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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 Charlevoix, and the Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac.



Gloriosa dicta sunt de te (P. No.

things are said of thee (P. No. 86.)

SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

ANNALS

OF

ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.—THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

CONTENTS.

Our English Annals.—Saint Thomas Aquinas (poetry)—Saint Anne, protectress of the wanderer—St Joseph and the Virgins—The worship and patronage of St Anne (*continued*); all creatures have contracted the strictest obligations towards St Anne and St Joachim—Duties of parents towards their children—St Anne and the faith of the Bretons—The days of '47—Our Lady of Perpetual Help—A child miraculously preserved from death.—The Altar of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

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

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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

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OUR ENGLISH ANNALS.

Our English edition of the *Annals of St. Anne de Beaupré* will soon have finished the first year of its republication. With April's issue Volume II will be completed. We are happy to inform our readers that the work will be continued. We hesitated somewhat before beginning it, owing to the failure of a previous attempt in 1876. But trusting in the help of St. Anne, we set to work, humbly hoping

that our undertaking might prosper for the glory of God, of our good Saint, and for the profit of souls. And, in truth, our confidence has been rewarded.

From all points of the continent where the name of St. Anne is blessed by the sick and the afflicted—and where is it not praised?—her fervent zelators and clients have eagerly sent us their subscription to the *Annals*. It is to them, after God and St. Anne, that we owe the continuance of our publication.

In the diffusion of our little periodical local or national prejudices have been laid aside. The faithful of English, Irish or American origin were desirous to know and venerate the Protectress of French Canada, and Canadians of French descent were eager to acquaint their brethren in the faith with the good Mother who lavishes her bounties on all without distinction. For the devotion to St. Anne is essentially Catholic, and in the eyes of the good Saint, there is “neither Gentile nor Jew, bond nor free,” when she has to reward faith or hear the prayer of an afflicted soul. All these zealous friends have greatly contributed to encourage our efforts. We therefore thank them and earnestly request them to redouble their zeal for the propagation of the devotion to St. Anne through the medium of the *Annals* among their English-speaking brethren.

And we owe not less gratitude to those charitable and distinguished correspondents, who have given us a share in the works which their generous pen contributes to the homage of the Author of all knowledge. From Ste Anne de Beaupré, from Three Rivers, from Toronto, from Maryland, and even from far-off California, we have received literary contributions, which by giving interest and charm to our modest periodical, have taught our English-speaking readers to love and venerate good St. Anne.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS.

(Feast on March 7.)

(With the author's kind permission)

Thine a name to live forever in the world thy life illumined
 With the sweet, seraphic lustre burning in thy spotless soul,
 Where each lofty aspiration tended only to God's honor,
 And no wild, contending passions ever swept with fierce control.

"Angel of the Schools," thy wisdom like a stream of living waters
 Gladdens all the arid desert of the earth, and vivifies
 With a never-failing vigor minds that humbly and sincerely [lies.
 Draw their knowledge from Truth's fountain where all purest science

Lover of the Saviour lifted for his people upon Calvary,
 For their sake upon the rude cross in such agony enthroned,
 How the wounds that rent his body filled thy gentle heart with
 Drawing thee still closer, closer to him whom men disowned. [anguish,

From sweet Jesus' wounds descended light to guide thee in thy labors,
 Thence flowed forth all grace and learning to enrich thee with their
 Thence the deeply hidden meaning of each theme sublime and mystic [dower,
 Was revealed to thy rapt vision by his love's celestial power.

To thy heart a precious volume was the crucifix, unfolding
 Unto thee the wondrous secrets thou so well couldst understand ;
 That the measure of man's loving was to love God without measure,
 And to yield him praise unceasing, earnest, fervid, deep and grand.

By thy songs which seem as echoes of the glorious strains that seraphs
 In the golden courts of Heaven chant in joy before his face,
 By the all-consuming fervor of the holy zeal that fired thee,
 And which made thy humble spirit as a very fount of grace.

