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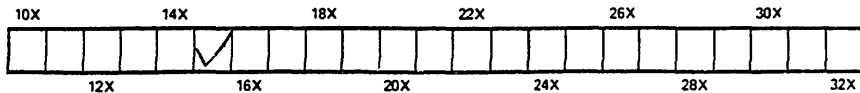
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ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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.

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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.

—00—

SAINT ANNE RESTORES HEALTH TO A YOUNG
GIRL WHO HAD BEEN BADLY BURNT.

Miss M. G., of Jeune Lorette, according to the declaration of a physician, had been so badly burnt that she was in danger of death and had received the last Sacraments. For seven weeks, owing to her wounds, her eyes remained closed. She could see absolutely

nothing, and the Doctors considered her condition hopeless.

Seeing that all human assistance was failing her, and filled with a boundless confidence, she had recourse to St. Anne, and prayed to her with such fervor that the good Saint could not refrain from hearing her prayer. The poor girl is now completely cured. The Pastor of her parish writes as follows: "I, the undersigned, *Curé* of St.-Ambroise (Jeune Lorette), truly believe that St. Anne has cured Miss M. G., who had been dreadfully burned."

(Signed,)

G. GIROUX, P. P.

St.-Ambroise, July 17, 1889.

The local physician has likewise testified to the efficacy of the protection of St. Anne.

—000—

REFUGE OF SINNERS.

(*With the author's permission.*)

We are not worthy to salute and hail thee
 Mother, our Mother, for we are so weak,
 So prone to fall before the tempter's forces,
 So slow thy all-protecting love to seek,
 Yet thou art calling us with yearning deep,
 Bidding us give our lives to thee to keep.

Sin-stained, unworthy of thy tender pity,
 And the pure shelter of thy outstretched arms,
 We shrink with terror from the darkening future
 As children from the midnight's dreal alarms,
 Where shall we turn for comfort or for peace,
 Unless to thee, whose voice bids sorrow cease?

Refuge of sinners, by that blessed title,
 In thy great love we humbly claim a share,
 Refuge of sinners, hear the voice of sinners
 Calling, imploring ; let thy pure hands bear
 The prayers and tears, the earth's appealing moan
 For mercy, to the Saviour's shining throne.

MARIELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Gilroy, Cal.

—000—

THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE

THE DEVOTION TO ST. ANNE IS TRULY CATHOLIC. HOMAGE
 PAID TO HER BY THE WEST ; FRANCE.

(Continued)

Such a remarkable event could not pass by unheeded and the impression produced by it must have had an extraordinary influence on the piety of our forefathers. The marvellous finding of the relics was the first of a series of wonders which, even to this very day, has not been interrupted, it laid from that moment the solid foundation of that confidence to which the wretched so justly still have recourse, even after having tried everything else unsuccessfully and exhausted intercession of every kind. The important results and deep significancy of the event are briefly indicated in the following Lessons of another liturgical office granted to the same church, the office of the Translation of the Saint's relics, from which we thus quote :

“The body of Saint Anne, after its glorious invention, was drawn from the crypt wherein it had so long remained hidden, and placed in a chapel of easy and free access. There, it became an object for the veneration of all the Catholic world ; for, in presence of those sacred bones, were wrought so many cures,

that the name of Anne acquired the greatest celebrity, not only in Provence and the surrounding country, but also throughout entire Gaul and the rest of Europe. The precious remains of the Saint gave to the city of Apt more glory than that with which the name of Julius Cæsar had endowed her. The manuscripts of all ages gone by since that time, have handed down to us the record of a multitude of prodigies; devils driven away, dead raised to life, innumerable sick persons cured of infirmities of all kinds.

“As incontestable and constant proofs so long attested the speedy assistance of the Blessed Anne in all necessities of soul and body, as from all Gaul and the bordering kingdoms had begun an immense flow of pilgrims towards those venerable relics, in order to respond to the eagerness of such an affluence of people, the Aptesiens, after having had themselves been delivered from the fury of the Calvinists, resolved to build, on one of the flanks of the Basilica, a spacious chapel of easy access, in honor of the Blessed Anne. The generous offerings of an august Queen of France greatly contributed to the magnificence of the edifice; considerable sums of money were given by Anne of Austria when, after having obtained a child who was to be Louis XIV, she came to fulfil her vow and venerate the relics of the Saint.

