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ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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

Gloriosa dicta sunt de te (Ps. 86.)



Glorious things are said of thee (Ps. 86.)

SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

ANNALS
OF
ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, - THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

CONTENTS.

Spiritual advantages. - A parish visibly protected by St. Anne. - A nun cured by the intercession of St. Anne. - The worship and patronage of St. Anne. Homage paid to her by the Western Church; France. (*Continued.*) - Lez Breiz (epic fragments). (*Continued.*) - A mite from St. Anne of Apt. - A miraculous cure at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. - Prayer to Our Lady of Perpetual Help (*poetr.*) - Miraculous cure of a boy. - St. Anne hears the prayer of a child.

Price of subscription: 35 cents; all correspondence to be directed to Rev. C. E. CARRIER, Levis College, Levis, P. Q.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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

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A PARISH VISIBLY PROTECTED BY ST. ANNE.

My dear Reverend Father,

I have received your kind letter. What excellent news it brought me! Nothing could please me more. Thanks to the good Father, whose name I have

forgotten, and who received us so politely and cordially, and thanks also to you, our church now possesses a relic of good Saint Anne. It is a great honor for us, and I consider this advantage as a visible mark of St. Anne's protection.

We owe much to our dear Saint. She has done much for us, both in the spiritual and temporal order. Numberless spiritual graces have been obtained through her intercession. How many souls she has brought back to God! Who can count the households to which St. Anne has restored peace and harmony, wherein she has reinstated those Christian principles which alone can make a family good? We owe her the peace and union which reign throughout our parish.

Our congregation was founded five years ago, and since that time, our progress has been wonderful. We have spent more than \$40,000. We have raised in honor of St. Anne one of the finest churches in New England, and, notwithstanding the small number of Canadians (two hundred and fifty poor families at the most), there remains only a nominal debt. What is the cause of all our success? The union and agreement that have not ceased to prevail. Devotion to St. Anne! Yes! indeed, we love her in this parish of ours. She is our Mother, and every body invokes her and prays to her every day. And she generously returns what we do for her. She has drawn down blessings on our undertakings, on our families, she has cured our sick, converted our sinners, comforted our afflicted and strengthened our weak. Perhaps one day some voice will relate the numerous marks of the protection of the great Saint in favor of this portion of the Canadian people, whom she loves so well.

In proof of her protection, let me just mention one fact. It was in 1835. We had neither church nor presbytery, and yet a debt of \$1600.00 for the building-lot was on us. We had to celebrate mass in a miserable public hall, hardly large enough to hold one third of

the Congregation. What were we to do? To build a church, evidently. But how, and with what means?

I announced a public novena in honor of good Saint Anne. Every evening, prayers were to be said in all the families. On the fifth day of the novena, a rich Catholic American, who spends the summer here, met me on the street, and said to me. "Is it true that your intention is to build a church?—It is, indeed, said I, but I hardly know if I will be able to succeed; we are poor.—I will give you, said the stranger, all the slate you may require." It was a present of eight or nine hundred dollars. When I broke the good news to my parish, there were tears in the audience, for St. Anne's protection was so visible.

A few months later, encouraged by this unlooked-for help, we set to work, and on the 20th of July, that same year, the contract for building a new church in honor of St. Anne was about to be signed. I ordered a second public novena in honor of our protectress, and behold that, likewise on the 5th day, which happened to be the 26th, the contractor came to me and said to deduct \$2500.00 from the price of his tender, because a wealthy man who took an interest in our work had engaged to pay him that sum.

Is the protection of St. Anne visible enough? No wonder, then, that since that time, her worship is solidly established among us, and I would not be surprised were, later on, numerous pilgrims to come, as to St. Anne de Beaupré, to beg of the great Saint aid and protection.

We shall prepare to receive fittingly those precious relics. Meanwhile keep them in your possession. I would not like to risk sending them by mail or express; besides, it would not be proper. One of my friends or myself shall go for them as soon as possible.

I don't renounce the hope of seeing you sooner or later among us, for, as soon as the interior of my

church shall be finished, it is my intention to have a grand retreat. Meanwhile, I thank you for your trouble, and I beg Almighty God and good St. Anne, to bless you and all the Reverend Fathers.

