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ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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



SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

Composée d'après les originaux de la Sainte Vierge.

Adaptation de la statue de la Sainte Vierge.

ANNALS

OF

ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.—THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

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

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 MISSIONARY GRATEFUL TOWARDS ST ANNE

On the morrow of the feast of Good Saint Anne, I went on a pilgrimage to St Anne de Beaupré, to beg for the cure of a foot which, for a whole year, had made me suffer so much, that during the greater part of the time, I was obliged to rest it on a chair. I had already undergone two operations to extract tumors

in my right heel, and they reappeared immediately after.

In July, I left Manitoba determined to undergo a third operation. But I wished first to implore the help of St Anne. I made a novena preparatory to her feast, and the day after, I went down to Quebec and thence to Ste Anne de Beaupré.

Since that day I wear shoes as before, a luxury I had not enjoyed for a whole year, and I walk without a cane, being quite firm on my feet. Please thank St Anne for me. I shall return to Manitoba at the beginning of October to resume my ministry and spread the devotion to Good St Anne.

G. D., Missionary priest.



THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF SAINT ANNE.

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

(Continued.)

Farther on, the same Father calls Anne and Joachim a couple free from all stain, and represents Mary as the fruit and reward of their holiness. We would wish to render the energy of the original text :

“ Anne, Joachim, happy and spotless couple ! of you may we say with the Lord : By the fruit of your union we know ye : *Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos* (1). You have regulated your life in the manner most agreeable to God, the most worthy of Her who was born of you. The fruit of your chaste and holy life was the Pearl of virginity By leading a holy life in a human nature, you have given us a Daughter superior to the Angels whose sovereign she is.

(1) Matth. vii, 16.

He then speaks of God's action towards them, of the long humiliations and the trials through which a God infinitely wise leads them to the degree of perfection fitting for His designs ; of their heroic patience ; of their inviolate fidelity ; and he adds : " Anne and Joachim have worked for justice and they have reaped the Fruit of life. They have kindled the light of knowledge, they have sought for the Lord, and have found the fecundity of His justice."

St Germanus, patriarch of Constantinople, professes the same belief ; St Andrew of Crete, one of the most illustrious servants of St Anne, loved in his discourses to preach the same doctrine. Here is a fragment of his second sermon on the Nativity of the ever-blessed Virgin.

" But let us return to the solemnity of that birth ; let our praises resound in honor of Anne, like the strains of a nuptial song ; Anne has borne in her womb a child given by God, earnest of the Promise. After having obtained it by her prayers, she gave birth to Her who, in a manner unspeakable, gave to the world a God visible to men and living in their midst.

" Is it not meet to extol to the skies, by the most magnificent praises, and to hail with joyous acclamations, Her who gave us such a child ? The names of two women illustrious among all others shine forth in the nuptial chamber of St Anne ; the blessed names of the Mother and of the Daughter. To-day one of them is delivered from the shame of barrenness, and the other will soon give us, in an ineffable manner, Jesus her Son, Jesus like unto us.....

" Let us therefore pay a just tribute of praise to her, who, erewhile sterile, begets a virgin ; let us say to her with the sacred pages : Happy is the house of David, out of which you come ! Blessed the womb, in which God formed the ark of sanctification ; happy she who was to conceive without losing her virginity ! Yes, happy and thrice happy, O thou who, filled with the gifts of God, hast given us the humble Mary, whose

great name is worthy of all praise and honor, and of whom came forth Christ, the Flower of life."

To such documents, which we might easily multiply, let us add only a page from Alvarez de Paz, one of the chief ascetic writers of the Society of Jesus.

He exclaims in a meditation on the Immaculate Conception ;

" What parents ! O Sacred Virgin, what ancestors were thine !.....

" Pious towards God, merciful towards their neighbor, moderate towards themselves, they lived soberly, righteously, piously, because they were destined to beget thee, O Mary ! thee who always didst delight in extreme frugality, thee whose heart was always wholly possessed by justice and whom piety adorned with all its gifts ; they also devoted themselves to assiduous prayer, beseeching the Lord to banish from them the shame of sterility. Thus, O our Sovereign ! thou art not so much the daughter begotten of the flesh as of prayer.

