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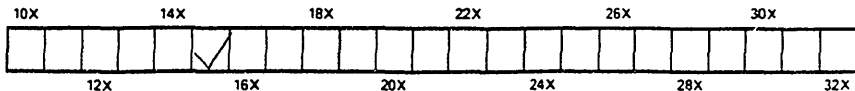
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# ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

*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.

## 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, P. Q.

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## SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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.

—00—

CONSECRATION OF THE BASILICA OF  
STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

We are happy to inform our readers that the consecration of the Basilica of Ste. Anne de Beaupré will take place on the 16th of May. The time chosen for the solemnity will be that of the meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Province for the Council of Public Instruction.

## THE ANNALS OF STE-ANNE D'AURAY.

In the August issue of the *Annals*, last year, we announced to our readers the recent foundation of a review of the same nature as ours, published at Auray in France. We have the pleasure to-day of being able to say a few words of the publication which will not fail to render still more popular, in Catholic France, and especially in Brittany, the touching devotion towards good Saint Anne.

The first number contains the programme which the Editor purposes to execute in order to render his review both useful and interesting. A record of the pilgrimage, the history of the pilgrimage, the devotion to St-Anne at Auray and elsewhere. "This programme is vast," as its author acknowledges, but not above the capacity of the writer who traced it, as we are all assured by His Lordship the Bishop of Vannes, in a letter published on the first page of the *Annals*. "You will not deceive the expectation of your subscribers, says the Bishop of Vannes. The programme of your review, clearly traced, will excite beforehand the pious curiosity of the pilgrims. You will know how to carry it out in the most interesting manner. Your ability as a writer, your devotion towards St-Anne, the intelligent and devoted assistance of numerous clients of our Patroness, are so many certain pledges of the success that I wish you."

It greatly rejoiced us to see how the devotion towards St. Anne has been kept alive in the land of our (1) forefathers, although visited by such terrible trials. Heretofore hardly any echo had come to tell us of the numberless graces obtained by the devout pilgrims of Auray through the intercession of St. Anne. *Opera autem Dei revelare et confiteri honorificum est.* "Yet it is honorable to confess and reveal the works of God." (2)

(1) This article is from a French Canadian pen.

(2) Tob. XII, 7.

It is meet to proclaim the benefits which the Lord grants to the prayers of His Saints. Of those principally we are informed by the *Annals of Auray*, giving us an account of several of the pilgrimages of Brittany accomplished during the past year; of the numerous favors spiritual and temporal that have rewarded the fervent prayers addressed to St. Anne. A characteristic feature of the pilgrims, a remarkable reminiscence of their history — in France, every hamlet has its historical *Souvenirs* — lend a charm to the pages of the review. It is true that this element must soon be exhausted, since the same pilgrimages are repeated over again.

Besides the narrative of touching examples, certain documents relating to the relics of the Saint prove the antiquity, or rather the perpetuity of the devotion of our forefathers towards her whom, in our infancy, we have learned to venerate and invoke. May Almighty God render universal, throughout beautiful France, that we cannot refrain from loving, the practice of a devotion, which would produce there, as well as here, an abundant harvest of excellent fruits.



## HOW COULD WE REFRAIN FROM LOVING MARY ?

(*For the month of May.*)

To love Mary it suffices to be a Christian. How, indeed, could we help loving her who has given us Jesus? From whom have we ever received a richer treasure? Jesus is our brother and our friend, He is our Saviour and our God; and it is Mary that has brought Him into the world to redeem us. It was she who took care of His childhood, she who followed Him up to the consummation of the great work of our

salvation. Mary knew that by rearing <sup>&</sup> Jesus, she was feeding the victim one day to be immolated for the world's ransom. Was not her soul pierced with a sword of anguish on hearing the prediction of the aged Simeon? How many times did not her maternal heart bleed at the remembrance of those heart-rending words! How often, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, her Spouse, was she not sated with bitterness at the foresight of the sufferings of her beloved Son? And later on, in the Prætor's hall, and on Calvary, what anguish was hers! And, let us not forget it, Mary suffered all this for our sake, and to concur in the work of our Redemption. What gratitude we owe her for the important part she has taken therein! All that she did for Jesus's sake, she did it for our own. Let us love her, therefore, as Jesus loved her. Let us obey her like the Divine Child. Let us love her with the heart of Jesus.

