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# ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

*With the approbation of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, of Their Graces the Archbishops of Montreal and Ottawa, and their Lordships the Bishops of Three Rivers, Rimouski, Sherbrooke, St. Hyacinth, Nicolet and Capetown and the Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac.*



SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

ANNALS  
OF  
ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.—THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

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

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SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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

—00—

STE-ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ, IN CANADA.

Under the above heading we translate an article from the *Annals of Ste-Anne d'Auray*, in Brittany. The article which appeared in the first and second issues of their new-born review, is a just tribute paid to the religious spirit of the settlers of New-France and to their faithfulness to the traditions of their forefathers.

“ We feel great pleasure, says the review, in drawing the attention of our readers, in this very first

number of our *Annals*, to the great pilgrimage so dear to the piety of our brethren of Canada. Separated from their mother-country, they have remained French at heart, and full of faith as were our ancestors. As St. Anne is their Patroness, as well as she is ours, we beg of them to accept the brotherly wishes that we express for the greatness of their beloved country.

"Each Christian nation, writes a correspondent, has in Heaven a Saint, whom it honors by a special worship, and of whom it expects more particularly assistance and protection.

"In that sense, we may say that the eminently national devotion of our people, of the Canadian people, is devotion to St. Anne, the mother of Mary.

"That devotion came from Brittany, as the French-Canadian people, from France. A few Breton mariners, surprised one day by a frightful storm in the St. Lawrence river, were on the point of being shipwrecked, when they thought of invoking St. Anne, the powerful and venerated patron-saint of their country. They vowed to raise a chapel in her honor where their feet would first touch land. Their prayer was pleasing to Heaven. The tempest ceased by degrees, and the good sailors soon realized their promise.

"It is on the Beaupré shore, between the Laurentian range of mountains and the river, at a few leagues distance from Quebec, opposite the island of Orleans, that was erected the first sanctuary dedicated by the faith of our fathers to the mother of Mary.

"St. Anne de Beaupré had just seen the light: she was the daughter of St. Anne d'Auray.

"Such was the origin of a devotion which sprang into existence with the Canadian people, which with it has grown and waxed strong, which has scattered on its course, through more than two centuries favors of all kinds and numberless miracles.

"In 1665, the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation wrote from Quebec to her son: "At a

distance of seven leagues from here, there is a church of St. Anne, in which Our Lord works great marvels in favor of the mother of the most Blessed Virgin. There the palsied are made able to walk, the blind recover their sight, and they who suffer from any disease whatsoever recover health."

"Later, in 1673, to respond to the increasing devotion of his flock, Mgr François de Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, erected in the parish of Quebec, a confraternity of St. Anne, enriched with indulgences and destined to perpetuate in Canadian households such a beautiful devotion.

"Precious offerings made to Ste. Anne de Beaupré also contribute to entertain and increase that popular devotion. We still use on grand solemnities, a chasuble embroidered and offered to the first sanctuary dedicated to the Saint, by the royal hands of Anne of Austria, and over the high altar of the new church hangs a painting from the pencil of the famous Lebrun and given by Marquis de Tracy, viceroy of Canada.

"Since the origin of the devotion to St. Anne, three sanctuaries have been successively built on the Beaupré shore, with grand proportions. The actual church, begun in 1872, is a very spacious temple, enlarged by twelve side-chapels which are maintained at the expense of the different Canadian dioceses and some religious Congregations.

"Under the vigorous impulse of His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, the number of pilgrims who go to St. Anne's has increased considerably from one year to another. In 1886, nearly 88,000 went thither. It is an ever rising tide. When the fine summer-days have come, it is as if an irresistible current took hold of the masses, to attract them towards the so popular shores of Beaupré. This attraction even acts upon the Catholic population of the United-States, and Protestant themselves are not totally insensible to it.

"And how indeed could they resist such a current? The favors obtained become more and more striking,

and their number surpasses all calculation. When looking through the *Annals of St. Anne*, written to publish her deeds and exalt her glories, instinctively with the poet we exclaim : " And what time was ever so fruitful in miracles " ? (1).

