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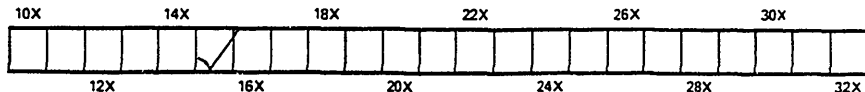
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ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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, St. Arbrooke, St. Hyacinth, Nicolet and Charlottetown, and the Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac.

Gloriosa dicta sunt de te (Ps. 86.)



Glorious things are said of thee (Ps. 86.)

SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS,

ANNALS

OF

ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.—THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

CONTENTS.

Stc.-Anne de Beaupré ; leaves from a pilgrim's note book.—The worship and patronage of St. Anne ; Homage paid by the Western church ; France.—A few pilgrimages.—The most beautiful prayers of St. Alphonsus.—Paris to Lourdes.—Thanksgiving to St. Anne.—Lez-Breiz ; epic fragments.

Price of subscription : 35 cents ; all correspondence to be directed to Rev. C. E. CARRIER, Levis College, Levis, P. Q.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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

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STE-ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

LEAVES FROM A PILGRIM'S NOTE-BOOK.

Devotion to St. Anne is truly a devotion special to Canadians. They have kept it as firm and as lively as the faith of their forefathers, and the more they are favored by circumstances, the more do they manifest their piety towards their good Mother. As fast as means of communication grow easier, there is an increase in the number of pilgrims. It is greater in proportion than the concourse to Ste-Anne d'Aray

and even to Lourdes itself. For the pilgrimage of Lourdes is fed by the large Catholic countries of Europe, whilst St. Anne of Beaupré can be visited only by the French Canadians of Canada, and of the Northern States, by the Acadians, and the few small groups of English-speaking Catholics who have heard St. Anne spoken of, that is to say, by a population of about two and a half millions of souls scattered over an immense territory.

And St. Anne graciously accepts their acts of devotion, and rewards them for their piety by numberless favors. Each issue of the *Annals*, particularly of the French edition, publishes them by hundreds, and they excite the astonishment of the very guardians of the shrine of Auray. As for St. Anne of Apt, the difference in the concourse of pilgrims and the number of wonders wrought is still greater in favor of the Canadian pilgrimage. The *prestige* of such ancient places of pilgrimage has more or less paled with the decrease of faith, and Europe is perhaps threatened, as the East was of yore, with seeing St. Anne seeking new clients on distant shores, and transferring to a foreign clime the marvels of her motherly compassion.

May this reflection, dear readers, far from exciting our pride, rather serve us as a warning and a lesson. Let us watch over the preservation of our faith and morals, let us beware of subversive doctrines, for fear of seeing the olden faith grow weak, and with it, disappear the favor of our good mother and mistress St. Anne.

The following touching fact is well calculated to stimulate our faith. A French family, residing at Mount Hope, Ohio, for many years had lived among an almost entirely Protestant population. At rare intervals, a missionary brought the comforts of religion to the few Catholics of the place. But he was unfamiliar with the French tongue, and the poor isolated family could not profit by his preaching. Whereupon the mother herself undertook the religious instruction of her two daughters. For two years she taught them

their catechism, so as to prepare them for their First Communion.

One day her eye chanced to fall on a newspaper announcing the consecration of the basilica of St.-Anne de Beaupré, and relating some of the wonders wrought there. She immediately resolves to go there with her two daughters, to have them make their First Communion.

On her arrival at St. Anne's, she requests one of the Reverend Fathers to examine her children, and to his great surprise, he ascertains that the two girls are admirably well instructed. The same Father was at the time preparing for their First Communion, the children of the parish of St.-Anne. A week later, the two happy children received their Maker for the first time, under the motherly eye of good St. Anne. Their mother had gone to Quebec to buy their communion-attire, and she intends to make them preserve it carefully as a memento of the ever memorable event of the happiest day in their life.

With the increase of fervor, bodily cures are also more frequent. Each day, some new favor is registered to the credit of our Saint.