J. E. P., Parish Priest.

—The zealous and worthy Pastor whose edifying letter we have just laid before our readers, did not think fit, in his modesty, to mention a detail of his pilgrimage, which redounds to the glory of God and of good St. Anne, as well as to his own praise.

We beg his pardon for relating it here in a few words.

A Protestant woman, of his place, hearing that a pilgrimage was being organized for St. Anne de Beaupré, took it into her head to go there with her sick child, to ask her recovery of that great Saint of whose power she had heard so many marvellous accounts.

During the passage on the river from Montreal to St. Anne's, the parish priest, who directed the pilgrimage, while going his rounds, perceived a woman and her child who, exhausted with fatigue, could not, however, sleep for want of a proper resting-place. Moved with pity, he said to the mother:

"Take this key, it opens the door of such a cabin. You may rest there with your child." The woman accepted with surprise the generous offer of the priest who, giving up to her his own bed, deprived himself of sleep for her and her sick child. Touched with this example of self-denial, the Protestant woman (for it was she), could not sleep, in spite of her fatigue, with rolling in her mind a thought which had just struck her. She would have liked to become a Catholic, so as to merit better the favors of St. Anne. When she reached the sanctuary, she begged of her benefactor to admit her into the Church. He made her understand that she should first have herself instructed,

so as to understand well the importance of the step she was going to take, and the greatness of the benefit that God was bestowing on her.

The poor woman prayed fervently all the time she spent at St. Anne's. A short time later, being properly instructed and constant in her resolution, she had the happiness to renounce her past errors. St. Anne had obtained for her the gift of Faith, far more precious than the cure of her child which she had gone to ask of her. Let us hope, however, that the latter grace will be granted to her to complete her happiness.

-----GOD-----

A NUN CURED BY THE INTERCESSION OF ST. ANNE.

I, the undersigned, in witness of my lively and sincere gratitude towards St. Anne, to whose intercession I owe my speedy and perfect recovery, which occurred at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, on August 16, 1888, am happy to write the following declaration, in the hope that this simple narrative may contribute to increase confidence in and devotion towards that illustrious Saint.

"From 1878, until the 25th of December, 1882, although suffering, I was able to perform, throughout the whole academic year, all my ordinary duties: but, towards the close of each year, I felt greatly fatigued. Thanks, however, to my rest during vacation, I was able, every year, to resume my duties, when the classes began, yet always under the influence of an uneasy feeling, that I could not explain and that was attributed to my state of weakness. The malady was slowly progressing.

On Christmas day, 1882, I was taken with such a fit of weakness that I swooned away. Since that day,

I remained weak, and suffered such violent headaches that I could not follow an conversation nor bear the least noise, and my memory completely failed me. The physician of our community then declared that my affection was an inflammation of the dorsal spine which had reached the brain.

From that date (Dec. 25, 1882) until 1887, I could work only at rare intervals, frequently returning to the infirmary there to follow each time a new treatment.

* In February 1887, I took to my bed and staid there during eighteen long mouths. During that time, I suffered violent headaches, and always remained lying in the same position, without being able to make the least motion. I felt pains in all my limbs, and I was all swollen. Seeing myself in this state, I understood that my end was not far off. The doctor having pronounced me in danger, I prepared myself for death, with such earnestness that I was really disappointed to see some of my sisters in religion die before me.

The physician spared no means to cure me. After having undergone, without feeling any relief, several painful operations, I lost all confidence in human assistance, and was inspired to ask my superiors, permission to perform a pilgrimage to Ste-Anne de Beaupré, in case that I should recover. Agreeably to the wish of Our Reverend Mother Superioress General, I made two novenas in succession, but without any result, for my state grew worse. Despairing of ever being cured, I gave all up, and I ask for one grace only, that of dying well. However, a little later, I felt inspired to begin a third novena to St Anne, soliciting the grace of recovering sufficient health to be able to make the trip to St-Anne de Beaupré, being always under the conviction that if I only could get there, I would certainly be cured. During this third novena, I became able to move slightly my right arm, then to sit up in bed. Encouraged by such a slight

improvement, I began a fourth novena, then a fifth, and my condition improving day by day, the Doctor and Our Reverend Mother gave me permission to undertake my pilgrimage.

I started out with difficulty, accompanied by two Sisters of our Community and some members of my family. They thought I was losing my mind, and they repeated: "She will certainly die on the way." But nothing could disturb me; certain as I was of being cured as soon as I would reach St-Anne's.