After the building was completed, the body of St. Anne was taken from the chapel where it had hitherto been exposed, and, in the midst of universal rejoicing, transferred with great pomp to the new basilica, on the 4th of May, in the year 1664. Since then, it has continually received the homages of the piety of the Aptesiens and of the pilgrims who from all parts come to fulfil their vows. And, indeed, the very holy body of the Ancestress of Christ, religiously kept in this sanctuary, is truly worthy of such extraordinary homage. By its presence, it sanctifies, in a marvellous way, this sacred place, and does not less contribute to move to sanctity those who worship them. The very

sight of the shrine containing the relics strikes the soul of the pilgrim, deeply moves him, and makes him feel something of the religious emotion he would experience in the presence of the Saint herself. Let us then often go to visit these sacred remains, let us approach the shrine, and kiss the relics with great faith, so as to receive therefrom some blessing."

The facts contained in the foregoing document are rigorously exact; the church of Apt became, in fact, from the eighth century, the centre of a devotion which went on always increasing, and of which there are few examples in ecclesiastical history. This affluence of the faithful for centuries past might serve as a theme for useful and interesting relations. What scenes, what varied pictures the history of this ancient pilgrimage would offer to the writer's pencil! Who might count the illustrious personages who were seen kneeling before the glorious remains of Saint Anne? They have been venerated in turn by Sovereign Pontiffs, by Patriarchs, Cardinals, Archbishops, and by all the orders of the Catholic hierarchy; Monarchs, Queens, illustrious warriors, statesmen, persons of all conditions and of all times have come to kneel humbly in this ever-blest sanctuary. Innumerable *ex-votos*, recalling gratefulness for benefits received, have been suspended to its walls by visitors coming from the most distant countries. With what interest might we not follow these holy travellers back to their native country! Filled with deep gratitude, each according to the means in his power, they proclaimed the praises and the goodness of their motherly benefactress, and efficaciously spread about her worship. With the help of like researches, following the footsteps of those pious pilgrims, we might perhaps succeed in dispelling obscurities, and in filling those gaps which we sometimes meet with in the history of the devotion to St. Anne. That zeal and fervor were eclipsed, it is true, or rather grew cold in the unhappy periods of our annals, during the religious wars, and especially during

the disasters that followed '89, but they never were completely extinguished, and, in our days, under the impulse of a pious pastor, they are regaining their primitive vivacity. Now pilgrims are beginning to flock to Apt. Graces recently obtained, a manifest protection during the last invasions of cholera, have more closely knit the bonds that of old linked so intimately the Aptesians and the inhabitants of Provence to their heavenly benefactress: since then, her feast has been celebrated with a greater affluence and piety. The solemnity is not, as many patronal feasts are, often more fit to draw down on a parish the curses of heaven, by the licentiousness and excesses to which they give occasion, a day of pleasure and wordly diversion, but a holyday truly deserving of the name, to which filial piety, the cleansing of consciences and honest family-rejoicings lent a charm unknown elsewhere.

An unmistakable sign of the return of the people of Provence to the piety of their forefathers may be seen in the oratories which are being multiplied throughout the country, either in hamlets, or even in private dwellings, in honor of St Anne. In these little domestic sanctuaries, the image or statue of the Saint gathers together, when evening comes, the members of the household, and sometimes the friends of the neighborhood. Prayers are said in common, and they afterwards separate joyfully like children going to their rest, after having received a mother's blessing. Lately, the inhabitants of a village, near Avignon, unable to give to their devotion the expression they would have desired, on account of the distance they lived from Apt, generously subscribed together, and built in their own parish a handsome chapel in honor of *good Saint Anne*. Now, without letting their work suffer, they enjoy the facility of conversing with her, and, owing to her powerful protection, of receiving in their least sorrows, consolations which are readily granted to them. This pious example has had its imitators; may it find a still greater number!

