULAC

of Nicolet, P. Q.

(July 18th, 1899.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Related by the Editor of the "Annals of St. Anne," and Confirmed by the Testimony of Rev. P. Pampalon, Who was an Eyewitness Thereof.

What is more painful for an old man than to be tormented by sciatica? Mr. LOUIS BEAULAC, a rich farmer of Nicolet, aged 64 years, was a victim of this cruel malady which the greatest care could not eradicate. Soon fever affected his left ankle. Mr. Beaulac became infirm, and for four months and a half he was unable to walk without the help of two crutches.

Mr. de Carufel, the pastor of St. Angèle and Mr. L. H. Lavallée, the pastor of the cathedral of Nicolet, had announced a large pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré. Suddenly, a ray of hope penetrated the heart of Mr. Beaulac: "Oh! cried he, I want to go to St. Anne's also. She can cure me, and I believe that she will,"

The much-wished for day of the pilgrimage dawned at last. It was the 17th of July. The infirm man had himself driven in a carriage to the steamer "L'Etoile" and he took his place among the pilgrims of whom there were about 400. They started at 7 o'clock, joyfully reaching the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré in the afternoon. Mr. Beaulac had himself carried immediately before the miraculous statue. In the evening, he witnessed a splendid torchlight procession which he tried to follow, dragging himself along on his

crutches. The next day, July 18th, he received Holy Communion during the pilgrims' Mass, and prayed with all the fervor of his soul. But the moment of grace had not yet come. He felt no change, and even believed that God did not wish him to be cured. He reached the steamboat again at 9 in the morning, somewhat discouraged, though resigned. About 4 in the afternoon, when the rosary had been said, his brother-in-law asked him, "Do you believe that St. Anne is able to cure you?" "I believe it!" answers Mr. Beaulac. On making this act of faith, the sick man felt an electric shock, as it were, through all his limbs and all the pain he had endured so far ceased completely, to give place to fresh strength. He arose, and without the help of his crutches, walked here and there with a firm step, and went all over the boat easily. He even climbed, without difficulty, the stairs that led to the saloon... He was cured!

Reverend Father Pampalon who accompanied the pilgrimage, on learning that there had been a miracle, came in haste, took Mr. Beaulac's crutches, and placed them on the harmonium as a trophy to St. Anne. Then the missionary reminded the pilgrims of the goodness and power of the great *Thaumaturga* of Canadians, and exhorted them all to sing the "Magnificat." The hymn was sung with great enthusiasm by priests and faithful. During all this time the object of the miracle remained standing; when invited to sit down, he replied that he was not tired.

The physician who attended Mr. Beaulac found the fact extraordinary, and did not hesitate to affirm that this instantaneous cure was supernatural.

Mr. Beaulac's wife wept with joy, and the pilgrims sincerely congratulated him, who, on the eve of the pilgrimage, had been so miserable and

who could now follow them freely and easily. When the "L'Etoile" was about to touch at Port St. Francis where Mr. Beaulac was to land, Rev. Father Pampalon asked for the now useless crutches; they were destined to inspire confidence in the pilgrims of St. Sophie de Levrard, next day, and then to be placed in the Basilica of St. Anne at Beaupré. The request was granted. On the morrow, the crutches were borne at the head of the pilgrimage of St. Sophie, and placed at last at the feet of the miraculous statue of St. Anne.

Authentic relation.

(Signed) P. Pampalon, C. SS. R.

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### LXXIX

## Cure of Miss Delphine Belanger

of The Brook, Ont.

(July 18th 1899.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Told by an Eye-witness.

It gives me great pleasure to be in a position to inform the readers of the "Annals" that two miracles occurred to-day at St. Anne de Beaupré. Both of them were as is, of course, every miracle, strictly speaking—of a very remarkable character; and they took place during the celebration of High Mass, when thousands of people were present, including myself.

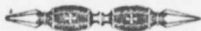
The first was in the case of a girl about fifteen years of age, who had been a cripple from birth, her limbs being twisted together in such a way that she had to use crutches all the time. Her name is DELPHINE BELANGER, and she belongs to the parish of The Brook, Ont., just across



the boundary line of the Province of Quebec. She was so poor that she was unable to buy a ticket for the pilgrimage which left on Sunday last, with a large number of pilgrims from Ottawa, and which passed Montreal at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon last, after taking on a number of pilgrims who had gone to Montreal by train. The good pastor of her parish, however, moved to compassion at her sad lot, procured a ticket for her, and as she was physically almost entirely helpless, he sent his housekeeper to accompany her on the journey, and to carry her to the shrine. His name is the Rev. Father Larose. The poor girl attracted special attention in the Basilica by the loudness of her voice, and the fervency of her prayers to the Saint through whose powerful intercession so large a number of miracles had been wrought. Suddenly her voice rose to a scream. A number of worshippers crowded around her; but at the persuasion of several of the priests they drew back, for the girl stood in danger of being trampled on and of fainting from the closeness of the air caused by the proximity of so many people to her prostrate form as it lay where Father Larose's housekeeper had placed it. A circle was formed around her watching her with awe-struck glance, in which there was also an expression of pity, evoked by the spectacle of the crippled devotee. Suddenly she stretched out one of her legs. She asked then to be carried to the altar of the Blessed Virgin; and there the same loud and piteous appeals were heard, lasting long after the Mass was finished. Then she stretched forth the other limb, and handed her two crutches to one of the Fathers who was beside her. Her cure was complete, and her happiness was beyond description.

The other cure was that of a man for many years afflicted with spine complaint. He had to wear iron clamps and wire-work along his back to keep his body upright. His color was death-like, and he was so emaciated by both pain and poverty—for poverty brings with it the lack of proper food and care—that he looked more like a corpse than a living being. He measured only fourteen inches around the waist, and was carried into the Basilica in an old bark-covered chair, on which he had sat for years. I was so deeply interested in the case of Delphine Bélanger that I paid little attention to the victim of spinal disease, which, I should add, had, as I was informed by one of the spectators, been pronounced incurable by several doctors, years ago, and doubtless was incurable so far as human skill was concerned. It was the voice of a priest requesting all females to leave the Basilica for a few minutes that attracted my attention. As soon as the women and girls had left the sacred edifice, the man took off his coat and, with the aid of a priest, took the cruel-looking iron and wire contrivance from his back, and having put on his coat again, stood bolt upright. This contrivance and the young girl's crutches were objects of great curiosity during the day, to those who were not present when the miracles occurred.

G. M. B.



I,XXX

## CURE OF AN INDIAN.

of Gaspé, P. Q.

(July 22 1899)

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Account Given by Rev. Fr. Witchell, Editor of the "Annals of St. Anne.

On the 21st July, there landed at St. Anne de Beaupré a man aged about 56 years. He was an Indian of swarthy hue belonging to the Micmac tribe. His name was PETER JACQUES. He came from Gaspé accompanied by his wife and provided with a letter of recommendation from his pastor. Judging by his stature and the breath of his shoulders, he must have been a very powerful man before his illness, for when he came to the shrine of St. Anne, 18 months had passed since an attack of paralysis had deprived him of the use of his right arm and leg. For two months he had been confined to his bed. When he tried to rise he could only walk a few steps. And then he could only move by leaning on a chair and pushing it before him. A doctor had attended him and had tried all the resources of his art in vain. At last he was discouraged and said to him plainly: "There is no one in this world who can cure you." Very well answered the sick man; "you cannot cure me, but God and St. Anne can. I am going to St. Anne's."—"Do!" answered the doctor.

Our Indian arrived, leaning on a stick, a mere branch of a tree, on Thursday evening the 21st July, without waiting till the morrow he went to confession. After confession he said to his wife. "I feel better already." But he was not yet cured. It was on the morrow that St. Anne wish-

ed to show her kindness to the confiding pilgrim. He received Communion with great fervor. After his thanksgiving, he breakfasted, and then returned to the church to pray until mid-day. He remained nearly all the time before St. Anne's statue reciting all the prayers suggested to him by his faith and his confidence. In rising, he said to his wife: "Now I am cured." And he left his stick behind him. Then he walked without any support, continuing his devotions all Friday afternoon and all Saturday, visiting the different chapels, and twice ascending the steps of the Scala Santa, he who before could not bend his knee without great difficulty. Every symptom of paralysis had disappeared. His strength returned with movement and he said he was able to work. For his part he never courted publicity by making his cure known, and he would have gone away without speaking of it, had not his wife suggested to him, that he should call on one of the Fathers and relate to him what had occurred.