Two days later—it was on the 16th of August, 1888, I was in the blessed Sanctuary, at the feet of my Benefactress, to solicit my recovery, so as to be able to work for my dear Community, and to make St Anne better known and loved. Being too weak to receive Holy Communion during mass, the Reverend Fathers were kind enough to make me communicate before mass. As soon as I had received the Sacred Host, I felt in the dorsal spine a gentle heat, which afterwards spread all over my system. I WAS CURED, to the great surprise of all present, and especially of my relatives who could not keep from crying, when they saw me walking about without any help. After having rendered thanks to God and to my deliverer, I returned to my convent. My return was hailed with indescribable exclamations of surprise, joy and gratitude.

Five days later, I was appointed to go to Sherbrooke to teach a class of forty pupils. I taught the class the whole year, without interruption, and I am happy to certify that since the date of my perfect recovery, I have felt no symptom of my painful illness, which had been pronounced incurable.

I am now able to apply my mind to meditation, to study, reading and writing without experiencing the least fatigue, a luxury which I had not enjoyed for four years past. This year, I could follow, all the offices of the annual retreat, a privilege of which I had been

deprived for six long years, and I feel no fatigue whatsoever therefrom.

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

Sister STE-HILARIE,

of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

Montreal, August 16, 1889.

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THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE

—
DEVOTION TO ST. ANNE IS TRULY CATHOLIC. HOMAGE
PAID TO HER BY THE WESTERN CHURCH. FRANCE.
—

(Continued.)

The proportions of our short study on St. Anne do not allow us to give even an abridged history of the wonders of St. Anne d'Auray. Besides, in doing so, we could only give an imperfect notion of one of the most marvelous pilgrimages that exist, whether as to its origin, about the authenticity of which there can be no question, or as to its development and its salutary influence over a vast portion of France. We prefer, therefore, to refer our reader to works treating specially on the subject.

Should, however, his pious curiosity require to be stimulated, we subjoin a few statistics concerning the miracles wrought at Auray, and juridically authenticated twenty years after the discovery of the statue, in 1624. Jean Thomas de St. Cyrille writes as follows: "In testimony of the protection of the Saint, we might adduce a great number of striking miracles taken from works previously published, and from the registers

wherein were consigned the most remarkable facts, well as from separate affidavits and other public documents. Among this number figure:

The resurrection of twelve dead bodies ;

The cure of sixty sick persons delivered from imminent danger ;

Sight restored to nine blind persons ;

Hearing restored to ten persons afflicted with deafness ;

Guiltlessness of several accused miraculously recognized ;

Paralytics, to the number of thirty-six, that have recovered the use of all their limbs ;

The perfect cure of twelve incurable patients ;

Thirty-three shipwrecked mariners saved from imminent death ;

Thirty-five other persons, who, without her assistance, would have inevitably been drowned in ponds and rivers ;

Thirteen captives delivered from the bondage of the Turks ;

Several hundred persons, of all ages and conditions, delivered from divers perils of death, or cured of a multitude of infirmities.

Finally, a great number of wretched sinners struck by Divine Justice, for having spoken disdainfully of that charitable Mother.

The most numerous and remarkable among the miracles took place about the year 1647, on which this account is dated,—but, in the same degree that the health of the body is superior to that of the soul, so much more remarkable are the miraculous benefits granted to souls, such as the sudden conversion of hardened sinners, the confessions of fifty years past repaired and the transformation of hearts. Who might ascertain the number of these graces, since they are

revealed only at the tribunal of penance, and consequently, usually remain hidden by their very nature and unknown to the public !

These prodigious facts have been unceasingly repeated since then, and, to the present day, every year their number goes on increasing : but their very frequency is an obstacle to their being juridically verified. The most recent of these miracles are the shipwrecks from which mariners full of hope and confidence have been saved. Were not these miracles thus incessantly multiplied, it would be impossible to explain the often extraordinary affluence of the people of Brittany to Auray. A multitude of persons of all conditions each year perform this pilgrimage, often on foot, in spite of the present facility for travelling. The surrounding parishes go thither successively, walking in procession on the Sundays preceding or following the feast-day. More than that, the parish of *Pont l'Abbé*, situated at the extremity of Finistère, sends there *on foot* a member of each one of its families.

