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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**

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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, V. Q.

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**SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.**

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

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**A MOTHER CURED BY ST. ANNE.**

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About the end of last June, I fell seriously ill. A continual prey to violent sufferings, unable to take any food, and subject to frequent fits of vomiting, I became extremely weak, and my illness, of which the symptoms were quite out of the common, increased in gravity every day. The priest was summoned to administer to me the Sacraments of the dying. He advised me to

vow a pilgrimage to St. Anne with the parish which was soon about to leave for that purpose. I thenceforth placed all my confidence in St. Anne, but she submitted me to a dreadful trial. Hardly had I expressed my vow, when a fainting fit kept me for half an hour on the brink of the grave. The most powerful stimulants had to be used to bring me to. However, my confidence was not weakened, and I persisted in fulfilling my vow, relying on St. Anne to obtain the necessary strength. She seemed to restore my strength by degrees, when a second relapse determined my nurse to prohibit my voyage to St. Anne. From a human stand point, she was right; for my sufferings and my weakness had returned within the last few days. I considered this as a new trial for my faith, and I persevered in my plan of going to St. Anne de Beaupré with the pilgrimage of the parish. This intention I realized in spite of all the fears which my family could not help entertaining on my score.

The journey was a long one to me; yet I persisted in remaining fasting until mid day, to receive holy communion, and fulfil my vow as exactly as possible.

St. Anne has completely cured me, praise be to her for it! After returning from the pilgrimage, I felt neither fatigue nor pain, and I immediately set myself to take care of my children and household. My appetite is good, and my strength is returning quickly. I am as well as ever I have been.

Glory, therefore, to St. Anne, to good St. Anne, who has preserved me for my dear little children's sake and has given me back the strength requisite for bringing them up! I will strive to teach them to have a tender devotion towards St. Anne, and to make them share in the unshaken confidence and lively gratitude which I will always keep towards my powerful protectress.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

Eboulements, Aug. 14, 1889.

## THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE.

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

(Continued.)

The city of Lyons, which was the first in France to celebrate the Immaculate Conception, and which, of old, performed pilgrimages to L'Île-Barbe, as, to-day, she ascends the hill of Fourvières, seems at last to perceive that something is wanting to perfect her tender devotion towards Mary, and that she must, in order to give it its full complement, return to the worship of her glorious Mother. Already an altar has been dedicated to her in the miraculous sanctuary of Fourvières, and a larger and richer one will probably find its place in the newly constructed basilica. On the left bank of the Rhone, a church is to be erected under her name. An association has even been formed with the view of contributing to the expense of its construction, and of extending by several means the cultus of St. Anne.

The mountains of Auvergne have remained more faithful to her: if the chapels and altars dedicated to her which are to be met with in that country, are not always a sure sign of actual devotion,—for that kind of monument is often preserved under the protection of forgetfulness itself, as it has happened during the Revolution,—nevertheless the favor with which her name is borne is an irrefutable proof of the survival of her devotion. In the country parts, it is given indifferently to children of either sex.

Nor has Burgundy entirely forgotten her ancient deliverer; she is venerated especially at Dijon, where her worship has never been separated from that of the Blessed Virgin. The clergy, the magistracy and the inhabitants of that city, after a solemn vow, were delivered, in 1531, from a disastrous pestilence. A

century later, in 1631, they renewed their vow, binding themselves to fast on the eve of St. Anne's day, and the plague again disappeared. In order to bequeath to future generations the remembrance of so great a benefit, a venerable President of the Parliament of Dijon, Pierre Odebert, founded, under the patronage of the Saint, an orphanage destined to receive those children whom the cruel epidemy had left orphans. This charitable institution still subsists, and has now become in the city as the central point of the devotion to that august Mother, whose remembrance still lives among the population. Unfortunately, the devotion, practically, is not the same as in by-gone days; since the Revolution, the vow of the city is not accomplished any more. Nevertheless, communions are still very numerous on the 26th of July, and at the hospice, the customary sermon and a plenary indulgence attached to the visitation of the chapel attract a great concourse of people. There still exists in the cathedral a chapel bearing her name; it is frequently visited and serves to collect pious worshippers.