On Monday morning, he returned home to show by his exemple, that St. Anne makes no distinction between her devoted servants; that she notices only their misfortunes and their confidence. The stick remained at St. Anne's. It can easily be recognized among a number of other crutches, left' this year by others, who were also objects of the compassion of our Mother of the afflicted.



**CURE OF SISTER MARY-GERTRUDE**

of Harbour Conception, Newfoundland.

(July 27th, 1899.)  

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The Following Account of Her Sickness and Cure was  
Handed to Us by Her Travelling Companion, the  
Mother Superior of the Convent ; She also  
Sent a Medical Certificate.

“Our good Sister Mary-Gertrude Kennedy had an attack of St. Vitus' dance in September 1895, accompanied by epileptic fits. In the following spring and autumn, the attack returned with fresh violence and produced curvature of the spine and contraction of the muscles. In the spring of 1897, the former disease re-appeared with partial paralysis which deprived the Sister of the use of her right leg for several months. The same thing occurred again in the beginning of November, but with the most alarming symptoms. Then came hemorrhage on the brain which made our Sister a complete invalid and took away her appetite.

“The case seemed desperate to us and we placed all our hopes in a pilgrimage to the cherished shrine of Good St. Anne de Beaupré. This idea was suggested to us by our Bishop, His Lordship Bishop McDonald.

We reached St. Anne de Beaupré about the middle of July and began a novena which was to end on the day of the feast. The novena passed without any improvement manifesting itself and our patient remained with her neck twisted and bent forward. But on the following day when she approached the Holy Table, she suddenly felt a peculiar sensation in her back. She quickly

straightened her neck, received Communion with head erect, for the first time in three years, and returned to her pew without help.

The last traces of her disease had disappeared and she was completely cured through the goodness of St. Anne. God be praised for it!

The good Sisters remained at St. Anne de Beaupré and afterwards at Quebec where they were besieged by pilgrims and journalists who wished to judge of the miracle for themselves. The Sisters finally reached Newfoundland on the 21st August.

On the Sunday following their arrival, Monseigneur Howley preached a very eloquent sermon in the cathedral. His subject was the devotion to St. Anne and the unbounded confidence we should have in her influence with the Almighty, an influence that had been singularly manifested in the miraculous cure of Sister Mary Gertrude, then present among the congregation.

After this beautiful and touching sermon the "Te Deum" was enthusiastically sung in thanksgiving; the hearts of all were filled with emotion.

On the following day the two nuns returned to their convent at Harbour Conception. Reverend Father Veith, the parish priest, writes us that Sister Mary Gertrude was never better in her life. Her mother, Mrs. Kennedy, has presented the parish church with a very fine statue of St. Anne, which cost fifty dollars and was purchased at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

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#### CERTIFICATE OF THE PHYSICIAN.

I hereby certify that I attended Sister Mary Gertrude, of the Mercy Convent, Conception Harbor, Newfoundland, for nearly four years, and that I had considered her a hopeless invalid.

R. JARDINE FREEBAIRN, M.D.

**CURE OF HANNAH BAMBRICK**

of St. John, Newfoundland.

(September, 1899.)

This Remarkable Cure is Related by a Sister of Mercy, and  
Confirmed by the Superiopr of St. Michael's Orphanage.

As a tribute of gratitude the Sisters of St. Michael's Convent of Mercy, Belvidere, St. John's Newfoundland, send the following report of an extraordinary cure through the intercession of the Good St. Anne.

A young girl in the Orphanage under the care of the Sisters, was for three years a great sufferer from spinal curvature. The poor girl—Hannah Bambrick—could only creep along with great difficulty and required assistance. She was altogether unable to take a sitting posture, and, when not moving, was obliged either to stand or rest in a reclining position.

All that medical skill could do was done to alleviate the condition of the little invalid who was, besides, of a fragile, delicate constitution, although remarkably bright and intelligent. All efforts were vain till St. Anne was invoked.

Last September, on hearing of the miraculous cure of Sister Gertrude Kennedy, at the shrine of St. Anne, our young patient began a novena and wore a medal of "La Bonne Sainte."

On the last day of the novena, Hannah retired to her couch of pain as crippled as ever, but on the early morning she was seized with a faintness, followed immediately by pain, as if the bone was starting in the back, which caused her to cry, when she instantly felt herself perfectly cured. She sprang out of bed calling out she was cured.

And she was ! Ever since she has been quite well, and her appearance even transformed ; for she feels it a duty of gratitude to prove herself a worthy client by her exemplary conduct. We need scarcely say that the community unite in testifying their gratitude to the glorious mother of our dear mother Mary !

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**Attestation of the Superior of St. Michael's Orphanage.**

I beg to state that it is quite true that Miss Hannah Bambrick was miraculously cured of spinal trouble, in 1899, through St. Anne's intercession. No priest or medical man attended her then, so that we cannot procure the testimony of either. Faith in St. Anne cured her. The cure is permanent as regards the spinal trouble...

Sister M. IGNATIUS.

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LXXXIII

**CURE OF MRS. DANIEL MULLIN**

of Montreal, P. Q.

(June 14th, 1900.)

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This Miraculous Cure is Told by the Favored Person Herself,  
and Confirmed by the Testimony of Rev. Fr. Simand, C.S.S.R.

Reverend Father,

Yes indeed, I am the person that left the pair of crutches at the shrine of Good St. Anne on Thursday last.

On the 27th of February 1898, while on my way to assist at holy Mass, in St. Patrick's church, I fell on the ice, fracturing my hip and injuring my back. Three of the leading physicians in Montreal pronounced me incurable. Ever since

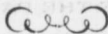


I have prayed to Good St. Anne, keeping her picture before me all the time. Three times I went on a pilgrimage, to the shrine of Beaupré. On my third pilgrimage, every thing was against me. I had, first of all, some difficulty in getting to confession; and then, I could not receive holy Communion: "I went to all the side altars, but was always disappointed. I received at the grand Mass with the children of the first Communion. After Mass, I went to breakfast with the help of my crutches, and soon returned to the shrine. My feet and legs were then very sore and pained me greatly. I prayed for some time before the statue of St. Anne, and kissed the holy Relic. At that very moment, I felt a great deal better, so much so that I walked down the aisle of the church carrying my crutches in my hands. My son who was with me, asked me to walk down the steps and be sure of my cure; I did so. My hip causes me no further pain and trouble. Yesterday, I went to see the Fête-Dieu procession, and after Mass, "walked" home for the first time in two years and a half.—I was so overcome with joy, that I forgot, before leaving the shrine, to go and report my cure to the Fathers.

Mrs. D. MULLIN.

Authentic account.

J. SIMARD, C.SS.R.



## Cure of Mrs. Florence Ingraham

of North Sydney, N. S.

(August 28th, 1900.)

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Account by the Editor of the "Annals of St. Anne," and Testimony of the Parish-Priest.

Mrs. FLORENCE INGRAHAM, from North Sidney, N.S., is a living proof that St. Anne extends her protection to the far off Maritime Provinces. An internal tumour, from which she had been ailing the five last years, had finally obliged her to undergo two operations. The first one was successful, but the second proved a failure. Six months of sufferings, growing more painful every day, had weakened her so much that the doctor declared her unable to stand a third operation. As all hope from earth was gone, Father Gillis, the pastor of the congregation, proposed to her a pilgrimage to the miraculous shrine of Beaupré. So the 25th of August, St. Anne saw her at her feet, imploring help in her sufferings. Her prayers were not offered up in vain, for on the 28th, while assisting at a Mass said for her at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, she felt that the tumour was disappearing. After Mass all her sufferings had ceased; she was completely cured!