" Axa sighed, and by her weeping and prayers, obtained from her father Caleb, a land watered above and below. (1)

" Anne likewise sighed, and by her weeping and tears, she obtained Thee, Thee, the source of all the bounties of heaven and earth.

" Such were the father and mother that God himself chose for thee, O Virginal Spouse of the Lord ! And it was the blood of his elect that formed thy sacred body. But, moreover, before it was animated, even from thy mother's womb, He purified it by the ministry of angels from all natural imperfection.

" Unfortunate creatures that we are ! the noxious qualities of the matter of which our bodies are formed, cause some of us to be inclined to sloth, others to anger, others to still more shameful passions. God willed that it should not be so with thee, O Mary ! and before creating thy soul out of nothing, he com-

(1) Judges, I, 15.

pletely purified the dwelling it was to inhabit, so that no trouble of the flesh might disturb its peace. Could it be otherwise? When the house of God was being built, it was built with stone already shaped and polished. "There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, when it was in building (1). How much more, O the most perfect Temple of the Godhead, shouldst thou be composed of the most accomplished body and soul that can be conceived, wherein the hammer of contrition had nothing to break, nor the file of mortification anything to polish."

This mortification and sacrifice had done their work in St Anne and St Joachim, and, even unto the division of soul and spirit, had cleansed everything in them, without leaving the shadow of a stain. God could take of that pre-sanctified earth to create His beloved Daughter, to shape thereof the master-piece of his goodness, and confide it to the guardianship of so worthy parents. At her appearance, heaven and earth envied her who had the remarkable honor and the glorious merit of being her mother.

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

(To be continued.)

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THE FEAST OF ST ANNE AT APT, IN PROVENCE,

One of our readers is kind enough to send us an extract from a letter he has just received from an Ap'esian lady, a devoted daughter of Good Saint Anne. It is useless to say how willingly we publish this delicious page, and please God that it be followed by many others from the same pen!

"Now, my Reverend Father, writes the pious correspondent, will you allow me to give you some details about the feast of St Anne, such as we have celebrated it here at home?"

(1) III, Kings, VI, 7.

On Sunday, July 29, we honored our great patroness (1). A delightful sun brightened that lovely day. From five in the morning until eleven, masses were said in the royal chapel of St Anne. The communions were numerous. We feasted our beloved saint with joy and happiness.

The whole day long, the grand-children of St Anne considered it their duty to attend on the best of grand-mothers, to pray to her, to render thanksgiving in return for favors obtained, or to solicit new benefits. How many flowers adorned her altar! how many lights burned before her venerated relics, and that flamed which went up towards her shrine was the expression of our faith, and of our love.

But in the evening, especially, our city wore a festive appearance. When, after vespers, the procession gracefully wound itself through our principal streets, (for, happier than the great cities of our dear France, we still have processions); when St Anne appeared under the canopy with her royal majesty as ancestress of Christ, accompanied by St Elzear and St Delphine, those angels upon earth, by St Auspicius, St Castor, St Francis of Sales, St Martian, St Margaret, who formed her Court, eyes were filled with soft tears and foreheads were illumined with joy.

Throughout the whole line of procession, the bearers were often obliged to stop in order to satisfy the devotion of the Christian mothers who wished to pass with their younger children under the reliquary containing the relics of Saint Anne. Meanwhile, the chants of our choristers related the greatness, the glory, the goodness of our beloved patroness, and when the procession reentered the church, the echoes of our ancient basilica bore our voices to heaven where they mingled with those of angels, at the foot of the shrine of good Saint Anne.

The benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament ended this beautiful day, which had gone by too

(1) Our readers are aware that Saint Anne has been, for many centuries, the patroness of Apt.

rapidly for all Aptesians. But, if the feast is over, there remains in our hearts a lasting remembrance and an ardent fervor for the veneration of St Anne, and we feel, more then ever, the want of praying for those persons who labor to extend her renown.