"The Spirit breatheth where he will." Happy the soul who hearkens to his voice and awaits the moment of his visitation! There are some populations that grow lukewarm, there are others that return to their pristine fervor. We find an exemple of such revolutions of grace in the quite recent origin of a modest pilgrimage whose benign influence now spreads over the most mountainous part of the diocese of Belley. As it constitutes an indirect invitation to the clients of St. Anne, we ask the reader's permission to devote a page to it and to interrupt the review of statistics that we cannot indefinitely pursue.

On the limits of the departments of Ain and Jura, in the richly wooded mountains of the canton of Oyonnax, lies a meadow, smiling in summer, sometimes dangerous in winter, on account of the whirlwinds of snow that sweep through it. A pious family, devoted time out of mind to the veneration of St. Anne, kept

there a modest chapel, where the weary pilgrim might invoke on his way her whose kindness has deserved for her the title of the *Traveller's way*. This little monument was not spared in '93, and it had to be repaired when better days had come; but, as it was situated in a very damp position, this imperfect restoration was almost useless, the roof fell in about 1830; and from the ruins were drawn the mouldering remains of the statue which had there been venerated. Matters remained so during more than twenty years. But when His Lordship the Bishop of Belley, after the dogma of the Immaculate Conception had been defined, had invited his priests to place, as memorials of the definition, a statue of Mary Immaculate on culminating points of their parishes, the occasion was considered a most favorable one to rebuild the chapel of St. Anne. It was eagerly seized, and in order to respond also to the ardent wishes of the Prelate, it was resolved to place the statue of the Blessed Virgin on the *façade* of the proposed sanctuary.

The parish priest appealed to the least poor among his parishioners. They all promised him their generous assistance, and those whom a condition bordering on poverty prevented from subscribing, offered their personal labor, and engaged, some to gather the materials and dig the foundations, others to work, according to their capacity, under the direction of the contractor. They set to work with order, and the chapel, better able, on account of its dimensions, to satisfy the devotion of the neighborhood, was soon finished. Private donations provided for its modest furniture, and it took the graceful name of the alpine site on which it was built. *Saint Anne of the Meadow*. Nor did the Saint remain indifferent to these works of love and confidence. Sick persons are said to have been relieved or cured. a person attacked with a serious affection of the knee, after six months of suffering, and when her state seemed at most hopeless, is said to have found a prompt remedy in invoking

the charitable mother. During the drought of several past years, recourse was not ever had by a procession to *St. Anne of the Meadow* without having obtained rain. These and other facts, although public in the place where they occurred, having not, as yet, been verified by the competent authority, command great reservedness on our part. However, they are not necessary to certify to the devotion which has spread among these mountains, of this we may find palpable proofs in the eagerness of the inhabitants to have their names inscribed on the register of a confraternity enriched with indulgences by Pius IX, and canonically erected; in the number of masses celebrated in the chapel; in the numerous communions on the feast day of the Saint, and in the ever increasing affluence of the pilgrims. At the last solemnity, the procession to *St. Anne of the Meadow* surpassed all prior ones by its imposing character, by the number and piety of the faithful who attended. May this newly born fervor ever increase and draw down on those regions the time-honored graces which are showered on Düren, Bottolaër and on our Catholic Brittany!

Saint Anne is still honored in France in a number of places, of which some were or still are places of pilgrimage, she is venerated in the North, in the South, in the East, in Franche-Comté, in the plains bordering on Flanders, at Langres, at Rouen..... But nowhere perhaps, even in the whole world, is she invoked with as much devotion as in Brittany. We must confess it, not to our glory, but to our confusion, for we have not always corresponded to her motherly kindness, St-Anne has privileged us amongst all other nations. It was her will to take entire possession of our mother-country, by inspiring her devotion in two of its extreme points: to the South-East, she has bequeathed her venerable remains with the blessings that ever accompany them: to the North-West, she seems to have reserved her predilection. The Bretons, we may say so, are her beloved children. Their special adoption

by this loving Mother dates from the very dawn of Christianity, and seems to go as far back as the conversion of those nations to the true faith. We are free to conclude this from revelations made to Nicolazic: (1) "Yves Nicolazic, fear not, I am Anne, the Mother of Mary. Go and tell your pastor that, in the centre of a field known by the name of Bocenno, there was formerly, even before the existence of this village, a famous chapel, the first erected in Brittany in my honor. Nine hundred and twenty-four years and six months to-day, it was destroyed, and I desire it to be rebuilt by thy care: it is God's will that my name be still venerated there."