It was given thee that the Saviour of thy work should speak approval,
 Saying from his cross : " O Thomas ! thou hast written well of me ;
 What wouldst ask of me as guerdon ! " Winning thy enraptured
 Which surrounding angels echoed : " I desire naught but thee ! " [answer,

O great saint of Heaven, rejoicing in the glory of God's presence
 May the sweet desire that filled thee all our hearts with love inflame,
 Till life's only aim and object, every thought, and word and action,
 Be an offering to the honor of his dear and holy name.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

ST ANNE

THE PROTECTRESS OF THE WANDERER

In gratitude to St Anne for many great favours received through her intercession I am induced to relate in the pages of the *Annals* the following example of the power of prayer.

I am the only Catholic member of a Protestant family, my father and mother being prominent members of the Presbyterian sect, and, according to their lights, good and devout souls. Through circumstances which I need not here relate, I became a Catholic five years ago, since when I have had great devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord and to the Blessed Virgin. Attracted by the fame of the shrine at Ste Anne de Beaupré, I made a pilgrimage to that holy spot two years ago, with the result that I have ever since ranked amongst the clients of Good Saint Anne. The confidence which I have placed in her has been repaid by numerous answers to prayer, many of which might fittingly be chronicled in these pages. That which leads me to write now, however, is of so striking a character as to suffice for all.

About two years ago my younger brother left home and went to California. In the case of his watch I placed a small representation of the Sacred Heart, asking him to keep it and wear it *for my sake*. This he promised to do. For some time he wrote home regularly; then, for a period of several months, no letter came, and we began to fear that something had befallen him. Full of confidence in our Good Saint, I began a novena to her, in honour of the Sacred Heart, that, if it was the will of God, we might receive some tidings of him. Each day of the novena passed and yet no letter. On the morning of the ninth day, I approached Holy Communion, and, a few hours later, on going to my office, I

hoped, expected to find a letter waiting for me. But, as if to try my confidence, no letter was there. Still my confidence was not shaken and, (praise be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to His servant St Anne !) only a few hours had elapsed when a young man walked into the office, the bearer of tidings from my brother. He had seen him and had spoken to him, and brought a message from him.

Again did a long period (this time nearly eight months) elapse without any further tidings reaching us. The bearer of the first message had returned to California, but could find no trace of my brother at the place where he had left him. He had disappeared. I continued to recommend him to the protection of the Sacred Heart and of Good Saint Anne, and when hope in the other members of our family seemed well nigh to have departed. I began a second novena, promising in return for a letter from my brother, to tell my mother of St. Anne's share in it, and to publish the fact in the *Annals*. Again was faith rewarded, for *a letter did come*, written almost on the very day when the novena closed. My brother had gone to sea, and after a long voyage of six months, had landed at Havre in France, from which port he was to sail for home within a few days, weary of wandering and anxious to return to the parental roof. Thus does St. Anne hear and answer prayer, never turning a deaf ear to those who cry to her in faith. May our dear Saint continue to establish her title to our love and confidence by interceding effectually for the conversion of the various members of my family. Such is the prayer of

A CLIENT OF ST ANNE.

SAINT JOSEPH AND THE VIRGINS.

(Feast on March 19.)

Lilies would lose their whiteness, snow would seem dark, and the purest rays of the sun would be judged unclean, were they compared with that chaste prince, destined to deal habitually with Angels, to attend to the bodily wants of the King of Virgins, and to converse during several years, not only as a guardian, like St. John, but also as a spouse, with the noblest princess of the world, who is at the same time Queen of Virgins and virginity itself. O my God, forgive me if I dare to say that those virgin spirits, who form the better part of Thy heavenly court, never possessed a purity so noble, so agreeable, so useful, so glorious, nor so admirable as that virginal man, in whose bosom Thou first didst find a resting-place, with greater contentment than bees find repose in the heart of the most sweet-smelling flowers.

(P. JACQUINOT.)

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THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF SAINT ANNE.

ALL CREATURES HAVE CONTRACTED THE STRICTEST OBLIGATIONS TOWARDS ST ANNE AND ST. JOACHIM.

(Continued.)