A few weeks ago, a lady came to thank St. Anne for the following favor. Her little boy, two years and a half old, lost one day the medal of St. Anne that he wore tied to a string round his neck. The loss makes him feel uneasy, and he complains of it to his mother. The lost medal is searched for, and found, and the child joyfully wears it again. A few minutes later, while playing in a window on the third story, he loses his balance, and falls from that height into the street beneath. The bewildered mother, rushes headlong downstairs to her child whom she expects to find dead. But, to her great surprise, the child receives her smilingly, for he has not even a scratch. Evidently St. Anne's medal had saved him.

A few moments before writing these lines, an honest Canadian *habitant* from St.-Anne on the Saguenay

came to shake our hand vigorously, and thereby prove that St. Anne had restored the use of it, of which he had been several months deprived.

Another Canadian, from Alpena, Mich., came to thank St. Anne for having cured his child whose body had been all covered with sores, and who had cried day and night with pain.

A child eight years old, paralysed since the age of two, was unable to walk. His parents bring him to St. Anne's, where he recovers the use of his limbs and walks before the Fathers.

A woman afflicted for several years past with cancer in the throat, seeing that the doctors can do nothing for her, vows a pilgrimage to St. Anne. The next morning she awakes perfectly cured.

A family at Gentilly is stricken with malignant fever. Seven children are attacked by it. Their mother recommends them to St. Anne. The disease ceases, and the whole family comes to thank its benefactress at St. Anne's.

But here is a fact still more extraordinary, of which we hope to be able to give the details and proofs to our readers, as soon as we shall have procured them.

A young married lady was, for several years past, suffering from a dreadful cancer. The disease had already made great progress, and five physicians, whom she consulted in succession, and several of whom performed operations on her, declared that her condition was altogether hopeless. Her husband, fully convinced of the uselessness of all remedies, said to her one evening: "My dear, since the earthly physicians are unable to assist you, let us put our trust in St. Anne." Whereupon he vows to make an annual offering for the shrine of St. Anne, and to go and thank her if his wife is restored to health. The following day, she is radically cured; no trace even of the disease remains. St. Anne had taken it all away. The poor woman could hardly believe her senses. It

scoried as if a new life had been given her, and she could not cease manifesting her joy.

* * * * *

In our account of the consecration of the basilica, we gave a long description of the high altar dedicated to St. Anne. The altar of the Sacred Heart, a gift of the diocese of St. Hyacinth, is sufficiently advanced to deserve a short description. The pavement before the altar is a mosaic-work like that of the high altar. The altar-table, in one piece of black marble, is also supported by Corinthian columns with gilt capitals. The tabernacle is adorned with small twisted columns holding up the cupola. Round the tabernacle and the niche holding the statue of the Sacred Heart, runs a long garland of white marble embracing in its wreaths nine medallions of which the highest is surmounted by a crown. These medallions will contain brass images representing different scenes relating to the Sacred Heart. The altar-piece has a *bas-relief* representing all nations and states of life paying homage to the adorable Heart of Jesus. On the pavement is the inscription: *Cor Jesu, Caritatis victimam, venite, adoremus*; "Come, let us adore the Heart of Jesus, victim of love"

The altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, to the erection of which our readers have already subscribed so generously, will present, when completed, the same appearance. So far nothing appears but the altar-table, and the altar-piece, representing in *bas-relief* three of the holy women of the Old Law, prefiguring the Blessed Virgin. Judith, victorious over Holofernes, with the word *vincit*, "she conquers;" Deborah, with the word, *prophetat*, "she prophesies," and finally, Esther, with the word, *regnat*, "she reigns."

THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE.

HOMAGE PAID BY THE WESTERN CHURCH.—FRANCE.

It has been rightly said: *Kingdom of France, Kingdom of Mary*. During many centuries, in this old adage, without belying it, might have been added the name of St. Anne to the name of Mary. Indeed, although Rome, and perhaps some other cities of Italy, probably preceded France in the honors paid to that venerable Mother, however it cannot be denied that France is the cradle of her devotion in the West, the centre from which it radiated over Europe and the whole world. A writer of value thus exposes this consoling tradition:

