

SAINT ANN AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



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Chronicle of the Shrine.



HE brilliant season of pilgrimages, 1901, is closed. Many of the missionary priests have gone to other skies and scenes. They must toil here or elsewhere. Such is their mission, their calling; so, since the people have ceased for the present year to flock to the Shrine seeking comfort and peace to their wearied souls, the missionary Fathers will go to them. Some are already preaching in Nicolet Diocese, others in the Metapedia Valley, whilst a few are working across the line, in Massachusetts, New York and Wisconsin States. It matters little where, provided they can lend the Master a helping hand to work in His vineyard.

A few words about the last five pilgrimages that visited the Shrine, and we will have accomplished our task, at least, for the present year.

Sunday, September, 22nd. — Reverend Father Alcantara of the Franciscain Order, Quebec, guided 900 Members of the Third Order to the Shrine. They assisted at grand mass which was followed by the Way of the Cross on the side of the hill. No respite was given; they had come to pray, and pray they did. They had just finished,

the « Stations », when the bell called them to the last service of the pilgrimage. They not only prayed, but they preached by the good example they set to onlookers. They wore the garb of the Third Order and appeared to be proud of it. Disciples of Christ, they did not fear the scoffs of fools who might have riled their ancient costume of penance. They trampled underfoot all human respect which puts man under the despotism of ridicule. They cared not for the jeering self-question : « What will such a one think of me if he should see me attired in a monk's garb? They did their duty and shall receive their proper reward. »

Monday, 23rd. — At 7.30, A. M. the pilgrim-bell began to toll as 225 parishioners from *St. Ferreol*, accompanied by their Parish priest, Rev. Father Galerneau, drove up to the Church. The weather was anything but agreeable, it did not, however, succeed in dampening the *Ferreolian's* devotion to St. Ann. Such weather would not prevent him from attending some meeting of « pleasure, » why then should it obstruct him in his duties to God?

Wednesday, 25th. — Arrival of the second pilgrimage from *WATERVILLE, Me.* The pilgrims were 200 strong. — The writer would really like to say more about the pilgrimage but is unable to do so. Such devotion to Saint Ann on the part of people coming so far, is certainly deserving of more than *twelve words* to announce its genuineness, but who is to blame? Assuredly not the poor composer. Had any of the pilgrims been kind enough to give him a few facts about what happened on the pilgrimage, he would be only too glad to give them publicity. So please take the will for the deed.

Sunday, 29th. — Feast of Saint Michael. High mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock by Reverend Father Tranchemontagne, O. M. I., for the Members of the *Colonisation Society from Saint Sauveur's, Quebec.* Five hundred people came to implore Saint Ann's protection over the youth of our country, that the rising generation would learn to love its lands and homes. Tilling the soil may be what people call « hard work » ; nevertheless, it is there where life is strongest, longest, happiest, and above all, holiest. This is not intended to cast a blame upon those who leave their happy country homes and try to seek fortune elsewhere. No, man must earn his bread at the sweat of his brow, but he must save his soul at the point of the sword. He must battle with

his passions, avoid all dangers of sin, live in the world without taking part in its pleasures, practise one's religion, pray and live a life of pénance, and, above all, to prepare for a happy death. And where has man a better chance to do all this : in a city or in the country ?

Sunday, October 6th. — A pilgrimage, if such it may be called, of the *Quebec Clerks*. About 400 in all.

Thursday, 10th. — Five hundred and fifty pilgrims arrived last night from Lake St. John. They formed the last pilgrimage of 125 organized ones that visited Saint Anne de' Beauré this year.



In the Presence of Christ.



It was Good Friday. The shades of night were falling fast. The good old woman had just lighted the lamp in the dining room. With his feet resting on the andiron, a man, still young in years, had just finished reading the evening paper, — a bitter, sarcastic, ignorant, sectarian paper which was sent to him, gratuitously, because he had spoken, now and then, against the priests, friars and nuns that were sacrificing their lives for the welfare of his fellow citizens. The man was an upstart. He had succeeded in business and had retired to his native home, home of God fearing people whom he spurned from the height of his pillar of money.



« Well, is supper almost ready? Must one *starve* because it is Friday, and what people call, Good Friday? » At that moment a young girl entered the room, she was carrying a plate of soup, whose flavor filled the room. She had a secret of her own, — her father must abstain. It matters little whether one be pagan, freethinker, or atheist, Good Friday is a day sacred to all. Had her father not already asked for meat that noon? Ah! but the girl was a staunch Christian, she had received a convent education, and she would not hear of her Savior being outraged on that day! No, never!... But why that anxious, determined look in her eyes? Ah! she must conquer, she must win her point, or her life will be blasted forever.

The Mission had been going on for 15 days, everyone was attending it, everyone except... (the thought filled her with shame and sorrow)... except her father. But he must go to-night, for the great mission-cross is to be blessed and venerated. Every man had been invited to come and kiss the sacred feet. Her father must go, she wills it, she must win her point.

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« Well, papa, what do you think of my culinary abilities, of the soup, I have just prepared for you ? » — I find it delicious, my child. » — « You see, papa, that one can abstain without hurting the stomach. Our holy Religion, you know, has never done any harm to anyone. » — « Come, speak to me no more about religion, you have your thoughts and I have mine : the best is absolutely worthless. » — « Nevertheless, there is plenty of good in our Religion. Take for instance, the Mission, it is really beautiful. People are coming to it from all over — the sermons are so thrilling, the ceremonies are so touching ! I have seen men weeping, yes, men. » — « I understand you, my child, you wish me to go ? » — « Why not, papa dear, it would be one of the happiest moments of your life. To-night, the ceremony is to be so impressive, so sad... Jesus Christ hanging to the cross... a souvenir of the Mission. » — « Do not bother me with your Christ. » — « Papa, how wicked you are this evening ! » — « It is not anger but wisdom that prompts me to speak as I do. All these religious ceremonies are fraudulent practises to deceive superstitious minds Do you mean to think that I would kiss Christ's feet and adore Him ? I have read Ingersoll and Renan, and God alone is to be adored ; to me Jesus Christ is simply a man, and not God. » — « O papa ! if Jesus is only a man, how account for his miracles. Since when can a man raise the dead ? And Jesus has done it ; therefore He is God. If He were only a man, how explain that the Church, His work, has stood the shock of ages and of man's iniquity for twenty centuries ? No man could have built such a work, therefore, Jesus is God. » — « I swear to you that He is not ! » — « You say so, father, but what proof do you allege in support of your negation ? You affirm but prove nothing. Behold it is now twenty centuries that He has been adored as God by the greatest kings, by the most learned and noble-hearted men ; more than eleven million martyrs have shed their life's blood in defense of that belief ; the Fathers of the Church have proved and taught that

He was God ; and you alone, dearest father, would you, in your impiety, dare say that Jesus is an imposter, a liar ; would you dare say that all that is learned, holy and heroic in Christianity, is wrong, and that you alone are right? Why? Because you have read these blasphemies in Ingersoll's or Renan's books, or in some such infamous newspapers. How shameful ! Ah ! why not imitate those whom you loved, and who still love you ? My grandparents, your father and mother, died faithful to Christ ; my mama died, you know it, kissing the crucifix. Oh ! let these precious souvenirs touch your heart ; return to God. Come, to night, to please me, come for the sake of those dead for whom your heart still weeps, come with me to the mission. You will go with the men to kiss the feet of Christ who died to redeem us. »