Mrs. Florence Ingraham had the happiness of being converted to the Catholic Religion last year.

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### TESTIMONY OF THE PARISH-PRIEST.

The above record of the cure of Mrs. Ingraham of this town is correct. The cure is permanent and Mrs. Ingraham perseveres in the Faith.

B. M. MULLINS, P.P.

LXXXV

## CURE OF ARTHUR PRESCOTT

Of St. Charles de Mastigouche, P. Q.

(June 27th, 1901.)

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This miraculous cure is told by the Editor of the "Annals of St. Anne," and confirmed by the Certificate of the parish priest,

ARTHUR PRESCOTT is a young man eighteen years old whose parents reside at St. Charles de Mastigouche in the diocese of Three Rivers. In the month of March 1898, he made a false step while running and sprained its right foot. Deeming the accident trifling and feeling but little pain, he continued for several months to walk and work as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile his foot began to swell and the pain soon became so great and so intense that it prevented him from sleeping. After several months treatments at home which did him no good, the physician who found his foot worse sent him to the Hotel-Dieu in Montreal. Dr. Brunelle, after examining the foot with the X rays, stated that the tendon was injured and that the bone itself was beginning to be affected by caries.

The case was serious and called for great and immediate care, otherwise it would perhaps be necessary to amputate the foot. Incisions were made, violent corrosives and red-hot irons were used.

The young man submitted to the most painful treatment in the hope of seeing the progress of the disease arrested. He left the Hotel-Dieu without any apparent change in his condition. Moreover the physician had told him that if a cure were effected it would be very slow and that he must not expect to walk before six or seven months. His

foot was much swollen and very painful to the touch ; he could move only with the help of a crutch and not without feeling great and constant pain. In a word, the illness far from diminishing seemed to increase from day to day.

Such was the condition of the poor young man when, on the 27th June last, that is to say about two months after his return from the Hotel-Dieu, he resolved to take part in the pilgrimage from Joliette and to ask Good St. Anne for that relief which human remedies seemed powerless to procure for him. Let us allow him to relate his cure himself :

“After hearing holy Mass and praying for some time at the feet of Good St. Anne, I felt the violence of my pain decrease and the swelling in my foot was beginning to diminish. On leaving the church, I went down the steps at the door, dragging myself along as usual on my hands and knees, because for several months I could not go up or down stairs in any other way—and went to wash my foot at the spring. For that purpose I took off my bandages but replaced them. From the spring I went to the commemorative chapel, always with the aid of my crutch but resting lightly on my foot, which until that moment I had been unable to do. The pain and swelling were disappearing gradually, but rapidly. After praying for some time in the chapel I was able to return to the shrine without my crutch, which I left with my bandages at the foot of the statue of my heavenly benefactress.”

Since then the happy recipient of St. Anne's favor enjoys the best of health, and the only remnant of his painful disease consists in a stiffness in the foot which will disappear with time. On the 24th July, a month after his pilgrimage, he wrote the following to one of the Fathers at St. Anne :

"I send you the certificate from my pastor for which the Reverend Father Director of the "Annals" asked me. I may tell you that I am completely cured. My foot is still a little stiff but I hope that before long this final trace of my illness will disappear. A thousand thanks to St. Anne whom I will never forget."

The following is the certificate from the pastor of St. Charles de Mastigouche.

"I, the undersigned, certify that Mr. Arthur Prescott suffered for two years from a mis-step; that he was attended by a physician, obtaining little or no relief; that he made a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré on the twenty seventh of last month; that he left his crutch there and came back cured through St. Anne's intercession."

J. G. LAQUERRE, Priest.

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LXXXVI

## CURE OF MISS MAGGIE SMITH

of Lowell, Mass., U. S.

(June 22nd, 1901.)

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Statement made by St. Anne's favored client, and confirmed by her travelling companion.

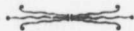
On the 22nd June 1901, Miss MAGGIE SMITH of Lowell, Mass., left her crutches at the foot of St. Anne's statue. Before leaving Beaupré she asked for the Editor of the "Annals," at the Sacristy, and made to him the following statement which was confirmed by her travelling companion.

"For five years I had been suffering from an injury to my knee caused by a heavy fall. I was attended by twelve physicians. One kept my knee

in plaster for forty eight days. A small bone was out of place and prevented me from walking without crutches or without the help of a person's arm. All the physicians' efforts were in vain and all declared me incurable. I had recourse to Good St. Anne. I prayed to her for a whole year and made several promises to her. Finally, knowing that there was to be a pilgrimage from Lowell to St. Anne de Beaupré, I resolved to go with it. Some charitable persons supplied me with more money than I needed for the journey, for every body desired my cure.

I reached St. Anne de Beaupré on the 20th June and began a novena. I walked with difficulty, aided by my crutches. On the third day, the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I felt a great change in my condition ; I left my two crutches before the Relic of Good St. Anne. At the end of the novena the small bone of the knee was in its place and caused me no pain. I was completely cured. On seeing me walk without crutches, one of my companions from Lowell wept with emotion. Before leaving St. Anne de Beaupré, I wish to express my gratitude to my benefactress by publishing the great favor she deigned to grant me. Glory, love and gratitude to the Consoler of the afflicted !

Maggie SMITH.



## LXXXVII

### CURE OF SISTER ST. AURELE

of Sillery, P. Q.

(July, 1802.)

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The following narrative, corroborated by the Physician's certificate, is from the pen of the happy object of St. Anne's power and goodness.

I beg the favor of a small space in the "Annals" to express my gratitude to St. Anne for I promised to publish my cure if obtained.

About a year and a half ago I was obliged to go to the hospital of the Hotel-Dieu in Quebec, owing to a very serious illness and a few days afterwards I underwent a painful operation, which greatly relieved me. Some time afterwards, in the beginning of June 1902, I was troubled with an intestinal obstruction. After trying remedies of all kind without any result, the physician had me sent back to the Hotel-Dieu to be treated by electricity in the hope of avoiding a fresh operation. I endured unspeakable torture without feeling the slightest improvement. On the 3rd July the disease was at its worst. A consultation was held and the physicians declared that an operation was unavoidable, that it must be performed at once and the treatment by electricity resumed. The prospect was dreadful. As I had previously obtained permission from the superiors to make a pilgrimage to St. Anne if I were cured, I changed the programme and got leave to go at once and pray for my cure at the feet of the great Saint.

The Sister in charge of the infirmary at Sillery went with me to the miraculous shrine on the same day, the 3rd July. I stood the journey fair-

ly well but suffered much during the night. On the following day I gathered all the strength and courage that remained in me and proceeded to the basilica with my companion. It was the first Friday of the month. I thought I could catch a glimpse of heaven and heaven gave me confidence. I heard two high Masses, received holy Communion and prayed as I had never prayed before, so it seemed to me. St. Anne attracted me to her and I could not remove my eyes or my heart from the contemplation of her statue. I became convinced that a miracle awaited me in that blessed spot. At 8.30 we left the basilica and returned to the convent to take a little food. I had been taking nothing but liquids for weeks, and the obstruction in my intestines caused frequent vomitings. The slight nourishment I took brought on an attack but, thanks to the care of my watchful companion, I recovered sufficiently to allow of my returning to the shrine at 10.30.

Soon we came to the "Scala Santa" and my companion resolved to visit it, telling me not to attempt to follow her, as it would be imprudent, and to remain in the carriage. I insisted upon seeing the "Scala Santa" also and ascended the steps leading to the chapel but not without fatigue. Then I wanted to follow on foot, the procession of the pilgrims from Chateau Richer, but I had to obey orders and went once more before St. Anne's statue which I contemplated for a long while.

A few minutes afterwards we went to the sacristy where I venerated the holy relic. The good Father who procured me that happiness showed me such kindness that I shall never forget it. He said to me three times in a tone of voice that still moves me whenever I think of it : "Sister, have confidence ; I am convinced you will be



cured." My eyes were filled with tears and my soul was full of confidence. We returned to the miraculous statue, we again venerated the relic and prepared to leave for I was not to waste my strength. We took the train at noon and reached the Hôtel-Dieu at half past one.