It was in 1624 that the treasure buried in the Bocenno was revealed to the client of St. Anne. The chapel spoken of, the ruins of which were found at the spot indicated, had been, therefore, demolished about the year 699. But during how many years, perhaps centuries before the existence of Keranna (2), had St. Anne been invoked in this sanctuary, already famous in 699, probably the first place of pilgrimage dedicated to St. Anne in all the western World? Does not a place of pilgrimage ordinarily suppose, in a country, the existence of a well accredited and solidly founded devotion? From the time of its devastation, that is from the seventh to the seventeenth century, the inhabitants of Armorica were generally faithful to the worship practised by their forefathers; the devotion, therefore, survived the disaster, and was perpetuated in other churches, or transmitted as a family inheritance. The contemporaries of Yves Nicolazic even pretexted the existence of a sanctuary where St. Anne was still honored to oppose for the time being the plan of restoring that of the Bocenno.

(1) Yves Nicolazic was the chief instrument of the Saint, rather of God Himself, in the restoration of the pilgrimage of Auray.

(2) Village of Anne.

already find, said they, too many chapels in the country parts, since the greater number of them are dilapidated. The same thing will happen to a new one. It is therefore, better to content ourselves with honoring the Saint at the altars already placed under her invocation."

(To be continued.)

--(From the French of Father Mernillod, S. J.)

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### AN ACT OF GRATITUDE TO ST. ANNE

For a number of years, C. C....., had been a victim to intemperance. He neglected prayer and the sacraments, even his Easter duty, and was a cause of sorrow and affliction to his family. Several means had been tried to obtain his conversion, but always fruitlessly. As the Oblate Fathers of Montreal were organizing one of their pilgrimages to St. Anne de Beaupré, the wife of this incorrigible drunkard promised to go to St. Anne's, and, if she obtained for her husband the virtue of sobriety for a year, to proclaim the fact to the glory of her powerful protectress. The morning on which this woman received holy communion at St. Anne de Beaupré, her husband likewise went to communion in Montreal. This was the beginning of a new life. Two years have now gone by: C. C..... ceases not to remain sober, laborious and religious, and his family cannot cease being happy and grateful to St. Anne.

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### THE FEAST OF ST. ANNE, AT APT, IN PROVENCE.

(By the correspondent of the Annals.)

We have celebrated the feast of our good patroness St. Anne on Sunday, July 28, as usual, with indescri-

bable enthusiasm and piety. From the earliest hours of the day, the royal chapel of St. Anne was filled with worshipers, bending low in prayer, and waiting with impatience, yet recollected, to receive the Saviour Jesus in his adorable sacrament.

How happy was St. Anne to see our eagerness to receive the Eucharistic bread! From her throne of glory she bent lovingly towards us to shower down upon us the graces of heaven which, like a gentle dew, come to dilate our hearts, increase our Faith and our love for Jesus, Mary and St. Anne.

In the midst of the moral decrepitude and religious indifference which affects so many persons, in the midst of this atmosphere of impiety which we breathe in our unhappy age, it consoles us to behold that thanks to our good Patroness, faith, gratitude and the love of God are deeply rooted in our hearts.

But I hasten to say a word of the evening ceremony which took a special character, owing to the inauguration of a splendid reliquary. This reliquary is a work of art in the full sense of the word. It is the offering of a pious family of Marseilles in thanksgiving for favors received through the intercession of St. Anne. I will try to describe the details of this reliquary which bore the honor of figuring in the exposition actually held in Paris, whence the artist who executed it, Mr Armar Caillot of Lyons, had to withdraw it for the Feast of St. Anne. I borrow this description from the notice of the eminent artist.