Jesus dwells within us, when we are in the state of grace and we in Him. He wills us to love His Mother, not so much as He—that would be impossible—but with all our heart and strength. He wishes us to be as other sons Jesus for Mary. He would continue by us to love the Blessed Virgin upon earth, to honor her, to obey her, to be her dutiful Son, as He was formerly at Bethlehem and Nazareth.

As we desire, during this month consecrated to Mary, to pay her a tribute of love and gratitude, let us offer to her the incense of fervent prayer. Would we give her flowers fit to please her? Let us not gather them in worldly gardens. There are flowers whose bloom does not fade, and whose loveliness surpasses the brightest of earth. What lily more dazzling in whiteness than the ravishing purity of the heart of a child of Mary? What violet more delicate than the modesty of a Christian who boasts not of the success of his efforts, but attributes all to the glory of God? What rose is more purpled and more glowing than the charity of him who loves Jesus above all, who loves

Mary with his whole heart, and his brethren as Jesus himself loved them? Of these three virtues united together, we will weave a garland to be laid at the feet of our good Mother. She will accept our offering. She will lavish on us her motherly blessings. She will perpetuate the happiness we enjoy during the joyous days of Mary's month, those joys which are given us to temper the bitterness of exile, and to make us understand a little what Heaven is.

M. N. D.

—000—

ON THE DEATH OF REV. N. C. A. BOUDREAULT,  
P. P. MISCOUCHE, P. E. ISLAND.

—  
EVE OF THE EPIPHANY, 1889.  
—

*(With the author's kind permission.)*

Feathery snow-flakes softly falling  
Flying, fluttering from the East,  
Spreading o'er earth's frozen bosom  
Spotless shroud for spotless priest.

Earth all white and sky all leaden  
Save o'er ocean's breast afar'  
Where a beam of pale translucence  
Marks the path of Magi's Star.

By that gleaming wondrous pathway  
Royal road to Gentiles given,  
Passed the soul of Christian pastor  
Led by Angels up to heaven.

Toll, ye bells of Belle Alliance,  
From your Gallic belfry old,  
For your priest whose pain-worn body  
Lies before you white and cold.

Ring the *glas* (1) and call the people  
 From Miscouche and Carmel fair ;  
 Come behold him, come extol him,  
 He who loved you, lying there.

Clad in sacred priestly vestments  
 In his hands the imaged Christ,  
 On his lips a smile of gladness  
 At the thought of morning's tryst.

Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar.  
 Kings of the Epiphany !  
 Join ye in the glad Hosanna  
 Sung to welcome such as he.

He who in his youth and beauty  
 Crowned with sufferings nobly borne,  
 Went to keep the Feast in Heaven  
 On this January morn.

His the gain and ours the sorrow ;  
 We who knew and loved him well :  
 Bishop, priests and people grieving  
 All alike his praises tell.

God help her who loved him dearest,  
 Who is with him in her dreams,  
 When the winter winds blow keenest  
 O'er the ice-bound Madeleine.

Christian mother, Catholic mother,  
 No one can console thee now,  
 Saving her whose heart was broken  
 On Mount Calvary's dark brow.

Ye, this thought should bring thee comfort ;  
 Fie, thy saintly, much loved son,  
 Dying leaves a fair white record  
 Filled with duties nobly done.

(1) Death bell.

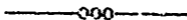


Here, the cross of sorest suffering  
 'Twas his daily lot to bear ;  
 But the crown of life eternal  
 Now is his in Heaven to wear.

Toll then, bells of Belle Alliance  
 Through the frosty winter night,  
 While the people for their pastor  
 Ask of God perpetual light.

And thou, Priest of God for ever,  
 Thou whose priesthood never ends,  
 From thy place among the blessed  
 Pray for us who were thy friends.

A. M. P.



## THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE.

(Continued.)

ST. ANNE AND ST. JOACHIM ARE ENTITLED  
 TO OUR ENTIRE CONFIDENCE.

As we have lately seen, these blessed Patriarchs occupy a special rank among the Saints, who are indebted towards them for their Queen, and, through Her and her divine Son, for their happiness. Nor are the Angels entirely free from such obligations, from that gratitude in which even the adorable Trinity condescended to share. Such an exceptional position assures them in the heavenly court a boundless credit, their least wishes are as commands obeyed with the most filial readiness. Could anything be refused to parents tenderly loved, from whom so many bounties have been received? Could God resist the prayer of those who have helped Him, to the best of their power,

in the work of His mercy? Nothing less than such a position, joined to unheard-of goodness, can explain the multitude of graces due to their powerful intercession. By those who have not had the happiness of experiencing them, the bounties of St-Anne are not sufficiently known; the care she takes of her devoted clients, the attention and amiability she lavishes on those who assiduously honor her, seem to be generally ignored.