He had listened in dreamy silence. The appeal had touched his heart, the battle waged fiercely for a moment, but the spirit of pride triumphed. Ashamed that his only child had conquered him, he arose with scornful lips ; a horrible blasphemy broke the crushing stillness : « I hate your Christ. They have killed Him twenty centuries ago, and they performed a good deed ! » The noble girl's blood almost froze in her veins, her eyes filled with tears as she placed her hands over her father's stony lips to thrust the blasphemy down his throat. But he, pushing her aside, continued : « Yes, they did well, and if it were to be done over again, if another Judas were required to betray Him, other men to crucify Him, I would willingly do the work !... You wish me to go to your sermon, be it so, I shall !... but you will regret that you brought me. I shall show these ignorant people, slaves to superstition, what it is to be a man. When standing before your Jesus, I shall say : Christ, I hate and loathe you ! » His daughter had fallen on her knees : « Father, O father, I beseech you, cease your blasphemies, they pierce my heart ! » — Well, do you still want me to go to your Mission? . . . — « No, remain at home, I would not want the people to say, when they see me : Behold the daughter of Judas ! » — « What care I? Judas shall go ! »



And leaving his suppliant daughter, he went to his room, his eyes ablaze, his lips trembling, his heart bursting with rage. « Yes, I shall do it, » he muttered, « and teach them all a lesson. » He could hear beneath his window the solemn tread of numerous men and women going on their way to the Mission. Suddenly the plaintive, trembling

voice of Mara rang out : « Papa, farewell, I am going to the Mission, and I shall pray for you. » The door closed upon her receding form. A cold sweat covered the atheist's forehead. He was alone in that room, where his father and mother had died, whence his beloved wife had gone to her Creator. Yes, it was true, all his relatives had breathed their last breath with their lips kissing the face of that Jesus whom he was going to insult. Remorse began to entwine his wretched heart but he cast it from him. He went out into the dark, silent night, his hurried step tried in vain to carry him away from the weary thought that besieged his feverish brain ; the loving reproachful words of Christ smote his conscience as they did Judas of old : « Judas, dost thou betray the son of man with a kiss ? »



The vast church was crowded to the doors. The audience was listening attentively to the flow of eloquence that fell from the missionary's lips ; far away in the distance could be seen the beautiful inanimate form of Christ upon the cross, resting on a bed of flowers. With arms wide open, the crowned and bleeding head, the supplicating forgiving eye sent a thrill of sorrow through the reprobates heart, as the missionary's words sounded reproachfully in his ears : « One word more before I finish. Oh ! do be converted ! Who knows but that later on, may be too late for you. Ah ! dearest brethren, how often have I not during the Mission offered up my blood, my life for your conversion, but God did not accept my sacrifice. But there is One who lived, who suffered, who shed His life's blood, who died for you. Behold Him ! He is there on the cross ! It is Jesus Christ ! Behold His crowned head, His adorable face, His scourged body, His pierced hands and feet from which rivers of blood are flowing ! And to think that during this Mission, there will be many a Judas to disown Him by his indifference, to crucify Him again by his crimes. Ah ! dearest friends, if you have refused to hearken to my pleading, for pity's sake, listen to the wail of His blood. Be converted through love for Jesus Christ ! » Descending from the pulpit, the priest went and stood by the cross, saying : « The men will come up alone this evening, but, beware, dear friends ; if there are any in your midst who still persist in their obduracy, let them not come to kiss Christ's feet. It appears to me that Jesus would rebuke them with « the words which He spoke to His apostate disciple : « Judas, dost thou betray the son

of man with a kiss ? » But if you desire to return to God, then, advance with confidence ; His arms are opened to receive you ; your kiss will implore more eloquently than words, the pardon you seek. »



Solemnly the men walked forward, each one saluting the crucifix and kissing the bleeding wounds of its loving Victim. The women looked on with tearful eyes and prayed for the conversion of their fathers, their husbands, their sons and brothers. The foremost pews were occupied by the Children of Mary, singing the touching Mission-hymns. And what about our atheist ? . . . He was standing at the foot of the church ; pale and trembling with emotion, his eyes were riveted on the floor, he was waiting. . . « Come, friend, it is your turn to move forward » He appeared to awaken from a dream when the kind words of one of the missionaries rang in his ears ; he thought he would faint as his heart beat to break. He moved forward, mechanically, carried on by the moving mass of men. Slowly up the centre aisle, through the vast nave ; onward, ever onward they advance. The Children of Mary could not repress a movement of surprise as they beheld their companion's impious father, moving along with the others. « My God, what will happen ? » burst forth from the trembling lips of his loving child as she fell upon her knees : « My God, my God, have mercy on him, take my life, but save, convert my father ! »

The choir sang sweetly :

O Lord, grant by his tears,
That sin of years,
He may efface ;
Thy mercies still increase
And all his bonds release ;
He must no longer live in Thy disgrace . . .

The nearer the atheist approached to the crucifix, the calmer his stoom-tossed soul became. He listened attentively to the words of the choir as they moved his heart to sorrow :

Alas ! in sinful ways
He passed his days
From earliest youth ;
E'en until now, his time
Hath been one course of crime.
Oh ! how he strayed from Thee, Eternal Truth ! . .

Above them all he recognized the sweet, suppliant accents of his daughter's voice. The pious, devoted girl, seeing her father before his God -- her father and her God, her only loves in life -- put her heart and soul into the words that she sang :

Behold him at Thy feet :
Hear, I entreat,
Thy suppliant child !
For him was pierced Thy side,
O Jesus crucified !
Pardon, Jesus, pity, through Thy Heart so mild !

The pitiful, heart rending accents of the child's prayerful song sent a thrill of sorrowful emotion through the entire audience. The choir had ceased its music to weep in silence, as they heard their companion's plaintive appeal to God for her father's conversion. She sang in accents unspeakable ; or rather, it was the voice of Mother Church weeping for her wayward son ; it was the melancholy lamentation of Calvary's victim -- Jesus, beseeching the prodigal, the rebel to return to his love. See him as he stands alone in the presence of that God whom he had sworn to hate ! Christ is lying there before him, in cadaverous whiteness, His eyes send forth a look of reproachful love ; it lasted but a moment which seemed like a century. Suddenly, as if struck by a thunderbolt, the relenting wretch fell upon his knees, his arms entwined the bleeding feet of Jesus, he pressed his lips repeatedly against their sacred wounds, whilst with every kiss he tearfully said : « Forgive, my God, forgive ! »

The people looked on with hushed breath. His daughter had ceased singing ; she was sobbing her heart out, whilst gadsome tears coursed down her cheeks. The sinner arose and advanced toward the head of the crucifix, he threw his arms around it, repeating continually with each fervent kiss : « Forgive, my God, forgive ! Yes, I am a Judas, I wish to kiss you as a Judas, but as a Judas sorrowful and repentant. »

The men finished venerating Christ's feet ; one last look, a final prayer to the Crucified, and every one went home, thanking God for the prodigal's return.

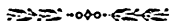
The missionaries prepared to leave the church. When near the door, they saw a man kneeling in profound recollection, in the shadow of a confessional. « Are you waiting for any one, friend ? » — « Yes, I am waiting for you, father, I must go to confession ! » — « It is

rather late. » — « I know it, but I cannot longer wait : that Crucified God, that sermon, that hymn, those prayers have brought me back. I am the wretch who wept so bitterly an hour ago, at the feet of Christ. Did you not say that later on may be, perhaps, too late ? I beseech you, do hear my confession ? »



Easter morning, father and child knelt side by side at the altar-railing. It were folly on our part to attempt a description of the celestial happiness that filled their hearts to overflowing. . . .