There was no sign of a cure as yet ; nevertheless I went back to my bed with the same confidence as when I had quitted it twenty four hours previously. I felt exhausted but my sufferings were endurable. The doctor came to see me, inquired about my journey and again urged me to hasten to the chapel in the hospital dedicated to the great Thaumaturga. After thanksgiving, which consisted more of tears of joy than of prayers, I submit to the operation. I told him I would give him an answer on the morrow. He thought me obstinate, but I insisted. During the evening I had a most painful attack. The sick-nurse wanted to give me something to relieve me but I refused and contented myself with putting water from St. Anne's shrine on the afflicted part. After suffering for some hours I fell in peaceful and restful sleep. Never, for two years, had I slept as quietly or as restfully. St. Anne took advantage of this to prepare the miracle. In the morning I awoke completely cured. I felt no pain and the obstruction had been removed. After a transport of gratitude I arose, dressed without help and returned to my room. The persons who knew of my illness were astonished on seeing me thus walking through the passages. Then I ate a hearty breakfast and went to the telephone to announce the marvel to my superiors at Sillery.

The doctor came, I went to meet him ; he inquired minutely about my condition and finally ascertained that a miracle had been worked, In

accordance with the promise he had previously made, he told me he would give a certificate of my cure some weeks later if the cure continued.

A few hours afterwards I drove out to Sillery, to my beloved convent, where every joy came to me. Throughout the following day the nuns prayed, two at the time, before Good St. Anne's statue and on the day after a solemn Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in our chapel whereat all my family were present. Though I have never been favored with a very good voice, I nevertheless caused a profound sensation at the beginning of the Mass when I began my hymn of praise to the Saint. Since then I have regained my strength; I follow all the exercises of the community without feeling any fatigue and moreover I perform all my duties towards my pupils in whom I wish to inculcate a true and solid devotion to my heavenly protectress.

In conclusion I desire to thank the physician of our convent for having affixed his signature to this humble recital and enabled me to show more clearly the evidence of the miracle worked in my favor by the glorious Patroness of Canada.

A NUN OF JESUS-MARIE.

I am of the opinion that Reverend Mother St. Aurèle of the convent of Jesus-Marie, Sillery, was miraculously cured through St. Anne's intercession.

She suffered from intestinal obstruction caused by adhesions which developed after an operation she had undergone eighteen months previously.

The patient was taken to the Hôtel-Dieu hospital in Quebec, where all the medical attendance she received produced no results. After consultation it was decided that a second operation would be necessary to remove the adhesions causing the obstruction.

Before consenting she wished to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré. On

her return she informed me that St. Anne had obtained her cure. She seemed to me to be cured, but I waited three months before giving this certificate in order to make sure that she was really cured.

All the symptoms have disappeared and the patient enjoys excellent health. I am happy to give her this attestation to-day, because I am convinced that she was miraculously cured through St. Anne's intercession.

Edwin TURCOT, M.D.

Quebec, 1st October 1902.

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LXXXVIII

## CURE OF YOUNG DANIEL HOEY

of Conshohocken, Pa., U.S.

(September, 1902.)

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Statement made by the mother of St. Anne's little client,  
and corroborated by a medical certificate.

As an infant, Daniel was as perfect a child as I ever saw, but when about eighteen months old he began to show the first symptoms of a diseased spine. We saw several of the most eminent specialists in Philadelphia. They had only words of despair for us. They said that he must wear a brace to hold up his head, but that it would be a temporary expedient, as he could not live more than a few years. He became worse until after he was 3 years old. From that time until nearly a year ago the brace was removed only when he lay down.

We had often heard of the wonderful cures of such cases at the basilica near Quebec, and last September we made the first pilgrimage there.

Daniel was carried all of the way, as he was virtually helpless. At the end of the nine days' devotion before the shrine, the brace was removed and he was able to go about by himself, something he had never before been able to do. The change was wonderful, but the priests recommended that we keep the brace and put it on if he should ever need it.

He came home, and gained strength so rapidly that in a short time he was playing with the other boys. This spring he played ball, and at times has even gone in swimming. It has been almost impossible to keep him in check.

Two weeks ago to-day we left home for the second visit to the shrine of St. Anne. With impressive ceremony the brace, which he has not worn since it was taken from him nearly a year ago, was laid upon the altar and discarded forever. His improvement during the last two weeks has been no less wonderful than that of last year. For all practical purposes his affliction has disappeared, and we are confident that within a year all evidence of the curvature of the spine will have departed.

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#### **Account by an Eye-witness.**

In Dr. Hall's statement I think you will find what you have asked for. He had my nephew's case from the very beginning, and through him we were directed to Dr. Hearne, a noted specialist in spinal disease, who, after examination, said there was no remedy for such a case but the wearing of a brace for the remainder of his life, and added that that span would be but a very few years.

Daniel was then eighteen months old. He then continued under Dr. Hall's care, a pitiable case to witness, most of the time being carried or drawn around in a coach, go-cart, and every appliance that would give him relief.

A short time before visiting Beaupré he was taken to Dr. Willard, another great specialist of

Philadelphia, for the purpose of examination, to see if a lighter weight brace or straps could be used—This, the Dr. said could not be done, as the body would collapse under any lighter bracing.

It was a few weeks after this decision that he was taken to Beaupré. I was in the church the morning that he walked up to the shrine for the first time, without the brace, and he was never obliged to wear it again; has never needed treatment of any kind from Dr. Hall since, is a little base-ball player, and can do everything that comes under the athletic list. The two specialists are since dead.

The Kolbe Brace Co's agent who had several times measured Daniel for a new brace, came for that purpose some time after his return from St. Anne's; he simply said that he was surprised and could not understand the change.

Daniel is at present in the best of health and will receive First Holy Communion in a few weeks, and may again visit St. Anne's this summer.

Theresa C. VALLELY.

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#### MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

Master Daniel Hoey was under my professional care, suffering from Pott's disease of the spine.

Everything known to surgery was done for the little sufferer, (and by the way, he was very brave with it all) without any appreciable benefit. He now, after several visits to Canada, seems to be quite well, and enjoys the sports of healthy and strong boys.

William M. HALL, M.D.

Conshohocken, May 15, 1908.



## LXXXIX

### CURE OF AN INDIAN

Of Pleasant Point, Mo., U. S.

(July 31st, 1903.)

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This cure is told by Rev. Fr. Leclerc, editor of the "Annals of St. Anne de Beaupre."

FRANCIS BENOIT, aged 43 years, an Indian from Pleasant Point, Me., was miraculously cured by St. Anne at the moment of Holy Communion. Benoit, while sawing ice, in the month of Avril 1902, sixteen months ago, contracted a cold which developed into erysipelas, and settled in the joints of his right leg and foot. The foot became so tender that he could not place it on the ground, let alone walk. Being a poor man he was obliged to make his own crutches which can now be seen at the St. Anne church. They are extremely primitive, and with them he hobbled to St. Anne on Friday last, where he started in to pray to St. Anne with great fervor, fully confident that his prayers would be answered. Yesterday morning, after having received Holy Communion, the Indian found himself entirely cured. He left the altar rail without the aid of his crutch and stick and, later, put a new boot upon the foot he had not touched the ground with for sixteen months, or earned a penny on account of his infirmity, and left last evening to join his wife and two children.

XC

## CURE OF NELSON DUROCHER

of Monroe, Mich., U. S.

(July 26th, 1904.)

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The following statement is made by the father of St. Anne's little client, and corroborated by the attestation of the parish priest.

In May 1903, we noticed that our little son Nelson, then four years old, had an unnatural form. So we had him examined by Dr. Geo. B. McCallum of Monroe, who said the child had curvature of the spine, and it was a very bad case, and that the only thing that could be done for the child was to have a plaster cast made. So, following his advice, we took our child to Detroit and had a cast made by Dr. Daniel La Ferte. He wore this cast for three months, then had to have one made but with no satisfactory results.

The child still complained of pains in his back.

