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QUEBEC.

Vol. 16 --o--o-- June 1902. --o--o-- No. 2.

ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRE.



ILLUSTRATED BULLETIN OF Pilgrimages and Confraternities,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY THE REDemptORIST FATHERS,
WITH THE APPROVAL OF THEIR
GRACES THE ARCHBISHOPS, AND THEIR LORDSHIPS,
THE BISHOPS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL
PROVINCES OF QUEBEC, TORONTO,
MONTREAL, OTTAWA AND
SAINT BONIFACE.



1902.



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THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

**Behold this Heart which has loved you so much... And
which is repaid by so much ingratitude.**



Annals of Saint Anne de Beauport.

Vol. 16. —♦— June, 1902. —♦— No. 2.

Contents: Congratulations from the pen of an eminent Divine, p. 33. — Friendly Remarks and Exhortations, p. 35. — The Three beauties of the Sacred Heart, p. 37. — In memoriam, p. 41. — Late Rev. Francis Scanlan, C. SS. R., p. 42. — A few pages from a sainted Life, p. 46. — A flag of Truce, p. 51. — Two visions of Jesus, p. 55. — A poor man's notion of the Church, p. 56. — Signal favors, p. 60 — Thanksgivings, p. 62. — Recommendations to prayers, p. 64.

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Congratulations from the pen of an eminent Divine.

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Quebec, March 6th 1902.

TO REV. FATHER DIRECTOR,

Annals of Good Saint Ann Beauport,

Rev. Father,

You have had a very happy inspiration, in sending to His Grace the Archbishop, and to his humble representative, a specially bound volume of the *Annals of Good Saint Ann* for the year 1901. I know well, in what high esteem, Our Venerable Archbishop holds your very interesting, and carefully prepared publication, a work so capable of developing the piety of the faithful, and at the same time, conducive of augmenting their confidence in the powerful patroness of our province — the August Mother of the Blessed Virgin. I have heard His Grace, many times, rejoice in the good to be derived from

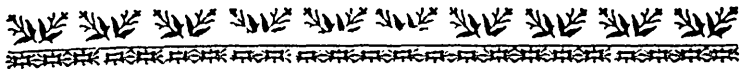
the circulation of the *Annals* among our christian families, the reading of which, must perpetuate, with a strong spirit of faith, not only the virtues necessary to salvation, but that good morality, by which a people may be known and honored.

How many are the afflicted whose sorrows you shall alleviate, how many sick to whom you shall give health, how many are the stray souls, that shall owe you their conversion ! The lengthy list you are requested to publish each month, does not contain a hundreth part of the favors, obtained through the intercession of Saint Ann — and one is moved almost to tears, whilst glancing over this record of graces, which are attributed to the Mother of Mary. I experienced the same emotion today, on casting a rapid glance through the *Annals*, and on reading that grand hymn of thanksgiving, voiced from the hearts of the people to the Great and Good Saint Ann of our Country. I congratulate you, Rev. Father, on the good work you are doing, and on the success with which the Almighty is pleased to crown it. I thank you for the apostleship of zeal and of conversion, which you are the means of propagating among our dear Canadian families.

With this homage of my grateful thanks, believe me,

Very Sincerely and Devotedly yours.

C. A. Marois. V. G. Adm.



Friendly Remarks and Exhortations, from the Editor,
to the Subscribers of the *Annals*.



OFFICE OF THE *Annals of Good Saint Anne*

To our Subscribers, both old, and new

Dear Friends,

Great excitement prevails just now at the office of the *Annals*. Each one is anxious to renew his or her subscription, and four « employés » working from morning until night, are scarcely sufficient to despatch our correspondence, address our « Primes, » and send the *Annals* to our new Subscribers — we are doing our utmost, to give satisfaction to the friends of Good Saint Ann, whom we hope, are also ours.

It may possibly be, that notwithstanding all our good will, some irregularity, as regards the service, may accidentally glide in, if so, please acquaint without delay, the Director of the *Annals* who shall at once, see that all is rectified, and give you satisfaction.

And now, since we have the pleasure of meeting as it were « en famille » let us for a while longer have a pleasant chat.

It is quite gratifying, dear Subscribers, to remind you, that we are all, viz, director, editor, promoters, printers, dispatchers, subscribers of the *Annals* with the members of the Archconfraternity; the great family of « Good Saint Ann, » in fine, her children of predilection.

This heavenly Mother of ours, loves us, protects us, and sheds numberless blessings upon us. She thanks the promoters and the old subscribers, who have been faithful to her cause, and promises to repay them, a (thousand fold) in return — sooner or later, they shall gather the precious fruit of their devotion to their powerful patroness. She now stands, with open arms, ready to gather to her

mother heart, the hundreds of new subscribers, who are coming to us, from all parts of America and Europe.

To all these new friends, we extend the cordial hand grasp of brotherly love, beneath the blessing hand of the Glorious Grandmother of the Divine Infant, and our sincere wish is, that they may experience as we do, the consoling effects of her kindness and power.


We very respectfully beg the gentlemen and the Clergy, who are willing to encourage our good work among their flock, to accept in advance, our deepest sentiments of gratitude.

One parish priest in the diocese of Chicoutimi, had hardly appealed to his parishioners, in behalf of the *Annals of Good Saint Ann*, when he was answered with a list of sixty five subscribers — Another venerable pastor, whose zeal in our cause, had already procured us one hundred and thirty subscribers, has added to this list, ten new ones. A Pastor of the United States, whom we have already thanked for one hundred and forty subscribers, has augmented to the number, by sending an additional fourteen — we could enumerate numberless such examples, but leave it to Good Saint Ann, who knows their names, and who also knows how ardent are the prayers that we address to her, in behalf of those pastors of souls, who honor us with their friendship.

O Sweet Patroness! be forever thanked for the blessings that you incessantly shower on our dear *Annals*, and I would here remind you, O Good Mother! that the one to whom its editing has been entrusted, wishes nothing more than to be your faithful secretary — it remains then with you, to inspire him with the teachings, which you know to be the most beneficial to the happiness and the sanctification of your children.

In conclusion, dear Subscribers, we would suggest a special intention for the beautiful month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. You are not without knowing, that Our Good Saviour showed a marked affection for young men. It is for this reason, that I feel assured, that I shall be seconded by all mother's of families, in suggesting to our thirty thousand subscribers, to say, for the salvation of our youth, five Hail Mary's, and five others for the intention of our subscribers, making one hundred and fifty thousand Hail Mary's for our young men, and as many, for our subscribers — in fine gratitude inspires us to add another five, for those who have become promoters, on the occasion of the renewal of subscriptions.