O friends of Jesus Christ, and you, mother, wife, children, sisters of a poor, hardened, obstinate sinner, never despair of his conversion. Were he a demon incarnate, were he a Judas, know that in every human heart there is a chord that instinctively vibrates when hearing the sacred name of Jesus Christ : make that saving chord thrill with emotion, make it hear your humble songs and hymns of love to God, let his wearied eyes rest upon the sorrowful image of Jesus and Jesus crucified. You and he whom you have so deeply loved, will then see the realization of Christ's prophecy : « And I, when I shall be lifted up from the earth, when hanging to a cross, I shall draw all hearts to Me. »



Jesus and the Mouth.



HOW it gladdens My heart to see you coming to Me for light and consolation ! Do you know why so many young men decline to be virtuous ; why, nowadays, so very few tread the road leading to happiness and to Me ; why so great is the number of those who follow the highway to the abyss of eternal death ? Shall I tell you, my son, for your own instruction and encouragement ? — « It is because there is none that considereth in the heart. » (IS XII. 11) No one thinks of Me, no one loves Me, no one ever speaks to Me ; My name may be sometimes on their lips, but their hearts are far away. And you, are you not one of their number ; do you not act like they do ; as if I did not exist for you and love you most ardently, as if I did not offer you My choicest graces to draw you to My love. Come dearest friend, retire in thought from the world, come to Me, and, in

solitude, I shall speak words of consolation and salvation to you. Perhaps passions bind your heart in thralldom and sin darkens your soul? Behold your remedy! Know that holy things, pious actions, such as alms, penance, abstinence, the audition of mass, frequently abide in the soul with sin; but iniquity and daily, fervent meditation cannot long exist together. Are you weak in virtue, negligent in the practise of your religious duties; do many dangers surround you? Well, the frequent thought and meditation of heavenly truths will soon make you understand virtue's beauty, the vanity of earthly things, and little by little fervor and piety will enter your heart. Oh! how I do wish you would believe the importance of mental prayer, of meditation.

Think of your own present pressing wants. Are not your youthful years the most favorable season to work and to sow in your soul's garden that it may, hereafter, bring forth good fruit in abundance? You must learn to know, serve, and love God, from whom you come and to whom you shall return. You must learn to live peacefully and honestly, in word and deed, with your neighbor and yourself. Is it not already more than time to think of choosing your future state in life, state upon which your present and eternal happiness depend? Bear in mind that the maxims and tendencies guiding your youthful steps, will lead your old years to joy or misery. . . . Well, in meditation, you will see everything in its proper light: God's beauty, your soul's value, your own evil inclinations, the emptiness and inconstancy of worldly things, death's certainty, judgment's unflinching justice, and eternity's perpetual bliss or endless tortures. Yes, by means of daily meditation, you will understand all this better than you ever would by reading many books. I would incline unto your aid by giving you my choicest graces which would enlighten your mind and touch your heart. Come, my child, awaken from your sleep of death; what will it profit you to gain the whole world and lose your own soul?

Ah! come and kneel at My feet every day of your life and thereby, console your unhappy heart. You will soon notice that it is not difficult to converse with Me; these intimate conversations will give you strength, cause you joy and fill your soul with happiness. What will you do? You have plenty of time to think of trifles, to devote to pleasure — and perhaps, shameful, sinful pleasure that offends Me and harms you — and you will not devote one serious thought to Me, to your duties, to your eternal welfare! Will you not begin a new life,

a life of prayer? If you know not how to pray, call upon My aid, and I shall be your teacher, I shall make you taste My sweetness and fill your mind with serious thoughts. Remember the many nights that I passed in prayer for you; recall the blood that I shed in prayer for you! Could you not, in return, watch one hour with me?

Yes, my loving Jesus, I understand all — your love and my folly. I banished you from my thoughts, from my heart, and I loved the emptiness of this fleeting life. But do not condemn me. I rejected you and never thought of my future, because I knew you not. You have promised to help me if I will strive to think of eternal truths, to meditate on them. Well, do come to my assistance, for I promise that, henceforth, I shall think of you daily. In that thought I will find consolation, courage and direction to practise virtue and to live as a Christian should.



Obedience.



LET women be subject to their husbands as to the Lord: because the husband is the head of the wife: as Christ is the head of the Church. He is the savior of his body. Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things. » (Eph. v.)

These words written by St. Paul to the married women of Ephesus, will probably not be out of place here. From what has been precedently said, some might be inclined to think that they have all to say at home, and that husbands have no right whatever to interfere in the direction of family affairs. A society, a kingdom, an empire is commanded, governed by a head known by the name of president, king or emperor. But according to Saint Paul, the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church. Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let the wives be to their husbands in all things.

Does this mean that the husband has unlimited authority over his wife; that no matter what his command may be, she must obey? No. That a husband may have a right to his wife's

submission, his command must be reasonable and just ; it cannot be in contradiction to the teachings of Faith or common sense, for « we must obey God rather than men. » (Act. v) In marrying, the wife never intended to forsake the voice of conscience, she never meant to stifle its cry. How painful to her then are those moments during which she balances, undecided, between the interior voice of her soul speaking in God's name and the commanding unjust words of him whom she loves most upon earth ! How bitter her disappointment to meet danger and hidden snares there where safety and peace were hoped to be found. She entered upon that new road, thinking its footing sure and leading to salvation, to find it the slippery way to damnation ! How many husbands instead of being their wives' mainstays and guides to Heaven, do all they possibly can to accelerate their pace along the road to perdition ! Take for instance, the case of a man who wishes to oblige his young wife to *see* the world in all its pleasures and dangers ; she must accompany him to every kind of spectac'e, take part in lubric conversations, etc. What will be the outcome of all this ? The least to be feared will be the weakening of the staunch christian principles which were instilled into her mind by God fearing parents and teachers, the loss of piety, the dread of household duties, the hatred of home, the forgetfulness of God's all-seeing eye — the bulwark to conjugal fidelity. If any misfortune were to happen, he would have no one but himself to blame !!!

And what should he said about the man who deliberately stands between his wife and her God ? He goes so far as to decree the number of *moments* she may devote every day to her Creator ; in fact, she is obliged to hide her piety and to pray in secret, as if devotion were a blamable, shameful action. Such a husband betrays his calling. The guardian becomes a traitor to the sacred promises he made to God and to man ; the saving instrument turns to one of perversion and of ruin ! Instead of being an angel of light to whom the wife may turn for guidance, he must be shunned as a spirit of darkness. Naturally, in such cases the husband loses all authority over his wife, he has no right to her submission ; in fact, she cannot obey when God's glory is at stake . .

Another man will not go so far ; he does not intend to be a stumbling block to his wife, he is satisfied with the noble calling of being her daily cross. His commands are thoughtless, inconsiderate, capricious, whimsical, anything and everything but reasonable. He rejects and blames to-day that which he commanded and prized yesterday. His thoughts and desires are constantly contradictory. Nothing suits. This shifty, unsteady state of mind makes life unbearable to him, and he blames another for his own wrongs. The outcome of it all is this : such a thoughtless, childish way of commanding will finally diminish the husband's authority over his wife ; she will soon learn to consider even his important commands as the offspring of his every-day passion, and consequently, will pay little or no heed to them. It is impossible for her to know their meaning when even the husband ignores it. The home then becomes like a boat adrift without a pilot. The wife may try to guide it, but what generally happens in such cases ? It is more easily imagined than told.

To right these wrongs or to avoid overdoing one's authority, the husband should be penetrated with the greatness of his mission. God has established him as the head of domestic society, and, as such, his responsibility is great. He is or should be the guiding light of his home, and he must uphold truth and justice against any weakness of character or passion's impulse. That success may crown his efforts, he must put aside all personal prejudice and impressionability. He should never forget that prayer is absolutely necessary to him to obtain light from above that a spirit of faith may guide him in his judgments and decisions. Woe be to him if, fascinated by earthly interests, he should make some false step that might be the cause of a soul's loss, — a soul that depended upon him for salvation !