Oh! if we only knew how indulgent she is and how much she loves us? Let us make use of a familiar comparission. See what passes in the family-circle, see the tenderness, sometimes verging on weakness, of grand-mothers for their grand children; how many caresses, how many acts of indulgence and prayers of intercession, are used in their behalf. This increased affection and tenderness towards the offspring of a second generation is rooted in nature, for it is of all times and places. We believe that St. Anne bears towards us that same love; her kindness, without any imperfection, is more compassionate, more indulgent still than that of a mother; she embraces in her unspeakable tenderness the adoptive children of Mary and Joseph; the brothers of Jesus, weak and poor as they are, excite her merciful compassion; her desire for their salvation and their happiness is so lively and so ardent, that she does not even wait for their prayers, but grants them before they are spoken.

Persons unacquainted with her devotion may perhaps accuse us of exaggerating; but, we are sure that we do not surprise her true servants, especially in those countries which, despite the efforts of revolutionary impiety, have remained faithful to her. In those privileged places, one never despairs of obtaining a grace; when all resources and all intercessions have been exhausted, she is still invoked with a confidence justified by centuries of marvels. How many souls bless the day on which they knocked at her door! How many consider as a remarkable favor of Mary,

as a precious reward of their piety, the filial affection with which she has inspired them towards her glorious mother ! Convinced of our own insufficiency, we might, dear readers, quote in these pages as we have done hitherto, testimonies based on experience and exhortations better authorized than ours. Let us only cite the following fragments from John Trithemius, of the order of St. Benedict. Placed at the head of an abbey that had lost both its discipline and its means of subsistence, after having raised it up again through the protection of St. Anne, from a twofold ruin, spiritual and material, he considered himself bound in justice to publish her praises and to spread her devotion.

“ We believe it, says he, and we loudly proclaim it, Anne the ancestress of Christ, enjoys great honor, merit and credit in the presence of God. Not only is she filled for herself with ineffable gifts, but moreover she has received a special power for our benefit. If we believe in the powerful intercession of the Apostles and of the other Saints, how not be persuaded that the relatives of Our Lord surpass them in credit ? We therefore believe in the prompt and very powerful mediation of St. Anne, to whom the King of Heaven can refuse nothing.”

“ Believe me then, my brethren, for I am saying the truth. If you love that Mother with your whole heart, you will experience the power of her intercession. Believe me, my brethren, for I am certain of it, God grants to her merits favors without number, to make us venerate her memory : approach then with confidence that kind protectress. Lay at the feet of St. Anne every thing that may oppose your holy desires, lay down your sorrows and your burdens, whatever they may be, and for the honor of God, she will deliver you. It is impossible that she obtain not what she asks for, and Jesus, her grand-Son, can refuse her nothing. All the heavenly court loves her as a mother and unites its vows to our vows. Could a mother interpose herself in vain ? Happy then he who, by his

prayers and a true devotion, will know how to obtain her protection "

That she is compassionate, and prompt to succor the unfortunate, all the host of her devout clients are witnesses to it and rise up to attest it. No one can understand, unless he has made the pious experiment, no one can persuade himself of the great profusion of graces which God grants to those who love St. Anne. We have seen the wise and the ignorant, persons distinguished by birth or others of obscure condition, unmarried or engaged in wedlock, persons of every age and sex; we have seen men of every profession delivered through her intercession from the greatest perils, from divers tribulations and necessities of all kinds that afflicted them. We have ascertained that by her help many religious of both sexes have overcome vexing temptations of the flesh and of the spirit. Who can count the poor reduced to the lowest misery for whom she has abundantly provided, or whom she has relieved in their sickness! Who knows the number of those she has cured of incurable sadness and of the ravages of melancholy! How many, through her assistance, have passed securely through bands of brigands waiting in ambush for them! How many have avoided the snares of their enemies! How many have escaped from imminent ship-wrecks! There is no sort of temptation from which she does not deliver her friends; no sort of trial from which she does not free them. Who can number the souls she has raised from the abyss of despair to the hope of forgiveness, from the most inveterate habit of sin to the ways of penance? How many lukewarm souls, either in the cloister or the world, she has warmed with the flames of divine love! How many women on the verge of death, have obtained a happy deliverance! How many sinners have escaped almost certain damnation! Others have been preserved from the stains of unjust infamy; others again have seen their chains falling from their hands or the doors of their prison open

before them. According to authentic relations, she has recalled several dead to life, visited a still greater number of dying persons, and given them the consoling assurance of their eternal salvation. But why pursue this enumeration, since the multitude and variety of her benefits is not less great than the diversity and infinity of our bodily and spiritual evils ?