There reigns throughout all creation an economy, a dependence admired even by those who shut their eyes so as not to see in the world the hand of infinite Power and Wisdom. All beings, from the smallest to the greatest, are ranged according to a visible plan, wherein the perfection of the parts

harmonizes with the majestic proportions of the whole; they are not isolated facts, but they are held together by a marvellous connection, borrowing from one another the elements of their preservation. Every day we behold these wonders, we tread upon them, we suit them to the wants of life. Does not the most uncultivated man know that he cannot prolong his life without the help of other creatures? We also find this same order and dependence in the heavens, where the annihilation of a single body would cause a profound disturbance in the harmony of the spheres.

The moral world is governed by similar laws; man needs man for his education and the preservation of his rights, and, in a society, all the members are indebted for both advantages to the depositaries of authority and knowledge, according to the perfection with which the latter fill their office.

The supernatural world cannot escape the same laws; if, in truth and justice, we owe thanksgiving to God alone through Our Lord Jesus Christ, sole author of our salvation and sole restorer of all things, we however contract obligations more or less strict with the several instruments which He uses to reach us. Who can pay our debts towards our parents, towards the pastors of our souls, whose tender charity has endowed us with life and with all the treasures of Faith? Our forefathers, and the missionaries who preached the Gospel in our countries, have they no right to our gratitude? Can we leave in oblivion the Martyrs and Apostles who founded our Holy Church and cemented it with their blood? Interrupt that lineage of saints, break asunder that chain of heavenly benefactors, isolate yourself from that divine hierarchy, and what will become of you? What darkness and what abysses will surround you! Now, if we owe so much to our fathers in the Faith, to the Saints, to the Martyrs and Apostles, what shall our obligations be towards the Parents of the ever-blessed Virgin?

The other Saints have been unto us generous masters, charitable ambassadors; but their office, was limited to the work of instructing and exhorting us, and also of helping us by the faithful transmission of that which they had themselves received; but Mary, their mother and ours, the consolation of the sons of Adam, but Jesus, our adorable chief, to whom do we owe them?

“Happy Couple, Anne and Joachim, shall we again repeat with a Father already quoted, every creature is under strict obligation to you: by you every creature offers to its Creator the most perfect of all gifts, a chaste Mother, alone worthy of her God.” (1)

“O Saint Anne, mother of the Virgin Spouse, contrary to all hope, thou hast seen shining within thee the flame of virginity, the glory of chastity.”

“We all therefore proclaim thee blessed and the source of our life.”

“Thy heart is blessed, O Anne filled with wisdom; it has flowered and given that virginal fruit, which has given birth to the Author and Redeemer of all creatures.”

“Rejoice, Joachim, because a Child is born unto us of thy Daughter, and through Her a Son is given unto us. He shall be called the Angel of the great counsel, the Saviour of the world, the God of strength.” (2)

George of Nicomedia lays down in the following words the rights of St Anne and St Joachim to our gratitude:

“We had been made out of nothing by a pure act of the divine goodness, and we were destined to serve our Creator in the earthly Paradise, by the practice of holy works; but, repelling just commands, we drew upon ourselves the punishment of death by our own will. Nevertheless our Creator,

(1) St John Damascene.

(2) St Andrew of Crete.

acting according to His mercy, promised us our redemption and freedom; but we had to wait for the time appointed and for those who were to deliver us. Ages rolled by, the prophecies were slow in their fulfilment: all the Patriarchs and the Souls of the Just waited in painful expectation. Abraham had passed, and his descendants ardently yearned for the day which would behold the fulfilment of the mystery of Reparation. Moses caught a glimpse of it through the veils of the figures; he hoped to be the happy witness of the great event. That hope crossed the desert, it upheld the Judges, it was again confirmed unto Samuel: David made those of his own time skip with joy by announcing the nearness of its fulfilment. The choir of the Prophets proclaimed in bold accents that the Christ was soon to come forth; but one after another they disappeared deceived in their hope, for the appointed hour had not yet come, and those who *were worthy* had not yet shown themselves. At last the Creator of all things found unto himself among His ancestors the worthy instruments of His designs, Anne and Joachim, the parents of Her who was to determine the accomplishment of the promise. To them, therefore, do we owe the Author of our Joy and the first pledge of our happiness."