Another sign of the awakening of this devotion and of this leaning of hearts towards St Anne, is visible in the associations and fervent confraternities placed under her patronage; it is her glorious name which may be seen more and more frequently inscribed in baptismal registers of parishes. Nowhere, perhaps, does this impulse seem more marked in all Provence, than in the city of Marseilles. Besides a parish and an orphanage, directed by nuns, the city already numbers four congregations devoted to her worship. That of the *Mission of France* has received from Pius IX the title and privileges of an arch-confraternity. Many remarkable conversions have taken place, and many other spiritual favors have been obtained in the chapels where these different associations meet, and they all prepare for the feast day of their august Patroness by a retreat and well attended religious exercises. We would like to see the revival of this devotion extend as markedly in the remainder of France. it would be the very consoling symptom of her religious future. The graces which that sweet mother lavishes in the South, would she refuse them to the North, if she there found equally devoted sons? Alas! we must confess it, there are cities and villages where she is almost unknown to the mass of Christians, or, to say the least, forgotten by the greater number. In how many parishes does not her feast go by unnoticed, even in places where she was formerly invoked with fervor? Such forgetfulness and indifference depend, no doubt, on causes altogether local, on industrial preoccupations, on scandals which have ruined for a long time the faith and the flower of piety in some parishes, but, happily, the evil has not yet attained the mass of the dioceses of France. Besides, a powerful cause contributes to restrict such indifference more and more; it is the spreading of religious congregations in the least of our towns, and even in our country-parishes. It is known that these associations have adopted St. Anne

as one of their chief patronesses, that they teach their pupils to love her, and the neighboring population to invoke her.

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

(*To be continued*)

PARIS TO LOURDES.

(*Continuation.*)

But I must not forget that it is half past three in the morning, and that I have only got to Poitiers. At that early hour a regular service is organized for removing our sick to the hospitable homes, which are to receive them during their stay in the town of St. Hilary. As for myself, I hasten towards the Basilica of St. Radegundes, in the hope of being able to say my mass without too long a delay. A long half-hour's walk brings me to the venerable sanctuary, and if there had been sufficient light at that early hour I might have read on the facade the following beautiful inscription, the letters of which are worn and worm eaten: *Crucis sanctissimæ amantissima, ora pro nobis.* "Lover of the Holy Cross, pray for us."

This sentence summed up the whole life of St. Radegundes who constantly meditated on our Lord's Passion, who loved the poor, His suffering members, almost to folly, who possessed and venerated a good sized relic of the true cross which had been given her by Justin II, and who founded the convent of the "Daughters of the Holy Cross", who still perpetuate the example of their foundress' virtues.

The doors of the Basilica were open, and I at once descended the stone staircase leading to the crypt beneath the sanctuary, where I found the altar at

St.-Radegundes' tomb prepared for the Holy Sacrifice. I hastened to vest myself in the priestly robes and deemed myself fortunate in being able to celebrate the first mass of our pilgrimage within this holy sanctuary, close to the venerable remains of that illustrious Queen of France who had laid down her earthly crown in order to gain and beautify a heavenly one, I also deemed myself fortunate in being able to pray for those dear to me, in this holy spot where the soul feels penetrated *through and through with the fervor which is inspired in it*, and whence the voice of supplication seems to rise straight to God's throne, thence to bring down the most abundant blessings. Before remounting to the nave I admired the marble tomb in which St.-Radegundes reposes, the very one in which she was laid after her death. Innumerable tapers burn before this monument, bearing witness to the marvels wrought by the powerful intercession of the Saint. In the upper nave, on the Epistle side, there is a niche let into the wall, where there is a stone or slab surmounted by two statues which represent Our Saviour's apparition to St.-Radegundes. This stone belonged to a former chapel and is called "le Pas de Dieu" (God's Footprint). According to an authentic tradition, there can be distinguished the print of a human, or rather of a divine foot, since it was Jesus Christ Himself who trod this stone which is now so justly venerated and of which we may well say as of the mountain of the Ascension. *Adorabimus cum in loco ubi steterunt pedes ejus*: "We will adore Him in the place where He hath set His foot."