" The longest and most painful maladies, the most hopeless infirmities, sores of the soul and of the body, have been wonderfully cured. The action of grace is so evident, so striking, that it must act as a thunder-stroke on the unbeliever.

" St. Anne is therefore justly proclaimed to be the great miracle-worker of Canada and of North America, a glorious title that even the Sovereign Pontiffs have themselves recognized.

" In 1876, His Holiness Pius IX declared that she was the Patroness of the Province of Quebec. Only a few months ago, Leo XIII, gloriously reigning, deigned to raise her vast sanctuary to the rank of a minor basilica. Nay more than that, two weeks ago, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, authorized by a Brief and in the name of the Holy Father, in presence of the whole Canadian Episcopate, of a numerous clergy, and 10,000 pilgrims who had assembled from all parts of the country, had the honor and the happiness of solemnly placing a magnificent gold crown on the forehead of her whose merciful image has wrought so many prodigies and consoled so many hearts.

" The Canadian nation was there, to hail as a queen its crowned Patroness.

" What thanksgiving does that nation not owe to Providence, who each day pours down on it by the hands of St. Anne, so much assistance and light ! "

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(1) " Et quel temps fut jamais si fertile en miracles ? " (Racine, *Athalie*).

## ST. VALENTINE, PRIEST AND MARTYR.

*(February 14).*

The priest Valentine lived in Rome under the reign of Claudius II. A great renown of wisdom and holiness had gained for him the veneration even of the pagans. His zeal was ardent, by his charity he was a father to the poor, his mild and affable conversation drew all hearts towards him.

The Emperor apprised of his merit, wished to see him; as soon as he saw him, he wished to attach him to his person. "Why, said he to Valentine, before the whole court, will you not be my friend, since I will be yours? Why do you not adore our Gods?—Lord, answered Valentine, if you knew Him whom I serve, you would detest the worship of demons, and with me you would adore the only true God, whose Son is Jesus-Christ. — What do you think of the great Jupiter? asked one of the courtiers.—What you should think of him yourself with your poets, that he is the type of perversity." Everybody seemed shocked at what was considered a blasphemy, but none knew what to answer.

The Emperor wished to have a private interview with him. The holy priest spoke to him of the religion of Christ with so much wisdom and evidence, that the monarch was on the point of being converted. But alas! what a hold human respect has on the heart of man! Claudius, not daring to affront his pagan court, delivered the servant of God to the prefect Calpurnius, who had him thrown into prison and arraigned before the judge Asterius.

The judge summoned Valentine before his tribunal: "How can you, said he, a man of sense and wisdom, look upon the Christ as the true light?—Believe it, Asterius, Jesus-Christ, my Saviour and my God, is truly the light that enlightens every man in this world.—If it be so, let him prove it, let him restore

light to my daughter, who has been blind for several years past, and I will believe in him."

Valentine, doubting not that God would confirm his faith by a miracle, ordered them to bring forth the young maiden and marked her eyes with the sign of the cross, saying: "Lord Jesus, true God and true man, who hast cured the man blind from his birth, and who willest the salvation of all men, hear the prayer of a miserable sinner, and restore sight to this child". At that moment the girl was cured. Asterius kept his word; he believed, and with him his whole family, and Valentine baptized them, to the number of forty-five, of whom several, a few days later suffered martyrdom.

The holy priest was remitted to other judges. To shake his constancy, they had him scourged repeatedly, cast into prison, loaded with chains, and finally they condemned him to be beheaded. (Feb. 14, 270.)

Often a single miracle wrought before the eyes of the pagans severed them from the worship of their idols, and thousands of prodigies in which we believe and which confirm our Faith, have no influence against our passions, those idols of our heart. Are we, then, of that race of men that the most astonishing marvels cannot move?