In the following Spring an abscess formed in his right side and on the tenth April 1904, he was taken to the Harper Hospital, at Detroit, and on the following day underwent an operation, by Dr. La Ferte, a bone specialist of that place. After staying there one week we took him home; then he was under the care of Dr. McCallum; all he could do was to wash his side, which he did every day for nearly two months. Then, being discouraged and having no more hope for the recovery of our child, he said we could take care of him ourselves; that was done with no more results than he had obtained. During all this time the child could not walk unless with his hands on his knees, and with that only a few steps at a time: He had to be carried even to cross a room.

During all this time we had recourse, to good St. Anne and used water and oil from the shrine. On July 14th 1904, we started with the child for the shrine of St. Anne, at Beaupré. Arriving there the seventeenth, we began our novena and on the day of the feast of St. Anne, he was able to walk during all the time of the procession. The abscess which had been running unceasingly up to that time was completely cured. While there we left the cast with Fr. Wittebolle. Returning home the child began to grow better and to straighten, and on the eighth of December 1904, was straight, and could walk as well as any child, and has been so ever since. We therefore thank most sincerely the Sacred Heart, and good St. Anne, in whom we had placed all our confidence to obtain his cure, if it was God's holy will.

Wallace DUROCHER.

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**Attestation of the Parish-Priest.**

Nelson Durocher, aged four years, a child of this parish, was afflicted with spinal trouble for over two years. He had been treated by different eminent men in the medical science, but his condition became worse. At last he was unable to walk.

Finally in 1904 his people took him to the famous shrine of St. Anne, near Quebec, Can. Before leaving they brought him in their arms to our house, that I might bless him for the journey. Two weeks later they returned with the boy completely cured. Since then he has not been ill a day.

Rev. James S. DOWNEY



## CURE OF MISS MATILDA CUNNEA

of Chicago, Ill., U. S.

(July, 1904.)

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This remarkable cure is related by a trustworthy witness and confirmed by a medical certificate.

Sister, I feel I am cured, that I can walk. Assist me please, to my feet," were the first words spoken last Tuesday afternoon by MATILDA CUNNEA, after venerating the relic of St. Anne in the church bearing the Saint's name in the village of St. Anne.

The Sister of St. Joseph of the Hôtel-Dieu hospital, Englewood, who stood beside the reclining chair on which the young girl had been taken into the church, looked surprised, offered her hand, and Matilda Cunnea arose, put one foot forward, and then began to walk.

The strong man who had wheeled the chair in which the invalid had reclined for two years gasped with astonishment when he saw the girl stand erect. When she started to walk he rushed into the vestry of the church, caught Father Bernard by the arm, and blurted out: "She can walk!" and then burst out crying.

Miss Cunnea's father, John Cunnea, who resides at 7120 Harvard avenue, Chicago, and is president of the Calumet National Bank, had just departed for the train with his two younger daughters, when he was hurriedly recalled, and when he saw his invalid daughter walking with the Sister to the Notre Dame convent adjoining the church, he was completely overcome. As the long bedridden girl clasped him about the neck, weeping

for very joy, the scene was indescribably affecting.

When Mr. Cunnea assured himself that his daughter's cure was real, by the advice of the Sisters he decided to allow her to remain over night at the convent as originally arranged. Mr. Cunnea said he also feared the shock to his wife would be too great should he bring their daughter back restored in health without any previous notice.

Miss Cunnea is twenty-two years of age. She was stricken with paralysis two years ago, and all that medical skill and science could do was unavailing in causing a cure. Two weeks ago she expressed a desire to make the annual pilgrimage to St. Anne's, and arrangements were made so that she could make the nine days' novena previous to the feast by going to the village as the guest of the Sisters of Notre Dame. She was accompanied by one of the hospital sisters of the Hôtel-Dieu of Englewood. She attended all the services, even taking part in the procession, being wheeled to each service in an invalid chair.

Though there were many similarly afflicted among the pilgrims, Miss Cunnea, attracted attention and sympathy. As the day wore on, her eyes showed traces of tears as each service ended, and her petitions still seemingly remained unheard. When the final service came at 3.15 o'clock, and the relic of St. Anne was passed from one devotee to another, Miss Cunnea's eyes bore a strained and appealing look.

When the relic had been touched to her lips and passed on, the officiating priest, noting this look, after all had venerated it, went over to the chair in which Miss Cunnea was propped up, touched the relic to the lifeless limbs, then to her lips. The servant then rolled the chair out of the church. The cure followed.

The news of the afflicted girl's cure spread rap-

idly among the nine hundred Chicago passengers on the inbound train who had made the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne, and the father and sisters of the girl were sought out and congratulated, all feeling a common interest in the parent's joy.

Dr. J. J. Driscoll, 6408 Yale avenue, was one of the physicians who treated Miss Cunnea, and who came to the conclusion that she was beyond the pale of medical skill.

"It is several months since I saw Miss Cunnea," said Dr. Driscoll. "I did what I could, but I said afterward that I did not believe there was any medicine that would ever cure her. She was absolutely helpless. She could not walk a step. She was confined to her bed, and so completely paralysed that she could not feel it when needles were stuck into her limbs. I believe there can be no doubt but that she is cured."

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## XCII

### CURE OF MISS OUELLETTE

of Oldtown, Maine.

(August 8th, 1905.)

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This miraculous cure is told by Rev. Father Thuot, C.S.S.R. who was an eye-witness thereof.

Miss MARIE OUELLETTE, aged 21, a parishioner of Mgr. F.-X. Trudel, at Oldtown, Maine, had a violent attack of typhoid fever, in November 1903. She recovered sufficiently to resume her work, although with difficulty, She was very weak, had pains in the legs and could barely stand. Her digestion was also defective.

In October 1904, she had an attack of rheumatic fever which kept her in bed for three weeks. She got a little better and was able to get up and walk, but was obliged to go back to bed after a few weeks. Her nervous system was quite upset and she had contractions of the nerves.

In April 1905, her physicians, finding that they could not control those contractions, sent her to the hospital. She suffered intensely ; one leg was so contracted that the foot was turned up under the thigh. The surgeons cut two tendons and put her leg in plaster.

After a couple of months she was quite unable to walk and had herself taken home. She had always prayed to St. Anne and Mgr. Trudel greatly encouraged her to have confidence in that powerful protectress. She promised to make a pilgrimage to Beaupré. At the beginning of July she could walk painfully with the help of two crutches, Mgr. Trudel was organizing a pilgrimage for the beginning of August, so a novena was made during which the faithful prayed for Miss Ouellette's cure. On the 7th August, although suffering great pain and having much trouble with her digestion, she left Oldtown with the other pilgrims and entered the shrine of Beaupré on the following morning. The sick woman went at once to confession and Communion. After receiving Communion she said to those who supported her : "Leave me, I can walk alone and without crutches." In fact, she walked to the foot of St. Anne's statue and sat in a pew, having left her crutches at the sanctuary railing.

Shortly afterward a Father came with the holy relic. Miss Ouellette returned to the railing, walking with a firm step and her strength returned. Afterwards her stomach resumed its normal functions and she ate with an appetite and with-

out indisposition. When Mgr. Trudel was informed of this cure he said he was in nowise surprised, that he had encouraged Miss Ouellette to make the pilgrimage with full confidence that St. Anne would work a miracle in her favor.

After spending some days at Beaupré to thank her heavenly benefactress, Miss Ouellette returned home. She saw the physicians who had attended her and who had told her she could never recover and would never be able to walk without crutches. While they would not believe in a miracle, they were compelled to admit that, to restore their patient's health, some power superior to all the resources of human science must have intervened.

That superior power, we acknowledge to the glory of God, is the intercession of Good St. Anne who was invoked with confidence.

Miss Ouellette wrote us at the end of last December to assure us that her cure obtained at the shrine of Beaupré, on the 8th August last, has continued without any recurrence of the disease from which she suffered so much.

A. THUOT, C. SS. R.

Authentic account.

F. H. TRUDEL, P.P.



**CURE OF MISS CECILIA BERARD**

of Pittsfield, Mass., U. S.