All Hail to Good Saint Ann!!!



The Three Beauties of the Sacred Heart.

— o —

Is it not strange that catholic hearts should be cold towards the Sacred Heart of Jesus, whilst the heart of the Church their mother ever burns with fresh bridal love for the Sacred Heart of her Bridegroom? Is it not still stranger that many outside the Catholic Church should imagine that we Catholics have not a proper, or sufficiently ardent, sufficiently adoring love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ? Oh! how little they know the thoughts of our faith — how little they know the yearnings of our hope, the strong emotions of our Catholic charity, else in their honesty, in their kindness, they would never think such a thought of us or speak such a word. Most beautiful of all that ever was created in heaven or upon earth. — Most beautiful of all the work of God is the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, and its beauty is mainly threefold.

First, the beauty of His infinite holiness; second, the beauty of his vast tenderness and large bounty, which knew no limit to the greatness of His mercy; and third, the beauty of His immortal, imperishable, eternal divinity, reigning in the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer. I take these three and ask you to consider them in the sacred humanity of the Sacred Heart of our Lord.

* * *

First of all, the Heart of Jesus Christ, the Virgin's son was the most beautiful thing that God ever made, because it was the holiest. Formed out of the most pure, the most immaculate materials, elaborated with the most thoughtful care of the mind of God, and joined by a personal union with the eternal divinity of the Word, that heart of the Man-God had

become the heart of God Himself in Jesus Christ. How pure and holy that sweet heart of Jesus was! formed out of the blood of Mary the Blessed Virgin — Mary, the Virgin of whom it was said, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, that it was one of the privileges of humanity to be able through all generations to call her blessed — Mary, the Virgin whose graces were so abundant and so excellent and so unique in themselves that the very archangel who came down from before the throne of God bowed down before her as one of an order of grace superior to his, and declared that she was « full of grace », and that her name was blessed among all women, for the Lord God was with her. That sacred blood that was in the Virgin's veins was preserved from the slightest shadow or thought to sin allied. Where all sinned Mary alone was immaculate. Enshined in the omnipotent and eternal decrees of the Lord God, her Maker, the ocean of original sin, surging up like the flood of old, and sweeping over the whole face of human creation, touched all, defiled all, spoiled all, but God said to its waves at their very highest: « Touch not my immaculate one — she is my love, my star and my dove, and there is no spot nor stain in her. » Why did Mary receive this grace? In order that the veins of her bosom, unstained and unsullied by the slightest shadow of sin, might be worthy to give the materials of that human but most Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, which was for ever a living chalice of the Precious Blood. Thus, pure in its origin, God made for Himself out of Mary's blood a human heart, so large, so simple, so strong as to be able to bear the rushing floods of the infinite sanctity of God that came upon Him. For that heart was united in the sacred humanity of our Lord to the divinity, so that the result of the union was not a human person, but a divine person, and the heart that was throbbing in the bosom of Jesus Christ was the heart of God.

* * *

Secondly, consider how unique in its beauty was this Sacred Heart of God. All other men had hearts narrowed by selfishness, defiled in some way or another by sin. Mary

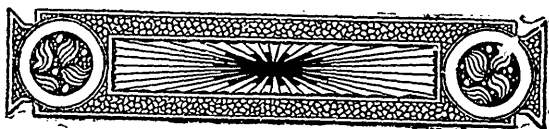
herself, though immaculate, had yet incurred the debt of original sin, and was as much saved, and as truly, though differently, by the blood and passion of her divine Master as your or my soul. But even the man after God's own heart, even the royal prophet, left behind him the record of a heart open to temptation — a heart easily inflamed by impure love. Jesus alone of all men had a heart of infinite holiness, but to that holiness was added the other beauty of infinite tenderness and largeness of mercy. He took that human heart to Him for the same purpose of loving his fellow-men, and loving them with all that mighty heart. What were the wants that Sacred Heart of His failed to feel? Were the people hungering around Him, He spoke to His apostles and said: «I have compassion on this multitude; my heart is moved for them; and I will not send them away fasting.» Were the people ignorant, He went out and led them out to the mountain, and for three days and three nights there did He speak and teach till the cloud of ignorance rolled away from the eyes of their souls, and from the darkness of their ignorance. He brought them, through the compassion of His divine heart, into His own admirable light of knowledge. Were they sorrowing, He hastened to wipe away their tears. It is now a sister weeping, or a brother's grief. Tears are falling over the grave of Lazarus, and he is rescued from the very jaws of death. Is it a weeping mother as she follows her only son to the grave? Seeing her, as St-John the Evangelist says, He was touched, and moved, and shaken with pity. Weep no more, He said, and He gave back with his own sweet hand that child to its mother's bosom. Is it the sinner crawling to His feet, heart-broken with sorrow, — a sinner whom all men will avoid, a sinner so despised that even the priest and the Levite, Scribe and Pharisee gather their robes and say: «Begone, touch us not; we are clean.» One only could she come to, and from Him she derived the Sanctity of heaven by her repentance. Did he refuse her when Magdalen crept, making her humble course by her tears? Oh! no; His divine heart was moved by compassion, and when she arose from His sacred feet she was pure as the Angel Gabriel was when he saluted Mary.

Nay, more, the sinner not drawn to Him in repentance, but caught redhanded in her sin, was not condemned by Him, but rather she went away like an angel of God in her restored contrition. In fact, every spiritual and temporal want found its safety in drawing upon the infinite fountain of the mercy and tenderness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.

* * *

The moment that our Lord fashioned and formed that Sacred Heart for himself out of the heart's blood of His Virgin Mother, from the moment He took it to Himself, never for one instant of time did the Son of God separate Himself from that heart. Never for an instant did His all-holy and adorable divinity — never for all eternity shall the heart of Jesus Christ, be without the love of God throbbing with a divine love in it. Even when he was dead on the cross — even when the Sacred Heart, so easily moved, so abundant in its care, so tender and anxious in its own mercy — when the Sacred Heart, so forgiving that, with upturned eyes He prayed to His Eternal Father in heaven that those who crucified Him might be forgiven — even when the sweet ceased to beat and was dead — even though the human soul had fled, the divinity of God never left it, and the angels in heaven were adoring this pulseless heart of Jesus Christ during the hour he remained on the cross. Behold, then, the three beauties of the Sacred Heart.

FATHER THOM. BURKE, O. P.





Late Rev. Francis Scanlan, C. S. S. R.

"True Witness." April 19th.