At ten o'clock the High Mass was sung and the Bishop of Poitiers preached the Saint's panegyric. In the interval before Vespers, a great number of pilgrims directed their steps in the direction of Notre Dame des Dunes (Our Lady of the Dunes or Sands) on the other shore of the river Clain. To arrive there, they had to mount several flights of steps leading to the reading and recreation-rooms of the Patronage, an

admirable work that has been founded by Abbé Fossin. It is to the apostolic zeal and enlightened talent of this distinguished priest that a number of the young men of Poitiers are indebted for escaping the numberless dangers besetting their faith and morals.

It is in these rooms that the young men spend many happy hours of amusement and instruction. Under the skilful direction of their founder their band of music has attained astonishing proficiency. During a recent competition these young musicians carried off a golden crown and two or three medals. And not only can they make sweet music, but they can also perform good works, for, at three o'clock in the morning, they were at the station with Abbé Fossin, to aid in carrying the sick pilgrims to their temporary homes. These young men had also met five or six previous trains and performed the same service.

The chapel of Our Lady of the Dunes is a gem as regards its architecture and paintings as well as its religious ornamentation, but we will hasten on to the gardens filled with beautiful flowers, surrounding the statue of the Virgin protectress of Poitiers, we will respectfully salute the statue of Cardinal Pie which has been erected through the same pious and filial zeal which preside over all the other marvellous creations we have mentioned; we will ascend the spiral staircase which winds around the pedestal of the colossal statue of Mary, and standing at her feet, we will contemplate the beautiful panorama which stretches out beneath our eyes in dazzling splendor. We gaze downwards on the river Clain, on St. Radegundes, on St. Peter's cathedral, whose vaulted ceiling so often re-echoed the voice of the great Bishop, successor of St. Hilarius, who might almost be numbered as one of the Doctors of the Church. We also behold *Notre Dame la Grande* where repose the illustrious cardinal's remains, and where "Notre Dame des Clefs" (Our Lady of the Keys), is venerated, in remembrance of Poitiers having been delivered by the Blessed Virgin when that city had

been besieged by the English. We also behold the chapel of St. Hilarius, the altar of which is erected on the very spot where the holy Doctor died ; and lastly, the church of St.-John, built in the 7th century, containing the immense baptismal basin in which the catechumens were formerly immersed.

Time is advancing and the pilgrim's procession sets out, and after numerous windings reenters the Basilica. Then takes place the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which is given by His Lordship Bishop Bellot. Although it is already late, I can not take my rest without gathering a branch of the laurel-tree planted by St. Radegundes' own hands, and carefully preserved in the Bishop's gardens. A few steps from this blessed tree there is a cross which was placed there by Bishop Pie on the eve of his departure for the Vatican Council. On the foot of the cross is inscribed in Latin :

To the eternal remembrance of the old Abbey of the Holy Cross.

It was here that stood the altar of the venerable Basilica.

LOUIS EDOUARD, BISHOP OF POITIERS,

On setting forth, for the Vatican Council erected and blessed this Cross.

October 26th, one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-nine.

Kneeling respectfully at the foot of this cross I pray for those dear to me, for I am treading a holy soil, the scene of an event, the memory of which will be perpetuated, even to the end of time, in the Church of Jesus Christ. When, on the Good-Friday, during the Mass of the Presanctified, the Body of Our Lord is solemnly borne from the Altar of Repose, where it has been resting since the yester-eve, the choir intones the *Vexilla regis prodeunt*, that majestic hymn in

whose sublime accents, *Fortunat de Poitiers* embodied the dolorous triumph of the Saviour of man over the enemy of their salvation, the plaintive notes seeming to penetrate the very soul of those for whom Jesus suffered and died. According to a well-established tradition, I am now on the very spot where for the first time resounded in the ears of angels and of men, that wonderful song which tells of the great victory won by the Conqueror of death and hell. Filled with emotion by these salutary reflections, I praise the God of Mercy who hath redeemed us, and go on my way resolving not only to make my pilgrimage to Lourdes courageously, but also to make still more courageously that far longer and more painful pilgrimage which will only end with my last breath.