In order to be penetrated with deep respect and holy reverence towards our neighbor and ourselves, St-Paul has said: "Know you not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" (1) And elsewhere: "We are members of his body, of his flesh and of his bones." (2)

We must not see in these words a pious exaggeration; they contain more than a purely mystical image, they attest a real, physical fact; they express a kindred of a particular kind with the God made

(1) I, Cor. VI, 15.

(2) Eph. V, 30.

Man. By Baptism and the other sacraments, but especially by the ineffable Eucharist, we come into contact with Our Lord, although hidden from our gaze under the sacramental species. This union is not an empty word, a mere abstraction; for, among the spiritual, and sometimes corporal, effects of grace on the frailties of our nature, it leaves in us a pledge and a germ of resurrection and immortality.

Now, the ties of this special relationship bind us also to Mary and her Parents. If we address Mary by the sweet name of Mother, is it not, under a certain aspect, on account of that sacramental kinship? Is it not because Our Lord, by sharing His rights with us, has introduced us into His own family and called Himself our elder brother? If such is the case, have we not an indisputable right to proclaim ourselves grand-sons of St. Anne, to call her by the tender name of Mother, and, as such, should we not render to her, as to St. Joachim, the duties of filial piety?

From the French of F. Mermillod, S.-J.

(To be continued.)

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DUTIES OF PARENTS TOWARDS THEIR CHILDREN.

Fathers and mothers, it is to you that the Church appeals in these days of sorrow and desolation, when everything seems to unite for the ruin of religion and the triumph of the spirit of evil.

Society is fast losing its Christian character. But society is made up of families. Before a spirit of indifference penetrates the masses, it has secretly exerted its disastrous influence in the domestic sanctuary. It cannot have so universally spread among the people without having first corrupted the individuals in the very bosom of their family.

Let us suffer no delusion : the best minds have felt the influence of this pernicious evil. An anti-christian breath has wafted over the world ; we have all more or less been affected by it. A life of naturalism, a life sensual and pagan, has succeeded to the austere habits, impregnated with the religious spirit of our forefathers ; the maxims of the world are far more our maxims than the truths of the Gospel ; and if we still believe in Jesus Christ and his eternal kingdom, we live nevertheless as if there were nothing to expect in a better world.

Let us open our eyes and we shall see that too often we have limited our homage to God to a few outward practices, and instead of religion, have contented ourselves with a kind of superficial religiousness.

Such is the evil, but where is the remedy? In going back purely and simply to the duties of Christian life. Let all those who call themselves Catholics set themselves courageously to the practice of those duties. And in the same manner that the degenerate families of our age have drawn the world into the current of paganism, so they, in their turn, by the honest and frank acceptance and the complete practice of the Gospel, will draw the masses from the slough in which they are plunged and will restore them to Jesus Christ. By rendering the family Christian, they will create society over again.

Fathers and mothers, you have four great duties to fulfil to realize this vow of the Church and to attain such a noble end. You owe to your Children *good example, careful watching, correction, and Christian education.*

(To be continued.)



ST. ANNE AND THE FAITH OF THE BRETONS.

The inhabitants of Brittany are distinguished for their profound and generous faith; their faith is both simple and frank, and has become as it were so natural to them, that they do not even suspect that any other belief than their own can exist upon earth.

A few years ago, a physician from Paris, after having visited that lovely country, related, in a public journal, the impressions made on him by the simple and christianly manner of the country-folk.

- I have just assisted, wrote he, at a Breton repast; it was a sober and frugal meal, in a dark and rustic room. It was seven o'clock in the evening, and the apartment was lighted only by a poor candle and a torch of resin. After the meal was over, one of the farm-girls took from a shelf a large book bound in black. It was the *Lives of the Saints* in the Breton language. She read the Saint of the day. The men listened gravely and devoutly. When she had finished, each one made the sign of the cross, then arose and went away. - The same act of devotion is repeated every day.