“By a special predilection of divine Providence, the city of Apt, our home, enjoys for well-nigh eighteen centuries the priceless advantage of being the resting-place of the body of St. Anne, mother of the glorious Virgin Mary. These precious relics were brought from Palestine by those who came the first to preach the Gospel in our country, and was afterwards confided to St. Auspicius, disciple of Pope St. Clement, our first Bishop. According to a tradition of venerable and sacred antiquity, these missionaries were St. Lazarus and his sisters, the two Mariés of Jacob and Salome, whose arrival in Provence is a fact of which no one doubts any more. There exist, we know it, other versions concerning the historical fact of which we are treating; but all concur to the same end, all affirm the same thing, and that is the essential point. This very diversity of opinions, far from weakening our tradition, serves on the contrary to give it a greater sanction by the unanimous agreement on the principal subject. A very ancient *martyrologium*, formerly preserved with the greatest care in the archives of the Chapter, mentioned this translation of the body of St. Anne. Several authors affirm that it was transferred from the East to the West and deposited in Gaul. But

where was the deposit made? No city of this part of the Roman Empire ever claimed the honor of possessing it entire, except the city of Apt. This is therefore a fact recognized and admitted. This is also our starting-point. But before all, it is necessary to observe, with M. de Remerville, who had studied the question and had examined it with deep and minute care, verified the documents, consulted the works able to enlighten him, that all particles of the relics of the Saint, preserved in certain churches of Europe, are apocryphal, if they do not come from our city. Some of them have titles verifying the fact, others possess portions of the bones which were not found here any more when the inventory was made, which must constitute a sufficient proof of their authenticity."

The same facts are consigned in the office of the breviary granted to the church of Apt. We translate the following from the lessons of the second nocturn.

"The holy Church of Apt has always venerated the body of Saint Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which, according to an ancient tradition, the early faithful brought into this city. The Blessed Auspicius, wishing to preserve it from the profanations of war and persecution, buried it carefully in a subterranean crypt. It remained there unknown several centuries after the death of those who possessed the secret of the sacred deposit, and until the arrival of King Charles at Apt, towards the Easter-festivals, after his victory over the Saracens and the pacification of Provence. The prince having then caused the church to be consecrated anew, to cleanse it from the abomination of unclean worship, in the middle of the solemnity, whilst an immense concourse of faithful, of all ranks of the city, was paying to the Most High a just tribute of praise in thanksgiving for such an unexpected favor, the Lord, hearkening to the prayer of the pious city, discovered by a striking miracle the treasure which it unconsciously possessed.

" Among the assistants was remarked, for his pious attitude, the son of a noble warrior at whose dwelling, Charles received hospitality. This child, aged fourteen, was named John, he was blind, deaf and dumb from his birth. During some time, he seemed as one who hears a heavenly warning, and soon after, by expressive gestures of his hands and feet, he seemed to ask earnestly that the earth be dug up under the step on which he stood. The religious prince, struck, as well as the whole assembly, with this sight, and foreseeing a prodigy, ordered to comply with the child's wishes. They began to excavate and they penetrated into the underground chapel where the Blessed Auspicious, Apostle of the Aplesians, was accustomed to distribute to his flock the spiritual food of the holy word and of the sacraments. The young blind boy walks before the assistants, shows the direction to be followed, and indicates by a gesture the portion of a wall at the foot of which they must dig the soil. But there a sudden light surrounds the assistants. Hardly have they opened a still deeper crypt, when they find, to their great surprise, a lamp burning. The king and the principal inhabitants hasten thither attracted by the unaccustomed splendor. But behold that, receiving the use of eyes, ears and tongue, John cries out: "In this crypt is the body of saint Anne, mother of the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God."

" All the assistants, wrapped in wonder and admiration at the sight of John's miraculous cure, send forth exclamations of joy. Meanwhile, the most pious King orders the crypt to be cleared, and the sacred deposit, of which a striking miracle has just proclaimed aloud the authenticity, appears to all eyes enclosed in a shrine of cypress-wood, wrapped up in a precious winding cloth. It bore the inscription: *Here is the body of the Blessed Anne, Mother of the Virgin Mary.*

" The shrine is opened, and in confirmation of the recent prodigy, the sweetests of perfumes escapes from it, filling both crypts with its fragrant odor. Every body

then gives vent to transports of joy. The Bishop and his clergy return thanks to God, author of this miraculous invention, to the God who has just revealed the venerable body of the ancestress of Christ, and given to the city its defence and safeguard. Charles ordered the exact relation of this event to be written, and sent it to the Sovereign Pontiff, who confirmed it by his approbation."

