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SAINT ANN'S STATUE, MUNICH.



Annals of Saint Anne de Beaupre.

Vol. 15. --o--o-- November, 1901. --o--o-- No. 7.

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Chronicle of the Shrine.

Pilgrimages. — Let us finish with the last week of August.

Monday, 26th. — To-day the *Brothers of Mary* came to pay their annual visit to Good Saint Ann. They were 15 in number, and were accompanied by 30 of their young students whom they have kindly undertaken to educate with the hope that some day, they will join their ranks and devote their lives to the education of abandoned youth. The good Brothers came to place themselves under the protection of dear Saint Ann. Her maternal shield will certainly protect them from all harm, and her loving heart will pour down her choicest blessings upon them.

Tuesday, 27th. — At seven o'clock a. m. the parvis of the Basilica was covered with people: 1350 pilgrims and 30 priests were pouring into the church. It was *Sherbrooke's* second pilgrimage to the Shrine, and was a worthy reminder of its first pilgrimage, June 14th. The procession was really beautiful and soul-stirring. They prayed with great recollection and sang most enthusiastically.

Wednesday, 28th. — A beautiful day to favor the third pilgrimage from *Saint Hyacinthe*. Thirty priests came with 1100 parishioners,

implored the protection and intercession of the Virgin's Mother. Their prayers were undoubtedly answered, for who could refuse to listen benignly to such supplications? May Good Saint Ann bless and protect her children !

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 1st. — Old Sol was anything but good, yesterday and to-day. Saturday, his absence almost spoiled the pilgrimage from *Saint Joseph's Parish*, Montreal. It rained so heavily, that only 400 pilgrims had sufficient courage to venture out on a visit to the Shrine. To-day, Sunday, Sol was still sulky, hiding behind the clouds and refusing us his warm rays. It was partially on his account that only 700 pilgrims of the youthful portion of *Saint Saviour*, Quebec, came down on their annual visit to their Patroness. Had Sol been a little kinder, they would have numbered some 1500 persons.

Friday, 6th. — The Rev. Fr. Giroux, P. P., of *Saint Ambrose of Young Loretta*, accompanied 1000 of his flock in their yearly pilgrimage to Saint Ann. Last year they numbered only 700. This year's increase is due to his own zeal in propagating among his people the devotion to dear Saint Ann. May she reward him for his energy, give him back that health which he may have impaired in working for her glory ; may she bless and protect his parishioners !

The White Fathers of Africa. — Not long ago the White Fathers of Our Lady of Africa, opened a novitiate in Quebec for the reception of Canadian novices. Yesterday, Thursday, six of them had taken the habit with the intention of consecrating their lives to the continuation of the work begun by Cardinal Lavigerie, and to-day they came to implore Saint Ann's blessing upon their noble enterprise. We join our prayers to theirs, beseeching Canada's Patroness to protect them, to grant them perseverance, and, if needs be, strength to shed their life's blood for the conversion of souls.

Sunday, 8th. — Forty five Quebec *Zouaves*, accompanied by the Parish Priest of Notre Dame's Basilica, Quebec and 1200 friends, stormed Saint Ann's shrine. They met with no resistance ; the doors were thrown wide open to the glorious Champions of the Papal cause, and we pray that the crown they hoped to win in falling in Christ's cause, will be all the brighter when God will place it on their foreheads after death.

That same day, eight hundred people came from *Saint Romuald*, and joined the Zouaves in their procession through the garden. They were martialled around by Father Cyril, whose gallant, soldierly physique never showed to better advantage.

O dear Saint Ann, this is the second time, this year, that the Pontifical Zouaves have knelt in suppliant prayer before your throne. Ah! in blessing these old faithful Champions of your Daughter's Son, Jesus, strengthen the faith of the rising generation, bind their hearts in undying devotion to the Roman Catholic doctrine, the only one guiding weak faltering man on the road to salvation. Teach them submission, obedience to the Holy See. Grant that they may ever love and stand by their priests in the hour of trial. Grant that charity and mutual confidence may always reign in their hearts. Grant them a fervent love for Jesus that they may always resist temptation and die in His holy love.

Wednesday, 11th. — Last night, 333 pilgrims and 10 priests arrived unexpectedly from *Roberval*. Some forty years ago, the district of Lake Saint John was one vast forest, but, to day, the traveler will meet some fifteen parishes or so, that are flourishing where wild woods once stood, and where God is now known, adored and loved.

Sunday, 15th. — Eighteen hundred pilgrims. *Saint Joseph de Levis* arrived at the Shrine, at 7 A. M. and departed at 3 P. M. The 700 persons who formed the pilgrimage made good use of the eight hours they had to spend in prayer. What fervent supplications went up to the Throne of Mercy through the intercession of Good Saint Ann, and what peace and consolation descended into the souls of the suppliants. May it never be said that they have been ungrateful to their Benefactress.

Twelve C. P. R. passenger cars brought us 600 pilgrims from *Saint Gabriel de Brandon*, who were accompanied by Rev. Father Sylvestre, P. P.

Sudden Death. — One of the Saint Gabriel's pilgrims, Mr. Plante, 32 years of age, was just finishing his confession when he suddenly said to the confessor: « Father, I feel tired. » They were his last words, he fell heavily backward, and died in a few minutes. The priest had just time to anoint him before Death accomplished its work. Let us hope it was merciful! And, why not? Mr. Plante

was looked upon as a good staunch Catholic. He had been to confession and communion the Sunday previous : he died when finishing his confession, and while on a pilgrimage to Good Saint Ann : so many reasons to make us hope that his soul met with mercy and pardon at God's tribunal.

At 11 o'clock A. M., just before the return of the Brandon pilgrimage, the body was carried into the Basilica, the *Libera* was chanted, with Rev. Father De Nys presiding. Dear Readers, do pray for that departed soul, and be ever ready " for you know not what hour your Lord will come. "

The third pilgrimage came from *Limoilou*, near Quebec. Five hundred souls accompanied their Parish Priest, Father Albert Coté, to implore Saint Ann's protection for their young parish, for their families and all their undertakings.



Our dead ! Our beloved dead ! Loved even more strongly in death than in life because they are nearer to God. How consoling the doctrine that assures us we can pray for them ! Are they suffering ? We know not ; but love bids us pray for them, and pray for them continually, that the hand of the Lord be not heavy upon them. Pray for our dead ! Oh ! Let us never forget our dead ! They love us, and plead for our prayers. Pray for our dead that eternal rest may come to them, and that perpetual light may shine upon them.



Impressions at Saint Ann's.

II



NE day is like another at Saint Ann de Beaupré. You may rise early or late and you will be able to hear one or many masses as your intentions are. The bells chime every quarter of an hour; there are always pilgrims coming and going; always crowds in the Church, always devout worshippers, even the alertly curious non-Catholics who come as spectators -- and, sometimes, remain as clients; for Saint Ann's favors are not bestowed upon Catholics alone. Protestants have tested her powers and experienced their efficacy.

The morning after our arrival, the pilgrims' mass was at 5 o'clock, and not one of our thousand tired travelers from Yankee Land, was missing. I believe we had the honor of coming the greatest distance of any of the pilgrims, thus far in the season, for the vast proportion of pilgrimages are Canadian. We had the good fortune of having first class musicians in our band of pilgrims, therefore, the instrumental and vocal music was exceptionally fine.