Arm-shaped reliquary of gilt bronze and silver value four thousand francs; height, 92 centimetres. The palm-tree and vine are characteristic of St. Anne. A palm-tree rises on the foot of the reliquary, and bears a lobed tablet on which rests the arm silvered in different shades, and lined with enamelled braid variously-shaded blue. The hand is in white satin; the arm in dim white cloth, thus bringing out the hand which is ravishingly beautiful. All round, vine branches forming volutes, and always creeping high

join at the summit to bear a flowered crown alternately covered with lilies and chevrons. On the pedestal, four subjects from the life of St. Anne engraved on a *lapis lazuli* background. First subject : St. Anne teaching her daughter ; second : the vision of the doves ; third : the Angel appearing to St. Anne at the golden gate ; fourth : the Angel appearing to St. Joachim at the golden gate. The shells, the palm leaves, the ivy-leaves are enamelled in various shades of green set with gold. Enamelled also are the legends explaining the subjects and the symbolism of the vegetation, as well as the four medallions attached to the tablet and bearing engraved the arms of His Holiness Leo XIII, of His Lordship, Mgr Vigne, Archbishop of Avignon, of the city of Apt, and of the family that made the generous gift.

The reliquary was borne in the procession by our venerable Pastor accompanied by numerous members of the clergy who, from the neighboring parishes, came to take part in the solemnity of our beloved Patroness.

God grant that we may often assist at festivals of this kind, and above all see returning to our city the numerous pilgrimages which were our glory in olden times. Such is the vow that every good Aptesian forms at the end of this day, so that St. Anne be exalted among us as she is in the basilica of Beaupré.

Apt, feast of St. Dominic, August 4, 1889.—L. P.

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## LEZ-BREIZ.

CANTO THE THIRD

(Continued)

—  
THE KING'S MOOR.

The King of the Franks said to the Lords of his Court, one day :

He will pay me true homage who will overcome Lez-Breiz.

He does naught but fight against me, and kill my warriors.

When the King's Moor heard these words, he rose up, before the king :

—Master, I have rendered you faithful homage, of which I have often given you proof ;

But since you wish it, to day, the knight Lez-Breiz will afford me a new proof of fidelity.

—If to-morrow I do not bring you back his head, I will bring you mine with pleasure.

## II

On the morrow, at early morn, the young esquire of Lez-Breiz ran trembling to his master :

—The King's Moor has come, and he has challenged you.

—If he has defied me, I must answer to his challenge.

—Dear Master, know you not that he fights with the charms of the devil ?

—If he fights with the charms of the devil, we shall fight with the help of God !

Go quick to harness my black horse, whilst I buckle on my armor.

—Save your grace, Master, if you believe me, you will not combat on your black horse.

There are three horses in the royal stable ; you may choose among the three.

Now, if you be pleased to hearken to me, I will tell you a secret.

It is an aged clerk who taught it to me, a golly man, if there be any on earth.

You shall not take the bay horse, nor the white horse either ;

You shall not take the white horse ; the black horse, I must not forbid ;

He is placed between the two others, and it was the king's Moor that broke him,

Believe me, take that one to fight against him.

When the Moor will enter the lists, he will cast his mantle on the ground.

Don't cast your cloak on the ground, but hang it up.

If you put your clothes under his, the dark giant's strength will be doubled :

When the black fiend will advance to attack you, you shall make the sign of the cross with the staff of your lance.

Then, when he will rush upon you, furious and filled with rage, you shall receive him with the weapon.

With the help of your two hands and of the Trinity, your lance will not be shivered in your hands.

### III

His lance was not shivered in his hands, with the help of his two arms and of the Trinity ;

His lance did not shake in his hands, when they rode one against the other,

When they rode in the hall, face to face, steel against steel, their rapid headlong lances couched ;

Rapid headlong their neighing chargers bit each other until their blood flowed.

The Frankish king, seated on his throne, looked on with his nobles ;

Looked on and said : ' Stand firm, dark raven of the sea, pluck me that black bird neatly ! '

When the giant assailed him with fury, as the storm assails the ship,

The lance in his hands did not shake ; it was that of the Moor that was shattered :

The lance of the Moor was shivered into splinters, and he was violently dismounted,

And when they were both on foot, they rushed furiously one on the other ;

And they gave each other such sword cuts, that the very walls shook with fear ;

And their arms gave out sparks like the red-hot iron on the anvil ;

Until the Breton, finding the joint, ran his sword into  
the giant's heart.