LOUISE P.

Apt, feast of St Joachim, August 19, 1888.

—OOO—

THE PILGRIMAGE OF "LOUGH DERG."

I

In a girdle of green, heathy hills,
 In song-famed Donegal,
 An islet stands in a lonely lake,
 (A coffin in a pall)
 A single stunted chestnut-tree
 Is sighing in the breeze,
 While to and fro "the pilgrims" fit,
 Or kneel upon their knees;
 Down to the shore, from North and East,
 From Antrim and the Rosses,
 Come bare-foot, pilgrims, men and maids,
 Through water-ways and mosses;
 And some from Dublin city, far,
 Where sins grow thick as berries,
 From Sligo some, and Castlebar,
 Come crossing by the ferries.

II

Oh! blessed Isle, a weary wight,
 In body and in spirit,
 Last year amid your pious ranks
 Deplored his deep demerit;
 And though upon his youth had fall'n
 A watchful tyrant's ban,
 Though sorrow for the unfought fight,
 And grief for the captive man,
 Peopled his soul like visions
 That cloud a crystal sleep,
 These sorrows there passed from him—
 'T was his sins that made him weep.
 And forth he went confessed, forgiven,
 Across the heathy hills,
 His peace being made in heaven
 He laughed at earthly ills.

(*) -Charles Garan Daffy.

III

Oh ! holy Isle, a ransom'd man
 On a far distant shore,
 Still in his day-dream and his sleep
 Sits by the boatman's oar ;
 And crosses to your stony beach,
 And kneels upon his knees,
 While overhead the chestnut-tree
 Is sighing in the breeze ;
 And still he hears his people pray—
 In their own old Celtic tongue,
 And still he sees the unbroken race
 From Con and Nial spring,
 And from departing voices hears
 The thankful hymn arise—
 That hymn will haunt him all his years,
 And soothe him when he dies.

IV

Oh, would you know the power of faith,
 Go ! see it at Lough Derg,
 Oh, would you learn to smile at Death
 Go ! learn it at Lough Derg,
 A fragment fallen to ancient time,
 It scotchs there unchanged,
 The Island of all islands,
 If the old wide world were unaged,
 There mourning men and thoughtful girls,
 Sins from their souls unbind ;
 There their gray hairs and childish curls
 Are streaming in the wind ;
 From May till August, night and day,
 There praying pilgrims tide—
 Oh, man hath no such refuge left,
 In all the world wide !

THEO. DART MCGEE.

—000—

MIRACULOUS CURE OF BLINDNESS.

HOW A WOMAN AFFLICTED FOR YEARS WAS RESTORED
 AT THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE.

Holyoke, Mass., July 22.

Mrs. George Chagnette, who has been blind for five
 years, has returned here from Quebec completely

cured by using the waters of St. Anne de Beaupré. 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.

FAITH IN SAINT ANNE.

Pilgrimages to Beaupré are very numerous, and the remarkable cures at the shrine of "La Bonne Sainte Anne" are many and well attested. From all parts of our land come the sick and suffering to pray to the beneficent Mother of Mary Immaculate, and owing to her powerful intercession, the *Te Deum* of thankfulness almost incessantly floats over the broad St. Lawrence and echoes amid the grand Laurentian mountains. It is beautiful, this faith of our Canadian people in their holy patroness—and sometimes it is pathetic. Who does not remember the incident, so graphically told a few years ago by Joachim Miller, of the young French-Canadian mother, herself little more than a child, who travelled down from Quebec with her dead baby in her arms to ask its resurrection from the good Saint Anne?

Does the Saint ever give back life, I wonder, awaken buried memories, renew dead virtues, rekindle an extinct faith, restore a lost friend? Among the visible miracles which yearly take place at the shrine are there also invisible ones—known only to God? I think so. I hope so, for:

"If we are fortunate enough to find grace before thee, O holy mother Anne, we may expect everything from thy intercession. Amen."