One may stay a day or a week or a month or a summer at Saint Ann's. We remained a week, and, during that time, we had plenty of time to ramble about the quaint village with its one street, its gayly painted one story houses, deep roofed and curiously decorated, before which, almost invariably, there is a handsome display of brilliant geraniums in full bloom. We climbed the long hill, crossing the omnipresent fences by means of convenient stiles. The farmhouses in coats of dull ultramarine blue, with red trimmings and bright green window shutters, were as picturesque as they were primitive and quaint, and deliciously clean and cool. One enjoys a breeze at Beaupré that savors strongly of the sea whose tides affect the river at this point. The arduous climb is amply repaid by the magnificent panorama outspread at one's feet. The flashing waters have widened into a lovely bay, dotted by green islands and bordered by the blue of distant mountains. Here the verdant

length of Orleans Isle divides the mighty waters of St. Lawrence into two long prongs of shining silver; there Cape Tourmente rears his haughty frontlet, lion-like, above the sheeny splendor of the river, his strong feet planted deeply in its flood. A distant sail or two, or the smoke of a passing steamer, and the flash of birds' wings, are the only signs of life that give animation to the grand expanse of sky and water, which, otherwise, would be lonely in its loveliness.

Of course, the Church is our centre of attraction; and there we spend the fleeting hours in great peace of heart, admiring its many beauties, when not teasing our Good Saint with our reiteration of implored favors. The Church is mammoth for such a small village, which statement reminds us that it does not belong to tiny Beupré alone, but to the world. It is 200 feet long and 120 wide, including the 16 side chapels, in which are elegant altars and statues of saints that are exceptionally artistic. Four of these altars (the two on either side of the main sanctuary,) and the three in the sanctuary are *privileged*, enjoying the same favors as the seven altars of Saint Peter's at Rome. The interior height of the Church is 58 feet, the arched dome being decorated in blue, with golden stars, conferring an airiness and increased impression of loftiness, that the fluted Corinthian pillars do much to accentuate. The decoration is oriental in its dull blues, deep reds, and interlacing traceries of gold. The only frescoes are above the long line of tall columns, at the base of the dome. They are semi-circular in shape, and represent various scenes by land and sea, all proclaiming with mute eloquence, the power of Saint Ann and the appreciation of grateful hearts. The floor is very handsomely inlaid with polished red and gray granite tiles from Vermont quarries; the sanctuary floor being specially admired both for its design and finish. The main altar is of pure white Carrara marble, beautifully carved, the canopy being most graceful, and the sacrificial sculptures beneath the table, particularly artistic. These groups in bas-reliefs represent the high-priest in prayer, Melchisedec offering the bread and wine, and Abraham sacrificing Isaac. The canopy is a mosaic of small squares where in the centre of each, small electric bulbs will be placed

when the Church is wired in the Fall. The wainscotting of the sanctuary is of dark oak richly carved above the priests' stalls; the bishops' thrones on either sides being noticeably ornate. The altar to the right is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, that at the left, to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, special patroness of the Redemptorist Order, whose Fathers have charge of the Shrine.

Near the altar of the Sacred Heart, just inside the sanctuary rail of exquisitely carved Carrara marble, there is a shrine of brass work enclosed in a glass case. In the centre of this pillared shrine one perceives a golden hand pointing upwards. This hand is made of pure metal, and, on high festivals in honor of St. Ann, the great relic is placed within for veneration by the faithful. The sanctuary rail is an art-treasure in its exquisite workmanship, and well repays a careful study of the different groups and carved symbols which adorn it. The figures in the central gate are the lamb and pelican, — symbols of mankind's Redeemer; the other groups represent the Jews gathering manna, the miracle at Cana, Melchisedec offering bread and wine, Abraham sacrificing Isaac, the Agony in the Garden, and the Last Supper, — each panel being separated by smaller ones carved with symbolic vines and grapes: — the whole being a masterpiece of art and the most beautiful sanctuary-rail in the country. The side walls of the nave are lined with highly polished marble tiles, in which are inserted white marble tablets in testimony of cures performed; they are the ex-votos of grateful people. There are no stained glass windows in the nave, which is one thing lacking.

Behind the main altar is a good sized chapel which is called the sacristy. It contains an altar, confessionals, some very fine stations of the Cross, a bureau of information and the « Treasure case. »

Above this case hang three oil paintings supposed to be original Ruben's. The treasures are gifts of Anne of Austria, d'Iberville, and Louis XIV, as well as altar vessels of solid gold and silver, sparkling with precious gems. Most of these have been made from the free will offerings of grateful hearts who have come to St. Ann's shrine burdened with sorrow and afflictions, to go away healed! The ostensorium is made out of the purified

gold of 200 watches ; there are also several rich chalices of like material, each being incrustcd with diamonds and rubies, as well as the blue of sapphires, the yellow of the topaz and the snow of pearls. Festoons of rich chains and heaps of begrimed bracelets there await a like holy fate. Here are the primitive altar vessels of massive silver, and the ancient statue and pictures of Saint Ann, and other quaint articles as valuable from a religious point of view as the rich gold and flashing gems.

The Chapel of Santa Scala or Holy Stairs must, now, be visited, and in company with our Redemptoristic guide, genial Father Billiau, we pass out of the side entrance to the basilica, cross the road and pass the miraculous spring trickling out of its rocky source by the wayside. Above it, in a leafy bower, a small statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, reminds one of the famous grotto beyond the seas. Tradition tells of a blind girl who was cured at this spring, by placing its water upon her darkened eyes. The Scala Santa is a very simple building in point of architecture, but its interior adornment is rich with rarely beautiful groups of statuary by the Belgian artist Elbig, and the delicately executed frescoes of Brother Hdefonse, a member of the Redemptorists. To climb the exterior stairs leading to the Scala Santa, is no small test of one's lung powers as well as piety, therefore, after accomplishing the uplifting tack, we are glad to rest at the entrance and admire the groups of statuary. The one on the right is the Betrayal of Judas ; to the left, the Agony in the Garden. Underneath each group is an appropriate scriptural quotation, such as : « Judas, wouldst thou betray the Son of man with a kiss ? » and « Father, not my will but Thine be done. » We then pass into the inner chapel, where the statuary represents, on the right Our Lady of Pity, (or the Pieta) : the dead Christ on his Mother's lap, — « And thy own soul a sword shall pierce » tells the pitiful story of Simeon's prophecy fulfilled. The face of the sorrowful Mother is most touching in its pathos. The Crucifixion is in the centre with lifesize figures of Saint John and Our Lady. On the left, is Our Lord meeting Magdalen after the Resurrection, when He first appears to her as the Gardener. The figure of

Magdalene is very beautiful with its oriental head-dress. One can easily imagine the parted lips uttering the endearing term « Rabboni, » as the glad eyes look their surprised delight. The Holy Stairs and chapel are the prototype of the world famed Scala Santa, at Rome. The twenty eight steps represent the original steps of Pilate's Judgement Hall, up which, crowned and bleeding, Our Savior walked so often. Relics of the Holy Land are bedded in every stair. At the top of the steps is the Pilate group « Behold the Man, » and at either side, the « Flagellation » and the « Veronica » group. The walls are frescoed in excellent copies of Palestinian scenes, painted by gifted Brother Ildefonse.