IN the very prime of his priestly career Rev. Francis Scanlan, C. S. S. R. passed away on Monday morning 14 april at the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, after having submitted to a surgical operation.

All that the devoted Sisters of the Hotel Dieu and the skilled surgeons of Montreal could suggest was done to alleviate the sufferings of the young priest, but it was unable to stay the hand of death.

After the operation, which was performed by Dr. Frank J. Shepherd, Father Scanlan rallied for a brief moment; but the physical constitution was not equal to the strain upon it.

Rev. Father Scanlan was the son of Mr. Michael Scanlan,

who is well known in Montreal for his connection with shipping interests in the Dominion and Franco-Canadian lines. The brothers of the dead priest are Dr. H. Scanlan, J. T. Scanlan, of the firm of J. T. Marchand & Co., lumber merchants, and Fred. Scanlan, of Winnipeg.

Rev. Father Scanlan was born in this city on Aug. 8th, 1867. He received his primary education at the well known establishment under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and known as the Archbishop's Academy.

After leaving the Archbishop's Academy, where he gave many evidences of inclination for the holy vocation which he afterwards adopted, he was sent to Montreal College where he entered upon the first period of his classical course. Having entered the Redemptorist Order he was sent to Belgium for his novitiate at St Trond. On September 8th 1887 he made his vows and passed over to the study-house where he completed his classical course. In 1889 he went to Beauplateau for his philosophical and theological studies. Ordained priest on the 7th April 1896, he returned to his native land in the following October. St Anns', Parish witnessed for four years his great zeal for its spiritual and temporal welfare.

If it be difficult to give adequate expression to the emotions of the heart when death comes to the young, the gifted, how much more so is it not, when the one possessing all these qualities has, in addition the sublime distinction of being a priest of God's Holy Church.

We need not here refer to his resignation of the world that had so many bright prospects for him; this is a matter that has a lasting place in the recollections of his fond parents, his brothers and sisters and all who were bound to him by the ties of kindred or of friendship. When he became a member of one of the grandest Orders in the Church, he sank his individuality in the life or the community, and in that supreme sacrifice he passed into the sanctuary, and into the cloister-like existence of the religious — there to labor for the greater glory of God and for the salvation of souls.

Gifted beyond the ordinary he soon made a mark for himself in the sacerdotal sphere of life-labor. Still young, he

naturally might have been expected to have had long years of labor and of usefulness before him in the missionary field. But God, in a wisdom that man cannot fathom, deemed it better that the end should contradict all human expectations. The past and last short term of his practical ministry was devoted to the glory of the Blessed Mother of our Blessed Lady. The *Annals of Ste. Anne de Beaupré*, which he edited during the past year, that is to say, the last beautiful volume, contain the expressions of a soul entirely devoted to the cause that so pleases the Saviour — for it is the cause of the one who was the dearest being on earth to the heart of His own Holy Mother. All the while the cruel malady that was to prove fatal to the young priest had been undermining his splendid constitution.

We now pause, to tell the brief story of the last sad funeral rites ; but before we bid a long farewell to one who held such a high place in the esteem and veneration of all who knew him, we will ask his father, and every member of his family to accept the expression of our deep sympathy and sorrow ; and to join with the Church, of which he was a noble and saintly priest, in the most fervent prayer for the eternal repose of his soul.

The translation of the remains took place on Monday afternoon, at 1.30 o'clock from the Hotel Dieu to St. Ann's presbytery, in which latter place they were visited by thousands of the faithful from all quarters of the city. On Wednesday evening the body was removed from the presbytery to the Church. The scene witnessed on the occasion was a most impressive one. A procession, headed by a cross-bearer, was formed, in which all the priests and brothers of the house, wearing white surplices, took part. As they moved slowly along Basin street they chanted the « Miserere.» The St. Ann's Cadets, the members of which were so much admired by the late lamented priest, formed the guard of honor, and bore their part in the sad ceremony with their usual ability. The Church was heavily draped in mourning, and every available place was occupied by the parishioners. The remains were placed upon a catafalque near the sanctuary railing. At the recitation of the Office of the Dead, Rev. Father Caron, Rector of

St. Ann's and Rev. Father Denys, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, officiated, assisted by a large number of the priests of the Church and from other parishes.

On Thursday morning the solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, and in the sacred edifice every parish, religious community, educational establishment and all the various sections of the laity were represented. Seldom, if ever, was such a spectacle witnessed on such an occasion.

The choir, under the direction of the organist of the Church Prof. P. J. Shea, assisted by the members of other parish choirs, rendered the musical portion of the service in a very impressive manner.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi presided, and was attended by Very Rev. A. Lemieux, C. SS. R. visitor of the vice-Province of Canada, and Rev. Father Denys, rector of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Rev. Canon Luke Callaghan. D. D., was the celebrant of the Mass, with Rev. Father Gauthier & Rev. F. Daly C. SS. R. as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. A numerous clergy was present.

Mr. and Mrs Michael Scanlan, father and mother of the dead priest, and their children and other relatives of the family occupied seats near the sanctuary.

The singing of the « Libera » was presided over by His Grace the Archbishop, after which the mortal remains were removed to the vaults in the basement of the Church.

* * *

We have taken the above pages from the True Witness. As usual That catholic Chronicle proved itself a witness of Truth Our heartfelt thanks to the author of these lines.

And now before quitting the tomb where-in the one whom we named our brother in Christ, awaits the great day, let us say to him as the Angel of Angony in the dream of Gerontius :

« Farwell, but not for ever ! brother dear, »

« Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow ; »

« Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here, »

« And I will come and wake thee on the morrow. »



A few Pages from a sainted Life.



THE reign of Louis the fourteenth of France was drawing rapidly to a close. The ability and success with which he had governed the kingdom, in his earlier days, seemed to have forsaken him. Condé and Turenne, perhaps the two greatest soldiers of the age were no longer with the army. Colbert was no longer managing the finances, and the early splendor of the King's reign was now, at the close of his long and eventful life, forgotten in the reverses, the humiliation, the want and needfulness of the country.

The Standard of Christian morals had fallen beyond uplifting ; a contempt for religion was manifested by those who held the reins of government ; Atheism had gained a foothold in the land, and the Pulpit, though it held a Massillon, a Fénelon, a Bourdaloue and a Bossuet, failed to stay the progress of frenzied madness that swept like a tidal wave over the seeming God-abandoned country, and left to the once glorious nation but the wreckage of its former self, and to history its darkest and most forbidding page — the French Revolution.