(August, 1906)

This Wonderful Cure is Related by Rev. Fr. Garant, C.S.S.R.,  
and Confirmed by Authentic Papers from Both the  
Favored Person and the Parish-Priest.

Miss CECILE BERARD, of Pittsfield, Mass.,  
suffered ever since she was six years old from  
curvature of the spine caused by a fall. She is  
now twenty-three. She made four pilgrimages to  
St. Anne to obtain her cure. She could not stand  
up or walk without a corset which was at first  
made of plaster and afterwards of metal. Last  
year during her pilgrimage to Beaupré, she left her  
corset in the shrine after feeling an extraordinary  
commotion and an inexplicable movement through-  
out her whole person. Since then she walks freely  
and attends to her occupations without any diffi-  
culty. She wished to wait a year before publish-  
ing this miraculous fact, in order to be sure she  
was really cured. This year she is making her pil-  
grimage of thanksgiving and wishes to express her  
gratitude by having her cure published in the  
"Annals."

S. GARANT, C. SS. R.

**AUTHENTIC PAPERS.**

Reverend Father.—Enclosed please find Rev.  
Fr. Beaudouin's letter in regard to my cure. He saw  
the brace I had to wear before the one I left at  
St. Anne's. I still have it, and the people here  
can scarcely believe that I had to wear it. It is  
a plaster cast, and I wore it night and day for  
over six years. Since I left my metal brace at  
St. Anne's, I am feeling quite well.

CECILE BERARD.

**Statement of the Parish-priest.**

I take pleasure in certifying that Miss Cecilia Bérard has been miraculously cured at the shrine of good St. Anne of a difformity from which she had suffered for a number of years.

The bandages she wore to enable her to stand and walk are now discarded ; and ever since she has been able to walk with ease and work without undue difficulty.

As this sudden cure cannot be attributed to medical skill, it is evidently miraculous, proving how good St. Anne has heard the fervent and hopeful prayer offered to her by Miss Cecilia Bérard.

(Signed) C. BEAUDOUIN, Priest.

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XCIV

**CURE OF MISS MARKEL**

Of Rochester, N. Y.

(July 26th, 1907)

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The following statement is certified by a Redemptorist Father of Ste. Anne de Beaupré to be perfectly exact.

The Catholic Church is extremely cautious in declaring miracles. No matter however startling a cure may be, the faithful are not permitted to acclaim it a miracle. If it is an answer to prayer, it may be termed an answer ; nothing more, and if a cure, simply that and naught else.

That remarkable things are taking place daily, however, appears absolutely incontrovertible — especially remarkable cures. There are daily occurrences at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

Miss MARKEL, a resident of Rochester, N.Y., and a member of St. Michael's parish, had been

suffering since birth with a paralyzed hand. On the feast day of Good St. Anne, after finishing her novena and ascending the "Scala Santa" on her knees, she returned to her boarding-house and, after a few hours' rest, awoke and, to her great joy, found her hand, the use of which she had been deprived of since her birth, open, and she was at liberty to move her fingers without the slightest difficulty.

Overcome by her great emotion, she immediately repaired to the vestry, with her companions who had known her from infancy, where she acquainted with the facts one of the Redemptorist Fathers, who certified that the above statements are perfectly true, and who in testimony whereof has signed.

Jos. SIMARD, C. SS. R.

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XCV

## CURE OF MR. DAVID GUNN

of Cohoes, N. Y., U.S.

(August 2nd, 1907.)

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The following relation is from the pen of a trustworthy witness who quotes the very words of St. Anne's favored client.

In the large pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, organized by Father Lavigne, from the district of Albany, on the last day of July, was Mr. DAVID GUNN, contractor of Cohoes, who at the time was a cripple. He was suffering from a combination of ailments, paralysis of one of his lower limbs, rheumatic pains over the body, chronic dyspepsia and sleeplessness. He



was so helpless that he had to be practically carried by his friends from the train. To-day he is healthy and vigorous, full of vitality and nervous energy.

The cure was effected in a manner which the man himself regards as miraculous. Mr. Gunn said: "My troubles began three years ago with the paralysis of my right leg and rheumatic pains in the body, the result, I believe, of the rather close superintendence of building work I had on hand during a particularly cold autumn.

I secured the best medical and surgical treatment going so far as to have an eminent specialist from New-York. I spent nearly a year at Saratogo Springs, which have been renowned for their curative properties since the days of the Five Indian Nations, and other Springs without finding any relief. I was advised to try St. Anne de Beaupré and it seemed the last gleam of hope, for they told me of some wonderful cures that have been effected there. I accompanied Father Lavigne's pilgrimage and remained behind after the others had left. I tried very hard as the Redemptorist Father frequently advised me to believe that I would be cured; and one afternoon while I sat in the pew it seemed to me as if the halo around the head of the statue acquired an unwonted brilliancy. I may have been dreaming or half awake, I cannot say which, but the unwonted sight filled me with a kind of exaltation, and from that time forward I felt marked improvement in my condition, acquiring the use of my limbs and soon I began to enjoy my food and sleep. The last fortnight I have gained strength rapidly and my health appears to be as good as it ever was."

CURE OF SISTER CAMERON

of the Hotel Dieu, Cornwall, Ont.

(August 28th, 1907.)

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The following statement made by Rev. Father Garant, C.S.S.R. an eye-witness of the cure, is corroborated by both the favored Nun and her Superior.

On August 28, 1907, a cure, to all appearances miraculous, was wrought at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré. Sister CAMERON of the Hôtel-Dieu, Cornwall, Ont., had been suffering for nine months from an inflammation of the membrane enclosing the knee-joint. Under doctor's care, she had been obliged to remain in her room and could move about but very little, supported on two crutches.

In spite of all treatments of skillful physicians, the ailment grew worse, the nerves in the knee contracted, and the leg stiffened. The limb was put in plaster. The pain, acute and unremitting, prevented her from taking her accustomed sleep. Nothing seemed to bring any relief. The efforts and prescriptions of physicians were equally unavailing, so she obtained permission to join the Alexandria pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré.

After having prayed with fervour and placed her case in the hands of Good St. Anne, she asked one of the Fathers if she might venerate the relic. The moment it touched the diseased limb, she felt a peculiar sensation at the knee-cap ; all pain vanished, the cure was complete. After spending a few minutes in thanksgiving for the signal favour, she rose and without the use of her crutches, came into the sacristy. On meeting me, she said with

tear-dimmed eyes : "Father, St. Anne has cured me." I invited her into the parlour to remove the plaster. Twenty-five or thirty priests, present at the time, can vouch for the fact that she walked without the least difficulty.

Before leaving the hallowed sanctuary, Sister Cameron herself laid at the feet of the statue her crutches and plaster-mould as an earnest of her undying gratitude.

Since that time, she has felt no pain, used no crutches, hears Mass every morning, kneeling as the other Sisters, sleeps soundly and fulfils all the duties of one of the most important and arduous occupations in the community.

I have by me numerous letters testifying to the reality of the cure. The following extracts, I deem, are sufficiently convincing.

Hôtel-Dieu, Cornwall, Oct. 14th 1907

Reverend Father,—You will be pleased to know that Sister Cameron is able to be at work every day. She has no pain whatever in her knee.

Sister CHISHOLM, Sup.

Hôtel-Dieu, Cornwall, Feb. 11th 1907

Reverend Father.—Sister Cameron is perfectly cured. So we can never be grateful enough to Dear St. Anne for this wonderful cure.

Sister CHISHOLM, Sup.

At the beginning of February 1908, I forwarded the above account to Sister Cameron. I received this answer :

"I, the undersigned, attest and certify that the present facts related by Father J. S. Garant, C. SS. R. are authentic and conform to the exact truth."

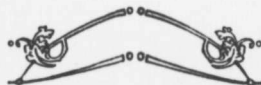
Sister CAMERON

As far as I am concerned, I have no hesitation in considering the cure a miraculous one and I believe it calculated to enliven the faith and confi-

dence of St. Anne's devout children. It is a pleasant duty, imposed by gratitude, for me to publish this new wonder worked by St. Anne.