OLD MORTALITY, in *Cath. Weekly Review*.

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PILGRIMAGE OF LACONIA TO ST. ANNS.

(From the *Lacania Democrat*.)

Mr. Editor:—

The 21st of August, we left Laconia (62 of us, children excluded), for St. Ann de Beaupré, to pay our homage to the great Patron Saint of Canada. (1)

(1) The patron saint of Canada is St. Joseph since 1624, St. Anne is patroness of the Province of Quebec since 1876.

St. Ann, as you know, is the mother of Mary, the mother of Christ according to the flesh.

Having settled down in our car we began to impress ourselves with the character of our trip by saying the beads in common, which prayer was kept up afterwards privately by different groups.

At 6 10 the next morning we reached Point Levis. The rain, which had come down in torrents, let up awhile till we were aboard the steamer. Just aboard, down came the rain again. The beautiful scenery of the St. Lawrence being partly hidden we had nothing to distract us, so we sang a few hymns and said a few prayers, till finally at about 9 o'clock we reached our destination. Having landed, though tired and somewhat the worse for our long trip, we fell in procession, and saying our beads we walked to the basilica. Ten minutes and Laconia's first pilgrimage lay at the feet of St. Ann, an act of thanksgiving for favors received, and of course, beggars as we all are at the hands of God, a petition for new ones.

Pilgrims usually come and go the same day. Confessions are heard aboard the steamer, the parish priest says mass at which the pilgrims go to communion. Afterwards, at about 1 30 o'clock, the pious objects and souvenirs they have bought are blessed, and they leave. But we had come from too great a distance to run away in a hurry. So, having satisfied our first devotion, we repaired to our hotel to rest ourselves. Coming back we began to look around us, and there you can look around without distraction, for everything inspires devotion. What a church! I dare say our five churches could be comfortably stowed away in it. What architecture! Majestic in all its proportions, worthy of its name, "la basilique du Canada." The first object to strike the attention is the beautiful statue of St. Ann, about five feet high, with her Immaculate Daughter on her arm. Both wear a crown of real gold, blessed and imposed by Cardinal Taschereau. It stands on a column about

ten feet high, hung all around with precious ex votos, offerings of grateful clients. Round it is a rail and kneeling bench. Inside of that rail are the crutches and surgical appliances which human skill has invented to relieve suffering humanity, but which being no longer needed by those cured, are left, a grateful offering to the good St. Ann. And how many there are! Entering the basilica you see on each side a large pyramid reaching the ceiling of the church, formed as it were of a tier of circular tables, each surrounded by an iron ring, forming a receptacle for crutches. Crutches of all descriptions, of all sizes, of all shapes, of all kinds of manufacture, but all bearing signs of long and constant wear.

The church itself is of the Corinthian order. Sixteen columns hold up the nave of about 35 feet wide and 56 feet high, the aisles are about 15 feet wide; alongside of these aisles, but 3 feet lower, runs a row of chapels, ten on each side, the gift of the several dioceses of Canada and dedicated to their titular saint. The church itself is finished, not so the furniture, except a part of the altar, a large white marble quadant, panned off and richly decorated with gold. It rests on immense marble columns and on the entablature of the outside front kneel two marble angels. The outside of the church is plain, yet majestic. It has two towers and between them stands the statue of St. Ann. The probable cost is \$600,000. The number of pilgrims to St. Ann last year was 100,000, and this year the number is expected to reach 110,000.

There was not much occasion to go out that day, so we kept in the basilica, going from chapel to chapel, then again kneeling before the statue of St. Ann or the main altar, then again we went round the stations, till at 6 o'clock, when the night prayers were said, a sermon preached, and pretty tired, we repaired to our hotels to take a well deserved rest.