The next day, August 20th, I was up by dawn of day, for there was a special pilgrimage to Ligugé, at two or three leagues' distance from Poitiers. The train soon arrived at the station where the Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery, with mitre and crozier, was awaiting the pilgrims. The processional cross between two acolytes headed the procession which advanced towards the abbey-chapel, singing a hymn in honor of St. Martin with the chorus *Sancte, sancte, sancte Martine, ora, ora, ora pro nobis*. The chapel of the celebrated monastery founded by St. Martin, whom St. Hilarius had conducted to this holy place, was soon filled to overflowing by the influence of pilgrims. The priests said Mass, the faithful received Holy Communion and prayed fervently to the great Pannonian whom France is so proud to count amongst her saints. Whilst waiting the hour of High Mass, we gazed through the grating in the old Abbey, rendered illustrious by the virtues and science of so many humble sons of St. Benedict. Not long since the dwelling-place of Dom Chamard, but now uninhabited by its owners since an impious government has decreed that they shall be banished thence. On the door, however, are the following

words surrounded by a wreath of everlastings : *Spes illorum immortalitate plena est* : "Their hope is full of immortality." It is here that of old, Martin, who from being a soldier had become a monk, edified his brethren by his heroic virtues. It was from here that he was torn to be placed on the episcopal throne of Tours, where his career was so illustrious. An old author says : "Then was the most beautiful flower of her crown taken from Poitou. Martin, that incomparable man whom God had brought to our Western country from the recesses of Pannonia, in order to be the ornament of the town and diocese of Poitiers, and the Eliseus of our great Elias, we mean of the great Hilarius ; Martin, that admirable thaumaturgus, that indefatigable apostle, that founder of the Monastic Order in Western Gaul, that heavenly light which chased away the darkness of idolatry ; Martin will, for the future only, belong to Poitou by remembrance, and that remembrance will be embodied in his monastery of Ligugé ! Ligugé is the living Martin, for ever being perpetuated amongst us. Without Ligugé, Poitou might have been covered with the shame of having forgotten Martin. Martin without Ligugé would be only a part of himself, and Ligugé without Martin would be but a lifeless body."

The hour of High Mass has arrived. It is Dom Bourigaud, the Reverend Abbot, who officiates, aided only by a deacon and sub deacon in Roman dalmatics. An Assumptionist Father comments in the pulpit on St. Paul's words : "*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo*, and those others of the dying St. Martin : *Domine, & adhuc populo tuo sum necessarius, non recuso laborem*. I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ—Lord, if I be still necessary to Thy people, I do not refuse to work."

On leaving the church after High Mass the procession wended its way to "the Chapel of the Catechumens," where St. Martin restored to life and baptized a young man whom he loved tenderly, and

who had died without baptism during the Saint's absence. An inscription on the façade of the chapel briefly recalls the miraculous event. *Hic Eliseus alter Martinus catechumenum à mortuis revocavit.* "Here Martin, the new Eliseus, restored to life a catechumen who had died."—The pilgrims now dispersed to breakfast in the various houses where hospitality had been generously offered them. As for me, Providence led me to the house of a Catholic distinguished alike by his high faith and great virtue. A large and abundantly-served table received many guests who took their seats without any distinction of rank or fortune, and this truly Christian love-feast was presided over by the master of the house, Mons. de Martignac, the son of Charles the Tenth's minister.

One more visit to St. Martin to recommend to him those for whom I would pray. One more glance at the marble tablets placed on each side of the sanctuary, where his loving children have engraved a fitting tribute to the best of fathers.

O MARTINE

*O pie ! quam pium est gaudere de te !
 Prophetis compar, apostolis concertus,
 Præsulum gemma,
 Pastor egregie
 Pietate, misericordiâ, charitate ineffabilis,
 Succurre nobis nunc et ante Deum
 O Martine !*

"O blessed Martin ! How pious a thought is it, to seek in thee joy and peace. A rival, during thy life, of the Prophets and Apostles, thou pearl of Bishops, thou Pastor chosen above all, thou who didst astonish the world by thy holiness, thy mercy and the ineffable charity of thy soul, help us now that thou art before God, O great St. Martin."