—ooo—

### ACROSTIC.

Sweet sacred Shrine! So justly fam'd  
Throughout our Land, thou'rt daily nam'd

And at thy feet, O Saint renown'd!  
None ask in vain, where gifts abound:  
None e'er from thee unanswer'd goes,  
E'en sinners here find true repose.

One hymn of praise, at thy bless'd Shrine!  
From far, and near, we pilgrims join,

Behold ! beneath this sacred dome,  
 Each day, afflicted beings come ;  
 And at thy Shrine, Patroness blest !  
 Unceasingly thy pray'rs request.—  
 Proofs of the cures obtain'd through thee,  
 Round yon high Pillar, we can see,  
 Eloquent proofs, sweet Saint ! of thee.

JULIA FARLEY.

St. Ann's of Beaupré, Sept. 15th, 1889.



## THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE

(Continued.)

DEVOTION TOWARDS ST. ANNE IS TRULY CATHOLIC.  
 HOMAGE PAID TO HER BY THE WESTERN  
 CHURCH.—ITALY.

Those who hold, we cannot say on what grounds, that St. Anne's body, brought from Palestine, was first venerated for some time in Rome, before becoming the heritage of France, naturally date as far back as the beginning of the Christian era her *cultus* or worship in Italy. But, while agreeing with them as to the antiquity of the worship in that country, we cannot assign as its cause or origin simple conjectures little in conformity with the common tradition authorized by Rome itself. The example of St. Peter and of those who accompanied him, or even the frequent relations of the faithful of that City with the disciples of Our Lord, suffice to explain how this devotion was introduced into Italy since the very dawn of Christianity. However, at that early period, devotion towards St. Anne could not receive publicly the same splendor as in later years. It must have been preserved and propagated by oral tradition until the ruin of

polytheism and the liberation of the Church. The first monument of it that we find in history does not go beyond the pontificate of Leo III, 795 to 816; but it supposes that St. Anne and St. Joachim had, for many years past, been known and venerated by the faithful. This remarkable Pontiff had their history represented in gold embroidery on a priestly vestment. The precious ornament belonged to the basilica of *St. Mary of the Manger*.

The two holy Patriarchs had always been held in great veneration in the Capital of the Christian world. The Romans, as well as the inhabitants of the Marches and of Umbria, have dedicated to them a great number of churches and chapels, for which in all times the faithful have shown a marked preference. In these countries, they generally prepare for the feast of St. Anne by preaching and well attended religious exercises. One of the finest churches of Rome bears her title; it is situated in the quarter of the *Traspontini*, not far from the Vatican; it may be considered as the centre of devotion to our Saint in the Eternal City. Each year, on the 26th of July, in this sanctuary, a procession takes place in which is triumphantly borne a statue religiously preserved in the pontifical palace and borne by the Pope's household. What we say of Rome and of the country forming the *Patrimony* of St. Peter equally applies to the whole of Italy, where the so tender and popular devotion to the Madonna naturally brought a large share of veneration to her glorious parents. We find proofs of this in the local archives, or in the dates inscribed on certain monuments, and a marked preference has ever been given to the bearing of their names. But in this time-honored confidence in St. Anne, Sicily deserves a special mention. That island was devoted to her from the remotest antiquity; far from growing cold, as is it only too often the case, it grew in fervor towards her until the seventeenth century, when the Venerable Innocent of Clusa, of the Seraphic Order,

contributed to make the devotion flourish more than ever. That religious who died in 1631, in odor of Sanctity, was animated with the liveliest piety toward St. Anne, and, through her intercession, obtained miraculous graces whose remarkableness rendered famous throughout Sicily the patronage of her mother's protectress. Among the many traits that we find in his biography, we choose a few examples better calculated, so it seems to us, to strengthen the confidence of the reader and to continue the apostolate of the beloved client of the Saint.