The *Lives of the Saints*, an Almanac and a few prayer-books, compose the whole library of the farm. At the appointed hour, the inmates of the farm-house kneel down. Evening prayers are said aloud.

After the *Pater. Ave. Credos* and *Gospiel* in Breton, they recite in Latin the *Angelus*, the *Litanies of the Blessed Virgin*, an invocation to St. Anne and the *De Profundis*, then a series of special prayers for all the wants of the household. At the beginning and at the end of this recitation, the head of the family takes holy water in a vessel suspended to the wall, near the chimney, and he gives some to all present. The sign of the cross is then made in religious silence.

A trifling incident made me admire how serious was the piety of these honest people. I had remarked the particular fondness of the old farm-wife for one of her grand-children, a brat about eight years old. "Little Giles does this, would she repeat, little Giles does that....." Now, during prayers, little Giles behaved himself very badly: he would sit in the chimney, rise up again, go to lean against the wall, and then kneel down to rise once more a moment after. A word of remonstrance from the grandfather had had no effect. When prayers were over, the grand-mother explained to me how, generally at that hour, "little Giles," was in bed long ago. They had allowed him to "sit up" on my account; "but, added the good dame with a grave look, I had made him say his prayers before sunset, for at night-fall, he would not have had all his wits about him."

What is striking in their lives, is the profound peace in which they spend them. Their mode of living is extremely rigorous. Accustomed from childhood to every privation, these robust folks suffer not from it. They see old age coming without fear. They are not afraid of death. They speak with a sort of cheerfulness of going "to rest in the garden of *Monsieur le Curé*." The thought of after-life in no way terrifies them. They serve God and pray.

God, the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne: all Brittany and the life of the Bretons are contained in these words. They work, they pray and they suffer to do their duty, and they do their duty, cost what it will, to obey God who has placed them on earth and to gain heaven. If they are happy—and they are often so, for their desires are moderate,—they thank God, the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne; and, if they are unfortunate, they pray to God, to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne to give them resignation until they reach heaven. What a beautiful life and what serenity is theirs!

A short time ago died, at Hernebont, a veteran ninety-seven years old, named Barbedet. Enrolled, under the First Empire, among the grenadiers of the imperial guard, he had marched all over Europe, and fought numberless battles, without having ever received any wound.

"I had nothing to fear, said he, since I had vowed myself to our good Lady Saint Anne! Is she not the Patroness of Bretons?"

And, in truth, he escaped death as if by miracle: at Leipsic, a ball carried off his shako; at Dresden, his tunic was pierced in several places. But he feared nothing: his confidence in St. Anne seemed to have made him invulnerable.

When he returned from his distant and perilous expeditions, he hardly took time to lay down his slender trooper's luggage and to embrace his parents whom he had not seen for several years. Without taking an hour's rest, he immediately started, on foot, to thank St. Anne who had protected him so well. For Barbedet was a good Christian, and one of those Bretons whose simple and child-like faith is as solid as granite.

Towards the end of his life, each time that *M. le Curé* went to visit him, he would say:

"Are you coming to sign my furlough, *M. le Curé*? I am beginning to think that God has forgotten me; and yet it is high time that I should go to join my old comrades in the garden of good fellowship! I am not afraid of death, I have lived a good Christian, I wish to die the same."

He died, a short time ago, rolling between his half-paralyzed fingers, his beads which helped him to bear with resignation the infirmities of his prolonged old age.

He who lives well, dies a peaceful and happy death.

THE DAYS OF '47.