The king's Moor fell, and his head bounded on the  
ground.

Lez-Breiz seeing this, put his foot on his breast,  
And drawing out his sword, he cut off the head of the  
Moorish giant.

And when he had cut off the Moor's head, he tied it to  
the pommel of his saddle;

He tied it to the pommel of his saddle by the beard  
which was all grey and plaited.

But seeing his sword all reeking with blood, he flung  
it far from him.

—That I should bear a sword stained in the blood of  
the king's Moor!

Then he mounted his rapid horse and he rode away,  
followed by his young esquire;

And when he reached home, he untied the Moor's  
head.

And he nailed it to his door, so that the Bretons might  
see it.

Hideous sight! with its black skin and white teeth, it  
frightened the passers-by.

Those who passed by and looked at the gaping mouth.

And the warriors said:— The Lord Lez-Breiz, he is a  
man!

And the Lord Lez Breiz then spoke thus himself.

—I have fought at twenty battles, and I have slain  
more than a thousand men;

Yet I never had such hard work as what the Moor  
gave me.

Lady Saint Anne, my dear mother, what marvels thou  
workest by my humble means!

I shall build thee a house of prayer, on the hill,  
between the Leguer and the Guindy.

*(To be continued.)*

## PARIS TO LOURDES.

(Concluded)

On arriving at Angoulême the train stopped just long enough to allow His Lordship the Bishop to pass before each carriage in order to bless and console the sick pilgrims.

At Bordeaux, the moonlight illumined the rapid waters of the river Gironde, and soon after we had passed this lovely scene, the deep silence of night settled down on us, only broken by the sighs of our sick and suffering fellow-travellers. So soon as the sun rose, we could perceive afar the summits of the Pyrenean mountains, crowned with eternal snow. Suddenly, on rounding the side of one of the wild-looking mountains, there bursts on our dazzled eyes the elegant spire of Mary's own Basilica, and well might it be taken for some heavenly vision. "Lourdes! Lourdes!" is simultaneously exclaimed by all the pilgrims who peal forth the joyous strains of the arrival-hymn.

Evidently we were expected; for we find quite a regiment of stalwart bearers beside the numerous litters that await our sick. These litter-bearers, who are mostly young men, are chosen from among the most distinguished families, and the noble blood that flows in their veins is evinced by their devotedness to the task they have undertaken. This task is at the same time rude and delicate, for to fulfil it, these men must possess an angel's patience and a lion's courage; they must combine a soldier's physical force with the tenderness of a Sister of Charity. On our departure and along the road, we had seen them at their work, which, however, proved to be only a foretaste of the heroic services they would render to the sick when we should have arrived at our destination. At Lourdes, during the four days of the pilgrimage, these *brancardiers*, as they are called, have to take the sick out of the railway-carriages, carefully bear them from the station to the

hospitals, and thence, daily, to the *piscina*. At the *piscina*, they must plunge their patients into the miraculous water, and then place them before the grotto. These heroic litter bearers must resist being overwhelmed by sleep or drowsiness, must bear excessive heat, must overcome all natural repugnance to the offensive smell and aspect of certain diseases; and all this they must do without murmuring, but on the contrary, bearing it all gaily and in the spirit of religion. In order to make their noble charity better understood, we will here mention that any infraction of the regulations by a slight delay or otherwise, is a cause for the negligent hospitalier being replaced by some other aspirant to the much coveted post of *brancardier*.

On leaving the railway-carriages, the pilgrims at once crowd to the Basilica to fortify their souls with Holy Communion and the vast nave and crypt are soon over-flowing with pious worshippers.

Each of the many altars is occupied by a celebrant, a priest who is serving the mass, and several other priests, who are awaiting their turn for celebrating. I had myself to hear six masses before my turn came for celebrating. Nor is there anything astonishing in this; for the fifteen or twenty thousand pilgrims who find themselves simultaneously at Lourdes, are accompanied by some thousand or so of priests and religious, among whom may be seen Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedictines, Franciscans, Premonstratensians, Carmelites, Assumptionists, &c., &c. As for the nuns, I cannot attempt to give the names of the orders to be found amongst so numerous and varied an assemblage. Amongst the pilgrims themselves every variety of language and accent is to be heard, and the types of physiomy, as well as the costumes, are equally varied. Verily, from all parts of the earth are they gathered together to do honor to her "whom all nations shall call blessed."