We visit the Calvary Chapel in the cemetery, next, and finally return to the basilica for another and a longer look at the most interesting and eloquent testimonials to the powers and pity of Good St. Ann: the two pyramids of crutches on either side of the main entrance.

Eloquent tongues and devout souls may proclaim the glories of the Saint; churches may be built in her honor and enriched with gold and gems; pens may eulogize her greatness, and hymns be composed in her honor: but neither eloquence, nor music, nor grandeur, nor even piety so exalt her as those towering testimonials of her compassion on the suffering and her power with God. In the presence of those mutely eloquent preachers of her goodness, the proud minds of men are humbled, their hard hearts are softened, and barren souls are flooded with the wondrous gift of Faith. There they hang, pitiful reminders of sufferings and afflictions long endured, — every kind of mechanical contrivance for the alleviation of crippled and distorted humanity, which, here at St. Ann's Shrine, have been healed of their ills for the glory of God. You will find all sizes and shapes of crutches, canes, braces, boots, plaster cases for nerveless and deformed bodies and limbs, showing that every kind of deformity has been healed. In all St. Ann's, these pyramids of crutches are the most unique and touchingly eloquent things to be found. — We must mention that the relic at the base of Saint Ann's statue is not a part of her person, but a portion of stone from her home in Jerusalem.

Our time at Saint Ann's is finished, and our hearts are truly regretful as we say. « Au Revoir » (for we mean to come again) to her Shrine, and are whirled away toward Quebec on our homeward journey. We stand on the rear platform of the trolley, and gaze wistfully at the place where peace came to us, until the tall gray towers disappear from view in the white mists of the morning.

MISS K. F. MULLANY,

Pittsfield, Mass.



How strangely mysterious is the law that presides over the departure of souls from this world! Young or old, tarnished by vice or resplendent with virtue, they disappear into silence; they go forth without telling who summons them, without saying why or how. Their face suddenly sets towards eternity and looks back on us no more; so irresistible is the beauty that enraptures, or the power that seizes them. A voice has called them in the eternal distance. A sound has vibrated, like a funeral reveille, which they alone can hear. And, while ignorant of what thus absorbs them, we still seek to retain them, to speak to them, noiselessly they escape without bidding us farewell, gliding as invisible phantoms from our loving hand.



Man's Forgetfulness of Eternity.

ST. John Damascene gives an apt illustration of man's foolish and perverse attachment to earthly things, by a most ingenious parable, wherein he truthfully portrays the state of this life. « A certain man, » says he, « was pursued by a furious unicorn, which made the very mountains tremble and the valleys resound with its roaring. Heedless, through fear, of the path before him, the man rushed headlong into a deep ravine. Stretching out his arm to catch at anything that might stay his fall, he happened to alight upon the branches of a tree which grew out at the side of the ravine, and seized upon it with much joy, hoping he had thus both escaped the fury of the beast and the danger of his fall. Looking toward the foot of the tree, he perceived two large rats, the one white, the other black, which were incessantly gnawing its root and had already progressed so far, that the tree was about to fall. At the bottom of the pit, he beheld a most deformed dragon with flaming eyes fixed upon him, and with open jaws, awaiting his fall to devour him. On the side of the pit where the tree grew, there appeared four poisonous asps shooting forth their mortal sting. However, upon noticing the leaves of the tree, he perceived some of them distilling certain drops of honey, which so greatly pleased him that, forgetting the dangers which threatened him on all sides, he devoted himself wholly in gathering and tasting, drop by drop, that small quantity of honey, without reflecting or making further account either of the fierce unicorn above him or of the horrible dragon beneath him, of the poisonous asps beside him, or the weakened tree, which was ready to fall and precipitate him into the deep. — This image represents to us the state of man, who, forgetful of the manifold perils of transitory life, surrenders himself entirely to vain pleasures. For the unicorn signifies death, which follows and pursues man from the very hour of his birth ; the pit is the world full of evils and miseries ; the tree illustrates the course of life, the two rats typifying day and night, which continually second one another consuming it ; the four asps are the four elements or humors, of which the body of man is composed, the excess of any one of which distempers the whole constitution of the body, and at last destroys it ; the horrid dragons recall the eternity of hell, which distends its throat and jaws to swallow sinners ; the small drops of honey are the pleasures and delights of this world ; and so great is the diversion which they cause, that a man, though seeing himself encompassed on all sides by so many

dangers of death, which are as many mouths and gates of eternity, nevertheless contents himself with the momentary delights of these small drops of honey, and grows entirely oblivious of eternity until death overtakes him.



Judge kindly.

How often do we pass judgment on a fellow man by simply considering his faults and weaknesses, never thinking to give credit for the good there is in him. A man may live with us for years — honest, upright and respected, who at middle age or near the end of his life, makes some mistake in the pathway and falls ; and from that condition the world too often judges him, entirely forgetting the good things he has done, and the bright spots upon the horizon of his life.

In passing judgment on our fellow men let us always try to find the bright ray. To the present vision there may be a dark cloud, but look beyond and find the sunshine. Do not judge a man wholly by his failings, for, though they may be many, they cannot obscure all his good qualities, if due credit is given to the latter.

It doesn't take long to enumerate a man's feelings. As a rule they stand out in startling prominence, and the whole world is ready to tell you what they are. There is always an abundance of black paint on hand, and plenty of workers willing to use it, unconscious of the injury they are doing, while few, if any, will take the trouble to tell the good there is behind the dark picture presented.

Let us look for the good there is in men, and not cast them off until the searchlight of true justice has penetrated their lives. Offset their good deeds against the errors, and, unless the bad outnumber the good, there is a balance on the credit side in the scale of manhood.

Weigh carefully before placing the seal of condemnation upon a fellow mortal.

“ Don't look for flaws as you go through life,
 And even when you find them,
 It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
 And look for virtue behind them ;
 For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
 Somewhere in the shadow hiding ;
 It is better by far to look for a star
 Than the spots on the sun abiding. ”



Confidence.

THE HEART OF HER HUSBAND TRUSTETH IN HER. (PROV. XXXI.)

THESE words of the Holy Ghost denote the first quality that a husband must find in his wife, — she deserves his confidence, she may be trusted ; with that, the man shall be happy, without it, his existence will be one of continual misery. As husband and father of a family, his happiness here below depends upon the amount of faith he can place in his wife.

Confidence might be defined : « a certain feeling by which we believe implicitly what another person tells us, by which we follow his counsels blindly and confide our innermost secrets to his keeping. » That feeling springs from the knowledge we possess of the person's qualities and accomplishments, or from the need in which we are of his assistance. It does not simply depend upon man to give his confidence to another ; confidence must be won, and, when once given, the person confided in, may strengthen or weaken it, by showing herself worthy or unworthy of the trust given. Naturally, suspicions may sometimes arise, but they will soon disappear before the continual example of true virtue and fidelity. Confidence is the soul of life, the charm of human intercourse, the chain uniting two hearts already bound in love. Something like death exists in a home where confidence is not to be found ; in fact, something worse, an existence replete with misery.