The shrine raised on the ruins of the Bocenno, although incomparably more resorted to than the others, is not the only one that attracts pilgrims, and where a patroness more benign than aught other, is venerated. Several chapels have been built on the seashore, and very few sailors go on board without having visited one of them. They go in preference to *St Anne du Moulin (St Anne of the Mill)*, not far from *St Brienc*. It would perhaps be hard to find, in this Catholic country, ten churches not having an altar dedicated to her. We may therefore assert it according to the most positive affirmations, devotion to *St Anne* always was and has remained the primary devotion of Bretons. The popularity of the *Madonna* in Italy, of *St Patrick* in Ireland, of *St Januarius* in Naples, can hardly give an idea of their filial love and perfect confidence. On her part, *St Anne* has constantly shown herself liberal and often prodigal to her people ;

besides special graces like those we have mentioned, she preserves their ancient Faith. Amidst the moral and religious decadence of a great portion of Europe, the Breton has not yet lost his natural physiomy, his noble pride, his rough simplicity which is partly the safeguard of his morals. Here the Revolution has hardly made aught else than material ruins, much easier to repair than the often too irreparable ruins of religion and morals. But will Brittany resist the dissolving influence of a perfidious and hypocritical press, the industrial fever which carries away the present generation, the apostles of the worship of the flesh and its gross appetites, this galaxy of seductions which are skilfully combined to make the Christian forget his noble destiny by the sorry bartering of future happiness for a few miserable satisfactions? Let us hope so, if she remains faithful to her powerful Protectress, with whose aid, she will escape this danger also, more redoubtable than the others.

Happy sons of Brittany, ! Though leaving the beloved soil of their country, they have not forgotten the veneration they paid their Mother, they have religiously kept it as the most precious heir-loom; they have striven to spread it wherever they went; they have planted it in all the former French colonies of India and of North America, as it may be seen by perusing the history of the former missions and settlements of France beyond the seas.

Breton priests, Ursuline and Hospitaller nuns, and Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whose zeal and devotedness sustained the first French colonists, and whose heroic abnegation was rewarded by the conversion of a great number of nations, were the most ardent propagators of the devotion of St. Anne in Canada. On her part, the Saint was not indifferent to the fidelity of her beloved Bretons and to the truly filial confidence of her new children; in this land of adoption, as in the mother-country, she was pleased to pour down upon

them her maternal favors. The ancient relations of the missionaries, reprinted in 1858 at the expense of the Government of Canada, bear witness to it, and have preserved for us the remembrance of a multitude of graces obtained by the mediation of St. Anne. In 1667, the missionary Thomas Morel wrote as follows :

“As God seems to have always chosen some churches wherein, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, of the Angels and Saints, He generously opens the treasure of His Mercies, and works a number of miracles which He does not, according to the ordinary course, work elsewhere, He seems likewise to have chosen in our times the church of *Ste Anne du Petit-Cap*, to make it a favorable shelter, a certain place of refuge for the Christians of this new world. He has placed in the hands of this great Saint a treasure of graces and blessings, which she liberally grants to those who invoke her in this place. It is assuredly for this object that He has inspired our hearts with a singular devotion, an extraordinary confidence which engages the people to have recourse to her in all their wants. They receive from her signal and wonderful graces, as may be seen by the relation of the marvels brought in this place since the last six years. My object is not to relate them all here, but only a few of the most remarkable, in order to satisfy the piety of these persons who have requested me to do so; I do this all the more willingly that, having either been an eye-witness or having been exactly informed of these facts, I will repeat them with more certitude.”

The missionary then finishes in the following words his pious relation :

“Besides the wonders that I have just related, there are many others that have come to my knowledge and that I merely indicate. I therefore affirm that a great number of persons devoted to St. Anne have been miraculously assisted, some having escaped death after

having lost their canoes or other crafts, others having recovered from divers maladies which human remedies had been powerless to cure. But what I consider most precious among these favors, are the wonderful graces granted by God through the Saint's intercession, to many sinners to make them return to a better life. Having, for the last five or six years, performed the office of parish priest in this church, I have known several to whom such happiness was granted. But these favors take place between God and the soul in the secret of the heart, they will be well known in eternity only.

These happy beginnings give us to hope that God, through the intercession of St. Anne, will crown this holy place with a thousand blessings the whole of this new country. May it please His bounty that our sins may not stop the course of His blessings."