The Basilica of our Lady of Lourdes is too well

known by many of our readers for it to be necessary for me to give a detailed description of it. I will not dwell at length on that marvel of architecture crowning the Massabielle rock, and pointing to heaven with its light and elegant spire, nor need I speak of the numerous *ex-votos* in gold, silver, precious stones or marble, which line the walls, nor of the rich banners floating from the vaulted roof, our Canadian one being by no means the least elegant, nor of the splendid swords and crosses of honour which brave soldiers have laid at the feet of their most royal Lady and august Queen. Nor need I do more than make mention of the colossal enamelled monstrance, and the precious stones that enrich it. Still further to enhance the grandeur of the monumental Basilica, a new chapel has been planned, to serve, so to speak, as a pedestal to the upper church, and, resting on the base of the hill, to stretch its apsis upwards to the very portico of the Basilica. \* This chapel is called the *Church of the Holy Rosary*, and doubtless received that name in order that the faithful might remember that it is by means of the Rosary that we can best appeal to the Heart of the Divine Mother.

How beautiful and grand is the Basilica of Our Lady of Lourdes, standing in relief against the giant mountains veiled with clouds, with the torrent like stream of the river Gave like a silver ribbon winding around the hill and grotto, between the verdant banks that have barely time to be reflected in the fast-running water! How imposing is that thirteenth century *château*, built on the ruins of a Roman *præsidium*, surrounded by a triple enclosure of walls, and flanked by look-out towers with open-worked machicolations and treacherous loopholes! How charming are the inhabitants of Lourdes, with their simple and pastoral manners and customs,

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\* On the 7th August last, H. E. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, assisted by eleven Bishops, solemnly blessed the new church of the Holy Rosary at Lourdes.

and their harmonious language ; and how still more charming are their young girls, all of them *Enfants de Marie*, and all of them of the same type as Bernadette, who offer for sale the wax tapers which are to be placed in the grotto and borne in the processions. But how great and holy, and even heavenly is that august sanctuary erected by the express order of the Queen of Heaven. How does that Calvary on the mountain-side preach to all comers of the love of Jesus-Christ! How sanctified is that grotto, hallowed by the actual presence of Mary and by the prodigies performed through her royal munificence ! How miraculous is that piscina, that " torrent by the way-side, where the poor sufferer and the humble sinner may drink of its healing waters ", and then raise their heads towards her who strengthens and saves them ! How edifying are the souvenirs of the innocent child who was chosen from among thousands and tens of thousands, to be the object of Mary's incomparable predilection ; and how humble is the mill that sheltered the holy child, and how sweet the touching letter that she there addressed to her beloved parents, which letter is preserved as a relic ! Yes, indeed, here is the " Tabernacle of God with man ", and it is to Mary that God entrusts the task of doing the honours of His dwelling.

And this is well understood by the pilgrims who throng to this thrice blessed spot. They well know that when sacrificing their time, their means and their comfort, in order to accomplish that great act of faith called a pilgrimage, they will not return home empty-handed, but that their confidence in Mary will be rewarded a hundred-fold.

It is to keep up this confidence and to give God proofs of their good-will, that these valiant crusaders of Mary frequently pass the whole day and night alternately adoring God really present in the Sacrament of the Altar, praying with their arms extended like a cross, and singing the praises of Mary

at the piscina or before the grotto, kneeling in the dust and humbly kissing the ground. To plead still more urgently with God, they take their rest at night on the seats of the Basilica or the pavement of the grotto, weeping and praying until morning light, when their only food is a piece of bread, and their only drink some water from the miraculous spring. It is also to win Mary to be propitious to their prayers, that holy priests watch until midnight to commence the masses which follow one another in uninterrupted succession and at all the altars up to the hour of noon the following day.