The history of the Irish people is a glorious, but a sorrowful one. It throws open to the astonished gaze of humanity at large, the records of a nation whose faith all the robbery and murder, systematic bloodshed and persecution of the mightiest of earthly kingdoms have in vain striven to shatter,—a faith, that, like the Rock of ages, is as immovable to day, as it was a thousand years ago. It also presents its gloomy picture, its tales of woe; its pains and penalties; its slaughtered priests and Bishops; its drenched scaffolds; its broken-hearted widows and forlorn orphans. But at no period does Ireland present a more sorrowful spectacle than in the horrible days of 1846 and '47. At the very moment, when the dark, lurking shadows of three centuries might be supposed to be about to disappear, an ominous cloud was seen, looming up in the horizon, spreading the sable curtains of death over the hill-side and the valley, bearing on its dark bosom, the dreadful Angel of destruction. The Famine came, with all its scenes of horror; and it found the nation that had withstood the sword and cannon, unable to withstand the exterminating ravages of systematic starvation, and it sent millions of its victims to an early grave. The mighty O'Connell, at the sight of the awful Figure that swept over the land that he loved, sank, broken-hearted, into the tomb; and the sun of Ireland's existence seemed to be fast sinking in the West. The field and the roadside were strewn with dying and with dead; and in the midst of their universal despair and sorrow, they turned their eyes across the Atlantic to seek shelter in a foreign land. The Hand of Providence directed the mourning Irish to the shores of the Western World; and, throughout the broad extent of America, thousands and hundreds of thousands of those sufferers are to be found to-day;—from

North to South, from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—on the banks of the St-Lawrence and the Hudson, the Mississipi and the Amazon.

But nowhere was their advent more disastrous; nowhere did the terrible disease which they brought with them—the offspring of famine—inspire more natural terror, and appeal more earnestly to the best sympathies of the human heart, than in the place where we now stand,—along the banks of this mighty river. In the month of June 1847, eighty-four emigrant-ships, all laden with the victims of famine and malignant fever,—reeking with pestilence—were driven up the St Lawrence by an easterly wind,—bearing their contagious freight of dying and dead, of wailing children, of men and women,—raving and delirious—all in their different stages of disease. They landed and anchored at Grosse Island, and were flung upon the beach in their prostrate, deplorable condition; gasping forth their last breath on that fatal shore, with no home to crawl into, no shelter but that afforded by the canopy of Heaven. Their mortality went on at such a prodigious rate, that at times it rose to one hundred and fifty, and two hundred a day; there they dropped away, and were piled up in heaps, to be thrown into a nameless grave,—to await the burial a huge pit could afford. As the beautiful summer days rolled by, death was doing its ghastly work, till, before the expiration of four months, the green turf of that one little island bloomed over the remains of 12,000 of Irish race and blood. No pompous monument marks the place where they rest; no trace of their heroic constancy in the hour of agony remains; but they calmly breathed forth their souls,—the children of a martyred nation; they passed away to their eternal reward,—to the home where there is no distinction of monarch or subject, of bondman or free.

The same appalling ravages that took place at

Grosse Island and Quebec tracked their upward course along the river; the same dreadful havoc of human life everywhere haunted the unfortunate plagues-smitten out-casts; the same tremendous Angel of Death, that had consigned thousands to a watery grave, in their blind rush across the Atlantic, pursued them, day and night, and again swept down upon them in the fever-sheds of Kingston and Montreal. The immense hewn boulder, at Point St. Charles, where Victoria Bridge spans the broad St. Lawrence, is a living monument, an impressive memorial of what they suffered, a preservative from desecration of the slumbering ashes of 6,000 emigrants struck down in that spot, where their silent bones mingle with the dust.

And, in the midst of all this unparalleled affliction; in the midst of all this contagious pestilence, infection and human misery, the expiring Irish manifested that grandeur of character, that unshaken firmness of faith, that stupendous courage and resolution in the hour of peril, which is the grand characteristic that ten centuries of bloodshed and persecution could never extinguish; they exhibited that inward fidelity and confidence in Heaven that marks out the Irishman in every land, and preserves Catholicity in all its immortal magnificence, in the heart of the Irish nation. In the last pang of mortal agony, the dying father and mother invoked a blessing on the helpless offspring that knelt by their couch of straw, and, with cold quivering lips confided his innocent childhood to the protection of Heaven. And that blessing remained, that last prayer of the agonizing sufferer was heard. While the sun shone brightly in the firmament, and all nature was robed in her garb of loveliness; while the majestic river rolled along its mighty waters, and the whole world outside was in gayety and gladness, death was rioting in the fever-sheds; but from the sacred ashes of its