Supposing the husband has taken a resolution and given an order towards its execution ; should he make his reason known to his wife ? Generally speaking, he should. He would only gain by giving his confidence. In governing intelligent beings, it is not sufficient to command as one would do with a dumb animal ; to ensure success, the will must be won. A person acting on conviction, works with a twofold energy. She is not

guided simply by the thought of duty, her principal motive-power comes from self-persuasion. She goes forth to her obligation spurred on by personal assurance. The obedience given has become easier to her since she knows its reasons, she will therefore be more constant and energetic in its execution. One will naturally do more with her eyes open than with them shut. Why should the wife not know her life-partner's projects? Nine times out of ten the husband will better by it. There might be an exception : when the wife would be in such a mood that she would absolutely refuse to understand common sense (which, alas ! is often the case) or if she be of a quarrelsome nature, loving contradiction, stubborn. In such cases, provided that he runs no risk, si'ence is the proper guide.

Man should never forget his own condition when giving an injunction. There is nothing more revolting and despicable than a «puffed up» mandate from an equal. God treats man with great respect because He recognizes His likeness in him ; the Angel of the Apocalypse forbade the Apostle St. John to kneel before him because they were both servants of the same Master ; and why should man alone refuse to a fellow-creature, who is in many cases his superior, that deference, love and respect shown by Almighty to the lowest of mankind? His only excuse is his ignorance and degradation. Another reason why a man should command his wife with all due respect is that she is a child of God, she has been redeemed by the blood of Jesus-Christ and heir to His kingdom. She may be his inferior by nature, but she may also be his superior in character and virtue, and, thereby, nearer and dearer to God. How can one speak offensively to the person whom God has destined to be his life-companion, his help, his auxiliary ; whom the husband has chosen to be his partner in all that concerns his present and future, his joys and sorrows, his victories and defeats, his prosperities and failures? Yet, how many husbands in speaking to their wives, use expressions that they would not let their servants hear !

To know how to command is a very difficult science and not easily acquired. To learn it, one must first know how to obey. And since obedience is rarely found in families nowadays, it

is not surprising that people enter the state of marriage without any knowledge of its government. In speaking of marriage, the Church calls it a «yoke of love and peace.» These words should suffice to make the husband understand the qualities that should adorn his authority. A behest implies a burden to be carried. But in marriage, the one commanding should take part of the burden upon his own shoulders. He should be the first to carry a portion of it, for it would be an injustice to establish rules and regulations at home and to subject everyone but oneself to them. Such a manner of acting is an abuse of authority more out of place at home than elsewhere. And nevertheless, how many blame in others that which they call virtue in themselves. : Their wives' faults are unbearable and they close their eyes upon their own. It is the old story : « Why seest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye ; and seest not the beam that is in thy own eye ? » (MATT. VII.) Partial injustice will never uphold a command, for when can a man expect his orders to be respected when he himself pays no attention to them. He who wishes to be obeyed, must begin by showing his own personal submission ; when his wife will see him submitting to the yoke of domestic legislation, she will not refuse to live conformably to that same law. « A yoke of love and peace. » Love should surround every behest, impregnating it with its unction. Affection speaks a language known to it alone, and it is this language with its lovable accent, that a wife wishes to hear in her husband's authoritative voice. Its sweetness will make her forget the difficulty hidden in the fulfilment of the command. It would then be so easy to go along together through life with love teaching and love learning, love commanding and love obeying. The family would then enjoy the greatest of God's blessings in life — peace.

« I have yet many things to say to you : but you cannot bear them now. » (Joan. xvi. 12.)



A Christian Rule of Life under The Guidance of Good St. Ann.



*O*n praying in the day and at night. — Well, now, suppose the day begun in this way, and that with a cheerful, and, so to speak, sweetened heart, you go about your daily labor or occupation. Many a long hour stretches out before you, and many a distracting thing will happen before the day closes. What shall we do in order not to forget or lose sight of those pious morning resolutions? The Apostle tells us, we must • pray without ceasing. » And if we could carry out his precept we should surely be in no danger, since the Lord has promised, and His promise will surely be fulfilled : « Ask and ye shall receive, » « Call on me and I will help you. »

But who can pray without ceasing when work must go on? When that work takes up one's time and attention completely, when one can hardly think of any thing else, sometimes, for a good while together? That certainly seems asking too much, and more than we can do. Now I do not ask any more than you can do, nor any more than I know you will be glad to do, if you have made a good prayer in the morning. — I said that one would make a good intention in the morning to please God by all one's actions or sufferings during the day : « O my God, I offer to Thee, all the thoughts, words, actions and sufferings of this day, in union with those of Jesus Christ, with the intention of doing everything only to please Thee. »

You see how before hand, by a good intention of the heart you have offered to the Lord all that may happen during the day, and joined all your actions to those of Jesus Christ, that is, you desire to behave in all things just as Jesus would wish you to behave, or, what is the same thing, to please Him and His heavenly Father. Now that good intention is accepted by God and laid to your credit. And although afterwards you

may do many things without actually thinking of God, such as eating, drinking, cooking, making beds, scrubbing, taking care of children, or any other duty, yet that morning's good intention spreads over them, covers them all with the virtue of holy prayer, and makes them good in His sight.

Then, always make that good intention in the morning, and renew it from time to time during the day; saying « let all my actions be to please my God, » or something else like it. This will soon become natural to you, for having set out to talk with God, He will want to talk with you. He will, in his will and quiet way put many a good desire in your heart, many a holy sigh and devout prayer on your tongue. All you will have to do will be to listen to that still voice, which will continually be saying to you, « do this it is pleasing to God, » « let that alone, it will hurt your soul ; » « pray now a little, that you may keep you soul fixed on your God, » and many other such things. — Those short prayers which our Lord will put in your mind from time to time, will keep your soul awake to God and attentive to please Him, so that you may with truth be said to pray without ceasing even if for some time you are not anxious of making an actual prayer.

Especially in any time of temptation, when sin of any sort seems pleasant or good to you, will the voice of God be heard in your Soul. » My child, beware! that is a sinful thing, pray, oh, pray, for grace to avoid it. » Make a habit of attending to that voice within you, of shutting your eyes and ears and your whole mind to that evil temptation. Raise your heart quickly to God, and cry out « Lord Jesus, help me! let me not fall into this or any sin ; » or simply repeat, with devout mind the holy names, Jesus! Mary! — That cry will quickly reach heaven, and God will send His help and put the temptation to flight. It is exceedingly important to get in the habit of praying short and fervent prayers at such times. By them we get a great victory over the enemies of our soul, and great strength to persevere, instead of being taken captive and led away in chains, to suffer all that the wicked enemy chooses to put upon us.

Besides the hour of temptation, if at other times you feel devout, and God stirs up in your heart a desire to pray, you need not feel afraid to give way to it. If you could think of God the greater part of your time, there is no harm, but the greatest blessing and the greatest joy in so doing. If you can think a good thought or wish a good wish, in the midst of your cooking or working or house-cleaning or factory-works, be thankful to God for the favor, and make the most of it. It is certainly far better to remember God and eternal things, than to be whirled about with a continual excitement in regard to matters of no consequence, and to be forgetful of Him, as some are, from morning till night, from day to day, from week to week, until they almost forget they are Christians. No: you must go on a different principle, deepen and strengthen good thoughts on all occasions. Let the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, here on earth, be ever before you. Love to dwell on the particulars of His actions, as they are written down in the Scriptures. — If your work comes hard, remember how He carried a heavy cross all the way up Mount Calvary. If any one speaks evil of you, see Him hanging on His cross, and the rabble underneath calling Him every vile name they could think of. If tired and weary, think how He, after a long, weary travel, had no place where He could lay His head. Go over His blessed, humble, charitable conduct and words; that you may always be learning something new, for your own increase in goodness and in the love of God.