And Mary, she who is queen of that France, whom she delighteth to honour with many of her heavenly apparitions, Mary, I say, shows, how this devotedness touches her heart by showering her choicest favors on this people whom she loves so dearly in spite of their many short-comings, and whom she desires to save, almost in spite of themselves, we might say, for the sake of the many just who are expiating their country's fault by prayer and penance.

From the very first day of our pilgrimage, many miracles had attested the power of Mary and the efficacy of the prayers offered by her faithful pilgrims. Those that took place the first day were duly authenticated and published on that excellent journal *La Croix*. Those that took place on the following day were as numerous and as well authenticated. I myself saw a patient who had been suffering from "caries of the bones on the left side" as was announced on the label which is attached to the patients of the various hospitals, on their leaving their respective institutions.

This poor sick person suffered atrociously at every movement, but on her return could walk quickly and without any pain, whilst she could lie down on her afflicted right side, a thing she had not done for years. Her appetite and general health, too, were completely restored, and the cure was attested by five physicians,

some of whom were lost in amazement, whilst others were overwhelmed with admiration and gratitude.

Certain enlightened persons, well worthy of credence, related to me the particulars of an astonishing cure of a young girl, to whom a nervous malady had caused her legs to bend backwards and up to her shoulders. She was a shapeless mass, carried in a basket. After being plunged in the piscina, she was able to walk to the grotto. On the return-journey, the railway employes at the Poitiers station could hardly believe their eyes on seeing that she had been cured.

The following is the published list of the miraculously-cured. Mademoiselle Bentz, instantaneously cured of an abdominal tumor that had existed for several years. Sister Eugénie from the Convent of Bon Secours at Troyes, instantaneously cured of a phlegmon (inflammatory tumor) with fistulas.

Madame Gatoax, instantaneous cure of an ulcerous affection of the stomach with black vomits that had been recurring for several years.

Monsieur Elysse Dordenno, who was blind from a double cataract, can now read easily.

Sister Adrienne, a hospital-nun from Nancy, fungous arthritis of the two femoral tibial joints. After bathing in the piscina, every trace of this duplicate affection had disappeared.

Mlle Michel, a white swelling of the left knee for eighteen months, ankylosis of femoral-tibial joint, a sudden and complete cure of the swelling and of the ankylosis. The movements had become easy, the walk normal.

I might cite many others, for above 70 remarkable cures figured in the report at the end of the pilgrimage. And I am not astonished at this; for, if faith as a grain of mustard-seed can remove mountains, what prodigies of grace and mercy may not be merited by the apostolic zeal of these priests and religions, by the charity of these noble souls, the young emulants of St. Louis, by the ardent faith of the valiant among the

faithful who setting aside all human respect, proudly uphold the standard of the Church and of Mary by means of their own good example.

The three or four days passed at Lourdes were, as I have said, days of prayer of penance, of consolation and of salvation. Each day there was High Mass at the Basilica, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and instructions either at the Basilica or the grotto.

On August 22<sup>nd</sup>, it was Monsignor Aloisi Mazella, the Pope's Nuncio in Portugal, who celebrated mass in the grotto. Every evening, at 8 o'clock, there was a meeting at the grotto, an announcement of what cures had been effected that day, and then a grand torch-light procession, with the *Ave Maria* sung by thousands of voices. The whole circumference of the Basilica was illuminated with thousands of colored lamps, the statue of the Blessed Virgin and the beautiful cross which adorns the Missionaries, promenade, also stood out in bright light against the darkness of the night.

What a fairy-like aspect had this procession! Thousands of lighted torches marked the windings of the mountain path from the grotto to the Basilica, then circling around the sanctuary of Mary like a burning ribbon, descended into the plain and there, as with floating stars, marked out the gigantic M, the sweet initial of our dear Mother's name, into which the pious Missioners have formed the path leading through the labyrinth in their grounds. Slowly, like a heavenly panorama, the procession defiles back to the grotto to say *good night* to the best of Mothers, and the lights are extinguished. Silence descends on all around, and in that night, the pilgrim's soul tastes once more, and in a still higher degree, that peace which God gives to "men of good will."