My delay may be accounted for by the fact that I wished to be perfectly sure that the cure was a complete and lasting one. To conclude, I certify that I have scrupulously endeavoured to make my statements in the above account tally in every detail with the actual truth.

J. S. GARANT, C. SS. R.



# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Approbations .....	3
Preface .....	5
Introduction. ....	9
1st. The first cures—1658-1667.....	13
I. Louis Guimond, St. Anne de Beaupré, cured of rheumatic pains, 1658 .....	14
M. Esther Ramage, of Beaupre, cured of curva- ture, 1662.....	14
II. Nicolas Drouin, Chateau Richer, P.Q., cured of epilepsy, 1662.....	14
III. Marguerite Bire, of Quebec, cured of a compound fracture of the leg, 1664 .....	15
IV. Elie Godin, of Beaupré, cured of dropsy, 1665....	15
V. Jean Adam, of Quebec, cured of total blindness, 1665 .....	16
VI. Jean Prades, a native of France, cured of partial paralysis and abscess in the stomach, 1667....	17
2nd. Mr. Marsollet, of Quebec, cured of paralysis of the right side, 1675.....	20
3rd. Charles Landeron, of Quebec, cured of partial blind- ness, 1684 .....	20
4th. Genevieve Rigault, Côte de Beaupré, cured of an inter- nal disease, 1698.. ..	22
5th. Jean Salois, Island of Orleans, cured of lameness caused by a blow from an axe, 1700 .....	23
6th. M. Josephite Arcand, Deschambault, P. Q., cured of dropsy, 1768 .....	25
7th. A Traveller, saved from inevitable death, 1780 .....	31
8th. Marguerite Barbo, La Baie du Febvre, P.Q., cured of a combination of ailments, 1791.....	37
9th. A Mother of Family, just arrived from Ireland, cured of insanity, 1820.....	40

	PAGE
10th. Genevieve Mailloux, Ile aux Coudres, P.Q., cured of epilepsy, 1841 .....	43
11th. Angèle Bilodeau, of Quebec, cured of spinal disease, 1849. ....	45
12th. Marie Bilodeau, of Quebec, cured of paralysis of the lower limbs, 1865 .....	47
13th. Seven Shipwrecked Young Men, Island of Orleans, saved from a watery grave, 1872 .....	48
14th. Mélanie Michaud, St. Pacôme, P.Q., cured of a complicated illness, 1873 .....	52
15th. Miss Plamondon, of Quebec, cured of a very sore foot, 1873 .....	54
16th. Flore Brulotte, St. Joseph de Levis, P.Q., cured of a hopeless case of pneumonia, 1874 .....	56
17th. A Little Girl, Notre Dame de Levis, P.Q., cured of lameness and total blindness, 1874 .....	58
18th. Caroline Lemay, St. Croix, P.Q., cured of a sickness of fifteen years' standing, 1874 .....	60
19th. Little Orilia Leclair, Rimouski, P.Q., cured of total blindness, the effect of hydrocephalus, 1874 ..	62
20th. Young Gogy, of Quebec, cured of total blindness, 1875.	65
21st. Striking Conversion of a Young Man, of Quebec, 1875.	67
22nd. Conversion of a Freemason, of Boston, Mass., 1876 .....	70
23rd Mrs. Mich O'Connor, Adamsville, P.Q., cured of lameness, 1877 .....	72
24th. Charles Beauchemin, St. Cyril de Wendover, P.Q., cured of dumbness, the result of an apoplectic stroke, 1878 .....	75
25th. Miss, Amanda Mignault, St. Gervais, P. Q., cured of dislocation of the shoulder, 1878 .....	77
26th. A Canadian from Louisiana, miraculously cured of yellow fever, 1878 .....	79
27th. Alfred Thibodeau, Portneuf, P. Q., saved from inevitable wreck, 1875 .....	81
28th. Philomène Côté, Ile Verte, P. Q., cured of cancer in the breast, 1878 .....	84
29th. A Nun, place unknown, cured of a very complicated illness, 1880 .....	86

	PAGE
30th. Mrs. D. H. Paré, St. Vincent de Paul, P.Q., cured of sore legs, 1880 .....	87
31st. An Old Cripple, place unknown, instantly cured of his infirmity, 1882 .....	89
32nd. Young Stewart, Brooklyn, N.Y.; cured of curvature of the spine, 1883 .....	91
33rd. A Resident of Three Rivers, P.Q., preserved from apostacy 1885.....	92
34th. Young Fiset, Springfield, Mass., cured of a distorted leg, and sores all over his body, 1885 .....	94
35th. Miss Labrie, of Quebec, cured of a hopeless case of dyspepsia, 1886 .....	96
36th. An Irish Lady, of Montreal, cured of a hopeless case of inflammation of the bowels, 1887.....	98
37th. Eugénie Langlade, St. David, P.Q., cured of a most dangerous wound, 1887 .....	100
38th. Miss Powell, Laconia, N.H., cured of a disease of the spine, caused by a fall, 1889 .....	101
39th. Mrs. Chognette, Holyoke, Mass., cured of a hopeless case of blindness, 1888 .....	107
40th. A Boy, Portneuf, P.Q., cured of partial blindness, 1888.	108
41st. Cure of Three Acadian Pilgrims .....	109
I. Mrs. P. Doucet, Baie Ste. Marie, N.S., cured of a very painful affection of the knee, 1888.....	110
II. Marcelline Cormier, New Brunswick, cured of general debility, 1888.....	110
III. Mrs. Lebrun, Minudie, N.S., cured of weakness of dorsal spine, 1888 .....	111
42nd. Two Nuns, Hotel Dieu of Tracadie, N.B., both cured of consumption, 1888.....	111
42nd. Sister St. Hilarie, of Montreal, cured of spinal inflammation extending to the brain, 1888 .....	117
43rd. Mad. Delannais, Nicolet, P.Q., cured of partial paralysis and general swelling, 1888.....	121
44th. A Young Man, of Montreal, miraculously saved from temporal and eternal death, 1888.....	122
45th. Miss Rose Hudon, Hebertville, P.Q., cured of a hopeless case of dyspepsia, 1889 .....	123