Sometimes it may nourish your soul to think of our Blessed Lady. Imagine her as she goes about the house, always ready to do everything that duty requires of her, always so quiet and self-possessed, always taking such delight in doing everything, that could please her Maker, and in doing it in the most perfect manner, always so sweet and obliging to all her fellow creatures. She is indeed in a special way an example to you, for it was in doing very much the same things that are required of you that she made herself so dear to God. — Be sure to take advantage of all the usual opportunities of calling God to mind. For example, do not sit down to eat without blessing the food, and do not rise up without giving thanks for it.

Our meals in this way become a sort of station or stopping place, to recall to our minds what we are striving never to forget or lose sight of. They are very proper and suitable stations, too, since we should get ourselves in the habit of thanking God for all His mercies, and all the means of sustaining this life, which is given for gaining eternal life hereafter.

Now let us suppose the day has gone by ; that you have done your work ; that everything has been put in order, and that you have some time to yourself. If the day has been spent in the way I have been endeavoring to point out, in remembering God and conversing with Him from time to time amidst your work, I am sure there is a fire of love burning in your heart. You have been so busy that you could not let it blaze up ; it has been smouldering like live coals covered up with ashes, but all ready to burst out in a bright and warm blaze. Now, then, is the good time to take off those ashes, to put on some fresh fuel and let the fire burn brightly. Yes, nothing interferes with the free attention of the soul to God : all the world is hushed and the darkness of night only seems to make God nearer to us. We feel our own helplessness ; what mere nothings we are, and God seems all and everything. We understand then more clearly how great, how wonderful, how wise, and how good He is. This is indeed a golden time to raise the soul to God.

Blessed Gerard, a lay brother of our Order, used to spend whole nights looking up at the stars so bright and beautiful, his heart perfectly filled with love and admiration for God their Creator. Of course, you cannot do the like, but the solemn silence of the night invites you to set apart some time, and a more considerable time than at any other part of the day, to devote it to God and your soul. — Then you can cast a look back at the day that has passed, to see how you spent it ; to see what has been wrong, that you may be sorry for it and sincerely resolve to amend it. Recall to mind what good you have done, that you may humbly thank God for it ; for it is indeed a source of joy if we have done well, though we must remember that all good comes from the Lord, and that without Him we could not do as much as think a good thought. — This

is a time too, to thank God for all His mercies and for all you have had to suffer, since that is a mercy, if you did but know it, *to recommend yourself to His protection for the night, and to give yourself body and soul to Him ; to offer Him your life, and your death, at whatever time and in whatever manner may be most pleasing to Him.*

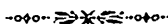
Now there is one caution I must give you, in order that all my advice about your night prayers may not turn out useless. It is a plain thing, but most important. You should have a regular hour for retiring and preparing yourself for your night's rest, and that hour ought not to be a late one. Late hours are the destruction of piety. Fix your hour, and when it comes around, retire that you may commune with God.

Do not run out visiting every evening. If you go out now and then to see your friends and acquaintances, be sure to finish your visit in good time, and get home again at your regular hour for retiring. In the same way, if visitors come to see you, do not let them stay too late. Remind them kindly that it is getting late, and that you are obliged to retire. Bid them good night, and let them go home, so that they may get to understand that it is no use to come to see you at an unreasonable time. — This is very important, for how can you talk all the evening until a late hour, without every good impression being driven out of your soul? After such an evening, when you kneel down to pray you will find yourself quite distracted; not a good thought will be likely to come into your mind. All the affairs of Bridget and Mary, or John and William, or Mrs. This or Mrs. That, a heap of idle, nonsensical thoughts will be chasing one another in your poor distracted head. It may be, sinful temptations will get such a firm hold on your imagination that the devil will be sure to bring you into saem sin; while much of that holy peacefulness, that reigned in your soul is lost. Shun, then, late hours, shun idle gossiping, slanderous and simple talk; and keep your soul in such a state that when the blessed hour arrives to pray, you may find yourself ready, and in a fit mood to enjoy the conversation of God your Saviour.

Oh! you say, it would be very well, if we could spend our

day in pious thoughts and prayer as you have laid it out for us, but if you could only be obliged, as we are, to work in the kitchen or take care of noisy children, you would soon see that it is much easier to give those directions than to carry them out. You would see that it is a hard thing to recollect one's self at all. - I can imagine a good-hearted, well-disposed girl, whose temper is lively and somewhat impatient, and who wants to do everything at once, saying something of this kind at least in her mind. Now, I say to her: You are mistaken. Work, and hard work, too, will not interfere with the daily life I have laid down for you. I do not mean to say that you can learn to follow it out perfectly all at once, so that nothing will be left to improve upon. Nothing is done just in that way. It took you many years to grow to your full height. First you were a little baby, and could not help yourself. Then you had to toddle about and to walk. Afterwards you were a little girl without much wit in your head; you could not work or maintain yourself, but you kept on growing little by little; you kept on eating your food and growing, until you, came to be what you are now, with the full use of body and mind. - These holy practices of prayer will be imperfect, perhaps, in the beginning, but they will grow. You may not see how they grow from day to day, it is such a gradual thing, but after some time you can look back and see very plainly that you have made progress, and that spiritual things have taken root in your soul, and the tree of your salvation is growing strong and healthy.

A. M. BILLIAU, C. SS. R.



The purest and greatest men and women will tell you that the only way you can lead a useful and noble life is to live openly and in the light. Remember it is only sin that seeks darkness and secrecy. Remember also the words of the Saviour: "In secret have I said nothing. — HENRY NORMAN.



Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion.

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THE Catholic's certitude concerning the way of salvation. — I have not forgotten our last conversation. You have stated your case well, I must say. And I confess the view has a fascinating power about it. I can see at a glance what it must be to those who hold it, not as a beautiful theory, but as the only true form of God's revelation to man, every other system must seem incomplete, illogical. But I wished I could see how you can be so confident of salvation, and oh! who will put into my hand the clue by which I may find my way through the maze.

Dear friend, being called on to give a reason of my faith, I cannot but speak that which I know and feel to be the truth. St. Paul's says: « I know Whom I have believed, and I am certain that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him. » (2 TIM. 1-12) No one can deny that this sentiment of the Apostle is a very comfortable one. To be confident of salvation is surely an excellent and desirable thing. But the question with many will be, is it possible to attain it? Now, there is one sense in which we cannot have a security of our salvation. We cannot have personally an infallible assurance that we are now and shall always continue in the grace of God, and shall at last taste the joys of heaven. Our free will forbids such an assurance, and neither our happiness nor the attributes of God demand it. — But there is another sense in which a man may be said to have a security of his salvation, — namely; that he has within his reach, beyond all doubt, the proper and necessary means of attaining that end. For if the means are certain, it is plain that in the use of those means he may acquire a moral certainty that he is doing those things which God requires of him, and a well-grounded hope of everlasting life

Such a security it would seem a man ought to be able to attain. Without it the service of God must be slavish. There can be no free and generous service where there is not confidence. When one is travelling at night on a road he is ignorant of, he goes slow, he falters. But in the broad daylight, in a road he is sure of, he walks with a free, bold step. So in religion if we have no security that we are right, we can never do much for God. — A confidence, then, at least of being able to secure our salvation must be within our reach. — All right, sir, but there is the question « how is it to be attained ? »

I answer the Catholic alone has within his reach the security of his salvation. Salvation is union with God. We are made for God. That is our high destiny. In God are our life and happiness, and out of God our death and ruin. Salvation is our union with God for all eternity and this union must begin here. — Now, we are united to God when our intelligence is united to His Intelligence by the knowledge of His Truth, and our will united to His Will by the practice of His love. When I affirm, then, that the Catholic alone has the means of attaining a security of salvation, I state that he alone has the certain means of coming to the knowledge of God's truth, and the practice of God's will.