Gregory XV had fallen grievously ill: all the resources of the medical art had been pronounced useless. The Pontiff, condemned by his physicians and reduced to the last extremity, sent in haste for the Venerable Innocent. The servant of God reassured him, and told him that St. Anne had obtained his cure and that out of gratitude for this favor, he should have every year the memory of his benefactress solemnized by the faithful. The Pontiff, on recovering his health, decreed that her feast would be obligatory.

Innocent predicted the election of Urban VIII, and assured him as well as several illustrious personages that he owed it to St. Anne.

The holy Mother was wont to treat him with saintly familiarity: she often deigned to converse with him in his cell and to fill him with the sweetest consolations.

One day, his brother moans with some stranger, surprised him ravished into an ecstasy at the end of a garden, and raised up as high as the trees. The Venerable religious, overwhelmed with confusion, and unable to bear the admiration of which such favors rendered him the object, had recourse to St. Anne and to the Blessed Virgin, and obtained from them to be never again surprised in that state of marvellous communication with God. He later, with pious simplicity avowed this favor to one of his friends.

Every body knows that tunny-fishing is one of the sources of wealth in Sicily. Some fishermen, after long and fruitless efforts, begged of Innocent to bless their nets and their labor. He followed them, and after having given the desired blessing, he ordered them to attribute to St. Anne's merits all they were going to catch. As a proof of his assertion, he told them that all the fishes would be marked with the name of Anne. Their confidence was not deceived; they repaired in the day, by a most successful haul, the losses of several weeks, and, what is more wonderful, among all the fishes they drew from their nets, they found one that was not marked with the venerable name of Anne.

Brother Innocent went sometimes from village to village, or knocked at the door of castles to beg for a little wool. One day he replied to the uncivil refusal of a rude peasant that he would be contented with a single fleece, if it were given him for the love of God and of St. Anne, adding that the wolf would soon deprive him of the fleece and of the sheep also. The angry farmer drove him away brutally. He had hardly gone when a wolf came, and in presence of all the farm-laborers, seized a sheep and bore it off, without their being able to prevent him.

Innocent had a friend in Rome, whose name was Dominic; he was the delegate of the Friars Minor in that city. As he often induced him to appeal to Saint Anne: "What service can that old woman render me, answered he, and what service has she rendered you?" Innocent answered his friend. At those words, Innocent shut him into his cell, carefully closed the door and related to him a number of graces and favors obtained from the Saint, among others the resurrection of a dead man that had died several days before, and whose nose emitted an unbearable stench.

He was one day sailing from Marsala to Trapani. The sailors had forgotten their provision of fresh water. Soon devoured by thirst, exasperated by such a

privation, they gave away to violent insults and muttered reproaches, vomiting at the same time dreadful blasphemies; they were on the point of passing from reproaches to blows, whereupon Innocent begged of them to have patience and exhorted them to confide in God's mercy. But in the feverish thirst that devoured them, they seemed to have lost all control over themselves and to be unconscious of what they were doing. Moved with compassion, the servant of God had recourse to St. Ann, and suddenly the barrel used for holding their provisions was filled with the freshest water. On Brother Innocent's order, the sailors slaked their thirst, and shortly afterwards, having reached Trapani, hastened to publish the miracle.

As he was travelling from Sicily to Rome on the same galley as Cardinal de Torrès and the Bishop of Cefalu, water gave out, which made the oarsmen suffer much more than any of the passengers. To crown their misfortune, the sea was too rough to allow them to land. In their distress, they appealed to Brother Innocent, who, in his turn, invoked St. Anne, had water drawn from the sea and blessed it; it was found without bitterness and quite pleasant to the taste. On arriving in Rome, both Cardinal and Bishop spread about the fame of this new miracle.