The good Father Abbot was at the station when we departed and bestowed his benediction on the pilgrims. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon and we were only to arrive at Lourdes the next morning about eight o'clock. What an interminable time to spend in these uncomfortable railway-carriages, above all when c. is all impatience to arrive at the place of pilgrimage !

(To be continued.)

—ooo—

RECOVERY OF A MISSIONARY, WHO IS A ZEALOUS CLIENT OF ST. ANNE.

....., July 15, 1889.

I, the undersigned, M. L., priest, come with the liveliest gratitude to render thanks to God for having cured me through the intercession of our good mother St. Anne, after having, to the best of my power, accomplished a solemn vow made in May, 1888. Being at the article of death, I had promised to go and thank St. Anne in her church at Beaupré, if, for the greater glory of God, the salvation of my soul and that of my dear fellow-country-men, I was restored to health.

Therefore, in presence of God, at the foot of His holy altar, I solemnly declare that I have been completely cured of a pleurisy complicated with congestion of the lungs of the most alarming character, and to which, according to the judgment of my medical attendants, I could survive only by a miracle.

Thanks be rendered to God and to saint Anne, I immediately recovered all my former health and strength, so that in September of that year, I resume

the labors of my ministry just as if I had never been sick. Praise be at all times and everywhere to God and to good saint Anne.

(Signed.)

M. L.,

Missionary priest.

N. B.—This holy and zealous priest is filled with a lively devotion to good saint Anne. In the United States, where he has now been living for many years, he devotes himself to the spiritual welfare of the Canadians, his efforts to spread everywhere the devotion towards their holy Patroness are unceasing. In his untiring zeal, he has found the courage and the means to build four churches, all of which he has dedicated to good saint Anne.

—o—o—o—

THE FAITH OF AN IRISHMAN REWARDED

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 St. Anne de Beaupré, to ask for his recovery. But, (God alone knows why,) he leaves St. Anne's without having been cured.

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

Meanwhile the husband incessantly prays to St. Anne, in whom his confidence is without limit. One morning, he is still praying to the good Saint, and in a sublime movement of that faith and confidence that transports mountains, he exclaims: "Ah! good and

beloved St. Anne, so often and with such difficulty have I been as a pilgrim to the church 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 my holy Patroness, cure my poor wife."

This happened a day or two before the 26th of July, feast of St. Anne, and 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 dawned the feast-day of St. Anne..... The night before had been a trying one for the patient.... she was growing rapidly weaker and weaker..... and, in her family, prayers were being continually offered up for her.....

Towards 9 o'clock in the morning, the sick woman had been left alone for a few moments..... All at once the door of her room was opened..... "Give me something to eat, said the woman, Saint Anne has just cured me." That same morning I saw her walking about in her house, cured, but still weak. Her strength quickly returned, and since then, she enjoys perfect health.

AT SAINTE-ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

SOLEMN BLESSING OF THE QUEBEC, MONTMORENCY AND
CHARLEVOIX RAILWAY

It was on Wednesday, August 14, that the imposing ceremony took place.

The President of the Railway Company, Mr. H. Beemer had invited His Eminence the Cardinal

Archbishop of Quebec to preside at the solemnity, and to bless this undertaking of which the chief result for the present is to facilitate pilgrimages to Ste. Anne, and later on, to favor colonization and trade on the North shore of the Saint-Lawrence. This invitation coming from a gentleman who does not profess our faith shows on his part a broadness of views which does him honor. Of this we have still more ample proof in the generous offer to the members of the Catholic clergy of a car specially and exclusively reserved for their use. Two trains, of which the first left Hedleyville at 7.30, and the second at 1 o'clock, brought to St. Anne's a numerous contingent of prelates, priests and seminarists, and a considerable number of the laity, desirous to witness the interesting sight.