Were I speaking to men, I would say : « Act in such a manner that your wives may be able to trust you, because confidence is not given, disposed of at will ; it must be won, elicited by a continual repetition of upright acts. But since women and not men are the object of these lines, let them live in such a way, that they may always deserve their husbands' confidence by leading an exemplary life of sweet virtue, of patience and constancy, principally in vexatious moments. A man may have great faults, he may be a victim to some degrading vice, he may have his hours of anger, during which most insulting words and phrases may be hurled at his wife ; nevertheless, if she be what she should be, when passion's storm will be passed, repentance will return to the husband's heart, and notwithstanding violent words to which rage seemed to give credence, he will learn to respect her

and give her all his confidence. Man cannot persist in despising righteousness which never falters amid the greatest trials ; his brow will incline to virtue, he will become faithful again and trust as of old.

How happy the home, where the hearts of husband and wife are bound together in mutual confidence, where the fusion of thoughts exists. Such a union is one of Heaven's most precious blessings on man. It constitutes the riches, the happiness of family life. The home blessed with such a union, is like a parvis of Paradise. In that state of mutual confidence, the husband gives in trust to his wife's soul, his pains and troubles, his future hopes and projects, his success and failures ; and she, in return, encourages him in his undertakings, adding a word of advice or warning (for two heads are better than one), she consoles him in his sorrows, smoothes his furrowed brow, and, knowing his intentions, she appeals to the Father of all, to bless her husband's projects.

The greatest saints have required the assistance of pious and devoted women to succeed in their undertakings. Do we not read in the Gospels and Epistles, the names of many saintly females who have assisted the Apostles in spreading the light of the true Faith? And, in the present time, how many thousand nuns have embraced a voluntary exile in distant countries, helping missionaries in the conversion of infidels? I do not mean to say that they preach by word ; no, they convert people by the example of their holy lives, by making good use of the ascendancy which God has given woman over man's heart, whereby he trusts and confides in her.

Well, a women should do likewise with her husband. She should win his confidence in helping him to bear life's burden ; and one of the surest ways to attain that end, is to attend strictly to her household duties. Let her be tidy, dutiful about her house which is her palace; she is its queen, and, as such, she should do all in her power to see that everything is in its proper place. Common sense will tell everyone that when inanimate objects are left to themselves, they cannot move to their proper position. They must be placed there by someone. Neither will abundancy enter a house of its own accord, and all necessities of life must be attended to, prepared. In other words, a wife must attend to her work at home, she must love her household and place her happiness therein. How many only find happiness when in the homes of others, causing them to participate in their fault by also neglecting their household duties. The husband is absent all day. The wife is at home alone with her conscience and her God. Alone,

all alone! How heavily that solitude weighs upon her shoulders. A neighbor is living close by. She must also be lonesome. The temptation to gossip arises in her heart. Well, it is not a temptation; it is a simple desire to meet for a few moments and make an exchange of news and current events. Domestic duties will be attended to after her return. They meet. Conversations between female neighbors are always long, and, undoubtedly, most interesting! The minutes soon run into hours, and home is forgotten.

The husband returns from his daily occupations, he sees everything in disorder, (the same as when he had departed in the morning) and the meal is not ready, or it is badly prepared. He may say nothing, but he will begin to think and wonder what his wife has been doing during the day. That thought will pursue, will haunt him, his love will begin to wane, his confidence will weaken, and the foundation of their happiness receives its first rent. Bear in mind that no one insinuates the wife's conversations to be what they should not be, or her conduct to be reproachful. There is simply a conflict between love, duty and pleasure. The last named is victorious. The wife prefers her own slothful enjoyment to the fulfilment of duty which her husband's love demands from her. —

Yes, everyone admits that it is hard to remain continually at home, that the daily repetition of domestic occupations is wearisome, that it is trying, in the extreme, to preside over family affairs for months, for years, for a lifetime. But why grumble? Such is a wife's calling, such is her sublime vocation. Why should she forget that God is ever near, that He sees all, that He counts every step, every action performed through love for Him. that He will reward them in this life and in the next?



Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred into love, revenge into kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a person resemble an angel in Paradise.

Ashamed of Mother.



AS is the day in a boy's life when shame covers his brow at the sight or thought of his poor mother. It is a day of keenest sorrow to a loving mother, when the knowledge dawns upon her that her presence brings apparent disgrace on him, simply because she is lacking in some of the modern graces and acquired refinements of life.

A story is told of a poor, ignorant woman who had the highest ambition for her son, her only child. She had worked early and late at her loom, as a weaver of rag carpets. She had denied herself everything but the bare necessities of life, that her son might get a proper schooling. No one but herself knew or ever will know the sacrifices she made with this end in view. She grew old and bent at her loom, but her's was a labor of love, and she never complained.

« I shall be fully repaid for all my pains when I see my son graduate » she would frequently say. « It will be the happiest day of my life, if God only gives me strength to see it. »

Some of her friends feared that she would never live to see her fond hopes realized, if she kept on working beyond her strength. She grew thin and pale from sitting so many hours a day at her machine. She became round-shouldered, and her eyes grew dull and tired looking, excepting when she spoke of her dear boy ; then, they would sparkle with a light of love. She worked still harder as the time of her son's graduation drew near.

« I have to » she would say when friends would protest against her slavery. « You know I am going to see my son graduate, and I must have fit clothes to wear. Then it will cost a good deal to go to the college-town where he is. And there's the new suit of clothes for my boy to graduate in, for I want him to look as nice as anybody else. To see him graduate will fully repay me for all the years and years I have worked so hard for him. »

But, alas ! she did not see her ungrateful idol graduate. In the midst of her preparations for the journey, a letter came from her boy, in which he frankly admitted that « it might be embarrassing to both of us if you came to see me. You are so unused to the customs of city life, and your country ways would be criticised in a manner that would be very annoying to me. »

The real meaning of the letter was but too apparent to her. Her

presence would annoy the young *gentleman*, — he would be ashamed of his *poor* mother to be seen in the company of *well-dressed* people ! She tried to believe that « her boy was right, » but in her heart, she felt the full force and bitter cruelty of the letter. She loved him, but her love could not blind her to his ingratitude. She read his missive again and again through blinding tears, and then burned it, that no eyes but her own would ever behold her boy's disloyalty. While the flames consumed the cruel lines, all her hopes of years became as ashes, and her heart received a wound that no lapse of time would ever heal.

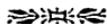
Who can refrain from hoping that a day came in which the ungrateful son was made to feel the selfishness and sinfulness of having been ashamed of such a mother ? — And do we ever wish misfortune to ourselves when we think of our deep ingratitude, of our heart's coldness to the undying love and devotedness of our loving Mother Mary ?



Mass For The Dead.

Oh ! write not on the tombstones both of sinner and of saint.
 That all alike have gone to God without an earthly taint ;
 'Tis a lie you tell the living, 'tis a mocking of the dead,
 'Tis an outrage to the holy God, most holy and most dread ;
 'Tis dishonor to the blessed lips of Him from whom we heard
 That we shall give account to God for every idle word.
 Yet hope we for our brother, though his life was foul to see,
 And fear we for our brother, though a saint he seemed to be ;
 The sinner may have wept for sin, though we know not when or how,
 And the saint must be unblemished ere he lift his crowned brow.
 Let us pray and let us offer the all-prevailing Mass,
 While through the cleansing flames to God the ransomed spirits pass.
 O Friend, thy brother's helper, remember thou art clay,
 Pray for the souls departed, and *for thy own soul pray.*

T. E. BRIDGETT, C. S. S. R.





A Christian Rule of life under
THE GUIDANCE OF GOOD ST. ANN.