— What do you understand by the certain means of coming to the knowledge of divine truth ?

Well, it is one thing to have a certain knowledge of a thing, and another to have only some ideas about it. We see this difference when we contrast the language of a man who has only vague notions about it. One possesses his knowledge, knows what he knows, can make use of it. While the other is embarrassed the moment he attempts to use his knowledge, is uncertain whether he is right or wrong, is driven to guesses and conjectures. In the same way, in Religion it is one thing to have convictions more or less deep, opinions more or less probable, to be acquainted with its history and able to talk about it, and quite another to have certainty in religion, to know that one is right. — This is the assurance I claim as the special possession of a Catholic. There can be no doubt that Catholics do, in point of fact, show a much deeper conviction of the

truth of their religion than Protestants. This is a matter of common observation, and the proofs of it are on every side. Officers who come back from the army tell how struck they have been with the fact that the Catholic soldiers believe their religion and carry it with them to the camp. Proselyting societies make frequent confessions of the difficulty they find in undermining the faith even of ignorant and needy Catholics. Those who have experience at deathbeds, know that faith is found sometimes surviving almost every other good principle, and making a return to God possible. Those who are familiar with the history of the Church, know that this faith is strong enough to bear the severest tests which can be applied to it. That it has often led men to despise what the world most esteems—wealth, pleasures, honors. That it sends the missionary so heathen countries without a regret for the home and the native land he leaves behind him. That in fine, it has often led men in times past, and still at this day leads them joyfully to the rack, the stake and the scaffold.

Now, whence comes this deep and fixed certainty in religion? Is it a mere prejudice that melts before investigation? Is it a stupid fanaticism, or has it a reasonable basis, and are its foundations deep in the land of the human mind?—I answer, Catholics have this undoubting conviction on the principle of faith in an infallible authority. They believe, because God or those who take the place of God tell them what they must believe. Indeed, there are but two principles of Christian belief, when we come to the bottom of the matter. One is the protestant principle, namely: that each one is to settle his faith for himself, by the study of the clear records of Christianity. The other is the Catholic principle, namely: that each one is to receive his faith from an infallible authority, the Church.

— Yes, you explained it the other day. But this reminds me of a remark past in conversation with one of my friends. He says that your creed is manufactured for you by the Pope and the Bishops; that whatever they may think right and good they may decree, and forthwith you are bound to believe it. Is that so?

This is an enormous mistake which does us the grossest injustice. The authority to which I submit myself is something far more august. It lies behind Pope and Bishops, they must bow to it as well as I. The Pope and the Bishops are the organs of this authority, not its sources. God is the infallible authority I submit to and believe. But how does it come to me? How can I reach it? Not through my private judgment, but through the channel of the living body of teachers, the whole word of Christ guaranteed by His Visible Church, — that living stream of truth that flows down through the channel of tradition, that public preaching of the truth in the true Church, begun by the Apostles, carried on by their successors, confessed by so many martyrs, recorded in so many monuments, adorned by so many sacrifices, attested by so many miracles. Unquestionably, this was the mode in which men were expected to learn the truth in Apostolic days. It would not have been of the least avail for a man to have said to the Apostles that his convictions differed from theirs. He would have been instantly regarded as in error. « We are of God, he that is of God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth us not. By this we know the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error. » (1 Jo. 4-6.) — Nor is there the least intimation in the New Testament that this principle was to be departed from after the death of the Apostles. On the contrary, we find that the Apostles ordained others, and communicated to them their doctrine and their authority, that they might go on and preach just as they had done. And as we find in the primitive Church that whenever a dispute arose about doctrine, it was settled on the same principle, namely: by an appeal to the tradition of the Churches that had been founded by the Apostles, and (to use the words of St. Irenæus) the Roman Church, to which on an account of its Superior Headship it is necessary that all the faithful resort.—Thus when a heresy arose in the 11th century, Tertullian confronts it by bidding them compare their doctrine with that of the Apostolic Churches. « If thou art in Acharia, he says, thou hast Corinth; if thou art near Macedonia, thou hast Philippi; if thou art in Holy, thou hast Rome. Happy Church! to which the Apostles bequeathed not only their

blood, but all their doctrines. See what she has learned, see what she has taught.» (Proescr. adv. hoer. N. 32-6.) Such is the principle on which the Catholic Church acts to this day. — Now, while the protestant principle of private judgment in its own nature cannot lead to certainty; while in point of fact it has led only to endless dispute, until in our own day it has ended by bringing those divine Records, the Bib'e, which it began by exalting so highly, into doubt and contempt; the Catholic principle, I have stated, is adapted to give a complete and reasonable certainty and assurance.

The conviction, which such considerations produce, is so deep that a Catholic rests in it with the most undoubting certainty. He can bear to look into his belief, to examine its grounds; he feels it is a venerable belief. He says it is impossible that God would allow error to wear so many marks of truth. To imagine it, would be to impugn His truth, His justice, His power, His goodness. And therefore our belief in the Catholic religion is only another form of our belief in God. The foundation of that belief is deep and abiding, for it is the eternal throne of God. That desire for truth which is implanted in man's nature is not, then, given only to be baffled and disappointed here is its fulfilment. Man is not raised to a participation in Jesus Christ of the Divine Nature, to be left in doubt of the most essential truths. To the Catholic are fulfilled those pleasant words of our Lord: « I will not now call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard from My Father, I have made known to you.» (Jo. 15--15.)

— Sir, you do not mean to assert that Protestants have no faith at all? I acknowledge that we have among us a great deal of disunion and a great deal of doubt; but there are some things that are believed by us, and believed without doubt, and you will not deny it.

No, I will not deny it. I am glad to think it is true, But how did you come by that belief? You did not come by it on the principle of protestantism. The truth is, that principle never has been, and never can be carried out. Thank God, it is so.

Utter unbelief would be the consequence. You have a child, a child that you love dearly: Will you wait, as your protestantism requires you to do, till he is grown up, for him to form his religious convictions? No; if you love him, you will not. Your heart will teach you a better wisdom. You will tell him about God, you will tell him who Christ is, and what He has done for him. You will tell him these things not doubtingly, not as if he was to suspend his judgment on them, but as true, as to be believed then and there. And as he looks up at you out of his trusting eyes, he believes you. But how does he believe you? on the principle of a Protestant, or a Catholic? on the principle of private judgement, or on faith in an infallible authority? Surely it is as a Catholic he believes. — You represent to him the great Teacher; and his childish soul, in listening to you, hears the voice of God, perform a great act of religion, and does his first act of homage to Truth. His nature prompts him to believe you. Perhaps he is baptized; and then there is a grace in his heart which secretly inclines him the more to credit you, and he believes without doubting. He is a Catholic. Yes, dear friend, there is many a child of protestant parents who is a Catholic, that is in all but the name, and the fulness of instruction and the richness of privilege. He may grow up in this way, perhaps continue all his life in this childish faith and trust. I will not say it may not be so. But let his reason fully awaken. Let him honestly go down to the foundation of his faith and see on what it rests; and then let him remain a protestant and retain his undoubting assurance if he can. He cannot — a crisis in his history has come. The sun has arisen with its living heat. The flowers begins to wither. It must be transplanted or it will die. One of three things will happen: either the man, finding that he has not learned all that the great Teacher has revealed, will go on to accept the rest and will become a Catholic; or he will learn to doubt what he has received already and become a sceptic; or he will stick to the creed he has received from his fathers or picked up for himself and doggedly refuse to add to it, thus rendering himself at the same time liable in the court of reason for unreasonableness in what he holds, and in the court of faith for

unbelief in what he rejects. So true it is that all the faith here is in the world is naturally allied to Catholicity. If men were perfectly reasonable and consistent, there would be only two parties in the religious world. Protestantism would disappear. On the one side would be faith, certainty, Catholicity ; on the other doubt, unbelief, and Scepticism.