At 2 o'clock the clergy, vested in surplices, met in the choir of the Basilica. His Eminence, who had travelled from "Petit Cap" in the morning, was robed in his Pontifical vestments at the fald stool, whilst the voice of the *tenor* Lamontagne sang at the organ the hymn "*Vive Sainte Anne, elle est si bonne.*" The "*Veni Creator*" was then intoned, and about sixty priests, preceded by the cross-bearer and acolytes, marched down the middle aisle and went in procession to the railway landing.

The two Messrs Beemer, the Superintendent Mr. Russell, and Mr. Bedard, lawyer of the Company, accompanied the cortege and assisted throughout the whole ceremony, both outside the Basilica, and in the interior, where they occupied reserved seats in the chancel.

While the procession was passing with its acolytes brilliantly dressed in cassocks of cardinal-red, we remarked among the clergy, their Lordships Monsignor Hamel, Vicar General, and Monsignors Paquet and Méthot; the Rev. Thomas Seddon, of Archbishop's House, Westminster, England, and a number of parish

priests, professors and vicars from different dioceses besides members of several religious orders.

Just as the procession reached the landing, a locomotive and eight shining new cars roll by in presence of the Cardinal, and then wait to receive his blessing. His Eminence thereupon pronounces the solemn formula by which the Church consecrates that marvel of human genius, inspired by the Spirit of God Himself, that master-piece of industry which is called a railway, work fertile in ruination as in edification according to the abuse or good use which is made of it. The Church, far-seeing and provident Mother that she is, whom nineteen centuries of experience and especially the light of the Holy Ghost instruct as to the perversity of mankind, so prone to ignore the will of Heaven, the Church, in words of sublime prayer, begs God to bless the work, tracing at the same time to its directors the programme of their administration, and to the passengers the route to follow in order to reach their destination happily in time and eternity.

"Almighty and eternal God, does she exclaim through the voice of her Pontiff, who hast created the elements for Thy glory and the use of man, vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to bless and always protect by Thy Providence, this railway and all the instruments belonging to it, and while Thy servants travel rapidly thereon, may they walk according to Thy law, and, running in the path of Thy commandments, may they reach happily their heavenly home. Through Christ Our Lord.

Be propitious, O Lord, to our prayers, continued Ritual, and bless these cars with Thy right hand; send them Thy holy Angels to deliver and guard from every danger those who travel thereon. As, through Thy minister Philip, Thou hast granted grace and Faith to the Ethiopian who, seated on his car, was reading

Word, show thus to Thy servants the path of
 vocation, so that, assisted by Thy grace, and always
 bent on good works, after all the incidents of the
 day and of life, they may deserve to obtain the eternal
 life. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen."

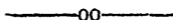
These sublime words should suffice to convince the
 ignorant that the Church, far from being the enemy
 of true progress, is, on the contrary, its patroness and
 guardian.

After the aspersion of the railway with holy water,
 the singers intoned the *Te Deum*, and the procession
 returned to the Basilica, to end the ceremony by
 the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The beautiful
 altar in white marble is resplendent with pyra-
 mids of purple and white flowers and the light of
 numerous tapers. At about 3 o'clock, the train brings
 to Quebec the Cardinal, the clergy and the people.
 A special car draped in red, and decked with flowers,
 prepared for His Eminence and suite, and the heads
 of the Company. The numerous wide windows of these
 spacious cars allow travellers to admire the incompar-
 able beauty of this route so short and yet so picturesque
 and so varied. The enraptured eye cannot grow tired of
 contemplating these natural beauties which God seems
 to have lavished round the cradle of New France, and
 which it has pleased Him to strew on the way leading
 to St. Anne.

To the left, the king of rivers rolling its broad waves
 to the ocean, and, closing up the horizon, the verdant
 hills of the island of Orleans; to the right, crowning
 the whole picture, the Laurentian range; then, quite
 close to us, the shore with its ripening harvests, and
 the Côte Beaupré all studded with pretty villages and
 rising steeples; Château-Richer, Ange-Gardien, Beau-
 port pass before the eye like a living panorama, and
 the Falls of Montmorency proclaiming by the voice of
 their cataracts the majesty and power of the Creator.
 Are not these marvels of Nature the worthy comple-
 ment of the marvels of grace which God bestows at

St. Anne's through the intercession of His glorious servant?