On his return to Sicily, the vessel which bore him was assailed by a violent tempest. As the mariners begged him to assist them with his prayers, he ordered them to invoke St. Anne, if they wished to avoid a disaster. After a prayer said in common, the Venerable servant of God made the sign of the cross over the sea, and the storm instantly gave way to a pouring rain of which not a drop fell on the ship, whilst the other vessels of the convoy were almost filled. Shortly after, a still more violent tempest forced them to land on a desert island, where they found themselves destitute of all human assistance. The crew after having exhausted all their provisions begged of Innocent to save them from death and provide for their subsistence. Once

ore he told them to invoke St. Anne, and then go and see what his *dear little old friend*, as he called her with loving familiarity, had just left for them on the vessel's prow. They ran thither, and found as many white loaves as were necessary to feed them until they could be out of danger.

—(*From the French of Father Mermillod, S. J.*)

(*To be continued*)



## PENANCE AND SELF-DENIAL.

(*From the Lenten season.*)

Of all the Christians virtues that are so surely and gradually disappearing from society, as it is now constituted, there are none that are more frequently and completely ignored than those we have named at the head of these few lines. It would seem about as if the world was drifting back into paganism, for in these easy going sensual days everything is sacrificed to the gratification of the senses, materialism is reigning triumphant.

This state of things gives rise to cowardice in time of trial, to a spirit of compromise as regards the performance of duty, and to an almost universal weakness of character which renders the Christians of the present day altogether incapable of practising the grand virtues which distinguished their forefathers.

From their earliest years we seek to preserve our children from everything that may be displeasing to them; we give our young people latitude to indulge in everything that flatters their senses and develops their self-love; we do not even expect our young men to exercise the slightest self-restraint. And what have we gained by this fostering self-indulgence and

softness? So far from gaining anything, we have become a degenerate race unfamiliar with the spirit of resistance and sacrifice, and easily vanquished when the day of battle arrives.

The early Christians were of a different stamp. Even young virgins and weak children resisted the world's seductions, braved the cruelty of tyrants, lived and died as heroes! They were whole-hearted Christians.

Why do we but rarely see Christians like these in our own days? What is there that existed then that does not exist now? Is there less strength infused in us by baptism now than then? Has the Church ceased to lend us efficacious aid in our struggles? And are the dangers around us less real than those of former times, different though their nature be? We know not when the hour of strife may come nor in how many and various ways our faith may be assailed. It behoves us then to be constantly furnished with offensive and defensive weapons.

These weapons can be found only in the armory of penance and self-denial; they must be tempered in the fire of sacrifice, and it is by the virtue of the Cross alone that we can wield them victoriously. Let us not be afraid and tremble at these words, but let us remember that penance and self-denial, like all that emanate from Calvary, hides ineffable sweetness beneath a hard or rough exterior.

And is not penance necessary? Which is without sin among us? Which of us is not a debtor to divine justice in a greater or lesser degree? Now, by patiently bearing some physical pain, some mental trouble, some contradiction, some anxiety of mind, some of the thousand and one little trials with which life abounds, is it not easy to pay our debt towards God, at least in part?

Why should we be so insensate as to neglect these precious opportunities of expiating our many offences, and instead of bravely accepting and offering them as a Christian should, why should we behave as Pagan

murmuring and seeking to avoid everything unpleasant and hard for nature to bear? Every day we contract fresh debts; but let us each day bear our troubles in a spirit of expiation and, humbling ourselves before our Creator, let us cry out for pardon and mercy.

Did not the holy Precursor, when preparing the way for our Lord, cry out continually: "Do penance"? And in our own days, did not the Immaculate Virgin Lourdes constantly cry out for "Penance! Penance"? The reign of Jesus in our heart and soul must be preceded and purchased by Penance, and what Penance can there be where there is no self-denial?

During this precious time of Lent the Church proposes penance on us, and by listening to her teaching and practising it, we shall become more collected, we shall pray better and more, we shall overcome our dislikes and evil inclinations, we shall learn to sacrifice our ease, to mortify our senses, and in having fought bravely against all the concupisces of life, we shall be the better disposed to celebrate worthily the joyful solemnities of Easter-tide.

—(*From the French.*)

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## ST. ANNE AND BRITTANY.