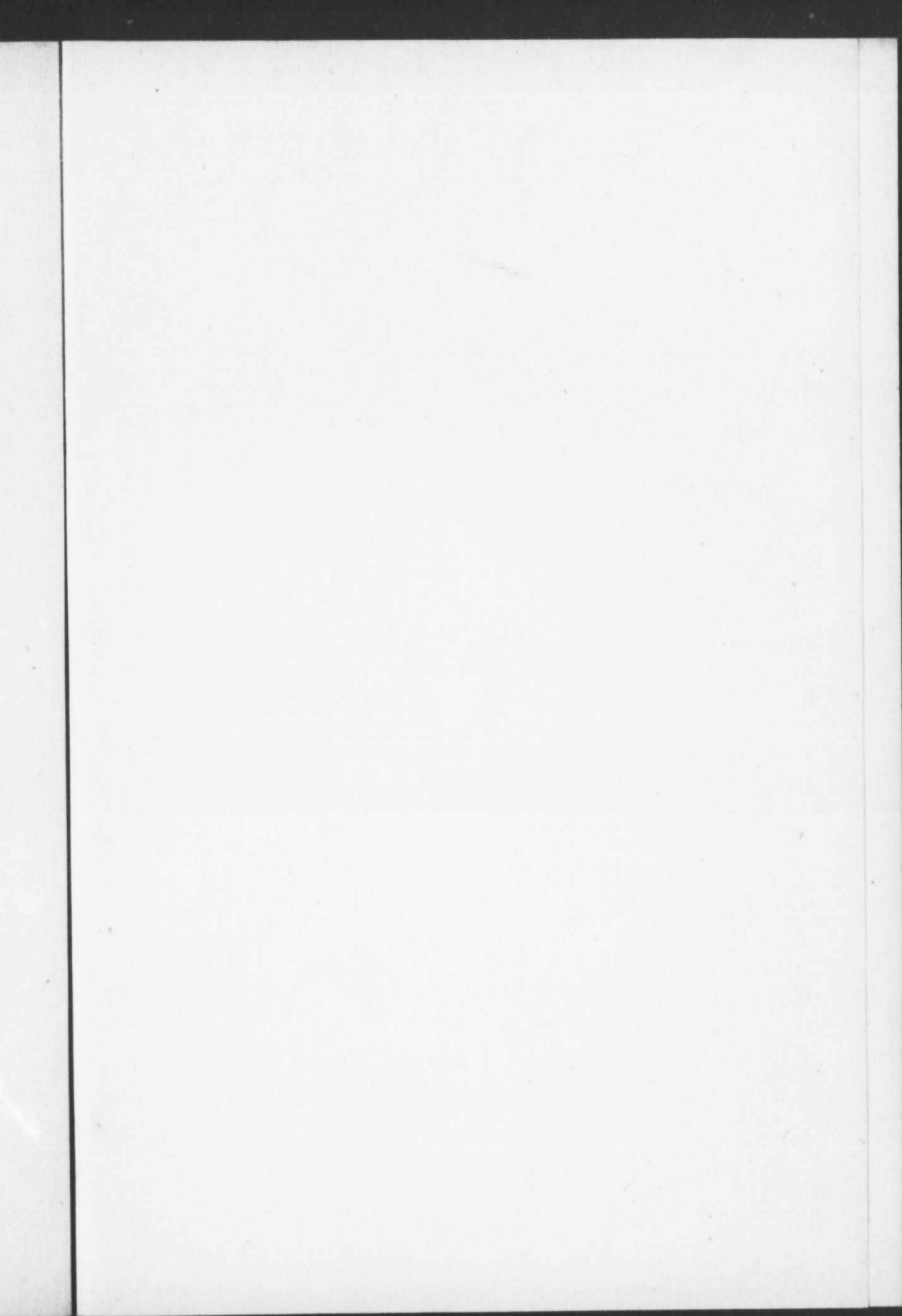
	PAGE
46th. Miss Flora Lapointe, St. Justine, P.Q., cured of sickness of long standing, 1889 .....	127
47th. Three Remarkable Cures :—	
I. M. L. Richard, St. Ephrem, P.Q., cured of an infirmity of 15 years' standing, 1890.....	129
II. Louise Lebranc, L'Epiphanie, P.Q., cured of a very sore knee, 1890 .....	130
III. Siméon Godhouse, St. Cyprien, P.Q., cured of a painful disease in the loins and legs, 1890.....	130
48th. Ovide Boivin, Eboulements, P.Q., cured of partial blindness, 1890 .....	131
49th. Sister Matthew, Chicago, Ill., cured of consumption in its last stage, 1890 .....	133
50th. A Protestant Lady, from Ontario; she became a Catholic on witnessing the cure of her brother-in-law, 1890.....	136
51st. Azilda Lamarche, Montreal, cured of lameness, 1891 ...	142
52nd. Mrs. Adam Cloutier, Côte des Neiges, P.Q., cured of paralysis of the legs, 1891.....	145
53rd. Mrs. J. Lavigueur, of Quebec, cured of consumption in its last stage, 1891.....	146
54th. Mrs. O'Hara, Dubuque, Iowa, cured of paralysis, 1891..	151
55th. Rose Parent, Montreal, cured of general debility, 1892..	154
56th. Miss Emma Beaudry, Portneuf, P.Q., cured of an internal tumour, 1892.....	158
57th. Nellie Golden, Oswego, N.Y., cured of a sore knee, the effect of a fall, 1893 .....	160
58th. George Daigle, Montreal, cured of paralysis of the lower limbs, 1893.....	162
59th. Three Crippled Pilgrims from Ontario.....	164
I. A Little Boy, from Ontario, cured of a sore leg, 1893.....	164
II. A Young Man, Picton, Ont., cured of sores all over his body, 1893 .....	164
III. Mrs. J. Kirwin, Picton, Ont., cured of partial paralysis, 1893. ....	165
60th. Mrs. Jubinville, St. Joseph, Man., cured of an illness of four years' standing, 1893 .....	166



	PAGE
61st. Mrs. Larose, Ottawa, cured of fatty degeneration of the heart, 1893. . . . .	168
62nd. Miss Josephine Lavoie, St. Anne de Beanpré, cured of phthisis, 1894 . . . . .	169
63rd. Sister Marie, Hotel Dieu, Montreal, cured of chronic periostitis, 1894 . . . . .	172
64th. Miss Thompson, Kingston, Ont., cured of rheumatic pains, 1894 . . . . .	174
65th. Miss Emma Weiber, Toledo, Ohio, cured of cancer, 1894	176
66th. Miss Ann Cunningham, Franklin Falls, N.H., cured of general debility, 1894 . . . . .	177
67th. Mrs. Remi Couture, of Quebec, cured of sciatica and tumour in the breast, 1895 . . . . .	179
68th. Young Palmer, Houlton, Maine, cured of a combination of ailments, 1896. . . . .	181
69th. George Harrington, New York, cured of paralysis, 1896	183
70th. Theodore Kortlander, Grand Rapids, Mich., cured of curvature of the spine, 1897 . . . . .	184
71st. Anthony O'Donnell, Brandon, N.Y., cured of paralysis of the left side, 1898 . . . . .	186
72nd. Sister Bernadette, Watertown, N.Y., cured of an internal disease of two years' standing, 1898 . . . . .	198
73rd. Cyril O'Rielly, Reading, Penn., U.S., cured of total blindness . . . . .	192
74th. Richard Powers, Chepstow, Ont., cured of lameness, 1898. . . . .	196
75th. Emile Thibault, of Montreal, cured of caries of the leg bones, 1899 . . . . .	198
76th. J. B. Valcourt, St. Benoit, Packington, P.Q., cured of deafness, 1899 . . . . .	201
77th. Sister St. Daniel, from Pennsylvania, U.S., cured of excruciating pains in the head, 1899 . . . . .	202
78th. Mr. Louis Beaulac, Nicolet, P.Q., cured of sciatica, 1899	204
79th. Miss Delphine Bélanger, The Brook, Ont., cured of lameness from birth, 1899 . . . . .	206
80th. An Indian, Gaspé, P.Q., cured of paralysis of the right side, 1899 . . . . .	209
81st. Sister Mary Gertrude, Newfoundland, cured of curvature of the spine, 1899 . . . . .	211

	PAGE
82nd. Miss Bambrick, Newfoundland, cured of spinal curvature, 1899 .....	213
83rd. Mrs. D. Mullin, Montreal, cured of fracture of the hip, caused by a fall, 1900 .....	214
84th. Mrs. Florence Ingraham, North Sydney, N.S., cured of an internal tumor, 1900 .....	216
85th. Arthur Prescott, St. Henri de Mastigouche, P.Q., cured of a sore foot caused by a mis-step, 1901. ....	217
86th. Maggie Smith, Lowell, Mass., cured of a sore knee, caused by a fall, 1901 .....	219
87th. Sister St. Aurèle, Sillery, P.Q., cured of intestinal obstruction, 1902 .....	221
88th. Daniel Hoey, Conshohocken, Penn., cured of spinal trouble, 1902.....	225
89th. The Indian, Francis Benoit, Pleasant Point, Me., cured of helplessness, caused by erysipelas, 1903 ...	228
90th. Nelson Durocher, Monroe, Mich., cured of curvature of the spine, 1904.....	229
91st. Miss Cunnea, Chicago, Ill., cured of paralysis of two years' standing, 1904 .....	231
92nd. Marie Ouellette, Oldtown, Me., cured of complete helplessness, caused by rheumatic fever and nervous troubles, 1905.....	233
93rd. Cecile Bérard, Pittsfield, Mass., cured of curvature of the spine, 1906.....	236
94th. Miss Markel, Rochester, N.Y., cured of a paralyzed hand from birth, 1907 .....	237
95th. David Gunn, Cohoes, N.Y., cured of a combination of ailments, 1907. ....	238
96th. Sister Cameron, Cornwall, Ont., cured of inflammation of the membrane of the knee-joint, 1907.....	240





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