The next morning our party went to confession and to communion; at 8 o'clock I sang high mass for

them, and at 11 o'clock we all went into the old church to say our beads for all our absent friends. This little church, now the old one, has been built out of the materials of a still older one. Afterwards we gathered around the well of St. Ann and talked together. What struck me while there was the quiet happiness beaming out of every eye. How happy they were! And, mind, no excitement or alleluia shouting—no, but the placid felicity of the soul being at peace with God. The kingdom of God does not come with ostentation.

At 1.30 we gathered a last time in the basilica to have our articles blessed, to venerate the relic, and many of us to bid good-bye to St. Ann. While going to the steamer I had occasion to notice the village. A pretty little village made up mostly of neat and comfortable boarding-houses; but it was only when we were aboard the steamer and sailing up the St. Lawrence, the sun smiling down upon us, that I noticed the beautiful scenery. I could not help saying that St. Ann had excellent taste. No wonder she did not like to see us limping. What a scene! the mighty St. Lawrence winding its way through a most fertile valley, partitioned off in innumerable farms, one alongside the other, forming a street miles long, dotted right along with dwelling-houses and immense forests forming the background of the picture. We landed in Quebec at 4.30. The following morning, Friday, I left for Montreal, drove considerably around the town and along the quay, visited the principal churches, and Mount Royal. Saturday evening I took the shoofly at 8 o'clock, which, true to its instinct, landed me two hours late in Laconia.

This, Mr. Editor, is the short description of our pilgrimage. If you hear of cures, do not believe them, but go and see. Do go and see and give us your candid opinion. The religious view of making this pilgrimage I will give you some other day.

Yours, &c.,

J. LAMBERT.

Our readers must remember the wonderful cure of Miss Powell, of Laconia, related in full in our number of last June. We have no fear of being mistaken in attributing the idea of this pilgrimage to a sentiment of faith and gratitude awakened by such a cure. Such is, no doubt, the "religious view of making the pilgrimage" spoken of by the correspondent.

As a supplement to the above we subjoin the following.

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FURTHER TESTIMONY CONCERNING THE MIRACULOUS CURE OF MISS POWELL.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I certify, that Miss Maude Powell was under medical and surgical treatment at Laconia, N. H., during the space of 15 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 $3\frac{1}{4}$ 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 15 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 determined at last to be brought to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. She was conveyed there in her bed, and after 3 years, during which time she could hardly move her head alone, and suffered continually severe pains, she was brought to life again by the interces-

sion 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.

Kingsey, French Village, P. Q.

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EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

(Feast on the 13th of October.)

If it is true to say that the virtue of a man raised above his peers shines with particular brilliancy, what must be said of the virtue of a man appointed to govern a whole kingdom. "A wise king is the stay of his people", saith Scripture, and these words are realized in the life of Edward, king of England, who wears both the crown of a king and that of a Saint.

Edward was the Son of Ethelred II, and of Emma, daughter of Richard, duke of Normandy. In early youth he was forced to forego the throne, for England fell under the sway of strangers, and the Danes succeeded each other in power until the happy day when the English, tired of a foreign yoke, hailed in the person of Edward the representative of royal authority. Hardicanute having died suddenly, Edward left Normandy, and came with the sentiments of a fervent Christian to take hold of the reins of government.

On the throne of his forefathers, he had no other wish than to do good to his people by making them love religion. Free from all ambition, he would never have consented, said he, to shed the blood of a single man with the view of obtaining the throne, and, indeed, it was not through the fear that he inspired, but by the ascendancy of his virtue that he became the friend even of those who detested the royal family. Everyone rejoiced in having a saint as king; all hoped that the public evils would be remedied by his

justice, his piety and beneficence. The consecration of the king-elect took place on Easter Sunday, in the year 1042; Edward was then about forty years old.

From the very beginning of his reign, his generosity showed itself under its most favorable aspect, by the abolition of taxes paid by the people under his predecessors, and by the employment of his revenues in endowing churches and monasteries. His abnegation went so far in this direction, that his ministers, finding the royal treasure exhausted, levied considerable sums which they brought to him as a gift offered by the liberality of the people. Edward thanked them, and ordered to remit these donations to their generous contributors. It was the same spirit that prompted him to remit one day certain provinces of Wales conquered by his victorious army.