This latter document, which was considered as lost, and whose absence, according to some rather severe critics, left a doubt subsist as to the exactness of all these details, was recently found and published. All the historical discoveries of this century therefore fully confirm the text of the Aptesian breviary.

(To be continued.)

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A FEW PILGRIMAGES.

At the end of each year, we have published a statistical account of all the pilgrimages of the year. Awaiting this annual synopsis, so eloquent in spite of the dryness of figures, we intend to say a few words to our readers of some of the regularly organized pilgrimages which have already been accomplished within the past month.

On the 20th of June, the Dominican Fathers of Lewiston, Maine, visited St. Anne's with a group of 420 pilgrims, remarkable for their fervor and edifying behaviour. St. Anne rewarded their faith by a miracle. One of the Redemptorist Fathers was suddenly called for a woman who was praying before the statue of St. Anne. She was a poor woman crippled with rheumatism in her hands and feet. "Please ask one of the Fathers, said she, to come and bless me." A Father came indeed, and blessed her. Instantaneously, she was cured, she opened out her hands

hitherto so clenched that her nails entered into the flesh.

On the 23rd of the same month, pilgrims from Biddeford, Maine, came to prove likewise, by their fervor, that the Canadians of the United States hold steadfastly to the faith of their ancestors.

On the 1st of July, 800 pilgrims from Montreal, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, came to St. Anne's to pray to the Patroness of Canada. The same day, 600 ladies of the Holy Family, of St. Sauveur, Quebec, performed, with great piety, their annual pilgrimage. Directed by the Oblate Fathers, they came to ask of that model wife and mother, St. Anne, how to govern their own households and lead them to God.

On the 2nd of July, the parish priest of Louiseville came at the head of 600 of his parishioners. That venerable octogenarian finds once more the vigor of his youth, when the glory of St. Anne is concerned, and, notwithstanding his advanced years, he wishes to give to his flock an example of zeal that old age cannot weaken.

The same evening, a pilgrimage from Somerset brings 400 souls, and another from Joliette increases by 700 the number of pilgrims; the latter pilgrimage arrived towards sunset, the weather was then deliciously calm. A light south-easterly breeze wafted to St. Anne's the harmonious echoes of their pious hymns. They were still opposite Ste Famille, on the Island of Orleans, and the sweet melody of the *Ave Maris Stella* could already be heard, singing the glory of the mystical star that enlightens the pilgrim on his perilous journey through life.

On the 4th of July, the pilgrims of Nicolet, numbering 600, arrived under the guidance of Vicar General Sazor, accompanied by twenty priests and theological students.

The pilgrimage of St.-Anselm, which took place on the 5th of July, was remarkable for the regularity with which all the prescribed regulations were

observed. Procession with hymns and prayers, from the boat to the church. At their departure, the programme was carried out with the same order and edification.

On the 6th of July, St. Ferdinand and several neighboring parishes provided a contingent of 600 pilgrims.

On the 7th, a perfectly organized pilgrimage of men from St.-Sauveur.

On the 8th, 300 pilgrims from St.-Joachim, the sister parish to St.-Anne's. It was the Husband rendering homage to his glorious Spouse by the piety of his children.

On the 9th, St.-Pierre les-Becquets, 650 pilgrims; Ste.-Anne de la Pérade, 650 pilgrims, and Ste.-Croix, 375 more. That same evening the arrival of 1050 pilgrims from St.-Alphonse de Grantby, with those who had come by other routes, raised to 2900 the number of pilgrims present on the same day. St. Anne was pleased with the pious affluence of these pilgrims. "Several cures have been granted, says the register at St. Anne's, and two graces of conversion, more striking than the raising of a dead man to life. Praise be given to good St. Anne!"

On the 10th took place the pilgrimage of St.-John's parish, Quebec, with 550 pilgrims. The *Union Musicale* executed fine music for the occasion. In the evening come two pilgrimages. The one, composed of the parishes of Deschambault, Grondines and St. Albans, numbered 500 pilgrims. The second, composed of 700 pilgrims from several parishes of the county of Beauce, had been organized by the Pastor of the Sacred Heart of Mary. The piety of the pilgrims was rewarded by the cure of a young man whom an accident had rendered lame, and who left his crutches behind him.