—Well, there is much truth in this. You seem to me like a man standing on the rock, whilst I am struggling with the waves.

Nor is this all. The Catholic has not only a certain means of arriving at the knowledge of God's faith, but he has also the sure means of knowing what he is bound to do in order to salvation. Christianity is a supernatural religion, and therefore it suggests many questions to which natural reason cannot give the answer. By what means can I be united to Jesus-Christ? Suppose I am in mortal sin, how can I be forgiven? What are the precise obligations binding on me as a Christian? Now, how distinctly, how promptly were such questions answered in the time of the Apostles. — When St. Paul came to Ananias to know what he had to do, the answer was given to him : « Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins. » In the same way, in the Catholic Church of this day, when a convert asks the same question, he gets the same answer : Seek in faith and repentance the cleansing of Baptism, and thou shalt be joined unto Christ. — Dost thou wish to know the life thou must practise? It is written in the ten commandments and the precepts of the Church. — Dost thou wish to know where thou wilt gain strength to keep these laws? In prayer and the Sacraments. The Church tells thee how many there are, what is their efficacy, and the conditions of their Saving operation. — Art thou in sin after Baptism? Dost thou ask the way back to God? The Church tells thee that sorrow for sin is the way back, and that this sorrow, when it is completed by confession, and accepted by the absolution of the priest has a sacramental efficacy.—So precise are the answers of the Catholic Church to the important practical questions of Christianity ; and the authority, which attaches to her words, gives ease and certainty to the conscience. But how different is all this in Protestantism.

A. M. BILLIAU, C. SS. R.



THANKSGIVINGS.

— O —

Pittsfield, Mass. — Enclosed please find \$2.00 for an offering to Good Saint Ann, in fulfillment of a promise for favor obtained. C. R. A.

Green Bay, Wis. — To the greater glory of Saint Ann, please publish my daughter's cure. Last March she was taken sick with pneumonia. We doctored, but nothing seemed to help. In July, just before Saint Ann feast, I had recourse to her and started a novena. I also promised a mass and publication in the *Annals*, if my daughter would recover. Before the novena was ended she was such improved, and by the end of July was entirely better. Thanks to Good Saint Ann.
A Subscriber.

Chippawa Falls, Wis. — Please publish the miraculous cure from rheumatism of my child Mary.
Mrs. Angus McIntosh.

Winnoko, Ont. — Oh! thank you, my heavenly Mother, for restoring my son safe and sound to me. I thank you a thousand times, Good Saint Ann.
Mrs. F. Baben.

Saint Raphael's, Ont. — I notified my child's cure after several novenas to Saint Ann, with promise to publish in the *Annals*. Ont. 5 c's.
M^{rs} Edouard Gagné.

Mrs. Edouard Gagné of this Parish, having explained the facts about the cure of her baby child, Alfred from a long and painful trouble, I have every reason to believe that she has through her devotion to Saint Ann and her own piety, merited the saint's intercession in obtaining the cure of her child.
R. v. D. A. Campbell, P. P.

Martintown, Ont. — My little boy, Willie, I am delighted to say is very much improved. He has not yet given up his crutches, but he walks all over with them, without any effort. Thank be to Almighty God and Good Saint Ann.
Delaine Guenier.

Watertown, N. Y. — Having obtained three very great temporal favors through the intercession of Good Saint Ann, would you kindly publish the thanksgiving in her *Annals*. One was the cure of a sick relative. I had heard she was dying and I said a prayer to Saint Ann and promised her that if she would obtain her cure, I would have it published in her honor. The next time I had heard from her, she had been to mass and she said it was almost miraculous how she felt. Saint Ann also helped me in a very great sorrow by granting me almost instant relief. The other favor was a very great temporal one obtained after I had a mass offered in honor of Saint Ann with promise to have it published. I obtained my favor beyond all expectations. Please publish these thanksgivings to Good Saint Ann.
A. E. Rose.

Saint Joseph, Kansas. — I wish to make this offering of 50 cts to Saint Ann for preserving our home and property during a recent cyclone. In my distress I promised that if Saint Ann protected us from the storm, I would send the enclosed offering and ask to have the favor published in the *Annals*. The storm swept by only at a short distance from our home. Gratitude to Saint Ann. Mrs. Pe land.

Frambois, Wis. — About a month ago (Sept 15,) there was a terrific fire advancing rapidly toward my farm; seeing the danger, I immediately put two *Annals* of Saint Ann at the extremity of my farm where the fire was raging. That same evening it began to cloud and rain and the next day, quenching the monster fire. Thanks to Saint Ann. Ont. 25 cts in thanksgiving for this and other favors received. Please publish.
Thomas Dechaine.

Arnprior, Ont. — Enclosed please find offering thanksgiving for my child's relief from nervousness after making a novena and promising to have it published in the *Annals*.
Subscriber.

Willow City. — Enclosed, 50 cts in thanksgiving to Saint Ann for having obtained a great favor from her after promising to have it published in the *Annals*.
 MIS P.

Glens Falls, N. Y. — I promised \$1.00 to Good Saint Ann if my request were granted and it was. I had prayed that my sister would obtain employment in a certain place and Saint Ann heard my supplication.
 MIS N. B.

Quebec. — I wish to thank Saint Ann for two recoveries after requesting her to intercede to the Sacred Heart and promising her to publish in her *Annals*. Will the readers of the *Annals* kindly pray for my intentions and I promise to make daily mention for a month for those who help me with their prayers.

Margaret E. Shipman.

North Yakima, Wash. — My heart felt gratitude to Good Saint Ann for saving my brother from sudden death; for curing me from very sore eyes; for my recovery from a severe illness; for recovery of a lost pocket-lock. I had promised \$5 masses in return for favors received for which I enclose \$5.00. Emily Brulotte.

Centreville, Colo. — I enclose \$1.00 and a gold ring in fulfillment of a promise to Good Saint Ann for a favor obtained. Please publish.
 Subscriber.

Trout Creek. — Many thanks to Good Saint Ann for curing my little girl. She had been suffering for three years and underwent an operation during which she had two lumps cut from her neck. The doctor said that the lump in her nose would have to be burnt. But we prayed to Saint Ann, applying the water and oil and blessing her with a crucifix made from the wood of the old Church. The next morning a large stone came out of her nose, and she is now better. Thanks to dear Saint Ann.
 Edwin Hurrill.

Malone, N. Y. — We wish to thank Good Saint Ann for six favors received through her intercession. We promised to have them published in the *Annals*.
 Subscribers.

Laconia, N. H. — Please find enclosed \$1.00 for lights in honor of Saint Ann for favors obtained. Please publish my thanks.
 Lena Paire.

Kankakee, Ill. — You will be pleased to learn that the devotion to Saint Ann is spreading rapidly among the French Canadians of Illinois. For the last fifteen years, Saint Ann's Parish, Kankakee Co. Ill. has been visited, yearly, by pilgrimages from Chicago and other places of the State. In every parish there is a preparation on the saint's feast, July 26.