It was in those days early in the Spring of 1712 when the destiny of France was yet in the balance, that there came fourth one morning from the gates of the city of Marseilles the aged humble and care-worn figure of a priest. He had once been above the ordinary height, but now was slightly stooped with age. His forehead was broad and furrowed by the finger of time ; his nose was straight and shapely ; his face was deeply tanned and his silvery hair fell almost to his

shoulders ; his bearing was magestic and about his countenance there lingered a serenity which even the shade of care and sadness that came upon him, could not wholly drive away. He passed the gate, but turned ere he had gone many places beyond, and threw a lingering look back upon the city. A tear stood in his large blue eye, it fell, and turning he went upon his way.

It was John Baptist de la Salle, and it was little wonder that he wept.

Marseilles had been his home for many years. There he had spend a long period of his useful laborious life. There he had associated with the humbler classes and had become one of them. There he had formed friendships, not of this world, but friendships that centred in the Heart of the Divine Master. There he had been the consoler of the afflicted, the comforter of the poor and above all the tender loving father of the children. For them he had lived, for them he had suffered the persecutions of a lifetime, for them he had sacrificed his wealth, his rank, his home, and for them he was now driven from the city, not by the court's decree, but by the ingratitude of a people for whom he had spent his talent, his strength and even his very life. He had established his school in their city and when the toil and labor necessary to the founding of it was done, when the school was in good order and when the future of the children was assured, by a good education, they rose against him, accused him of harshness, of bad management, and of crimes that amounted almost to theft. At first he thought to withstand the rising storm, but it burst with such violence upon him that he finally decided to depart and let it cease.

He betook himself to the solitude of the mountains near by, to enter into closer communion with God and to ask His blessing and direction for the work done in Christian Brothers schools just established.

It is easy to imagine how closely he examined the works he had performed during all the years in which he had been engaged in the one great aim of his life — the founding of his schools, and how he bewailed the seeming unsuccessful

attempt to accomplish his Mission. It would seem from his own memoirs that, during these days spent in the solitude of the mountain looking into the past, his soul was buried in sorrow, for more strongly than ever before he was tempted to believe that he had been engaged in a vain and futile work unauthorized by Him who directs the destinies of men.

Time has since set aside all doubt ; the great work has gone on for centuries, the *Brothers* have dispersed far and wide to establish their schools ; the Church has long since given not only its sanction but its prayers for the progress of the great institution ; God the Father has spoken through His church and has declared to the world that a crown of richest merit, the reward of his noble life among men, is resting on the brow of De la Salle, at the throne of the most High ; and when ages have passed away and the day will have come, when the Book of Ages will be opened to the eyes of all men at General judgement, then and then only, will we understand and fully appreciate the great work accomplished by the faithful sons of Blessed de la Salle.

It may prove interesting and certainly should be a subject of edification for us to scan the pages of so zealous and so useful a life.

Saint John Baptist de la Salle was born on the 30th of April 1651. His mother's name was Nicole Moet and his father was Louis de la Salle, counsellor to the French Court.

Sprung from a noble and illustrious family he was educated in all the polish and refinement of a refined age. He was early sent to the parish School, and learned his letters on the same bench with many of the most illustrious men of France.

There was something even then in his behaviour that marked him from the rest. More gentle, more thoughtful, more charitable and more devout, the very workmen by the roadsides observed, and long remembered how kindly he took to his book.

The contrast in the conditions of men seems to have impressed him when yet very young, and while an ambition for something nobler and something better than the ordinary vocations of those about him, took possession of his childish

heart, his sympathy and his love went out to those whom nature and fortune had not endowed so richly as him.

His parents were gratified to find developing in their first-born child disposition likely to bring him into prominence among his fellow men. But they little thought how fully their hopes would be realized in a vocation which they little thought about.

Days, months and years passed away, and the assiduity, learning and devotion of the young Saint increased as they went. The boyish notions of the school-room became more fixed, as the liking for the religious state, so manifest from his tenderest years, became a fixed vocation and the day came when he disclosed to his parents his intention of joining the priesthood.

His biographers speak highly of the piety and good sense of his mother and the deep-rooted faith of his father, though in custom and training he was a Soldier according to the time. Yet it would seem that the choice made by their son disappointed them. They had looked forward to a position of honor and trust at the Royal court, and hoped for even greater distinctions than had as yet been won by their ancient family. They were however too wise to interfere and John was allowed to pursue his calling. He immediately entered the Seminary and pursued his studies with such marked success that he early attracted the attention of the most learned among the ecclesiastical men of Rheims.

In 1667 while yet a student he became a member of the Chapter of Reims and soon became its model.

On completing his philosophy he determined to quit his native town and go to Paris in order the more surely to break away from family ties and associations that might prove a hindrance to his progress. He entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice and there set himself to prepare for the priesthood in a way, so quiet and unostentatious, yet so devout, so humble and so obedient that, much against his will, he attracted the attention of all about him, and edified them.

He was not long there when a very bitter sorrow came upon him. His father and mother died, one within a few

months of the other, and his brothers and sisters were left orphans on his hands. It thus became necessary for him to quit the Seminary to assume the guardianship of the little ones entrusted to his care; and though he longed for that day to come when he would be consecrated a minister of the Most High, though it cost a bitter pang to quit the peaceful home of his choice and once more take his place in the busy world, yet he accepted the trial and blessed the Hand of God for sending it.

God was silently directing all. The experience forced upon him in directing the affairs of his natural family may have proven of value in the control of that spiritual family he was destined one day to give the church.

The delay in his studies was of short duration and in due course of time he graduated from the Seminary with the highest degrees it could bestow, and was consecrated priest. It would take too long, good reader, to give a thorough notion of the saintly life led by the young priest in the prime of his life and the early enjoyment of his high ecclesiastical dignities. He was a profound scholar, an able doctor in the church well versed in the most intricated questions of theology, and as a pulpit orator he threatened to rival some of the ablest men of France.

(To be continued.)



The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to see the lovely face. « You wonder why I care so much, » he said, as the tears ran down his cheeks, « but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy close behind me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with a childish wonder and asked frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' And before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid. You had said your prayers this morning before you went to work.' I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing, I never will. »



A Flag of Truce :
or,
Must We Fight for ever.
Testimony of protestant prose-writers

— o —

IN the passages that will be presently quoted from Protestant writers, there may be mistakes concerning the bliss of souls, or the souls that are in bliss ; yet these errors do not invalidate the belief, which is prior to and independant of them, that in the invisible world souls dear to God watch over us, and help us.