*Q*n Prayer. — The way to keep up and increase the love of God is plain and simple. There is nothing about it you cannot easily understand, nothing you cannot easily do. It will depend chiefly on one thing, whether you pray, and have regular daily habits of prayer. By prayer I do not mean going over the words written in a book. No; there may be prayer without the help of a book as well as with it. Prayer means to converse or talk with God, or, as some say, to raise the soul to God.

But what shall we talk with Him about? I will tell you. Faith teaches us who God is, and what He is, what He loves and wishes. It teaches that He knows all and can do all; that He loves us, that His love for us is very great, and that on account of this love, He redeemed and purchased us with His own blood. It tells us that He came down from heaven and became one of us, lived here in poverty, and suffered and died on the cross, to open the gates of heaven to us. — At the same time we know how miserable and poor we are of ourselves, and what constant need we have of help from God to get along, in body and soul.

Do you not see, then, how many things we have to talk to God about; how much to think about before God? Now this thinking of God, talking with Him, this begging of Him what you need, this is prayer. And you can easily see that this does not depend on book-learning. Indeed, even if you can read, and are accustomed to use a book when you pray, I would advise you not to read over the prayers merely, or to go over a great many at a time, but to pause from time to time as you go along, and to think and talk with God as much as you can out of your heart and soul. One little prayer with a great deal of heart in it, a great deal of the simple talking of the heart with God, is worth more than whole pages of prayers, read off without heart from a book.

Now let me give you an example of this. An old woman came to St. Teresa one day, who seemed to have something on her mind that made her feel very bad. «What is the matter,» said the Saint. «Oh dear! replied the old woman, «I should like to pray, but I cannot. I can't even get through the Lord's prayer. I begin «Our Father who art in heaven» — then I think, *My Father* in heaven! who is it that allows me to call Him *Father*? The great and wonderful God. «I think a long while in astonishment on this. I think what this name of father means; what love it shows on his part; what a happiness it is to have such a father. I get running on so in my heart that it seems to me I never come to an end, and cannot for the life of me finish the prayer.» St. Teresa was full of admiration at the old woman's account of her prayer, and told her to go on praying just that very way, for it was all right, and a great favor from God to be able to pray in that manner.

The fact is, prayer is a very simple thing, and suited to all sorts and conditions of men — to the ignorant as well as to those that have learning; to those who cannot read as well as to those who can; to children as well as to grown people. Indeed, the more simple, childlike, unaffected dispositions you bring before God, the easier and better will be your prayer. — So, I do not doubt that there are some good laborers, with little or no learning of books, who, from their great wish to love God, pray easier, love prayer more, and practise it with more constancy and pleasure than many of those who have learning and a great variety of books to help them.

The hermits of the deserts were the great models of prayer. They learned the great secret of praying all the time. And who were they? Mostly, very unlearned and simple people, who, while they labored with their hands, in their own simple way, talked in their hearts with their God and Saviour. — You see, then, you can pray, no matter what your condition may be. But in order to pray, well, you must pray regularly and constantly. If you have not a habit of praying, the chance is you will not pray much. It will slip little by little out of your mind, until you drop it entirely.

DAILY EXERCISES OF PRAYER. — *Morning prayer.* — But

you ask me, at what time should I pray? I answer, begin in the morning when you first get up. Then you are beginning a new day. A great number of things will take place during that day. It may turn out very much to your soul's advantage, or it may be quite the other way. Then it is well early in the morning to make a good start for the day. If a good thought, a good resolution, or a pious wish gets entrance first into your soul, it will go far to keep everything right during the day, and make it a fruitful one for the love of God and virtue.

Then, as soon as you can after waking, try to think some pious thought, or make some pious wish. For example: « God keep me from sin this day » or « may I pass this day so that I shall be more secure of heaven at night. » — When you wash your face and hands, say « Wash me more and more from my sins. » When you dress, say « clothe me with justice, with true virtues, that I may be pleasing in Thy sight. » Such practices are very good; they have a greater effect than they seem to have at the time, and prepare the soul for prayer. When you are dressed, try to get a little time to kneel down and make a prayer to God, to recommend yourself to Him, to beg His protection for the day, to make a good intention to please God in all you do or have to suffer.

« Oh! but I have no time for this. My work is so hard and so pressing. The breakfast must be got so early, or the children must be taken care of. » Well, I know this will often be the case, a servant will hardly have time, as they say, to turn around; but for all that take a little time to pray. God will accept a little, under such circumstances, and give as much grace as if you had spent more time, for He sees that you have trouble to give Him even that little. — Get up five minutes earlier, and give Him that five minutes, and you cannot tell what a benefit it will draw down upon your soul. If you had a dear friend who was going away early in the morning, how gladly you would leave your bed half an hour earlier to bid him good-bye. Why not then devote at least a few minutes of your sleep, if necessary, in order that you may talk with our dear Lord, and get your heart bent and inclined to spend the whole day cheerfully and joyfully in His service.

But sometimes one gets up, as they say, wrong foot foremost ; that is, one feels so out of sorts, so cross and ill-natured, that one hardly knows what to do with one's self. At such times everything looks dark, and is likely to go wrong, and many a laborer who has not the habit of turning to God in prayer, is turned all that day to evil, to passion, to dark and wicked thoughts. Many a one has lost a good place by simply giving way to such feelings. — It is on such occasions, and they will happen to everyone sometimes, that we see the power and loveliness of the habit of offering one's self with fervor to God in the morning. As soon as bad humor comes over one, this offering changes it all into a sweet and calm resignation to the holy will of God.

The dreariness of the world inspires a longing for God and heaven, and all that would foster sin and evil habits of passion, now only draws and unites one more closely to God, according to Holy Scripture: « All things work together for good to those who love the Lord. » (Rom. 8-28). — Then never mind how you feel in the morning ; if you are out of sorts, if you feel ill-humored and cross, if you feel even wicked and inclined to evil, if praying is burdensome to you — go right on, all the same, cast yourself on God your Saviour ; tell him at least you desire to be good ; that you will not give way to these evil feelings, that you cannot help them ; but you wish to be always mild, and good, and gentle, and ask the grace that you may go on, and do your duty, and imitate your Lord the same as if you felt ever so devout.

I cannot tell you how much you gain by such a course. These are the very times when we triumph over the devil, when we are dearest to God, advance the most in virtue, and go farthest in fixing the soul so that it cannot be moved in all that is good. Then, on no account, though your occupation may give you little time, omit this offering of yourself to God in the morning, and unite yourself to Him with fervor and with you whole soul. All this is not easy at first because you not used to it, but it will soon become easy, and you will get so used to it and so fond of it, that you would as soon lose your breakfast as to omit it. If called away suddenly from

prayers, your heart would continue to speak to God, though your hands and feet were occupied with something else, and you would perhaps pray with more fervor than if you had plenty of time at your own disposal.

A. M. BILLIAU, C. SS. R



A Daily Prayer to Jesus for the suffering souls.