On the morning of the 11th, a numerous pilgrimage, from Boucherville and a few parishes of the city of Montreal, arrived at St. Anne's wharf. The director of the pilgrimage, the Reverend Monsieur Primeau, was

escorted by thirty priests. The boat contained 900 pilgrims. To follow the regulations prescribed by the Archbishop of Montreal, they had stopped at Three Rivers the evening before to hear confessions. The *Curé* of Three Rivers received the pilgrims at the Cathedral, and addressed them a few words of greeting in the name of the Bishop absent on his pastoral visit. The whole city had been astir on the passage of the edifying procession. Reverend Father Frederic, of the order of St. Francis, commissary in Canada for the Holy Land, addressed the pilgrims in a fervent speech. At 5 o'clock A. M., they disembarked at St. Anne's. There was mass, communion, veneration of the relic and sermon, with lovely singing during the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

At 8 o'clock, that same morning, the ladies of the Living Rosary, under the leadership of Rev. Father Déry, S. J., arrived at St. Anne's for their annual pilgrimage. This is always one of the most beautiful of the whole season. Nothing can be more graceful and picturesque than that cortege of children, some dressed in white with red sashes, others in black, with blue sashes, all veiled in white or crowned with wreaths, bearing in their hands, the youngest, *bouquets* of flowers for good St. Anne; the middle-sized, *banquets* with pictures representing the mysteries of the Rosary, or invocations from the Litany, and the tallest holding richly-embroidered banners. How they sing; these dear little daughters of Mary, the praises of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin! They sing on the long wharf, and in the streets leading to the Basilica. They sing during Communion, Mass and Benediction. Their childish voices are as tireless as those of the Angels. That is perhaps the reason why the place of the adoring angels is given them in the sanctuary, at the very foot of good St. Anne's altar. Their red and blue scarfs—why not call them wings?—contrast with the pure white marble of the columns of the *baldacchino*, and their wreaths mingle with the clouds of flowers

which the pious hand of Brother Camillus has placed around his good mother's altar.

What a Living Rosary, indeed, is that host of tender virgins whose faces are so radiant and whose souls so pure! Such is the garden wherein Mary culls her heavenly roses, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." May they always keep that heavenly charm that ravishes the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PRAYERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS.

ST. ALPHONSUS' PRAYER-BOOK.

Such is the title of the loveliest collection of prayers that can be found on earth. Those among our readers or the pilgrims to St. Anne's who have purchased it there must be convinced of the truth of the above statement, and are far, we are sure, from regretting the money spent on the book. This prayer-book, notwithstanding its comparatively small and handy size, contains over 600 pages. And these pages are filled with prayers composed by St. Alphonsus himself. Indeed, that great Saint, who never ceased exhorting others to prayer, was the first to give them the example thereof. Pray, then, dear readers and pilgrims, pray, and that you may be more surely heard, use the prayer-book of St. Alphonsus. You will thus be sure of praying like saints, since your prayers will be those of a Saint and of a Doctor of the Church.

—The book is printed in the latest style. chapter-heads, initial letters, and tail pieces, nothing is wanting. It moreover contains a portrait of St. Alphonsus.

—The book is on sale at the store underneath the sacristy of the basilica, at St. Anne de Beaupré. Americans desiring to receive it by mail should see

their orders to Messrs Benziger Bros, at New York, Cincinnati or Chicago, so as to avoid paying duties.

—The price varies according to the style of binding: cloth, red edges, \$1; embossed leather, gilt edges, \$2.

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PARIS TO LOURDES.

I would fain ask the indulgence of the readers of the *Annals* for the many imperfections they will meet with in the following recital, did it not seem to me that when speaking of the Blessed Virgin to the faithful servants of her august mother there can be no need of employing aught but the simplest of language. Therefore availing myself of the prestige always attending whatever concerns our sweet Mother Mary, and trusting that I may awake the pious interest of my readers, I will without further preamble commence the recital of my pilgrimage, or rather of the pilgrimage made by the whole French nation to that beloved shrine of her who has been called *the Queen of France*. In the first place I will say a few words concerning the organization of those gigantic processions which, for many years past, have been recalling the fervour of the old crusades and conducting men, women and children to that *holy land* which Mary has blessed by her presence and rendered fruitful by there lavishing the fruits of her maternal tenderness and mercy.