St. Edward has acquired renown especially by his laws. His code became common to the whole of England under the name of "Statutes of Edward the Confessor," by which title they were distinguished from the laws given by the Normans. The penalties inflicted by these laws are not severe, for before all their observance was attended to. "Edward the Confessor," says a learned modern writer, that great and wise legislator, reigned in the hearts of his subjects. The affection, the harmony, the good understanding that existed between him and the nation, produced a happiness which became the measure of that which the people desired under the following reigns."

During his exile in Normandy, Edward had vowed to go to the tomb of St. Peter, at Rome, if Providence put an end to the affliction of his family. Restored to the throne, he was preparing to fulfil his promise. Magnificent offerings were being prepared, already he had confided his people to the protection of Heaven, when the nobility, dreading lest his departure might be the signal for fresh calamities, begged of him not to leave the country. Moved by their reasons, Edward consulted Pope Leo IX, who for a time dispensed him from his vow on condition that he should build a

monastery in honor of St Peter. Such was the origin of the foundation and restoration of Westminster Abbey, as it now stands.

Edward also professed great devotion toward St John the Evangelist, and he would never think of refusing an alms asked for in his name. He met one day, in Rome, a stranger who, in the name of St John, begged assistance from him; Edward took his ring and gave it to the beggar, having nothing else to dispose of. Some time after, two Englishmen, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, lost their way and night overtook them. An old man appeared, and showing them their way, led them to a city not far distant. He told them he was the beloved disciple of Christ, that he cherished their king Edward on account of his chastity, and that he would assist them during their voyage. At the same time, he remitted to them the ring he had received from the royal pilgrim, assuring them that it was he who, under the appearance of a beggar, had asked him for an alms. He bade them return it to the king and tell him that, six months later, he would call for him to follow the spotless Lamb. These two travellers, on their return home, related to the prince what had happened, and presented him with his ring as coming from St John the Evangelist. The king, on hearing this, wept abundantly, and returned thanks to God for so great a favor.

Edward knew then that the moment of his death was nigh. He prepared himself for it, by a life still more perfect. Having fainted away before the ceremony of the dedication of Westminster Abbey, he nevertheless insisted on remaining there until the end; but he was soon obliged to take his bed. All the lords of his court expressed thereat their profound sorrow. Seeing the queen burst into tears, he said to her: "Weep not, I shall not die, but live; I hope on leaving this earth, to enter the kingdom of life." He expired on the 15th of January, 1066, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, after a reign of more than twenty-three years.

In 1102, Edward's body was found without any sign of corruption. Sometime after, a man crippled in all his limbs was cured while praying at the Saint's tomb. Six blind men recovered their sight on the same spot.

Blessed Edward was canonized in 1161 by Alexander III. The date of his feast was at first January the 5th. But later, St Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury, having solemnly transferred his relics, his principal feast took place on the thirteenth of October. The National Council of Oxford declared it a holyday of obligation throughout all England.

The sovereigns of England, through respect for the Saint's memory, wore his crown at their coronation.

His remains repose in the bosom of his country, under the majestic arches of Westminster Abbey. The holy king still commands there by the power of his sanctity. His name still lives, for "their names shall live forever," saith Scripture speaking of the Saints. It speaks to England of an age at friendship with the Catholic Church. As Charity outlives Faith and Hope beyond the grave, does not St Edward use his influence in behalf of an unhappy nation which forgot the faith of its fathers? Can he refrain from hearing the prayers offered up every day for those who once were the children of the Church, in favor of a land which was once called the *Island of Saints*?

—(Written for the "Annals").

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PILGRIMS AND SHRINES IN CANADA.