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At the beginning of a new year, our hearts turn towards Mary and Joseph, as towards a mother and a father who are worthy of all our love. Can we forget whom our devotion fears not to call the *grand* mother? The grand mother has a place of her own in family-rejoicings: she receives marks of affection

and respect, and gives presents. Let us then think St. Anne from the very beginning, so that she may not forget us in the present and in the future.

Monseigneur Fréppel, the eloquent, courageous and untiring Bishop of Angers, pronounced on that day the grand words in the church of St. Anne d'Aray, the national pilgrimage of Brittany.

"How and by what means has such a worship thus taken root in some wild heath of Armorica? It is one of those mysterious apparitions which strike the mind of a nation only at the moment when they reap its fruits. The Ethiopian shepherd-boy, who treads with indifference the ground beneath which the Nile hides its unexplored sources, doubts not that there springs the river which fertilizes all Egypt. So it is with the works of God: they are nearly always born in silence and obscurity: sometimes even they seem to be lost underground and to hide from the sight the trace of their passage, to reappear at a short distance farther on, brighter and stronger. When, therefore, three centuries ago, that man of God, whose name would reproach myself for not pronouncing on this day, when your old ancestor Nicolazic, was raised up by Him who loveth to choose what is weakest according to the world to confound that which is strongest, it was after a long chain of centuries that he was called to link together again the present and the future, by restoring a worship that your forefathers had received at the very dawn of christianity.

"Yes, that immortal pledge of His blessings, which had placed it in the very cradle of your faith. He willed that the image of the matron of Juda should remain suspended above your heads, as the symbol and model of domestic virtues, as the ideal of the wife and mother, so that after the example of Her whose husband was a saint, and whose daughter was the Queen of all Saints, you might preserve at your family hearth, the submissiveness of filial piety.

pect for paternal authority, the purity of the  
 jugal union, all those things that constitute the  
 length, the honor and fidelity of a nation. Such is  
 lesson you must learn in presence of that image  
 t God holds unfurled before you eyes, as the  
 memorial of His Law, and at whose feet He has  
 ned out a source of graces and favors for all  
 ttany."

These words are well deserved. For no people pays  
 much honor to St. Anne as the Breton people. So  
 ch so, indeed, that the name alone of St-Anne  
 cees to make the mind revert to Brittany."

Does not this praise spoken by the illustrious orator  
 ally besit the Canadian people? For with the Faith  
 ygone days, that no fatal Revolution has ever  
 e to lessen, have they not kept, lively and whole,  
 worship of St. Anne on the shores of the St.  
 rence, nay more, given it a brightness that recalls  
 glorious days of Apt and Auray in the ages of  
 h?

is not our purpose to day to study the vestiges of  
 worship of our Mother's mother in that Brittany  
 aliant and so Catholic, in spite of the satanic efforts  
 the secret societies to undermine its faith and  
 als; we must be content with publishing the follow-  
 page from a modern chronicler.

After the Mother of God, the Breton loves St.  
 e; she is the Patroness, the Sovereign and, one  
 bt add with a holy Bishop, the *arch-duchess* of his  
 try. In his bold youth, when he dreams of naught  
 dangers and sword-thrusts, he prays to her before  
 pray:

O St. Anne, blessed Lady, I came quite young to  
 thee: I was not yet twenty years old, and I had  
 at in more than twenty battles that we have all  
 by thy assistance, O blessed Lady! If I return  
 y country, Mother St. Anne, I shall make thee a  
 nt,.....And I shall go three times, on my knees  
 aw water for thy holy-water fount."

St. Anne replies :

"Go to the battle, go, brave knight, I am going with thee."

And when he returns victorious, in his triumph thinks of his protectress, and he exclaims :

"Thanks be given to thee, O Mother St. Anne ! is thou who hast gained this victory."

Such is the Breton hero, an humble, intrepid, grateful Christian. Such is also the Canadian hero, the other Lez-Breiz, Le Moyne d'Iberville, who returning from his almost fabulous exploits, gives a silver crucifix to St. Anne de Beaupré.