Julius Charles Hare records in his *Life of Sterling* that that remarkable man believed that the spirits of his departed relatives might be spectators of his thoughts and actions, and that it was worth while to try and please them ; and in later life he would conclude : « How deeply rooted in human nature is the tendency to the worship of saints, to the beatification and deification of those whom death has hidden from our outward eyes ! » * Surely either Sterling or his biographer here fails in accuracy of thought and language. Is it as corrupt a tendency of the human heart to *beatify* the dead, as to *deify* them ? Beatitude is the sight, the love, the fruition of the one true God. To deify a creature is to dethrone the one God and set an idol in His place. How was Mr. Sterling's belief a deification of the departed ? Did St. Peter deify the devil, when he affirmed him to be watching and studying our characters, and ever roving around us for our injury ? To suppose, then, that sainted souls may do for our good what the

* Memoir prefixed to *Essays and Tales* by Johp Sterling, p. viii.

devils do for our hurt, may indeed be a beatification ; but in no sense can it be a deification of those whom « death has hidden, » but of whom it should be remembered that « they are hidden with Christ in God. »

Sterling belonged to the extreme liberal section of Protestantism. The lady whose reflections shall now be quoted belonged to the Puritanical school, and the authority whom she cites is the celebrated Quakeress, so well known in the history of prison reform. Heret hen is a page from the diary of Miss Methuen, a page not destined by her for publication, in which, therefore, she was under no constraint to conform to the language usual among Protestants, but expressed her own genuine thoughts and feelings :

« There is a remark by Mrs. Fry, which much coincides with my own ideas, — that the spirits of the departed influence those who are left. How often since dear Bessie's death have I fancied her spirit hovering over me, especially when I have been indulging in a train of erroneous thought ; I have fancied her soft dark eye resting upon me, and gazing on me with grief ! Another idea in my mind is, that, when she died God might have said to her guardian angel, « Go, watch over Mary as her friend would have done. ' And then the angel, knowing so pecuiarly her mind, thoughts, and feelings, would actually inspire me with the same, and would be able to fulfil my friend's desires for me in those things in which her judgment was influenced, when on earth, by the spirit of God. » *

A third instance of this trust comes from a higher source. Her Majesty Queen Victoria has related how the carriage in which she was travelling was upset ; and thus continues : — « Almost directly after the accident happened, I said it was terrible not to be able to tell it to my dearest Albert ; to which Alice answered : ' But he knows it all, and I am sure he watched over us. ' » « I am thankful, » continues the Queen, « that it was by no imprudence of mine, or the slightest deviation from what my beloved one and I had always been in the

* From her memoirs written by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Methuen.

habit of doing, and which he sanctioned and approved.» † I will merely remark that all this language of the Queen of England and her daughter would be thought very superstitious by most Protestant readers, if St. Joseph's or St. Antony's name were substituted for that of Prince Albert, and if the writer were a Queen of Naples or of Spain, instead of the Queen of England. It is not superstitious, however, but instinctive, in the best sense of the word.

The examples just given of John Sterling, Mrs. Fry, Miss Methuen, and her Majesty Queen Victoria, show that the thought of guardian saints is wide spread among Protestants. A few examples from works of fiction will confirm this view.

A little tale called *An Eventful Night*, originally composed by a German Protestant minister, has been translated and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of which all the bishops of the Church of England are patrons. In sanctioning this publication it is hardly to be supposed that the committee intended to give support to Catholic views on patron saints ; yet such is the force of the following passage, which is part of a conversation between a young orphan lady, a Lutheran, and a candidate for the Lutheran ministry.

« It is the portrait of my poor father, » said the young lady, with tears in her eyes. « I could unfortunately only paint it from memory. » « Is he far from you ? » I asked gently. « Very far, and yet perhaps very near, » she whispered, and pointed with her white hand above. « He is dead, » I replied with emotion. The lady struggled for composure. « Oh ! he is near you, » I said earnestly, while the tears came into my eyes ; « He is looking down upon you in love, *never renounce the belief.* »

A more familiar illustration of filial trust in a deceased parent is found in one of Dickens's works.

When poor little *Oliver Twist* awakes to consciousness after his fever, his nurse exclaims : « Pretty creature ! what would his mother feel if she had sat by him as I have, and could see him now ? »

† *More Leaves from a Journal of our Life in the Highlands* (1884).

« Perhaps she does see me, » whispered Oliver, folding his hands together ; « perhaps she has sat by me. I almost feel as if she had. »

« That was the fever, my dear, » said the old lady mildly.

« I suppose it was, » replied Oliver, « because Heaven is a long way off, and they are too happy there to come down to the bedside of a poor boy. » *

It is evident that, in the mind of Charles Dickens, Oliver's thought was not given as a feverish dream, but as the surmise of an innocent soul ; and that the novelist wished his readers to believe that *Heaven is in reality very near, and a suffering child well worthy the attention and care of the saints in bliss.*

In Mr. W. Clark Russell's well-known novel, *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, the hero, Edward Royle, thus addresses a Miss Robertson whose father has died at sea (the daughter cannot bear the thought of being separated from his dead body, which the crew are anxious to consign to the deep) : « ' You will not be separated from him, ' I answered, ' even though you should never see him more with your eyes, There is only one separation, and that is when the heart turns and the memory forgets. He will always be with you in your thoughts, a dear friend, a dear companion, a father as in life ; not absent because he is dead, since I think that death makes those we love doubly our own, for they become spirits to watch over us, to dwell near us, let us journey where we please, and their affection is not to be chilled by any worldly selfishness. Try to think thus of the dead. ' » *

After the shipwreck and rescues, Miss Robertson thus addresses her lover : « Since God has heard our prayers, dearest, and mercifully preserved us from death, shall we thank Him now that we are together, and say one prayer for my dear father, who, I firmly believe, looks down upon us, and has still the power to bless us. » †

It need scarcely be said that the author of this work is not

* *Oliver Twist*. CH. XIII.

* *Wreck of the Grosvenor*, CH. 23.

† *Ib.* CH. 31.

a Catholic by profession ; though his theology, or perhaps I should say his instinct, is truly Catholic as regards prayer for the dead, and the intercession made by holy souls departed for those yet on earth.



TWO VISIONS OF JESUS

Bartimeus, ' mid the throng,
Hears that Jesus moves along ;
Faith and hope inspire his heart :
« Mercy, mercy, Lord, impart ! »
« Say, what shall I do for thee ? »
« Lord, » he says, « that I may see. »
Quick his withered eyeballs shine,
Gazing on that Face Divine.