O most sweet Jesus, through the bloody sweat which Thou didst suffer in the Garden of Gethsemani, have mercy on the blessed souls. — *Have mercy on them, O Lord, have mercy on them*

O most sweet Jesus, through the pains which Thou didst suffer during Thy most cruel scourging, have mercy on them. — *Have mercy on them, etc.*

O most sweet Jesus, through the pains which Thou didst suffer in Thy most painful crowning with thorns, have mercy on them. — *Have mercy on them, etc.*

O most sweet Jesus, through the pains which Thou didst suffer in carrying Thy cross to Calvary, have mercy on them. — *Have mercy on them, etc.*

O most sweet Jesus, through the pains which Thou didst suffer during Thy most cruel crucifixion, have mercy on them. — *Have mercy on them, etc.*

O most sweet Jesus, through the pains which Thou didst suffer in Thy most bitter agony on the cross, have mercy on them. — *Have mercy on them, etc.*

O most sweet Jesus, through that immense pain which Thou didst suffer in breathing forth Thy blessed soul, have mercy on them. — *Have mercy on them, etc.*

STANDPOINT OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC ON RELIGION.

THE *Bible and the Church.*—« Bible Religion » is both the recognized title and the best description of national religion in Protestant countries. It consists not in rites or creeds, but mainly in having the Bible read in Church, in the family, and in private. What Scripture especially illustrates from its first page to its last, is God's Providence; and that is nearly the only doctrine held with a real assent by the mass of religions Protestants. I am not speaking of particular denominations, sects, schools and parties, but of the mass of piously-minded and well-living people in all ranks of the community.

So far the indiscriminate reading of the Bible has been of service; still, much more is necessary to answer the idea of a religion. Whereas it professes to be little more than thus reading the Bible and living a correct life, it has been comparatively careless of creed; and has in consequence shown little sense of the need of consistency in the matter of its teaching. All this naturally follows from the common-place Protestant position of « the Bible and the Bible only » interpreted by each man's private judgment, as being the sole divinely appointed guide for each individual Christian.

Catholics, on the contrary, are consistent in their belief and united in faith, because holding with no less reverence the Bible as the word of God, they hold also that our Lord has appointed a living body of teachers, in other words, a Church, as the guardian, dispenser, and infallible interpreter of the Word of God.

— Sir, this is the key of the whole citadel, and it is useless for persons to weary and irritate themselves with attacking details, when the key of the position remains uncaptured.

Just my mind. As long as the principle of « the Bible and the Bible only » is supposed to be impregnable, or persons are allowed to believe that we argue with them on their own round, we shall make little real progress with them.

— Well, take that bull by the horns, man. And tackle him if you dare. Face the question at once.

I am at your orders. First, I will try to make it clear that the other system won't do, and next, I will show that the Catholic Church is the divinely appointed way of arriving at the true meaning of revelation. Indeed, the precise question is as to the true and genuine meaning of the New Testament, and I pointed out to you the other day that Primitive Christians, having been taught by the Apostles and their immediate disciples by word of mouth, held certain doctrines, which are distinctively not Protestant, and which are as distinctively Catholic. Hence I drew the conclusion, that the claim of Protestantism to be identical with primitive Christianity, will not stand. I will just now prove that the principle of «the Bible and the Bible only» which is the fount of all the modern errors of Protestant Christianity has no foundation in Primitive Christianity. — For, if this principle was established by Christ our Lord, it must have been equally true in the beginning as in the present day. But it is an historical fact that during all the fifteen centuries between the time of Christ and the invention of printing, both on account of the scarcity of books and the scarcity of readers, this rule could not be applied, and therefore practically a dead letter. Hence the theory of «the Bible and the Bible only» is far too modern to have come from Christ, or have been intended by Him as the divine means of propagating the Gospel. — Another inference may be drawn from the fact that this system has no foundation in your own Church. For if «the Bible and the Bible only» were a sufficient guide in religion, then there can be nothing important in religion which cannot be proved on that principle. But there are many things which you consider important in religion, but which you cannot prove from the Scripture only; therefore «the Bible and the Bible only» is not a sufficient guide. If either of my premises is doubted, I would invite you who have all along taken for granted that this principle is sound, to test it on its own merits, and to prove if you can, by plain texts of Scripture, the following points: the obligation of the Christian Sunday, and the necessity of infant baptism. And as

you proposed that I should take the « bull by the horns, » I am going to do it. After all that has been said about this principle of « the Bible and the Bible only » where is to be found in Scripture ? Nowhere, absolutely nowhere ; neither can you prove the Canon or Inspiration of Scripture, from Scripture itself. The texts usually alleged fall short of a logical proof. They say nothing about which were the inspired books, but only that the books which are inspired, are profitable to teach in faith and morals, — which no one denies. (see Faith of our Fathers — C. VIII.)

— To me, I confess, this discussion is very interesting, and its only effect is to confirm me that the High Church School takes the sound line between Rome and Geneva. In fact, the Church of England in her articles has always professed that the Church has authority in controversies of faith, and has a right to be heard with respect in its interpretation of Holy Scripture. Such is the written law of our Episcopal Church, although I admit that many of us have unconsciously abandoned that position, and allowed ourselves to speak as if « the Bible and the Bible only » were our rule of faith. To these tenets of the Oxford School I am quite willing to adhere, and therefore my position is, the Bible interpreted by the Church, by the aid of the tradition of Christian society from the beginning.

Very well, my dear friend, I accept your proposition as far as the terms go « the Bible interpreted by the Church » is our rule of faith, but then we believe the Church to be infallible in its traditionary teaching. We believe in a Church which cannot teach error ; you do not. And this, in fact, makes all the difference. I will state more fully if you will allow me, the *Catholic Rule of Faith*. It is, *the whole word of God, the whole mind of Christ*, as revealed by Him to His Apostles, and committed to their keeping, and in them to the Church, « the faith once delivered to the Saints, » together with a *guarantee* from Christ the Eternal Truth, that in her teaching the Church should never swerve from the original revelation, which He had given to the Apostles. This is the Catholic rule of faith, *the whole word of God*, committed to the guardianship of a

living body of teachers guaranteed against error in teaching, or in other words an infallible Church.

It is admitted by all, that such a rule would be the most secure that could be conceived, and therefore the most desirable. But is it possible to attain it? If our Lord was still upon earth, no doubt all Christians would gladly refer their differences to Him. They would feel that differences and uncertainties on points of revelation could not for a moment be tolerated, if they had within their reach a living infallible teaching authority, such as our Lord, if He was still on earth, would be. If they resign themselves to differences and uncertainty in religion, it is because they know no alternative. Thus they acknowledge, that the dissensions among Christians arise chiefly from the want of a living infallible authority, to whom they might refer, and who would terminate their differences. — Catholics hold not only the desirableness of such an authority, but that it actually exists, as it was established by our Lord in the beginning. And they point to their unity in doctrine, as the result of submission to this authority.

— But where do we find any promise of such a guide? If such a rule exists, it must be so plain, so practical, and so easy to discover, as to be adapted to the needs and capacities of all, as any rule must be that claims to be Catholic or universal. It must satisfy the most learned and profound, and not be above the comprehension of the most simple laborer. It is to be found in the New Testament, simply as an authentic, trustworthy history of the founding of the Christian religion, not assuming its inspiration in our present argument.