But the last hour of this heavenly holiday has sounded, and we must prepare to bid adieu to the enchanting and holy spot. Happy would we be could we dwell here in the very shadow of Mary, like the Carmelites, the Benedictines, the poor Clares, the Sisters

of the Immaculate Conception, those "wise virgins" who, with their eyes fixed on the Bride, diligently, but fearlessly await the coming of the Sponse.

Why must there be an end to days of such pure delight? It is because this place is a 'thabor, and the splendors of the Transfiguration cannot be prolonged here on earth. From these heights we must once more descend into the plain to fight the good fight, fortified as we have been by this contact with the very source of all strength and salvation, encouraged by the example of our fathers in Jesus-Christ, and assured of the protection of Mary. Farewell then, ye holy mountains, the scene of the most wonderful event of modern times; farewell, blessed grotto which Mary's virginal foot deigned to rest on during her interviews with a young and modest virgin; farewell, ye rocks that trembled with gladness when ye re-echoed the name of Her who is THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Farewell, venerable Basilica, farewell also to thee, Christ (1) hanging between heaven and earth in order to draw all men to thee!

And whilst my soul is breathing these messages of love and filial gratitude to be borne to their destination on the wings of angels, the realistic locomotive is bearing me farther and further from this land of miracles. Although there was no demonstration, the pilgrims' return was a veritable triumph. The hearts of those who had been cured were filled to overflowing with joy and gratitude, whilst those who returned without having been delivered from their infirmities, had their hearts filled with hope and confidence, being entirely decided again and again to storm the Tower of David, and do violence to Heaven by their prayers. All, without exception, returned from their pilgrimage edified, consoled and fortified. The train in which

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(1) A colossal crucifix stands on one of the neighboring hill-tops.

and myself arrived in Paris about ten o'clock in the evening. The employes at the station besieged the pilgrims for medals and beads from Our Lady of Lourdes, and these men were most attentive to our sick. A regiment of *brancardiers* were in waiting to take charge of the infirm.

On Sunday, August 20th, there was a reunion at Our Lady of Victories, in thanksgiving to God and to His divine Mother for the success of the pilgrimage. It was thus at the feet of Mary that we ended the beautiful novena we had commenced in her presence and continued beneath her very eyes.

*(Written for the Annals of St. Anne.)*



### A LITTLE GIRL CURED BY ST. ANNE.

Notwithstanding her tender age, being only twelve years old, Zuleima had been suffering from dyspepsia for several years past, and her case had always baffled the skill of an experienced physician.

In the month of February last, we were forced to take her from the convent of the village of St-Michel, and since that moment, her weakness became so great that she remained three months without being able to walk. My great fear was to see her remain infirm in her limbs, the physician, however, quieted us by saying that she would walk as soon as she would eat.

Good Saint Anne, whom the child had long since been invoking, decided otherwise. The child affirmed with confidence that she would be cured in the month of July, and that she would be confirmed with the other children. Confirmation was to take place at St. Vallier on the 17th of July.

On the 6th of July we began another novena in honor of St. Anne, and that evening, Zuleima asked me for the *Annals* of St. Anne, took the pictures on the cover, and asked me to apply them to her legs within her stockings.

Nevertheless the night of the sixth was a still more painful one for the sick child; on the morrow, her weakness was extreme. It was Sunday, and I could not make up my mind to leave her to attend mass. But Zuleima, always confident in St. Anne, begged of me to go, adding that she would be cured that very day and that she would meet me at the door on my return from church.

May good Saint Anne ever be praised and glorified for it! those words, inspired doubtlessly by the Saint herself, were verified to the letter. During mass Zuleima felt an unusual sensation in her legs, and said: "I think that St. Anne is curing me." She called her aunt, who did not hear her, for her weakness was such that she spoke in the lowest tone. Convinced that St. Anne had cured her, Zuleima got up and walked to her aunt saying: "I am well, St. Anne has cured me."

St. Anne, who thus had given her strength to walk, had also completely freed her from dyspepsia. Since that day, she can easily digest every kind of food. Every day her vigor has increased and she now enjoys excellent health. On the 17th of July she was confirmed at the church.

St. Vallier, Sept. 1, 1889.

Mrs JOSEPH MERCIER.