From the French of Father Mermillod, S. J.

(To be continued.)

—oo—

“AVE MARIA.”

Who can ever express the greatness, the power, the charm contained in these two words ?

*Ave Maria!* the most beautiful prayer after the *Our Father*. The *Our Father* is of divine origin ; the *Ave* was spoken by an Angel.

*Ave* is the official manifestation of Mary's glory. Whence the following words of Lacordaire explain themselves :

“ Every time that human lips repeat these words, which were the signal of her maternity : *Hail, Mary*, her heart is moved at the remembrance of a moment the like of which heaven and earth have never seen, and all eternity is filled with the happiness she derives therefrom.”

The Saints loved to repeat *Ave Maria*.

Blessed Alanus exclaims in his enthusiasm :

“ Let him who loves thy holy name listen to me, O Mary ! Heaven rejoices, all earth is astonished when I say : *Ave Maria*. The world counts for nothing, the heart melts with love when I say : *Ave Maria*. Coldness vanishes, the flesh withers away when I say : *Ave Maria*. Sorrow departs, a fresh joy steals upon me when I say : *Ave Maria*. Devotion is inflamed, contrition bursts forth when I say :

*Ave Maria.* Hope progresses, consolation increases when I say: *Ave Maria.* The heart awakens, and the soul inclined to evil returns to good when I say: *Ave Maria.* The sweetness of that blessed salutation is so great, indeed, that human language cannot express it, and to speak of it in accents sublime and deep, befitting its greatness, cannot be done by a mere creature."

The *Ave Maria* has found an echo even in the hearts and on the lips of heretics and unbelievers.

Zachary Werner, one of Germany's greatest tragic writers, has paraphrased the *Ave Maria* in the following terms:

"Hail Mary, full of grace. He who created thee, and took my sins upon Himself, the God immaculate, has rested in thy womb, O star of the sea.

"The Lord is with thee, with thee who blessed among all women, hast delivered us from malediction; the salutation which sounded in thine ears has destroyed the malediction pronounced against Eve.

"Blessed be the fruit of thy womb, the Lord Jesus. To bear an eternal fruit, the Word has come, flesh of thy flesh, and has transformed the guilty into righteous men.

"Oh! pray for us, poor sinners, whom the God of love bequeathed to thee on the cross; pray, so that now and at the hour of our death, we may obtain salvation."

—ooo—

## THE LOVE OF SAINTS FOR LITTLE BIRDS.

How touching is the legend of St-Servan's red-breast!

Continually flitting around the pious hermit, it warbled away, perching on his head or shoulders; it hid under his cowl, to play and to warm itself. When

Servan was praying or reading, his little companion would remain quiet and silent on the work-table. Meanwhile it would hop, flutter, flap its wings, and chatter, as if it would like to open a conversation. Never did robin feel happier. Alas ! it dreamt not of the dreadful plot that was being planned against it.

Servan had gathered around him several pupils. One of them, named Kentiern, was meek, amiable, pious and laborious ; his comrades, imagining that the bird and their school-mate held the first place in the care and affection of their master, grew jealous of the presumed preference. For vengeance' sake, they resolved to kill the red-breast, and accuse Kentiern of the misdeed. The poor bird, little suspecting their mischievous intentions, was easily caught while joining as usual in their pastimes. Without more pity than delay, they cut his head off.

They had profited of Kentiern's absence to commit their wicked deed. When he returned, the first object that met his sight was the disfigured remains of the unfortunate robin. Moved to tears, he bends down picks up the little feathered corpse, looks at it for a few seconds ; then, obeying a secret inspiration, he places the little bleeding head in contact with the inanimate body, raises his eyes to heaven, and invokes the God who watches over little birds. When the prayer is over, he makes the sign of the cross. Instantly the red-breast comes back to life and flies off, according to its custom, to meet St. Servan, who, at that same moment, was leaving the church.

It is only since then that all robins wear about their neck the red plumage whence comes their name.