(To be continued.)

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

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LEZ BREIZ.

EPIC FRAGMENTS.

(Continued.)

CANTO THE FOURTH.

THE KING.

On that day, the Lord Lez Breiz was marching
 encounter the king himself;
 Towards the king to fight him, followed by five thousand
 sand armed horsemen.

Now, just as he was about to start, a thunder-clap was heard, a most frightful clap of thunder.

His gentle esquire, heeding it, saw therein an ill omen;

—In the name of heaven! Master, remain at home;
this day is heralded by unlucky signs!

—Remain at home! my esquire. impossible, the order has gone forth, I must advance!

And advance I shall as long as life, as long as life shall be kindled in my breast,

Until I hold the heart of the king of the forest-country, (1) between the ground and my head.

The sister of Lez Breiz, seeing this, clung to the bridle of her brother's horse:

—My brother, my dear brother, as thou lovest me, thou shalt not to-day go forth to battle;

It would be going to death! and after, what would become of us?

I see on the beach the white sea-horse, a monstrous serpent enfolds him;

Enfolds his two hind legs with two dreadful coils, and his flanks with three others coils,

And his fore-legs and his neck with two others still, and it creeps up his breast, it burns him, it chokes him;

And the unhappy horse rears on his legs, and casting his head aside, he bites the monster's throat:

The monster gapes, it wags its triple blood-red dart, and hissing, unrolls its folds;

But its young ones have heard it, they hasten forward; fly, the fight is unequal, thou art alone, Oh! fly, safe and sound!

—Be the Franks by thousands! I flee not before death!

He had not finished speaking when he has already far off, far away from his dwelling.

(1) France, as compared with the Armorican shores.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

THE HERMIT.

I

As the hermit of the Hellean wood was sleeping, some
one knocked thrice at his door.

— Good hermit, open the door to me ; I seek a refuge
to shelter myself.

The wind blows icy cold from the country of the
Franks. It is the hour when the flocks and even
the wild beasts have ceased to wander here and
there.

The wind blows icy cold from the sea, it is not good
to be out of doors.

— Who art thou, knocking at my door at this midnight
hour and seeking to enter ?

— Brittany knew me well, in the day of her anguish,
I was Lez-Breiz (the support of Brittany).

— I shall not open thee my door ; thou art a seditious
man, I have heard it said.

Seditious thou art, as I have heard say ; thou art the
enemy of the blessed king.

— I am not a rebel, God be my witness ! nor a traitor
either.

Shame to traitors, and to the king and to the Franks !
Their tongue sweats, as the tongue of a dog, a sweat
which pierces through like the sweat of the
damned.

Shame upon traitors ! had it not been for them, I would
have won the victory.

— Son of man, beware lest thou ever curse friend, or
foe, or any other :

Nor above all the Lord King, for he is the anointed
of God.

— God's anointed, he is not so, the anointed of the
devil, I grant it.

God's anointed he is not who ravages the land of the
Bretons.

the money that comes from the devil is spent in shoeing Pol (1).

spent in shoeing old Pol, but he is always unshod (2).

Old hermit, open to me, that I may find a stone to rest.

I will not open my door to thee, the Franks would pick a quarrel with me.

Old hermit, open thy door, or I shall throw it into thy house.

(To be continued)

— 00 —

A MITE FROM ST ANNE OF APT

FOR THE ALTAR OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

We publish without any further comment the following passages from our correspondence. Our readers will admire with us the touching simplicity with which they are written, and the tender piety which dictated each one of these lines.

“ Dear Reverend Father,

“ I have seen in your good *Annals* of Beaupré, that you so generously send me, — a favor for which I feel very grateful, — a subscription-list for the altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. It struck me that the children of St Anne of Apt should also contribute a mite for the Basilica of Beaupré,

Profiting of the month consecrated to the honor of St Anne, I have set myself to beg among my friends and acquaintances, and, in spite of our many wants and real good works, which especially appeal to our charity, I have gleaned a few coins for your altar.”

L. P.

Apt, Aug. 1, 1889.

(1) Pol is the name given to the devil in Lower Brittany.

(2) That is to say : Ill gotten gain brings no body good.