Humanly speaking, the carrying out of so arduous and colossal an undertaking would appear impossible. But there is nothing impossible to "the most Christian nation", notwithstanding the unfaithfulness and apathy of too many of her children; there is nothing impossible to that "eldest daughter of the Church" who placed the temporal power of the Holy See on a firm basis, who gave being to the Crusades, who still sends forth missionaries and apostles to shed their blood on distant shores and thus sow that seed which

springeth up unto resurrection and life. It suffices to say that the Fathers of the Assumption are the heart and heart of the undertaking, to convince the most sceptical that it is a possible one and will succeed.

It would seem as if they were imbued with the very spirit of St. Bernard and of Urban II, so well did they succeed in gaining over the French population to the accomplishment of this great work of penance and salvation. It was their zeal that gave the impetus to the work, it was by their endeavours that hearts were touched and thus the undertaking progressed.

The date of the pilgrimage was decided on a long time previously; meanwhile it was inculcated in Christian France that her mission was to raise her sister who had fallen low, to raise that erring sister who was still a part of herself, and whom she must love for the love of God. Subscriptions were asked for to defray the expenses of the sick poor, those suffering members of Jesus Christ who are indeed the very members of Mary's suppliant court. The appeal was responded to not only by gifts of money, but by offers of tending sick pilgrims during their journey whilst dwelling at Lourdes. I will not enter into details concerning the temporal part of the organization of the pilgrimage: correspondence and difficulties with railway companies; the preparation of hospitals at each stopping place and at Lourdes itself; the difficulty of keeping up the courage and piety of the pilgrims during the week which the pilgrimage would last.

But nothing could damp the zeal of these modern Crusaders, and at the appointed hour, everything was in readiness. The tickets are bought, the programmes of the pious exercises for the whole period are distributed. From all parts of France special trains are starting, some of which will go direct to Lourdes whilst other pilgrims will direct their course towards Paris to join their fellow-pilgrims at Our Lady Victories, the first halting-place of this triumph.

march through France. Bands of pilgrims arrive hourly at the "gare d'Orleans" (railway station), formed in groups according to their dioceses, and accompanied by their priests, their nuns and their sick. The best places are reserved for these last, the greater part of whom have left their sick bed to drag their suffering bodies to Lourdes, and many of whom have received the last sacraments before starting on their pilgrimage.

How long and fatiguing a journey awaits us! The railway-carriages are very inferior in accommodation and ventilation, to our Canadian cars, and the August heat which is suffocating at starting increases in intensity as we penetrate farther South. But no one dreams of complaining, for the practice of patience and cheerfulness form an integral part of the programme, and I have spoken depreciatingly of the French cars in the name of civilisation not from immortification.

At the appointed hour and minute the train starts. On leaving the railway-station each group of pilgrims intones the *Ave Maris Stella*, and then, until bed-time, succeed meditations, telling the beads, pious hymns, evening prayer intermixed with periods of quiet and sensible conversation. When there is any sufficiently long pause at a station, priests, nuns, noble ladies in long white aprons, Marthas indeed through their holy assiduity, come and go in various directions, giving to the sick that nourishment which will enable them to bear the long journey, and holding to their arched lips that cup of cold water which God will bless because it is given in His name.

We had left Paris at half past three in the afternoon, and on our way had sung the *Tantum Ergo* or *O Salutaris* each time that we had perceived the spire of a cathedral, church or chapel. At half past three on Sunday morning the train arrived at Poitiers. Every one got out, for the Sunday must be kept holy and even locomotives must be allowed to rest. Besides were on the spot where lived and died. Rats-

gundes, the great Queen of France, who renounced the honors and pleasures of the world in order to become the humble servant of Christ's poor. This spot has likewise been rendered illustrious by the holiness and heavenly science of St. Hilarius, St. Fortunatus, St. Martin, and may we not also add, of Cardinal Pie. It is therefore a place of pilgrimage, and we shall in no way displease Mary by resting a while under the shadow of sanctuaries which are dedicated to these venerable servants of her beloved Son and of herself.