(Continued)

Ste-Anne de Beauré is most picturesquely situated on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, a little more than twenty miles below Quebec. In front the mighty river rolls its vast flood onward to the sea, and behind Mont Ste. Anne rises nearly three thousand feet cloudward, its sloping sides checkered with farms and wrinkled with rail fences; while on either

hand a rich agricultural district stretches away into the distance, solid, white-walled cottages, gray, weather-beaten barns, and high, glistening church-spires following so close on one another as to betoken a population that must put no small strain upon the resources of the land to make due provision for its needs. The village itself is just the ordinary cluster of *habitant* cottages, with the addition of a number of *maisons de pension*, whose proprietors find profitable employment in providing for the wants of the pilgrims flocking thither all summer long. It must be confessed that it is in some respects the least attractive in appearance of the long line of villages that brighten the river-bank, for the multitude of hotels, restaurants, and boarding-houses imparts an unpleasantly prosaic, modern air to the picture.

Tradition tells us how Petit Cap, that being the primitive name of the locality, came to be indicated as the spot that St. Anne would delight to honor by her special blessing. In the early days of the Canadian colony some Breton sailors, being overtaken by a terrible storm whilst ascending the river, made a vow to St. Anne that, if she would rescue them from their present peril, they would erect a chapel in her honor on the first spot where they touched land. Scarcely had they made their vow when the wind fell, the waves sank to rest, the heavens shone blue above them, and presently they were safe on shore at Petit Cap. In fulfilment of their promise, they built a little wooden chapel, which, being too close to the river-bank, speedily fell a victim to the floods, and was thereupon replaced by a more substantial and more wisely situated edifice of stone.

In the year 1658 a certain Etienne de Lessart, one of the colonists who had settled at Petit Cap, being moved thereto possibly by a suggestion from the Saint herself, offered to M. de Queylus, parish priest at Quebec, a fine lot of land with a frontage of two acres, and a depth of a league and a half, on condition that arrangements were made without delay for the

erection of a church thereon. The offer and condition were readily accepted, and work began with the utmost promptness, the first stone being laid by no less important a personage than the Governor General of New France, M. d'Aillebout. The church was dedicated to Saint Anne, in memory, no doubt, of the famous shrine of Saint Anne d'Auray, in that beloved land from which the builders had exiled themselves in the hope of making a New World redress the balance of the Old.

So eager was the patron saint to manifest her gracious powers, that she did not even await the completion of the building erected in her honor. While the foundation was being laid, a dweller in la Côte de Beaupré, named Louis Guimont, for many years a sufferer from a disease in the loins that bent him double, inspired by a religious fervor that enabled him to rise superior to his sufferings, managed to place with his own hands three large stones upon the growing walls, and lo! the third stone had scarcely been adjusted to its own niche, when there passed through the pain-racked toiler a strange feeling of exultation and strength; and standing erect for the first time in many years he shouted aloud in wonder and joy at the miracle that had been wrought. The report of this marvel quickly spread. All the little world of that primitive community fell to talking about it, and among those to whom it brought a mighty hope was Marie-Esther Ramage, the wife of Elie Godin. She, poor soul, had been bowed down for a long time under an affliction that compelled her to drag herself painfully along by dint of crutches, and seemed beyond the power of human aid to alleviate. Hearing from her husband of how Louis Guimont had been blessed, she determined to seek relief from the same source. Forthwith she repaired to the holy spot and invoked St. Anne's intercession on her behalf. Her prayer was granted. Her infirmities departed from her, and she went back to her home rejoicing.

These miracles were followed by many others, not less remarkable, whose reputation, spreading abroad, ere long made the little stone chapel the most celebrated place of pilgrimage in Canada. Marie de l'Incarnation, writing to her son in September, 1665, speaks thus of the prodigies which had been accomplished at this new shrine: "About seven leagues from here (Quebec) is a village called *Petit Cap*, where there is a church dedicated to *St. Anne*, in which our Lord has been pleased to do great marvels for the sake of that holy saint, the mother of the thrice-holy Virgin. There the paralytics may be seen to walk, the blind to receive their sight, and the sick of every sort to be made well again."