.....  
 During Lent of the last year of the life of St. Rose of Lima, a nightingale would fly down to her every evening, in the garden, before sunset. It would light on a tree near the window of her cell, and would wait awhile. As soon as Rose perceived her dear little bird she would hum a tune of her own composition, in

which she invited it to praise God, its Creator, whom she also was going to thank and bless. And at the very instant, the bird would begin to sing, first in a sweet and soft tone, then its voice swelled forth and uttered a song of gladness.

When the bird stopped, Rose would recommence to praise God with a loud voice, and as soon as she ceased, the nightingale would take up its melody; they thus sang alternately, during the space of an hour.

When six o'clock rang, the bird would take its flight, to come back on the following day.

The little bird of St. Rose of Lima reminds us of the sparrow of St. Joseph of Copertino.

St. Joseph was often called upon to visit the convent of the Poor Clares at Copertino, either to collect alms or for the spiritual wants of the nuns. One day, he told them with a smile to recite their office well, as he would send a little bird to stimulate their zeal. The first time that the sisters met, a lovely thrush appeared in the choir-window. The bird appeared every day in the same manner at the morning and evening offices. Its singing preceded that of the nuns; and with strains of exquisite melody, the thrush seemed to invite the handmaidens of the Lord to sound the praises of their common Master. When the office was ended, the bird would disappear. It thus returned every day, at the same hours without ever missing, during five years. A slight it received from one of the nuns drove it away. The sisters complained of the absence "The thrush went away, and he did right, said Joseph. Why did you threaten and insult him?" The Saint promised however that the fugitive would return, and his word was an oracle: whether the bird had accepted the insult or had forgiven it, it re-appeared. Not only did it show itself in the choir, but this time it chose its dwelling-place among the pious virgins. It would perch now on a seat, now on a picture, and would allow itself to be petted. One of the sisters having tied a tiny bell to its foot, it remained two months more in



the convent dragging the bell with it; but on Holy Thursday, it disappeared and did not show itself either on the following Friday or Saturday. Fresh complaints were made to Brother Joseph. The Saint answered: "I gave him to you as a musician, you should not have made a bell-ringer of him. He is gone to watch by the Saviour's tomb; but I will make him come back." The thrush returned indeed, resumed its old habits, and left the convent only when the servant of God, himself leaving Copertino, carried elsewhere the secret of his miracles."

Let us love the little birds that Saints and good Christians have treated so kindly.

But why not bring the subject nearer home, and tell our readers about

#### THE SWALLOWS OF ST. ANNE.

Who has seen, in summer-time, the hill of Beaupré where grows the miraculous balsam, (1) "blessed mound more awe-inspiring than the King's throne, hill moistened with the tears and venerated by the kiss of fervent pilgrims, crowned, like Sion, with the sign that draws us all unto it, "gate of heaven" worthy of a place by the wayside leading to Mesopotamia and of the anointment of Jacob, dwelling-place of the ancestress of Him who often, "passed by doing good"? Who has seen the sacred spot without remarking under the eaves of the ancient roof a rustic, but animated cornice sculptured by the swallows?

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(1) The hill-side, behind the old church of St. Anne, was covered with pepper-mint, which the pilgrims, especially the Irish, gathered. And brought home to administer to the sick. The same custom prevails at St. Anne d'Auray, where we have been an eye-witness of it.

"The swallow, says Jeremias, hath observed the time of its coming." Every spring they arrived, those charming pilgrims, from all points of the horizon, first hovering around the old steeple, and then coming to nestle close to the sacred walls, embracing them with their half unfolded wings, and kissing them with their tiny beaks, with inexpressible twitterings of joy. Unconsciously these children of the sky responded to the invitation of the youthful prophets, "Birds of the air, bless ye the Lord." But for the Angel of the church of St. Anne, for the mystical souls of the neighboring monastery, for the holy pilgrim, the sight formed one of the loveliest pages of Nature's great book, wherein they could read, in living characters, the expression of the Divine Will.

When the prophet Isaias had announced to king Ezechias that the Lord granted him ten years more to live, the latter gave vent to his joy in a canticle, in which, to express the perfection of his prayer, his voice is likened to that of the swallow. "I will cry like a young swallow," exclaims the prophet. Key-note of the suppliant voice, instead of distracting the pilgrim in the fulfilment of his vow, it gave him the tone for prayer. "I will cry like a young swallow." Was it not so? Answer, bearers of *ex-votos* to the shrine of St. Anne, thirsty drinkers of the miraculous spring, *Good Thieves* of the wood of the crucifix, (1) happy victims of the heavenly shock discharged from the sacred relic or the Bread of Life, bringing with it a second infusion of life to your deadened limbs.