— Open the Bible, I refer to the last three verses of St. Matthew's Gospel — these are the very last words our Lord ever spoke on earth. He led His Apostles out to Mount Olivet, that blessed ground, hallowed in the hearts of all Christians, as the last spot of earth which received the footprints of the God-Man, our Divine Teacher and Redeemer. He is just about to part from those who had followed Him throughout His three years of public ministry, and whom, after His Resurrection, He had visited during « forty days, instructing them concerning the kingdom of God,» which He had come down from heaven

to found — even His Holy Church, against which He had promised that « the gates of hell should never prevail. » On this most solemn occasion He spoke to them these memorable words : « All power is given to Me, go ye therefore and teach all nations. . . and behold I am with you all days, even to the end of the world. » — « All power is given to Me, and in virtue of that power I say to you, Go and teach all nations, » thus does He establish a living teaching authority. « I am with you, » and He makes that living body of teachers His own representatives, associates them in His own commission, promises to be with them for the special purpose for which He was sending them — namely, as teachers of the world. Because it would be impossible for them, fallible as they were by nature, to fulfil their Lord's commission, unless they were supernaturally prevented from following their own fallible judgments, by an other *Mind* influencing their own, and reflecting on their minds *its own absolute infallibility*. And hence, all will readily admit that the Apostles themselves were such teachers, that as Christ was, while upon earth, the living infallible Teacher, so when He left this earth, He had provided the world with a like infallible teaching authority, so long as the Apostles lived to hold the commission which He had given them. Do you go with me so far ?

— Certainly, it is the ground on which we establish the inspiration of Scripture. Even Low-Church Protestants would admit this. The Scriptures of the New Testament, we would all say, are certainly the inspired word of God, because they were written by the men to whom our Lord said « go ye and teach, I am with you. »

Pardon me, if I raise an issue there. The Scriptures were not written precisely by the men to whom our Lord spoke these words, — only Matthew, John, Peter, James and Jude of all the writers of the New Testament received this personal guarantee of inspiration ; but the writings of St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. Paul do not come under this category, yet we hold them equally as inspired. However, I accept your proposition if you will amend it yd saying, we know the Scriptures of the New Testament to be inspired because they are guaranteed

to us by that living body of teachers to which our Lord said « Go ye and teach, I am with you. »

— Well, I have no objection to your amendment, it is technically more accurate.

Quite so. But then, if our Lord's words conveyed such a commission to the Apostles, their effect reaches much further.

For our Lord says: « I am with you all days even to the end of the world. » These words are, then, a guarantee that the *self-same infallibility shall remain with the teaching body on earth until Christ shall come again*. The Apostles died, yet still the words lived on, and must have their fulfilment. How then can they be fulfilled, unless there be at this moment upon earth a living body of teachers in whom is perpetuated the Apostolic Commission « Go ye and teach all nations, I am with you all days even to the end of the world. » There is one body, and only one which claims to have this commission, and by virtue of it, to « teach all nations. » It is the only Church, which not being national, or not belonging to any one particular station, claims to be and is the Church « of all nations, » the universal or Catholic Church. It is the only Christian body which dares to say, in its decisions on matters of faith, as the Apostles did in the first Council of Jerusalem, « It seemeth good to the Holy Ghost and to us, » « our judgment is the utterance of God. » Others call this blasphemous, but was it blasphemous in the Apostles so to speak? And if not, why so? Because of our Lord's promise made to them, « Go ye and teach, I am with you. » And if not blasphemous in the apostles, why should it be blasphemous in the Catholic Church? Since the promise of Christ cannot fail, it must rest with some living body of teachers « even to the end of the world » in all its plenitude. Protestant bodies repudiate all claim to this permanent gift of infallibility, therefore it must rest with that Church which alone is conscious of its possession, which alone claims it, and has in every age consciously exercised it. That Church whose centre is at Rome, its circumference wide as the world itself, which by the number of its members and the extent of its jurisdictions, has alone the right to call itself Catholic, claims also the perpetual gift of infallibility, promised by our Lord to *His Church*

THANKSGIVINGS.

Great Works, Me. : « A year ago last August, I went on a pilgrimage to Saint Anne de Beaupré I was accompanied by my child eight years old. He was ruptured when only four years of age, and wore a truss. I promised Saint Ann that, if she would cure him, I would have it published in the *Annals*. My child was perfectly cured, for which I return a thousand thanks. » Mrs Thomas Ouellette.

Gabriels, N. Y. : « According to my promise made a few days ago at Saint Anne de Beaupré, I acknowledge to all my cure from rheumatism in my left arm. It was exceedingly painful and of no use to me. I made a three days visit to the great shrine. I raised my arm for the first time in weeks, while ascending the « Scala Santa, » and each succeeding ascent found my pain less. Thanks to Good Saint Ann I feel cured to-day. I would like this printed in your *Annals* to encourage others to persevere in their faith and for God's greater glory. » Lillian Courtney.

Purcell, Ind. Ter : « I enclose \$1.00, in thanksgiving for favor received from Good Saint Ann. » Peter Matra.

East Tawas, Mich. : « I wish to thank Good Saint Ann for the many favors I have received from her. I made a novena to the Saint for the cure of my limbs, for I could not walk nor do my work. My request was granted and I promised to have it published in the *Annals*, but did not do it right away. My limbs began to hurt me again, and I renewed my promise (which you will help me to fulfil) and thanks to Good Saint Ann, I can now do my work with ease. Hoping this will be published. » Mrs. A. Cariveau.

Ashdod, Ont. : « Enclosed you will find offering for a mass in thanksgiving for temporal favor received after novena to Good Saint Ann. » M. J. Mc Guinness.

Wolfe Island, Ont. : « Thanksgiving for a cure after application of the relic » M. R.

Montreal : « I want to thank Saint Ann with my whole heart and soul. I promised her that if she got me my position, I would give her my bracelet and have it published in the *Annals*. I obtained my request and fulfilled my promise. I now implore her to rid me of an annoying headache and to grant me good eye sight. » A Friend.

Cohoes, N. Y. : « Gratitude to Saint Ann for cure obtained. This is my 9th pilgrimage in thanksgiving. » Subscriber.

Worth, Mich. : « I want to thank my mother, Saint Ann, through the *Annals*, as I promised her, for favors obtained. I had been very ill and promised Saint Ann that if she would ask God to make me well, I would have it mentioned in her monthly publication. My request was granted. » Mrs Felix Bresette.

Hamilton : « Enclosed off. 50 cts as a thanksgiving for a very signal favor obtained through the intercession of Good Saint Ann. » A. M. L.

Sudbury, Ont. : « I wish to return thanks, through the *Annals*, for a special favor received during Sept. I am also asking three special graces, and, if granted, will have same published. » Nellie M^e Cormick.

Littleton, N. H. : « Enclosed off. for masses, in thanksgiving for escape from accident » N. H.

Taylor, I H. : « Thanks to Saint Ann for miraculously escaping death or great injury, three different times since the middle of July. » Alice Boyle.

Fort Edward, N. Y. : « Thanks to Saint Ann for having saved me from the grave. » A. Friend.

West Gardner : « A thousand thanks to Good Saint for favors granted me. » Louise.

Cornwall, Ont. : « Off. 75 cts for favors received. » J. Ratelle.

Sault Ste. Marie : « Many thanks to Good Saint Ann for a favor obtained. » A. G. M.

New Brunswick : « A friend of mine was taken very seriously ill, and I promised Saint Ann that, if she would cure her, I would published it in her *Annals*. My prayers were heard. Off. 50 cts. » Subscriber.

Amsterdam, N. Y. : « I promised Saint Ann that if she would cure my husband's sore eye, I would make it known in the *Annals*. I now fulfil my promise. » Subscriber.

Glengarry, Ont. : « Thanksgiving to Saint Ann for favor, after having made pilgrimage to shrine. » Kate M^e Donald.