victims, Faith has sprung up; a stalwart race of men has taken root in the soil, firm as their forefathers in devotion to the Chair of St. Peter; firm in their loyalty to the land of their birth or adoption, firm in their love and veneration for St. Patrick and Dear Old Ireland. But, in that year of severe trial; in that terrible, ever memorable '47, it is not to be supposed that those forlorn outcasts were left alone, were abandoned to go before their God without a hand to succor them. In that moment of utter destitution, the craving appeals of the desolate multitude touched the heart of the nation; their cries of distress went forth, and found a noble response in the sympathetic solicitude and energetic efforts of the French Canadians. Be it said to the everlasting honor of that kind-hearted people, be it said to the glory of the descendants of fair France, on whose friendship our forefathers had no other claim, than that of one common Faith, during those perilous few months, they performed deeds of Christian charity, that can never be forgotten while there is an Irishman to trod this land, or a drop of Irish blood flowing in our veins.

At the request of the Archbishop of Quebec, the priest left his life of holy tranquillity; the professor bade farewell to his class and his studies, (1) to hail the embrace of death; the tender sister of Charity forsook her peaceful cloister and her hymns of devotion, to hear the moans of the dying, to face the smiting Angel and take her heroic stand in the

(1) His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, the present Archbishop of Quebec, was then teaching the class of Rhetoric, in the Seminary of that city. He too, at the voice of his Master, left his books and students and hastened to the death-bed of the suffering emigrants. He had the glorious privilege of being stricken with the dread disease, and of giving that proof of charity greater than which there is none, of being ready to lay down his life for his brethren.

hideous fever-shed, where the very atmosphere was impregnated with the most loathsome of diseases. There they stood, day and night, for four long months, the priest and nun, regardless of trials and fatigues, regardless of life itself; and there the spirit of the chivalrous Canadian, accompanied the soul of the Irish exile in its journey to the throne of the Eternal.

The descendants of Catholic Ireland and France—the ones driven out by famine and penal persecution, the others sent by the will of Providence to build up a Catholic nation in the New World, stood side by side in the grand, the noble battle-field of Christian charity, in the rude conflict between life and death, in the racking struggle of the final moment against the torments of despair and the assaults of the arch-enemy of man. Many a father and a mother had to mourn the loss of a child or a friend that fell a victim to the work of Charity.

Nor was that incomparable, inexhaustible devotedness of the French Canadian population confined to the Clergy alone. It knew no distinction of persons or localities; it was equally manifest in town and country. Hundreds of little orphans of every age—from the infant taken from the bosom of its dead mother, to the child that could barely lisp the name of its parents,—were left lonely and destitute, unconscious of the terrible loss they had suffered. But the arms of the nation were extended; they welcomed the helpless innocents into the hospitable bosom of their families; they cared for them, and many an eminent Irishman, who has risen to fame and distinction on the banks of the St-Lawrence, can, to day, look back with pride and eternal gratitude to the fostering fireside of his adopted parents.

And now, forty-two years have glided by; many of those that were living then, have gone to their everlasting reward, but many a venerable veteran still remains, with the snows of old age, whitening

his locks,—to tell the sad tale of the Irish Famine. During this time the French and Irish elements have flourished and magnified; sons of the two great Catholic nations, that, in weal or in woe, ever looked with sympathy to one another, march side by side, in the varied walks of life; ever ready, fresh, valorous and impetuous, to close their serried ranks, to stand shoulder to shoulder, when the cause of their religion or the rights of their nationality are in peril. They live as members of one family, as children of one Mother Church, in peace and prosperity, in unity and happiness, and may the day be far off, when they shall be disunited. Twenty thousand Irish exiles are looking down, from the throne of Heaven, with gratitude upon the Canadian nation; and long may those who still survive the wreck of time; long may their children and generations yet to come, bear fresh in their memory, the traditionary reminiscences of a faithful, persecuted race; long may they remember the noble part the people of Lower Canada played amid the horrors of '47!