But the whistle tells us that we have reached our journey's end. All the travellers kneel down to receive the Cardinal's blessing, while his carriage drives through the streets of Hedleyville gaily decked with flags for the occasion.



A LUCKY LOTTERY-TICKET.

Mr. Theoph. A., had for years been a prey to an unsparing malady, and, in the prime of his manhood he beheld himself irresistibly drawn towards the grave. The great expense he had gone to for medical attendance had only served to prove to him that no miracle or illusion was possible; besides that, the Doctors themselves had declared the disease altogether incurable.

Condemned by the Faculty, the poor gentleman had no other prospect before him than a last farewell to his dear wife and his unfortunate little children... and then, the darkness of the grave. One day, a person with whom he was unacquainted calls on him and gives him a parcel, saying: "Here is a statue of St. Anne, which you have just won at a certain lottery."

Now, remarkable to say, he was completely ignorant of the very existence of such a lottery. Struck by such a strange incident, he said to himself: "Here is St. Anne coming to cure me." He then takes the statuette and gives it the most honorable place in his parlor, and begins to invoke St. Anne. He wore on his finger a ring the intrinsic value of which was considerable, but was still greater in his eyes owing to the family-memories it recalled. One day, placing the ring on the brow of the statue: "O good St. Anne, says he, this is what I most greatly prize in the world. Cure me and I shall offer it to thee....." His prayer was not to be heard so soon, for no improvement appeared in his condition.

His faith is not however, going to be discouraged
 the first rebuff. "Ah! St. Anne, says he one day,
 I wilt not hear me! thou wilt not cure me; very
 thy statue shall be sent to the garret," and, in
 movement of childlike faith, he places the statue in
 place in the garret.

At the same time, he sends his wife to Beaupré to
 there, to complain, and to renew his vow at the
 of the miraculous statue. Such lively confidence
 not remain unconsolated and unrewarded, "Blessed
 that believe!" All this happened at Quebec
 the month of June last. Since then, Mr.
 ph. A, in perfect health, and filled with joy, has
 with his wife to thank St. Anne, and to offer
 what he considered his greatest treasure.
 raise be to our good mother St. Anne!

— 000 —

LEZ-BREIZ.

—
EPIC FRAGMENTS.*(Continued.)*

V

old hermit of the wood, standing on the threshold
 of his cabin, spoke thus softly to the esquire of
 Lez-Breiz:

run very fast through the wood, your armor is
 stained with mire and blood.

my child, into my hermitage; come and rest
 and wash yourself.

's not the proper moment to rest and wash one's-
 self, but to find a spring;

d water here for my young master, who has
 fallen in battle, exhausted with fatigue.

en warriors killed under him; the Knight
 Lorgnez killed first of all.

y part, I have killed as many; the others have
 taken to flight.

VI

He would not have been a Breton in his heart,
 would not have laughed heartily,
 To see the green grass reddened with the blood of
 cursed Franks.
 The Knight Lez-Breiz, sitting near by, refre-
 himself by looking at them,
 He would not have been in his heart a Christian
 would not have wept to Saint Anne,
 On seeing the church moistened with the tears
 fell from the eyes of Lez-Breiz,
 Of Lez-Breiz, crying, on his knees, and thanking
 true patron-saint of Brittany.
 Thanks be given thee, O saint Anne ! It is thou
 hast gained this victory !

VII

In good remembrance of the fight this chant
 been composed ;
 Let it be sung by the men of Brittany in honor
 good Knight Lez-Breiz !
 Let it long be sung afar and around, to rejoice
 hearts of this country.

(To be continued.)-

—oo—

THANKSGIVING TO SAINT ANNE

Since my pilgrimage to St.-Anne's last year
 walk much better, and am getting stronger every day.
Mrs. P. B., Lower Cove, N. S.

A particular favor obtained through the intercession
 of St. Anne, *M. A. J.*

Saint Anne has favored with several favors
 husband, my child and myself, *Ste.-Agathe.*