Besides that, she approves us by permitting St. Radegundes to perform two miracles, forerunners of the numerous prodigies that she will herself perform when we shall have entered her promised land. One of these miracles, which I witnessed in part, was the cure of a young girl from Orleans who was in an advanced stage of consumption and for eighteen months had suffered from a total loss of voice. Almost immediately on leaving Poitiers, to resume our journey to Lourdes, she recovered her voice and was able to sing with her companions all the rest of the way. From Poitiers to Lourdes, I was in the same carriage as she was, and could perceive that she had gained so much strength as afterwards to be able to follow on foot the long procession which usually terminates the day's pilgrimage-exercises at Lourdes. Her companion was another young girl, equally pious and modest in her behaviour, who after three pilgrimages to Lourdes, had last year been suddenly cured of a very serious complaint: granulation of the larynx accompanied by other ailments which had reduced her to a skeleton, by allowing her to take only a small amount of liquid nourishment through a tiny Indian rubber tube and at the cost of great suffering. She had also lost her voice and the use of nearly all her limbs. At every movement made in carrying her to the piscina she suffered such pain that she had to cry out. A first, a second and a third time was she plunged into the miraculous water. Her perseverance in prayer and

her ardent faith gained her a perfect cure, and I never saw any one so completely cured. The fresh complexion of this young girl, her look of health, her quick step, the haste with which, whenever the train stopped, she sprang from the railway-carriage, in order to take water or some delicacy to the sick, might well cause us to exclaim: "The Blessed Virgin certainly does not do things by halves." She was returning to Lourdes once more to give thanks to her benefactress, whilst awaiting the longed-for hour when she might consecrate herself to God, who had permitted of her cure in order that she, in return, might offer Him the most acceptable of sacrifices.

(To be continued)

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THANKSGIVING TO ST. ANNE.

By promising to thank St. Anne publicly, I obtained the recovery of my son and daughter. *M. F. F., Fort William, West.*

QUEBEC.—During a severe illness last winter, I promised St. Anne that if she would give me relief, I would acknowledge the favor through the medium of her *Annals*, and shortly after, I obtained great relief and a speedy recovery. *A constant reader of the Annals.*

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LEZ-BREIZ.

EPIC FRAGMENTS.

Devotion to St. Anne is very ancient in Brittany. We had read it, we had heard it said very often, but we were searching for documents to prove it.

Such documents we now possess, at least one of them for to day, and it is for us, old client of St. Anne—read *unworthy client*, if you wish,—a real pleasure to hold it at last and to let you read it.

But what is this precious document? It is, as you have just read at the heading of this article, a poem entitled *Lez-Breiz*, written in the old dialect of Cornouailles (Brittany). *Lez-Breiz* is the popular surname of one of the most famous heroes of the Middle Ages. The true name, the real hero, is the rival of Louis the Meek, Morvan, viscount of Léor, celebrated in the history of the IXth century, as one of the upholders of Breton independence.

Six complete fragments of the poem still remain. The first shows us *Lez Breiz* leaving his mother's house, at an age when the love of arms awakes unexpectedly in his soul. The second relates his return, the others, his battles and his death, or rather the strange turn of fortune which ended his history.

After having shown him victorious over a warrior whom the king of the Franks had entrusted the mission of killing him, then over a Moorish giant gifted with magic powers, the poet represents him fighting with the king himself. The latter is more fortunate than his emissaries. Conquered and wounded, *Lez Breiz* disappears from the world, but not without the hope of returning.

To what date must we ascribe the composition of this poem? Very probably to the first quarter of the NINTH CENTURY. Such was its popularity from its very first appearance that all Brittany learned it by heart, as of old Greece has learned the songs of Homer. From Brittany it soon passed over to Wales. Later on, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the greatest poets of the time, Christian of Troyes, in France, and Wolfram of Eschenbach, in Germany, disdained not to borrow fragments of it. Finally, a French poet of our own times, Brizeux, undertook one day to translate into French verse the character, the

naïveté, the charming details, the dramatic and free style of the original Breton. Unfortunately death prevented him from continuing his translation to the end.

For the satisfaction of our readers, we shall quote a few stanzas of the original text.

And now, I pray you, read, but read, remembering the while that all that follows is pure ninth century literature, and you will avow that devotion to St. Anne is not of yesterday.

CANTO THE THIRD.

THE KING'S KNIGHT.

I

Between Lorgnez and the Knight Lez-Breiz a combat has been agreed to according to the laws of chivalry.

May God grant victory to the Breton and good news to those that are at home!

The Lord Lez-Breiz said to his young esquire, one day:

—Wake up, my esquire, and arise; and go burnish my sword,

My helmet, my lance and my shield, that I may redden them with Frankish blood.