“ Dear Reverend Father,

“ I hasten to send you the amount of my little collection. If I regret one thing, it is to be unable to send you a larger sum, for what I have gathered is like a drop of water in the vast Ocean.

But God, who receives with gratitude the widow's mite, will accept our intention, which is solely to glorify His Holy Mother and His beloved ancestress.

And this drop of water, lost to the eyes of men, Mary will follow it with her motherly eye, and she will discover therein the pledge of our all-filial love.

I beseech God, dear Reverend Father, to make others feel the want I feel myself, so assisting you in this undertaking which embraces at the same time the worship of Mary and that of St Anne.

I crave the assistance of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in all the perilous occasions of my life, and above all at the hour of my death, for all those who have shared in this modest subscription. Enclosed please find, a P. O., Order for 28 francs.

I humbly ask you for your blessing and subscribe myself your little servant in the hearts of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

L. P., child of Mary.

MIRACULOUS CURE AT THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

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

Flora Lapointe, of St. Justine, in the arch-diocese of Quebec, had been sick for six years, and during three years, she was tied down to her bed by suffering, without being able to arise or to take any other posture than remaining on her back day and night. The physicians had not been able to give her any relief. At the beginning of last July, she was brought to the Hospital of the Sacred Heart, hoping to obtain her cure, or at least some relief, under the care of the Hospital-physicians.

Her hopes, however, were not realized. Seeing that she was doomed to remain all her life in a state of infirmity, a burden to others, she resolved to apply to good St. Anne. Filled with the greatest confidence, she begged to be brought to the shrine where that great Saint so often manifests her intercessory power. On Monday morning, the second day of September, she was borne on her bed from the hospital of the Sacred Heart to the steamboat. On her arrival at the quay, she was placed near the statue of St. Anne, where Holy Communion was brought to her before the altar. She had hoped to obtain her cure at that solemn moment; but the Almighty, wished to try her faith. Though slightly discouraged, she nevertheless continued to pray with all the more confidence that she felt herself somewhat relieved,

After mass, they brought her the relic of St. Anne to venerate, and at the very moment when they applied it to the most suffering part of her body, she felt a sensation both extraordinary and indescribable. She felt cured, and able to rise up and walk. Then she began to cry, to laugh, to speak, without being quite aware of what she was saying or doing. Then she rose up and began to walk, to the great wonder of all those who saw her.

The news of this astonishing cure reached the hospital, that same day, and rejoiced all who had prayed to have the poor girl's prayers granted. Tears fell from many eyes, at the Sacred Heart, when, the next evening, the poor patient of the day before got out of the carriage by herself, before arriving at the hospital-door, and went in alone and on foot, to prove to every body that she was well. Every one congratulated her, and she thanked every one for the prayers offered up in her behalf, to which alone she ascribed her recovery.

It was a short time before the evening-prayer which is always said in the chapel. Miss Lapointe assisted kneeling, as well as all the rest. They sang in thanksgiving, the popular hymn of which the pious burden is so often repeated in joyful accents by grateful pilgrims.

“ Daignez, sainte Anne, en un si beau jour,
“ De vos enfants agréer l'amour.”

Which in English signifies : “ Deign, St. Anne, on this happy day, to accept the love of thy children.”

L'abbé CHS TRUELLE.

PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

Sweet Lady of Perpetual Help !
 Mother of God : To thee,
 With thanks for present grace, past gifts,
 And trust for days to be,

I come with palms outstretched for alms.
 Since vain is human skill,
 I ask through thee, for help, peace, strength,
 If such is God's wise will.

Upon thy queenly brow I see
 Hope's starry beacon shine,
 Beside the world's redeeming rood,
 Our Lord's hands rest in thine.

The Angels wait upon thy word,
 God hears thy every plea,
 Sweet Lady of Perpetual Help !
 And Queen of sorrows, be

My help and victory evermore
 In all I do and say,
 And my ceaseless Benedicite,
 For all God's gifts, for aye.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.

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MIRACULOUS CURE OF A BOY.