To the epic deeds of Lez Breiz correspond, ten centuries later, the voice thrilling with emotion of the pilot who is going to fight the English :

"To St. Anne I have gone, for I must embark... Who goes to pray to St. Anne, St. Anne will not forget him".

We might prove that the Bretons of to-day hasten, still more numerous than their forefathers, to the basilica, monument of their Faith, we might see that the altar of their Patroness is always a centre that attracts them, a burning heart where their soul warms, and we will hear once more the voice of the popular poet singing :

"Let us all sing, in Brittany, the praises of St. Anne, the good *God mother* of this country : *manabaeronez uad ar vroma*".

To which we add :

"Let us all sing in Canada, the praise of St. Anne, patroness of our country and our good mother".

## AND WHAT THEN ?

rather gold and silver, gain honors, perform the greatest deeds.

And what then ?

After that death must come.

The ploughman drives his plough, puts all his glory in the goad with which he spurs his oxen, he lives in the midst of his labors, and speaks of naught but the yoke of oxen. He sets his whole heart to tracing furrows, he spends all his anxious days in fattening his oxen.

And what then ?

The worker in wood and the architect consume day and night at their work ; the engraver gives life to his carvings by assiduous work : he sets all his heart to copying his model, and by watching he completes his work.

And what then ?

The iron-worker stands close to his anvil, and he considers the iron that he uses ; the fiery vapor eats up his flesh, and he is always exposed to the ardor of the furnace. The din of hammers is continually ringing in his ear, and his eye is attentive to the work that he is imitating. He sets his heart to finish his work ; he beautifies and perfects it by his watchings.

And what then ?

The potter sits down by his clay : he turns the wheel with his feet, he is always anxious, and he does his work without measure. His hand shapes the clay, he kneads it after it has been softened by his feet. He sets his heart to paint his work and watches that the furnace may be cleansed.

And what then ?

All these workmen hope in their hands, and each of them is wise in his craft. Without them, no city

could be built, nor inhabited, nor peopled.

But what must come after all ?

Always resounds that dreadful " here after "

After that we must die !

Behold that man ! He has reached the prime of manhood ; under his brow shone genius ; he combined everything for a great undertaking. Circumstances favored his every wish. Just one step more he will attain to triumph ! But that step he will not make. I am almost ashamed of the comparison, yet how true it is ! Like an obscure servant-maid, one stroke of her vulgar broom, sweeps away the cobweb, thus the simplest accident, a catarrh, a fall on the sidewalk, overthrows the man and reduces to nothing the fruit of his long efforts.

It is common saying that Death is blind, and it is true inasmuch as she strikes without distinction poor and rich ; on the other hand, it is false, for her piercing gaze reaches all beings and even to the tiniest hidden under the blades of grass. Scythe in hand for six thousand years past, she reaps all living things with pitiless rigor. Each second, she strikes down a man, each minute she fells sixty ; each hour, a thousand six hundred ; each day, 86,400 ; each year 31 millions 56,000 ; each century, about 3 billion. Under her strokes, generation falls upon generation, people upon people, like the wheat reaped by the sickle, without her arm ever resting from weariness that, if we consider the men that people the earth, they appear to us like the passengers of a foundering vessel. All strive to escape the wreck, all look out for the plank that will keep them floating over the abyss, some sink immediately, others keep up a short time by swimming, but all plunge in the vast abyss and never reappear again.

Such is human life, if it be true that when we are dead, everything dies with us. But such is not the case.

is a path leading to eternity, death is not the end of all life, but a passage to another life that will end.

Father de DAMAS, S. J.

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MAN SAVED BY ST. ANNE FROM AN  
IMMINENT DANGER.