M. O'BRIEN.

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OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

We must ask without ceasing for the gift of final perseverance. Such is the law, the great law of salvation. But listen, Christians: that gift of gifts has been confided by God to a privileged creature whom it has pleased Him to glorify almost as much as Himself, and on whom He willed that the salvation of mankind should ever depend. That creature, you have named her; it is the Blessed Virgin Mary, who, for that very reason, is called by the Holy Ghost and Holy Church "the life, hope and help" of Christians. If the Saints have received from the Lord the power of communicating to men certain

particular grace, Mary is the necessary medium for the grace of graces. To sum it all up in one word, she is the mother of perseverance.

That is the reason why the Church, always guided by God, has willed that the *Ave Maria*, that filial prayer of Mary's clients, should contain expressly and completely the request of the grace of perseverance. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, do we say, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death." Admirable supplication of the Christian who wishes to persevere. "I am a sinner, says he, a sinner essentially, and irremediably, and yet I would reach heaven. If grace does not hold me up, I will fall fainting by the way-side. Pray then for me, now, O Mother of God, and grant to your sinful child assistance for his journey. But when I shall have reached the end, I shall require assistance for the passage. Pray then for me, not only now, but at the hour of my death. Amen."

O Ave Maria! O prayer of Salvation, O wisdom and hope of sinners, O treasure of the persevering Christian, come and come again without ceasing to my suppliant lips, so that by thy virtue, beloved prayer, I may be one day numbered among those who will be saved for having prayed.

This heavenly traffic between the Christian who asks for perseverance, and Mary who obtains it for him, supposes on the part of both perpetuity, continuance; on our side, perpetual prayer, on Mary's side, perpetual succor.

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That Virgin, whose name is blessed, exists. God who multiplies consolations as fast as desolation spreads over the earth, God has given her unto us. It is Our Lady of Perpetual Help, it is that beloved Virgin, lately replaced on the altars of the Church, and whose glory, whose name and holy pictures have since then attracted and consoled thousands of the faithful.

O Blessed Virgin Mary, who, to inspire us with a boundless confidence, hast taken the lovely name of Mother of Perpetual Help, I beseech thee to assist me at all times and in all places; in my temptations, after my falls, in my difficulties, in all the evils of life, and especially at the moment of my death. Grant me, O charitable Mother, the thought and habit of always having recourse unto thee, certain that I am of being faithfully assisted by thee, if I invoke thee faithfully. Procure me, then, that grace of graces, the grace of always praying to thee with child-like confidence, so that, by the virtue of that faithful prayer, I may obtain thy perpetual help and final perseverance. Bless me, O tender and helpful Mother, and pray for me now and at the hour of my death."—(From the *Holy Family*).

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A CHILD MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED FROM DEATH.

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Boston, Mass.

St Anne has recently shown her charitable power in behalf of Léon Lacourse, one of my grand-sons. The child, holding a large knife in his hand, was running down a hill with all the giddiness of his age, when one of his playmates pushed him for fun and made him fall to the ground. The child fell on the knife which cut a wound eight inches long and laid open all his bowels. The Doctor, summoned with all haste, declared that his case was hopeless and that death must soon ensue. At that moment, the thought of St Anne occurred to my mind, and I begged her to cure my little Léon, promising, in return, to publish the favor in the *Annals*.

Five days later the child was able to move in his bed without assistance, and in a short time he was completely cured. I fulfil my engagement with pleasure, and I invite your many readers to help me in thanking the great and good Patroness of Canada.—Mrs ISIDORE O. LACOURSE.

SUBSCRIPTION

FOR THE ALTAR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN HONORED UNDER THE
TITLE OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

We are convinced that persons devoted to St. Anne would be happy to contribute to the erection of this monument to the glory of the Immaculate Daughter of the Protectress of Canada.

We, therefore, with the approval of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, have opened a subscription-list in the *Annals*.

Persons contributing at least 25 cents will have a share in the masses and prayers which are offered in the Basilica for benefactors.

N. B.—Offerings may be sent either to the Church of Ste Anne de Beaupré or to the editor of the *Annals*.

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