Francis of Assisi called the swallows his sisters. God, who on the very evening of your creation,

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(1) A large wooden cross placed in the former church was chittled and carried away piecemeal by the pious Vandals, desirous of having a *memento* of their pilgrimage.

declared you "good", has not withdrawn His word: whilst man, guilty of evil on the very morrow of his creation, is still born a "child of wrath." The birds have had no Babel like man. That is why they understand one another as in the days of Eden. They even sometimes seem to understand the language of their fallen masters, as may be seen by the following legend.

Several years ago our winged pilgrims, having reached in time their Beautiful Meadow (Beaupré), set to work as usual, and, amid the din of the stone-dressers' hammers, preparing blocks for the new sanctuary, gathered cement to repair the breaches which winter had made to their nests. They worked even faster than the salaried masons. To the rigid Doric lines of the new building, they oppose the graceful forms of their own architecture, which God has taught them. The triple cornice of fresh clay was already hardening in the sun. The nests ranged like stalls formed a numerous choir, from which the birdlings would soon give the tone of supplication to those who, like Ezechias, asked for new years of life. But alas! men, more cruel in the swallow's eye, than falcons and hawks, decreed the demolition of the venerable old temple. The pastor of the parish, who, so far through compassion, had hidden the dread truth, said one day to some friends: "Poor little swallows, they are making much ado about nothing: if they only knew that in a few weeks hence, these walls will be demolished." Immediately the alarm is given by an indiscreet swallow who had overheard the conversation. There was a disturbance among the feathered community, a nervous coming and going that foreboded something unusual, and anxious twitterings had replaced the joyous notes of the busy workers. The little darlings had understood the voice of man, as their sisters of Assisi in times of yore. Two days after the swallows had flown away, abandoning

their nests to the Vandals and Goths of modern construction. Whither had they gone ?

Nobody knows. But even had a collar been placed around the neck of one of the deserters with the inscription :

## SWALLOW

SO LOVELY

TELL ME, IN WINTER, WHERE GOEST THOU ?

The following spring the same messenger would not have brought back the answer :

## TO ATHENS.

AT ANTHONY'S :

WHY DOST THOU SEEK TO KNOW ?

For they never came back.

—000—

## DUTIES OF PARENTS TOWARDS THEIR CHILDREN.

(Continued)

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

We cannot for the present do more than merely point out to you this last obligation, although it is in our days the gravest of all. All voices, that of your pastor as well as that of your Bishop and of the Sovereign Pontiff, incessantly remind you of it. Fathers and

mothers, deafen not your ears to those warnings solemn and so often repeated. Understand that you owe education to your children, not an indifferent sort of education, but an education adapted to their character and destiny as Christians. Jesus-Christ must be the centre and, as it were, the pivot of such a system of education: everything that is taught your children must proceed from Him and return to Him. By placing yourselves at this point of view, which is the only true one, the only one in conformity with Catholic doctrine, you will understand what horror you should feel for godless schools, for writings condemned by the Church, and the thousand and one inventions of modern impiety to corrupt your children. Remember also that the education given to your children by others will not suffice; the great, the principal education, which no other can replace, is your own; you will give it at home by those simple and child-like, yet sublime and sacred lessons, which will never be effaced from your children's hearts.

Christian parents, believe us, the welfare of our country depends not on the dreams of politicians or the ravings of sophists: here it is in a few words. The Church relies on you to realize it and to there contribute efficaciously to restore Faith to mankind. May you fulfil these hopes by rearing your children in a Christian manner! You will thus give to society virtuous men; defenders to religion; you will prepare unto yourselves the sweetest consolations for the days of your old age, with the infinite joys of the eternal reward.

## CONFLAGRATION STOPPED BY ST. ANNE.

Two good women of my parish wish to thank St. Anne publicly for having been preserved from fire which threatened each of them on two separate occasions, but with similar circumstances.

These two women lived alone in their houses during the winter, their husbands being away in the lumber districts. Their houses are both isolated, one of them having no neighbor within half a mile, and the other, within more than that distance.