I wish to make known to you and all the readers of the *Annals* an extraordinary event that happened during the last novena. A young person Miss Leophine Papineau, of Saint Rose de Lima Parish, Kankakee, had been suffering from an illness that had baffled the efforts of the doctors of the town. She grew worse every day. Finally, one of her friends thought of asking several other persons to begin a novena to Saint Ann in hopes of obtaining the young lady's recovery. They all joined hearts in an humble, confident prayer. The first day was anything but encouraging, for the poor girl appeared to suffer more than ever. However, the prayers were continued, and on the afternoon of the sixth day, she suddenly felt herself better, arose from her bed of pain. It is now three months (Oct. 22) since this happened, and Miss Papineau has never felt the slightest symptoms of the malady that caused her such terrible sufferings during three long years. . . A novena of masses was celebrated in thanksgiving. They have promised to have it published in the *Annals*.
 Rev. A. D. Granger, P. P.

West End, W. I. — I had been suffering for years with neuralgia in the face. I promised Good Saint Ann that, if cured, I would have a mass offered in thanksgiving. A few days after I was cured and have not suffered since.

Ann Veronica Bourke.

Boston, Mass. — Me heartfelt thanks to Good Saint Ann for having cured my daughter, Augusta Blouin. She had lost her speech, was paralysed, her sight was clouded, and she was suffering from a tumor in the head. She had been sick with typhoid fever, and for seven weeks she never spoke nor moved a finger. She was instantly restored to life after I had promised to bring her on a pilgrimage to Saint Ann de Beaupre and to have her cure published in the *Annals*. The priests and doctors look upon her recovery as miraculous.
 Mrs Blouin.

Anchorville, Mich. — I had written you some time ago, asking you to publish my son's cure as I had promised. You have not done so, but I hope you will in the next edition, for Saint Ann was a good mother to me. I cannot thank her enough for the grace I received from God through her intercession, during my visit to the Shrine for my son and daughter. She had been sick for years, and for more than twelve months she could not leave the house; she was even unable to go to the church which was only a few distant. The moment I started for Saint Ann she got better and was able to make the Forty Hours; she has continued to improve ever since. The people are all surprised to see how well she is. Thanks to Saint Ann.

Mrs Chas. Icauvais.

New Bedford, Mass. — Would you kindly through the *Annals*, express my gratitude to Saint Ann for several favors which I am certain having received through her intercession. Enclosed offering is for a mass in the Saint's honor, and another mass for my deceased sister.

Mrs E. Edmondson.

Plattsburg, N. Y. — Enclosed please find names of two new subscribers. I was at the Shrine last year for deafness and am now a little better. I made a promise that if my hearing improved, I would get subscribers for the *Annals* so that Saint Ann would be better known. I have received many favors from her, and am in hopes being entirely cured.

Nellie Leonard.

Douglas. — I fulfil my promise to Good Saint Ann in having a mass said for the souls in purgatory, for the cure of my little boy.

J. M. E.

Richmond, Que. — Find enclosed money for two masses which I promised to have said in honor of Saint Ann for favors received through her powerful intercession. Many thanks to Good Saint Ann. Please publish.

Mrs M. Kennedy.

Gaspé, Basin — I wish to thank Good Saint Ann for having given me such good health. Although I am not quite cured of bronchitis and catarrh, I am much better; the cough has almost left me. I now send you an offering for another mass. I know that I shall be perfectly cured by Good Saint Ann, she has cured so many. I am also praying for another favor which I feel certain she will grant me. I also desire to thank her for having cured my brother.

Kindly publish in the *Annals*.

Mrs W. G.

Leeds, Mass. — We thank Good Saint Ann for many graces and blessings received.

W. C. L.

Lyonsville, Mass. — I was taken suddenly ill with eczema and was afraid that the doctor could not cure me, although I took the medicine he prescribed. At the same time I made a novena and promised Saint Ann to have a mass said in her honor, if she would only help me; I also promised to have it published in the *Annals*. I am now cured. Many thanks to Good Saint Ann for this and other favors obtained two years ago. I now enclose offering for a mass, and wish to have this put in the *Annals*.

Miss Agnes Riel.

Vulcan, Wis. — Enclosed find offering for two masses in honor of Saint Ann for favors obtained. I promised them not long ago.

Mrs D. M.

RECOMMENDATIONS TO PRAYERS.



General Intentions.



THE triumph of the Holy Catholic Church and of His Holiness Leo XIII.

The Catholic Hierarchy of Canada and the United States.

The Canonization of the Venerable François de Laval, Marie de l'Incarnation Marguerite Bourgeois, Mother d'Youville, John Nepomacene Neunan, and others who have died in odor of sanctity in North America.

The Canonization of the Saints of Ireland and a speedy restoration of her rights. The Benefactors of St Ann's Basilica.

Persons already recommended and whose prayers have not been granted.



Special Intentions.



WORCESTER, MASS. : « A desirable tenant for my house. » — WEBSTER, MASS. — « That my mother may be restored to health ; she has been paralyzed since birth of her last child. » M. S. — PHILADELPHIA, PA. ; « That my unfortunate brother may reform, and bring support me and my poor parents. Off. 10 cts. Maria S. — NEW YORK. « For the conversion, reform, and health of some of my relatives, and several intentions. Off. \$1 00. » Mrs M. J. de Bussy. — KEESVILLE, N. Y. : « My mother's health, renting of property, temporal blessings and a special intention. » Subscriber. — PONTIAC, MICH. : « For cure from kidney and heart trouble ; that my husband may stop drinking and return to his former employment, and that mother's eyesight may improve. » Mary B. — MONTREAL : « That father may obtain steady employment and cease drinking. » Ann. — WILLOW CREEK : « Offering for a mass that my brother may return to church and sacraments. » Mrs P. — FREMONT, N. H. : « A friend's conversion. » C. E. G. — TAYLOR, ILL. : « Please recommend reconciliation ; 43 special petitions ; 68 departed ; 52 conversions and intemperance 4. » Alice Hoyle. — ASHTON, ONT. : « Recovery from nervousness ; Catholic position ; spiritual and temporal favors for my mother and aunt, a special grace » M. M. — LACONIA, Wf. H. : « Enclosed 50 cts in behalf of the shrine of Good Saint Ann that I may obtain a special favor. » Lina Poire. — DOUGLAS : « For my husband's cure. » J. M. E.



PRAY FOR OUR DEAD.



BROCKVILLE, ONT., : Rev. Father Stanton.
 NEW YORK : M. J. Waters.
 MALONE, N. Y. : Peter Timmons.
 ALFRED, ONT. : Rev. Fr. Lavoie.
 KRID LAKE FALLS, MINN. : Mrs J. Lachance.
 SPALDING, MICH : Mary Burke.
 NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS. : Mrs A. Roch, Mrs P. Lavoie.
 ATLANTIC WINE, MICH. : O. Verville.
 CARIHOU, ME. : C F Levasseur.
 LEWISTON, ME : Miss E. Campigna.
 SAINT RAYMOND : J. P. Alain, Mrs J. Barrette, Mrs J. Cantin, H. Gingras, P. Martel, H. Plamondon, Andrew Delaney.
 NEW BEDFORD, MASS. : Miss Margaret Astin.
 SAINT BONAVENTURE : J. E. LeTourneau.
 FITCHBURG, MASS. : W Brodeur.
 MONTMAGNY : Mrs D. Bernatchez.
 TROIS SAUMONS : Prudent Fournier.
 WALLINGFORD, CONN. : Jos. Bellows.
 MERRILL, WIS. : Louis Bushar.

(One Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, etc.)



THE HOUSE OF NAZARETH CARRIED TO LORETTA
BY ANGELS.