Albany, N. Y. : « Many thanks to dear Saint Ann for favors received. » Mrs. A. F. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y. : « Thanksgiving, off. \$5 00. » Subscriber.

Richmond, P. Q. : « Thanksgiving for cure of sore throat Mrs Kennedy.-- Thank for favor. » Subscriber.

Alexandria, Ont. : « Gratitude for favor granted after promise of publication. » Mrs A. D. Mc Dougall.

Clarenceville, P. Q. : « I promised St. Ann that if she would cure my son of a severe illness, I would have it published in the *Annals*; as the request was obtained, I wish to fulfil my promise. » Mrs S. N.

Flambeau, Wis. : « Thanks to Good Saint Ann for favors received. I promised a mass in her honor, and publication in the *Annals*. Enclosed find money for same. » A. M. G.

Arctic, R. I. : « A little while ago my niece was taken sick with tumors in the nose, and had to undergo a very painful operation. I promised St. Ann that if successful, I would have it mentioned in the *Annals*. My request was granted. » Mrs O B.

Godfrey, Ont. : « Thank-giving for cure obtained two years ago at the Shrine. Off. \$4 00. » May E. Howes.

Sillery, P. Q. : « Thanksgiving for favors obtained. » A. E.

Strathroy, Ont. : « For four years I had been suffering from a running sore over the left lung, and was obliged to use a tube. During my pilgrimage I left the tube at the Shrine, and my wound healed entirely. » Miss Kate Enright.

Toronto : « Gratitude to St. Ann. Off. \$4.65. » Miss Elmsley.

Hartford, Conn. : « Enclosed find \$1.00, in honor of Good St. Ann for a favor I asked her. » W. J. Hogan.

Lenox, Mass. : « I enclose \$ 1.00, as an offering for a request received from Good St. Ann in less than 24 hours. I promised to have it published in the *Annals*. Thanks to Good St. Ann » Nellie C. Mahanna

Detroit, Mich. : « Many thanks to Good St. Ann for, having instantly relieved my baby from an earache, after I had put one drop of St. Ann's oil in her ear. I promised to publish it. Of 5 cts. » Henry Sabinowski.

Kingsston, Ont. : « I wish to thank St. Ann for a favor I received through her intercession. I had promised that, if granted, I would have it published in the *Annals* » A Friend.

L'Avenir, P. Q. : « For upwards of three years, I suffered severely as the result of being thrown from a carriage, which had caused internal injuries. The doctor's treatment afforded me very little relief. They finally decided that an operation would be the only means of obtaining a radical cure. I implored Good St. Ann to come to my assistance, began a novena in her honor, and, during the course of the summer, I made a pilgrimage to her shrine, feeling confident that my prayer would be heard. On my return I found a decided change for the better, and have continued to gain. Thanks to dear St. Ann, I can now report a radical cure, as I am at present free from any traces of pain, and have discontinued the wearing of any surgical appliances. Hoping to inspire others with confidence in the Good Saint, I ask you to publish what I have just written. » Emma Brady.

Cotwood, Mich. : « I enclose \$ 1.00, in fulfilment of a promise to Good St. Ann, if I recovered from an illness. I am now in good health. I promised to have it mentioned in her monthly publication. » Mrs Edward Lafave.

Menandock, N. H. : « I thank St. Ann for the recovery of my mother from severe sickness » Mrs. F. K.

Minneapolis, Minn. : « Sometime ago I had a mass said in honor of St. Ann, asking her for a favor and promising to publish, if granted. Through her kind intercession, I obtained my request in less than two weeks. Kindly publish my thanks. » Subscriber.

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 Bourgeoise, Mother d'Youville, John Nepomucene Neuman, and others who have died in a tor 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.

SPRINGFIELD, KY : " A successful operation for my sister. My restoration to health, and other favors. " Subscriber. — FLAMBEAU, WIS. : " Pray for a father's conversion who has not received communion for 25 years ; also that he may stop drinking. That my brother may make a good confession and communion. " A. M. G. — PURCELL, IND. TER. : " Recommendations to prayers. " Mrs P. Matra. — ASHDON, ONT. : " Grace of holy purity, resignation, catholic position at home, happy death, removal of dangerous weakness from mother. " M. M. — TORONTO : " For a sister who has fallen away from the Church ; for the spiritual and temporal necessities of another sister and her husband, also that St. Ann may cure me if it be the will of God. " A. M. — FORT EDWARD, N. Y. : " Off. for a mass for good health and to be good. " A. G. — DETROIT, MICH. : " That my husband may stop drinking and help me to raise my family. " Mrs P. — MARQUITE, MICH. : " That St. Ann may cure me from a sore breast and spare me to my children, and grant peace between my husband and daughter. " Mrs Mary Bussière. — ERINSVILLE, Ont. " For good health. " Geo. Murphy. — SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. " For my husband's recovery and son's return ; pray for my daughter ; for a friend's conversion, and that she may rear her children in Catholic Religion. " Mrs McGeary. — MUSKOGA : " To cure a brother addicted to drink, for recovery from sickness, and for the sale of some property. " C. A. L. — LINDSAY, ONT. : " Enclosed find \$ 2.00, for masses in honor of St. Ann for a speedy recovery from pain and nervous prostration and to be spared to my family. " W. L. White. — That a comfortable home may be opened to my father, and that my two brothers and nephew may perform the jubilee. " A Reader. — JORBAY, NFLD. : " Three special intentions, cure of two sore legs, happy death for two. " Sister M. Josephine. — RED LAKE FALLS, MINN. : " Pray that I may be cured from my long painful suffering ; I also recommend my father's recovery. " Magdalene Sutter. — CHIPTEWA FALLS : " My son's return to the Catholic Church ; that I may be cured of stomach trouble. " Mrs J. G. S. — To obtain position in hospital to become a nurse. " Ladie M^cG. — To be cured from drink, peace between two families. " — TOLEDO, O : " Have mass said for the spiritual and temporal welfare of two sons, also in thanksgiving. Enc. \$ 1.00. " Mrs J. Cavanagh. — TOLEDO, O. : " That my eyes may be cured, and for the spiritual and temporal welfare of my husband. Off. 50 cts. " Mrs E. H. Meagher. — CHICAGO, ILL. : " Special intention. " M. E. Duffy. — BOSTON, MASS. : " Three special favors for a family in despair on account of their troubles. " Member of S. A. S. — BROCKVILLE, ONT. : " Please pray for recovery of our dear Pastor, Rev Father Stanton, who is very ill. " Subscriber. — MONADNOCK, N. H. : " For my husband's return and change of conduct ; that I may be preserved from sickness. " Mrs F. K.

(Three Hail Marys.)

PRAY FOR OUR DEAD.

WARE, MASS. : Malvina Gervais.
 STE ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ : Mrs Pierre Blouin, Merilda Paré.
 CHICAGO, ILL. : Miss Mary Myron.
 DETROIT, MICH. : Mrs George Paré.
 LAKE ELMO, MINN. : Mrs Malone.
 SUDBURY, ONT. : Mary Susan M^cCormick.
 GLEN ROBERTSON, ONT. : John M^cCollock, Mr and Mrs Terance M^cMahon.
 EAST TOLEDO, O. : Joseph Busson.
 JORBAY, NFLD. : R. F. Hayes.

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



MARTYRDOM OF SAINT ANDREW.