Saul of Tarsus lifts his eyes
Proudly to the Syrian sk'ies,
« Vengeance, vengeance, Lord, I thirst.
On these men of creed accurst ! »
Dashed to earth, bereft of sight,
Hear him own the heavenly light :
« Lord, what wilt Thou have me do,
Proof to give of sorrow true ? »

Christian, learn with Saul to ask
What is thy appointed task ;
Like the beggar learn to cry
While thy Saviour passeth by,
Let Him light or darkness give.
So that thou but learn to live ;
Raise thee up or cast thee down,
So that thou His Presence own.



A POOR MAN'S NOTION OF THE CHURCH.

GEORGE Stephens, on coming out of the village ' public where he had called on his way home, was accosted by a fellow workman, Peter Gray, and the following conversation was carried on between them : —

Peter : Good evening, George.

George : Good evening, Peter. I have just been into the ' Cross-keys ' for half-a-pint ; but it is as hot inside as it is out !

Peter : Eh ? how's that ? what's up ?

George : Well, the new parson has come, and he preached his first sermon yesterday.

Peter : What has that got to do with it ?

George : You see, there is young Joe Green, the clerk's son, and old Dick Smith in there, and they have been going it poker and tongs. You know that young Joe's father was made parish clerk by the last parson, and so they stuck to him : and he was high church ? The new parson is low church, they say. Dick Smith says that he is right, and that they didn't use to have flowers, and candlesticks, and brass crosses in his day. I'll tell you what it is, Peter. I am quite puzzled about these churches, as they call them. Why, there is parson Wright of Brighstone says there is no salvation at all without baptismal regeneration ; and parson Brown of Langton says that it is all a pack of nonsense, and that parson Wright is all wrong. And blest if I didn't hear parson Blunt of Bleasley tell us one thing in the morning in his own church, and just

the very opposite at night when he took the service in the next parish!

As George said this, he puffed vigorously at his short pipe, gave a tug at the basket he was carrying over his shoulders, and put down his feet as if he were vexed. Peter looked at him with a little twinkle in his eye, and said :

Well, and what did you think of it?

George : Think of it? — Why, I thought that parson told a lie either morning, or afternoon, and tried to make God a liar too! Never went to hear him again! It's too bad of them, — trying to deceive us poor folks! There is the high church, and the low church; the broad church, and the narrow, vangelical church, and ever so many more of them, besides the Wesleyans, and Baptists, and lots of others. And it is not in little things only that they differ. Some say that you will be damned if you *don't* do this; and some say that you will be damned if you *do* do it. I want to save my soul, and get to heaven, but how *can* I do it, when these'versity men contradict each other, and send us all different ways?

Peter : You can do it, George, easily enough, if you like. God did not mean only the rich and the learned to be saved, but the poor and ignorant as well.

George : Easy to be done, is it? Then just tell me how!

Peter : Read the Bible, and use your common sense.

George : That's just what I *have* done. And all those blessed parsons too; they read the Bible, and just see how they contradict one another!

Peter : Ah, George! You only do half of what I recommend you. You don't use your common sense. Doesn't St. Peter tell us that in the letters of St. Paul *there are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and the unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction*?* Our blessed Lord did not teach in English, nor did the Apostles write in English. What do you know of Latin or Greek, or Hebrew? Or, how do you know that you have got a true translation of what they said or wrote?

* St. Peter ii. 16.

Well, Master Peter (said George rather sharply), I don't know that you are so much better off than I am. I didn't know that you were so learned a scholar!

Peter: That is just it, George. I am no better scholar than yourself: and, therefore in these matters I go to the proper quarter.

George: And what is the proper quarter?

Peter: Well, I go to the Church, for everybody knows that Christ said to His Apostles, *he that heareth you heareth Me: and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me.** And if a man will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican. †

George: Ah! Now I did think you were going to help me a bit; but you have landed me in the mud as deep as I was before. I have just bought Whitaker's Almanack for this year, and I'm blessed if there are not 231 different religions, or churches, as some folks call them, in the country of ours. How am I to know which is the right one?

Peter: Before I answer that, George, let me ask you one or two questions. Why did Christ come into the world at all?

George: Oh, I think I can answer you there! Why to redeem us from our sins, and to teach us the way to heaven.

Peter: And now, what do you mean by *the Church*?

George: I can't put it quite right at once. I have not thought about it. There are plenty of churches and chapels all over the country, but I don't mean one of them.

Peter: Well, I will tell you what I mean by *the Church*: and I think that you will agree with me. You have just told me that one of the reasons why Christ came into the world, was to teach us the way to heaven, and there I agree with you. The Acts tell us that He remained only forty days on the earth after His resurrection. Now in order to keep up His teaching He established a kind of club, or society, or church, or spiritual kingdom as He sometimes calls it.

George: And a very good way it is, too!

* St. Luke x 16.

† St. Matt. xviii. 17.

Peter: Well, George, you have got a pretty middling sized family, with that dozen boys and girls of yours. Now suppose that you had some great secret that would make them, and their children, and grand-children, happy and rich as long as they kept together and followed your directions, what would you do to keep them all right « for ever and ever ? » You know that they are all right as long as you are with them, with authority over them.

(After a few minutes' silence, George turned half round towards Peter, so as to bring him to a standstill, — struck the ground with his stick, gave a good nod with his head, as if he had mastered an idea, and said :)

I'll tell you what I would do, Peter ! I would take some of them, and interest them thoroughly in all I knew myself, and tell them how to do it ; and I would put one of them in my place with my authority, and tell him to govern : and I would order the rest to obey. Andrew is the oldest ; and Johnny is very loving : but Simon is the one to govern, so I would make him the head. And I would tell them what would be the consequence if they began to quarrel. They should not break up the firm, or club ; but those that would not obey should be turned out, and disinherited. They might set up for themselves if they liked, but they should not belong to me, nor have my authority, nor my blessing. There now, Peter, that's what I would do, and I think it is good sound common sense.

(And the old man gave another blow with his stick, and another nod with his head, and then they both trudged on again homewards.)

(To be continued).

By the Rev. J. B. MORRALL, O. S. B.



Signal Favors.

— o —

The miraculous water from St. Ann's fountain. — Miss Eusebe Lachance, of St. Anne of Beaupré, requests us to publish the following facts which happened at the end of January 1902.