On the eighteenth of December last, while crossing a river opposite the church of Blandford, I went through the ice with my horse and sleigh. It was dark in the evening. The weather was very dark. I spontaneously saw the imminence of the peril and certain death that awaited me. A very rapid current was driving me under the ice. At this solemn moment, my thought turned to my Holy Scapular, and I invoked St. Anne with a most lively confidence. "O St. Anne, I exclaimed, come to my assistance." At that very moment, by the evident protection of St. Anne, a youth, attracted by my cries, advanced to the edge of the ice, and called me. I was then far from where he stood, and suddenly I was borne quite near. He seized me by the hand, and I succeeded in extricating myself from my dangerous position. St. Anne has saved me. A thousand thanks to her for her protection!

JÉRÉMIE DEMERS.

The undersigned, Parish Priest of Blandford, testifies that the above relation is exact. I have no doubt that St. Anne has saved this man from death.

C. E. MAILHOT, P. P.

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## THE STARVING BOY'S VISION.

Cape Girardeau, on the beautiful Missouri river, is a quiet little town. At the close of the civil war, a number of poor families struggled in from the north in that direction to settle there. One family, father, mother, and six children, with hardly any clothes to wear and nothing to eat, took up their abode in the cold, dark cellar of the Baptist church, where they lived for a while. One day, however, the father's body was carried out and buried in the potter's field; and a week after, three little graves were by the side of his. Some people said they had starved to death, and that the rest of the poor family would soon join them.

A Catholic lady, passing by on her way to the Lazarist church to attend mass, hearing the report, ventured down the stairs leading to the cellar, to see how true the statement was. Her horror was great when she saw a woman scarcely clothed, her cheek-bones sticking out through her shrivelled skin, lying in a corner on a few rags. By her side were almost naked forms of her children, too weak to make any effort to rise from their wretched position. The lady approached them and cheered them a little, promising to return with some food and clothing. The eldest child, a boy, was raving from hunger. He pointed to the dark walls of the cellar, exclaiming, "I saw him there, I tell you! He was shining like an angel, and had a cross on his back".

"My poor boy, cried the mother, his mind is astray". "Yes, continued the sick child, I saw him last night. He reached out his hands, and his hands moved in prayer. He read from a big book, and six big candles were burning before him. Little angels lifted up the cross on his back, and sweet bells rang as he lifted something in his hands to the sky".

"He is raving, lady. Oh, if I could only get him something to drink!" wailed the mother of the boy.

"O God! what suffering!" said the lady, her eyes  
 shining with tears. "Wait a little while, and I  
 will bring you plenty to eat and drink. That poor boy  
 was dreaming of a priest saying mass. Are you  
 sure?" inquired the lady of the sick woman.  
 "Yes," was the answer, "and my boy never saw a  
 priest saying mass".

"Bring them to be of good cheer, and promising to  
 return soon, the lady departed. She went to the  
 Superior Fathers, and told Father D... of the sufferers.  
 A short time he was down with them, the lady  
 attending him, and carrying some nourishment  
 for him. No sooner had the priest entered than the  
 lady exclaimed: "There he is, and the angels are  
 around him. He was here last night."

Hot tears fell thick and fast down the good  
 lady's cheeks as he viewed the misery and heard  
 the tale of woe, and it is needless to add that besides  
 attending them with bodily food, he gave to their  
 souls the water of Baptism to refresh them,  
 Bread of Life to feed them. He found them  
 ready to believe, and he gave them all the consolation  
 of the Church. They were too reduced to recover,  
 when they died, he stood by them feeling in his  
 heart that God had taken pity on their sorrows, and  
 that He who had placed in the sick boy's mind  
 the idea of a Priest.

—(*The Sodalist.*)

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION  
OF ST. ANNE (1).

A little over three years ago, I was so troubled with my throat that I could hardly swallow or eat. I begged of good St. Anne to cure me, promising a pilgrimage to her shrine, should my prayer be heard. St. Anne graciously granted my request, and I recovered completely.—*L. M. G., Glen's Falls, N. Y.*

(1) Conformably to the decree of His Holiness Urban VIII entirely submit to the appreciation of Holy Church the favor attributed to the intercession of St. Anne, as well as others recorded in these pages.