Having subscribed to the *Annals of St. Anne de Beaupré*, and seeing that those persons who have received benefits from St. Anne have them published in her honor, I will relate, with your permission, as early as I can remember, what has happened in my

own family in two cases when we have had recourse to the good St. Anne. The circumstances are as follows. My son, Patrick Colgan, who is now in his ninth year, was a twin child. He was remarkably strong, weighing at the time of his birth 9 and a half lbs. the same as his twin-sister. He grew to be a fine child and seemed to be very healthy until between the age of two and three years, when he took some kind of fits. At first, it used to happen once in two weeks, then after a while, once a week. After a few weeks, these fits used to come on two or three times a day. He did not however fall into convulsions at any time. If he began to cough or laugh, he suddenly fell down wherever he was, his face grew pale as death, and remained so until we used some means to bring him back to consciousness. These fits continued a good while, and we began to fear that he might end in epilepsy. One day that he was in one of his fits, my brother, Jacob Cassidy, came to our house and knowing that he was about to go to St. Anne's Beaupré as a pilgrim in the course of a couple of weeks, I asked him to bring me a medal of St. Anne for my little boy. My brother answered that he would. The child then got over the fit, and from the moment he was asked to have the medal brought for him, although it was about two weeks before he received it, he did not have a single fit, nor has he had any since for more than two years. At the end of that time, the string to which it was attached round his neck was broken. The brother brought me the medal in his hand, saying to me, "Mamma, put my medal on me, it has fallen off." I was busy at the time, and I told him to put it away, adding that I would mend the string when I had time. He put it away, and I forgot all about it. Each day he brought it to me to mend it, and being busy each day I put it off, saying and thinking I would do it, but forgetting to do so every time. At the end of the five days he took a fright from looking at a cow, and fell down again in one of his old fits. I knew then that it was my fault for neglecting to put his medal on

and lost no time in doing it, and from that day up to the present, thank God for it, he has never had another of those fits.

This same boy continued to grow and keep healthy until the year 1887, in the middle of the month of May, when he was taken sick with the following symptoms: pain in the stomach shivering with cold for a while and then a few minutes after, he would be in a burning fever. During his sickness he could not eat any thing, and what water he drank would not remain a minute on his stomach. After a week's time he got better, and remained so for a month, and then the same sickness came again. During this relapse he suffered violent pain night and day. His cries were heard at a distance of ten acres, almost as plainly as if you were beside him.

The Doctor declared that the suffering was caused by gall-stones. He prescribed accordingly and did what he could for him, but all was of no use. The disease progressed and the boy became as weak as an infant. We had to carry him in our arms day and night. Although L's frame had wasted away from suffering and privation of food, his cries were loud and piercing. I have seen strong men obliged to leave the house, because they could not bear to look on his sufferings.

After a series of relapses, his condition grew so hopeless in the month of December, that his death was hourly expected. Strange to say, in spite of his incredible weakness, the only thing that could relieve him and make him revive a little, was to strike him violently on the chest or between the shoulders.

One day, while the child was crying from pain, a conversation was going on, to which nobody thought he could pay any attention. It was about the miracles performed at Ste Anne de Beaupré. All at once, the child ceased crying and said to me. "Mamma, if I live till next summer, I shall go to St. Anne's." I promised him that he would.

At about 12 o'clock that night, he fell asleep. The

next morning he began to take food, after which gradually recovered.

In the month of August, 1888, we took him to St. Anne's, as he had requested. He had become once more a healthy child.

Thanksgiving to Almighty God, and praise be to St. Anne!

Mrs PHILIP COLGAN.
Cranbourne, P.

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ST. ANNE HEARS THE PRAYER OF A CHILD

About a year and a half ago, a little child had accidentally drunk some caustic, and became so reduced by the effects of the poison that he could take nothing but a little milk, which he could not always keep. As soon as ever he eat a few crumbs of bread or a morsel of any solid food, he rejected it all by fits of vomiting that sometimes lasted for two days. Imagine the grief of the child's poor mother, obliged to watch the innocent being who was always asking her for food which she was forced to refuse. In her distress, after having tried the assistance of medical advisers, the afflicted mother appealed to good St. Anne, and begs of her friends to pray with her. St. Anne was not prompt in hearing their prayer. No doubt she wished to try the Faith of the poor woman. Our church contains a statue of St. Anne, yesterday, the mother brought her child before the statue, and made him ask for his cure in his own words, then she lifted him up, told him to kiss the foot of the statue, and made him say, "Good St. Anne, cure me or come to take me away to heaven. When the mother returned home, behold that she heard her child joyfully exclaim, "Mamma, I can eat bread now, I am cured." And he repeats it to every body that he sees.