With the help of God and my two arms, I will make them leap again to day.

—My good master, pray tell me; shall I not follow thee to the battle?

—What would thy poor mother say, didst thou not return home?

If thy blood flowed to the ground, who would put an end to her sorrow?

—In the name of God, master, as thou lovest me, thou shalt leave me go to the battle.

I dread not the Franks; my heart is bold, sharp is my sword.

Be it blamed or not, whither thou goest, I shall go too;
Whither thou goest, shall I also go; where thou shalt
fight, shall I fight.

II

Lez-Breiz was going to the fight, his young page was
his only escort.
Passing before the church of Saint Anne of Armor,
entered.
O Saint Anne, blessed Lady: very young I came to
visit thee;
I was not yet twenty years old; and I had been in
twenty battles,
Which we all won by thy help, O blessed Lady!
If I return again to my country, mother Saint Anne,
I will give thee a present.
I will give thee as a present a string of wax which
thrice will go round thy walls.
And thrice round thy church, and thrice round thy
burying-ground, and thrice round thy land, when
I shall have reached home.
And I will offer thee a banner of velvet and of white
satin, with a pole of polished ivory.
Moreover, I will give thee seven silver bells which
night and day will gaily sing over thy head,
And three times, on my knees, will I go to draw water
for thy fount.
—Go to the battle, go, Knight Lez-Breiz, I am going
with thee.”

II

Monet eure Lez-Breiz d'ann emgann
Nemed he floc'hig iaonank gant-han.

Santex Anna 'r vor pa erruaz,
Tre 'barz he iliz hen a iez.

Itron santex Anna benniget,
Iaonankig e teuz d'hokwelet;

III

Behold ye ? behold Lez-Breiz arriving ; he is followed
no doubt by an army barded with iron.

Behold ye ! he mounts a little white ass whose bridle is a
herapen halter.

His sole escort is a small esquire ; but they say that
he is a terrible man !

The young esquire of Lez-Breiz, on seeing them, came
closer and closer to his master.

Behold ye ! it is Lorgnez that is coming ; a troop of
warriors before him ;

A troop of warriors behind him ; they are ten and ten,
and ten again.

Ne oann ked ugent vloaz achuet,
Hag e ugent stourmad e oann bet ;

Hag ho holl hon euz ho gonezet,
Dro ho kennerz, itron benniget.

Mar dann me o'hoaz war va o'hiz d'ar vro,
Mamm santez Anna, me ho kopro.

Me a raio d'hoc'h eur gouriz koer
A rai teir gro endro d'ho moger.

Ha teir d'ho'e'h iliz, teir d'ho pered ;
Ha teir d'ho touar ; pa venn digouet ;

Hag eur banniel voulouz-satin-gwenn,
Eunn troad olifant flour d he dougen.

Ha seiz kloc'h arc'hant a roinn ouspenn
A gano ge, noz-dez, war ho penn.

Ha teir gwech ez inn war va daoulin
Da gerc'hat dour evit ho pinsin.

—Ke d'Ann emgann, ke, mare'hek Leiz-Breiz.
Mont a rann-me gen-oudde ivez.

See them arriving at the chestnut-wood ; we shall
 my poor master, hard work to defend oursel-
 —Thou shalt go and count how many there are, and
 they shall have tasted my steel.
 Strike thy sword, child, against my sword, and let
 march to them !

IV

—Ho ! good-day to thee, Sir Lez-Breiz.
 —Ho ! good-day to thee, Sir Lorgnez.
 —Comest thou alone to the fight ?
 —I come not alone to the fight ;
 To the fight I come not alone ; Saint Anne is with
 —I come to take thy life, by order of my King.
 —Turn back thy steps ! Go and tell thy King that
 defy him as I defy thee ;
 That I scorn him as well as thee, as well as thy son,
 as well as thy followers.
 Return to Paris, among the women, and wear
 gilded garments ;
 Else I will make thy blood as cold as iron or as steel.
 —Sir Lez-Breiz, tell me, in what wood didst thou
 see the light ?
 The last page of my escort would strike thy head
 from thy head.
 At these words, Lez-Breiz draws forth his great sword.
 —If thou hast not known the father, I will make
 know the son !

(To be continued.)

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