Twelve years after the erection of the church it became the treasury of one of the most precious relics the Catholic Church in Canada possesses; namely, a part of the bone of one finger of *Sainte Anne* herself. Sent in 1668 to *Bishop Laval* by the Chapter at *Carcassonne*, it was confided to the care of *Henri Nouvel*, one of the Jesuit missionaries in *New France*, and first solemnly exhibited to the venerating congregation in the Chapel of *Ste. Anne de Beaupré* on the 12th March, 1670. The history of this inestimable treasure is thus told by *Abbé Casgrain*:

"During the reign of *Marcus Aurelius* the infidels invaded the Holy Land and destroyed all the monuments, public or private, together with the coffins they entombed. One coffin, however, escaped this sacrilegious treatment. The infidel iconoclasts could neither break it open nor harm it; and in their rage they cast it into the sea. But, strange to say, although of a prodigious weight, the coffin, instead of sinking to the bottom, floated lightly upon the waves until it found a resting-place in the sands near the town of *Apt*, in *Provence*. Here it lay hidden for a long time. One day some fishermen from the town caught in their net a fish so large that they had to disembark in order to drag it to land. When they had, after tremendous efforts, got the monster on shore, he took

to leaping and throwing himself about with such energy and purpose as to dig a deep hole in the beach, and thereby bring to light the buried coffin. Forthwith the people gathered and sought to open it, but again it defied all efforts, and accordingly was, by the bishop's direction, deposited in a crypt which was then walled up, a burning lamp having first been placed inside.

"The centuries slipped away uneventfully until Charlemagne came to Apt as conqueror of Provence. He took up his quarters with the Baron Cazenouve, who had a son deaf and dumb from his birth. Charlemagne, no less renowned for his Christian faith than for his martial prowess, ordered a purification of the church, which had, through the neglect of the people, become the abode of the owls and the bats. On the day appointed, all Provence assembled for the ceremony. In the very midst of the solemnities the deaf mute, forcing his way through the throng, indicated to Charlemagne, by eager gesticulations, that he should cause a certain ancient wall to be torn down. Charlemagne not only gave orders accordingly, but with his kingly hands assisted in the work. The long-forgotten crypt was opened, and there, still burning brightly, stood the lamp lit many centuries before. The first to enter the crypt was young Cazenouve, and scarcely—had he set foot within it, when he cried with a loud voice that filled the whole neighborhood: "In this sacred place reposes the body of the thrice-glorious Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary." The king, accompanied by the arch-bishop, then went down into the crypt, and after having made obeisance, opened the coffin without any difficulty, finding therein a perfect body with this inscription: "This is the body of Sainte Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary.."

Besides the precious relic, whose wonderful history has just been outlined, the church at Ste. Anne has been enriched by a costly chasuble from Queen Anne of Austria, who worked upon it with her own royal hands, by a splendid silver crucifix from one of the

viceroys of New France, and more recently by a fragment of the true cross upon which the Saviour of mankind fulfilled his work, and a bit of stole from the foundation of the house in which Saint Anne lived during the days of her earthly sojourning.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS

(From the *Catholic Weekly Review*)

The honour of first announcing to the English-speaking public the publication of these *Annals* fell to this Review. That was some time previous to the issue of the first number, since when the project has become a realized fact. We have before us now the first four numbers, and they contain a variety of articles, principally devoted to the great Patroness of Canada, all of the most readable description. We congratulate the Rev. Fathers of Levis College on the success which has thus far attended their efforts to disseminate the literature of Ste. Ann beyond the confines of the Province of Quebec, and we trust they will meet with the earnest co-operation of all who have experienced the beneficial effect of the Good Saint's intercession. To create a true devotion to her it is only necessary that her mercy and her power should be made known, and in particular the wonderful miracles constantly taking place at her own particular home in this country, at Ste Anne de Beaupré. This is the mission of the *Annals*, and the low figure at which the subscription (35 cents) is placed, puts it within reach of even the poorest.

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