I went in quest of oil for the use of the store of the Good St. Ann. The daylight was waning as so I groped my way towards the tank. I pressed heavily, as usual, the siphon which was shaped like a mushroom. Unfortunatily the cap was off and with the effort I made the sharp iron blade — went right through my hand, (from front to back.) Imagine the pain it gave me! To bear it patiently, I thought of the cruel sufferings of my Saviour nailed to the cross. I called at once for one of the Fathers of the community, who promptly responded, examined my hand and found it pierced right through. He advised me to dip it into, the miraculous water of St. Ann's spring, and to invoke confidently the help of the great Thaumaturgist. The pain stopped immediately and my hand took its normal state. There was no inflammation and consequently after a few days the wound was perfectly healed. Glory and thanks to Good St. Ann of Beaupré.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

Kingsey Falls, 20th November 1901. — Reverend Father. Two years ago our only son Charles fell grievously sick of an internal hernia. The family physician strongly advised taking him to the hospital, assuring that an operation was urgent. I cannot tell you of our despair and tears. The sick boy absolutaly refuse to undertake the journey, saying that he would rather die with us than take the risk of dying

away from home under so dangerous an operation. In this extremity, we promised St. Ann to make two pilgrimages and to publish the cure we asked from her in the *Annals*. To St. Antoine we promised bread for his poor. We prayed fervently, and hope sprang up in our hearts. From the very next days we commenced to notice a sensible improvement in the patient's condition, who grew better until he was completely cured, the we kept our promise, and it only remains to request you to publish this wonderful cure in your *Annals*.

Yours (respectfully,)

Mr. and Mrs PHILIPPE BEDARD.

Ware Mass 4th November 1901. — Reverend Father. In the month of April last our little Eva suffered very much from a nervousness, caught from the measles. I forwarded her name as a subscriber to the *Annals of St. Ann*, and the following week she was completely restored to health. I now keep the promise I made to publish my thanks.

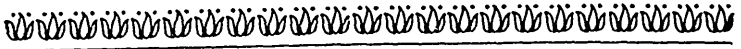
Mrs J. St. ONGE.

New-Bedford, Mass, 23rd November 1901.— Reverend Father. In the month of July last, I was seized with a sickness of the stomach which gave me intense suffering. I could not bear any food, on the day of St. Ann's festival although exhausted by weakness, I dragged myself to her Sanctuary at Fall-River. I thought I would die on the way. I could not possibly receive holy communion there, At three o'clock in the afternoon, I (had sufficient courage) to go and venerate the holy relic. Praise and thanks to Her who is never invoked in vain. I came back home cured.

Mrs U. E. C.

Warren R. I. 25th November 1901. — Two years ago in the month of January I had a strange disease in my leg. It swelled up and became covered with ugly black spots. I suffered very much. I cast myself into the arms of St Ann and promised to subscribe for life to the *Annals*. My ailmentdisappeared and I have felt ano attack of it ever since.

Mrs D. P.



Thanksgivings.

— O —

Powers, Mich. — For favors obtained after promise of publication in the *Annals*. Enclosed \$1.00 for masses. Mrs. W. M.

Rockland, Mich. — I promise to Good Saint Ann that if she cured me of a severe pain in the hand I would have it published. I am happy to be able to fulfill my promise. Off. 10 cts. F. C.

Sergius N. D. — For favors granted. Offer. \$2.00 Mrs. Piquette.

Nashua N. H. — 50 cts for a thanksgiving mass. Mrs Dowlay.

Lancaster Ont. — 25 cts for a thanksgiving mass, Mrs. Léon Fortin.

Cupter Ont. — Enclosed find \$2.00 for masses in thanksgiving for a favor obtained. Victor Buhler.

Jackson Mich. — Thanks to Good Saint Ann for having been cured of a severe pain in the side after using the water I brought with me from Saint Ann's spring. I had promised to publish it in the *Annals*. Mrs. O'Connor.

North Troy N. Y. — Enclosed \$1.00 for masses. Mrs. M. G.

Derby Vt. — For cure of Asthma. J. J. Lahar.

Montreal. — Enclosed 25 cts for lights in honor of Saint Ann, for favors received. A subscriber.

New-Hamborg Or. l. — Cured of deafness. Miss, J: Weiss.

Demerar. — Ursuline Convent. We return fervent thanksgiving to Saint Ann for the great favour and grace of a religious vocation obtained through her intercession. (Foreign Mission.)

To be published in the *Annals* of Saint Ann. — My good and kind mother Saint Ann, forgive me for not publishing my grateful thanks long before this, as I had promised you I would. I now thank you my own good mother Saint Ann, with my whole heart and soul for keeping me free from Bronchitis, after promising to wear the *Annals* on my bosom for three months. After putting on the *Annals* I was immediatly releived. I thank you Good Mother for the beautiful death my child died after novenas to you, and your sacred picture worn on her little body through her illness, now that I know she is in Heaven, will you Good Saint Ann hold her in your Sacred arms for me, and do not refuse her the many favours and blessings she begs of you through the dear Sacred Heart of Jesus for us. I ask you Good Saint Ann to cure my dear little boy who is suffering from enlarged tonsils and trouble of his nose, he has already under gone an operations and I dread another, Good Saint Ann restore him to health and strenght and that he may breathe freely at night I send you 25 cts as an offering which I promised you Good Saint Ann pray for us your faithful child. Lizzie

Brooklyn N. Y. — Rev. Father, An old subscriber, wishes to have published in the *Annals* of Saint Ann de Beaupre thanksgiving to Good Saint

Ann. I have asked the intercession of Our Blessed Lady, Saint Joseph, Good Saint Anne, and often Saint Joachim and Saint Anthony for a temporal favor sorely needed. It has been granted; so please publish my thanks that others may also be encouraged; as soon as possible. An old subscriber.

For graces obtained through the intercession of Good Saint Ann.

East Brook field Mass. — Mrs M. A. J. D.

Norway Mich. — Mrs John Pette

Lawronce Mass. — B. Fraser.

Unionville Mich. — Ca Poochet.

Bogart Ont. — A subscriber.

Hardford. — K. Hogan.

Hancock Mich. — A. subscriber.

West Gardener Mass. — M. O. N. — Louise N.

Chapeau Qu. — A friend

Norway Mich. — For curing my boy of blood poison and many other favors.
Mrs O. L. Mousseau.

Quebec. — Mrs James Campbell.

Norway Mich. — Fanny Pearney.

Caro Mich. — « My little boy was cured » Mrs Ella Grady.

Belle River. La. — Thanks to Good Saint Ann for a favor obtained after promise of publication in the *Annals*
Mrs A. Aemen.

Allegheny Pa. — Mrs Philip Brady.





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 Nepomucene Neuman, and others who have died in the 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.