One day fire broke out through the roof of one of the two houses, the farther off from any neighbor. When the poor woman became aware of it, the flames were spreading over the roof. She is alone with a child only one year old. What will she do? Run for the neighbors! But the dwelling will be burnt down before she returns. She recommends herself to Saint Anne, and uselessly cries out for help, for nobody comes. She goes to the stable, harnesses her horse, and hastens to the neighboring house, continually repeating: "Good Saint Anne, save my house." Finding a man and his wife, she drives them back with her, and they return in time to put out the fire which had not caused very great damage although the house is a wooden one.

Praise be to Saint Anne for her miraculous protection!

The other case is almost similar, with the difference that the woman was unable to run for help to her neighbor whom she knew to be absent. Earnestly recommending herself to Saint Anne, she manages to erect a sort of scaffolding in her garret, and throws a few bucketfuls of water which reach the flames and extinguish them immediately. There was no ladder on the roof, and even if there had been one, the poor woman would never have had the courage to make use of it.

Thanks be given to Saint Anne who is never invoked in vain.

P. M.—Parish Priest.

## THE BEGGAR-WOMAN'S BANK-NOTE.

A few years before the fall of the Second Empire Count de Chambord happened to be at Vienna, Austria, with his private secretary, Count Edouard de Monti. The ladies of the upper Austrian society had organized a collection for Peter's pence. Everybody responded to the appeal of the noble merchants, and gold pieces mingled in their purses with the mite of the poor and the silver coin of the middle classes.

A Viennese financier, as badly bred as he was rich, thought the occasion a good one to make a display of his wit, of his education and of his good thought. He approached the lady who was holding out her purse, ostensibly drew from his pocket-book a bank-note which he majestically unfolded, then bowing to the lady-collector, he passed beyond her and walked straight up to a poor woman who was begging at the outer door of a church, and gave her the note, saying in a loud voice: "Take this my good woman, it is for you. I prefer giving to the poor rather than to the Pope and the Cardinals who have no need for my money."

The beggar-woman reddened when she took the bank-note, rose up, and approaching the lady who had seen and heard everything, deposited it respectfully in her purse saying:

"For Peter's pence."

The financier saw that he had missed his aim and went away ashamed and furious at having made such a sorry use of his bank note. As to the beggar-woman, alarmed at her own boldness, she had escaped from the applause of the lookers-on and had disappeared in the crowd.

The news of this adventure spread rapidly in the city, and reached the ears of Count de Chambord. Struck with the faith and the noble-mindedness of the poor woman, he took informations concern-

her. As she was well known to the officials of the cathedral, her address was easily ascertained. She was a widow, of irreproachable conduct, infirm, burdened with a family, and living on charity alone. When the Prince's messenger entered her dwelling, he saw with his own eyes that she had that very scanty barely enough bread for herself and children. Ever when Count de Chambord learned these touching details which added to the beauty of her sacrifice, he was moved to tears, and he requested Count de Monti to repair immediately to the poor widow's lodgings, and offer her a sum of a thousand francs with his congratulations. "Never did I perform a more pleasant message, related M. de Monti. That poor woman's soul was equal in greatness to that of Monseigneur. She was bewildered at the Prince's generosity, and at his compliments. She had found it so natural to act as she had done. By accepting the financier's bank-note, after the insult offered to her high-born lady, who had volunteered to beg for the Pope, it seemed to her that she would share in the insolence of the ill-bred man, and, without any reflection, by a mere Christian instinct, she had hastened to repair the insult. Nothing could have induced her to keep an alms given under such circumstances; she would have accused herself of robbing Jesus Christ, and rather than make use of such money, she would have cast it into the fire." Admirable beggar that she was, she almost hesitated to accept the Prince's offering, and to appear to receive the salary of her sacrifice. And yet, to see her wretched lodging, the rags of her little children, it was more than strict necessities, it was the very livelihood of all her family that she would have refused.

Two or three days later, Count de Chambord was in a drawing-room in Vienna, close by two young archdukes. The conversation fell on the adventure which was the talk of all classes of



society, and the two Austrian princes, with the lightness of their age; indulged in some jocular remarks as to the disinterestedness of the poor woman and the royal reward which it had drawn upon her.

The grand-son of Louis XIV, turning towards them, rebuked them with the look and the tone of the great king. "I pity you, dear cousins, said he for not better understanding the nobleness of such an action. For my part, I esteem and respect the poor woman as much as a high born lady, and were I on the throne, I would have shown me royally still how much I appreciate her noble deed."

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