POINT ALEXANDER — For special favors. Off. \$1.00 for masses Mrs D. Troncare. — BARTON VT. : « Two Conversions. » A reader. — LANCASTER N. H. : « For two favors. Off. \$1.00 » A Subscriber. — NASHUA N. H. : « Enclosed one dollar for mas » A Subscriber. — MONTREAL : « For a child who is threatened with hip-disease. » — ATLANTIC, MIN. : « Two special favors. » Michel Clark. — BARNABY RIVER N. B. : « Restoration of my health. » J. M. Dalton. — ANOKA MIN. For my health and the health of my daughter. Mrs J. Dejarlais. — NEW HAMBURG ONT. : For several favors. Miss Johanna Weis. — GRAND RAPIDS : « For a poor cripple Mrs M. McAlpine. — For my husband who was addicted to drink. — ERINSVILLE ; « For a conversion. » Mrs J. Howard. — « Several favors » C. M. — COLDWOOD MICH. : « Conversion and other requests » Mrs F. Pine. — BRITTE MONT. « For the recovery of my health » Mrs Bonetty. — « For my little boy » Mr Boudreau. — ALMA TEXAS : « For peace in the family and two other graces » TORBAY Nfld. : « For the cure of Sr. Anthony Dooley and Sr. Agnes. — For a young girls health » — « Several temporal and spiritual favors » Alonzo. — NEW-HAVEN : « To prevent a mixed marriage and for another intention » Mrs Augusta L. Troup. — ALMA TEXAS : « Several requests » Miss Elvena Bisse.

PRAY FOR OUR DEAD.

R. F. Scanlan. C. SS. R.

GANANOQUE ONT : Peter Boyle.

BRANTFORD : Dr John Simon.

UNIONTOWN KY: Dr J. Jenkins

ATLANTIC MAINE : Ed. Valois.

GROSSES COQUES N. S. : Mrs Jos Blin.

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



ST. ALOYSIUS OF GONZAGA.

The law of God is in his heart (*Psalm 36*).

INFORMATION.

SERVICES IN THE BASILICA.

Sunday. — Masses at 6, 7, 9. Blessing of the articles of devotion at 11.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.

Vespers at 4, p. m. followed by Catechism and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Other days. — Masses at 5.30, 6, 7, a. m.

Blessing of the articles of devotion at 11.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 5. p. m.

N. B.—I. Confessions are heard in the Sacristy, every day from 5.30, to 11.30, a. m. and from 4.30 to 6.30, p. m.

II. The Holy Communion is given before and after each mass ; and on Sunday after the sermon at High Mass.

MASSES.

High Mass. — with organ \$5.00 ; — without organ \$3.85.

Perpetual Mass. — By making the offering of 50 cents, in behalf of the Shrine of the good Ste Anne at Beaupré, one will have a right, during life and after death : 1° to one Mass which will be said, every day in perpetuity ; 2° to the public prayers which are offered, every day, at the Shrine, for the benefactors and all persons recommended. One may also associate a departed relative or friend, or any person in whom one takes an interest, by making for the same the said offering.

LIGHTS.

Candles : Triduum, 25 cents. — Novena, 40 or 75 cents.

Lamps : Triduum, 10 cents. — Novena, 25 cents. — For one month 50 cents. — For a year, \$ 5.00

SUNDRY ARTICLES.

Rosaries of the Most Blessed Virgin, from 5 cents to \$12.00.

Crucifixes, from 5 cents to \$3.50.

Crosses made out of the wood of the old church, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Scapulars, from 5 to 25 cents.

Marble tablets for Thanksgiving memorials \$5.00.

Medals of the Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, Good St. Ann, St. Anthony, St. Benedict, St. Alphonsus, Blessed Gerard Majella, the Infant Jesus of Prague, Notre-Dame of Olives etc., etc., from 1 cent to \$6.00.

Statues Pictures and Badges... Heart of gilt bronze... Photographs etc., etc., at moderate prices.

BOOKS.

Great choice of Prayer Books from..... 10 cts. to \$2.50

Manual of the Sacred Heart..... 50 cts. and \$1.00

St. Alphonsus' Prayer Book..... 60 cts to \$1.25

Ten Sermons on the Most Blessed Sacrament, by Reverend Father

H. Banckaert, C. SS. R..... 50 cts.

The Protestant Rule of Faith and the Roman Catholic Church, by Rev.

G. M. Godts, C. SS. R..... 25 "

Novenas in honor of Blessed Gerard..... 5 "

N. B. — We beg to remind our Patrons that all remittances are at their own risk. They should therefore, give their names and addresses, clearly and fully. In sending an order, please enclose the required amount, adding postage or freight charges ; otherwise, postage or freight charges shall be deducted from the value of the article to be forwarded.

DEVOTIONS TO SAINT ANN.

Prayer Book «GOOD SAINT ANN,» cloth, 40 cts.	Per hundred.....	\$ 30.00.
French Motocoo		\$ 1.00.
Novena in honor of Saint Ann, 5 cts.	Per hundred	\$ 3.50.
Manual of the Archconfraternity, 5 cts.	Per hundred	\$ 4.00.
Beads of Saint Ann with explanatory leaflet, from 5 cts. to.....		\$ 1.00.
Admission leaflets to the Archconfraternity,	Per hundred	25 cts.
Small images of Saint Ann, from.....		2 cts. upward.
Large images (13 + 17), 10 cts. Per dozen, 75 cts.	Per hundred	\$ 5.00.
Large gilt chromos of Saint Ann,.....		\$ 1.00.
Insignia of the Archconfraternity :		
Large brass and aluminum medals, 5 cts.	Per hundred	\$ 4.00.
Cross medal, (white metal) 10 cts.	Per hundred	\$ 8.00.
Cross medal, (enamel) 25 cts.	Per hundred	\$ 18.00.

Quebec Railway, Light & Power Co.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

Trains leaving Quebec,

WEEK DAYS : A. M. 6.45 ; 7.45 ; 9.00 ; 10.00 ; 11.45.
P. M. 2.15 ; 3.15 ; 5.15 ; 6.15 ; 7.18.

SUNDAYS : A. M. 6.00 ; 6.30 ; 7.45 ; 8.00.
P. M. 1.45 ; 2.45 ; 6.15.

Trains leaving St. Ann's Church.

WEEK DAYS : A. M. 5.30 ; 7.15 ; 9.00 ; 10.00 ; 11.45.
P. M. 1.15 ; 2.15 ; 3.45 ; 5.15 ; 8.35.

SUNDAYS : A. M. 6.02 ; 11.02 ; 11.32 ; 11.47.
P. M. 4.35 ; 5.02.