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QUEBEC.

Vol. 16 --o--o-- May 1902. --o--o-- No. 1.

ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRE.



ILLUSTRATED BULLETIN OF Pilgrimages and Confraternities,

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



1902.

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THE DIVINE SHEPHERDESS.

**I am the Mother of Mercy, and I reject none who
trust in Me.**



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1902.



DECLARATION

Being desirous of complying, absolutely and entirely with the decree of VIII, we declare that we attach only a purely human belief to the extraordinary and supernatural facts related in the *Annals of the Good Saint Ann*. Also, in using terms of eulogy or of veneration concerning pious persons, we do not intend, in any manner, to anticipate the judgment of the Holy Church, to which we submit in mind and heart.



Annals of Saint Anne de Beaupre.

Vol. 16. —♦— May, 1902. —♦— No. 1.

Contents : Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 3. — The Time of Pilgrimage, p. 5. — Magnificat, p. 7. — A flag of Truce, p. 10. — Blessed Gerard, p. 14. — Duties of Christian families to the sick, p. 20. — Do not, p. 25. — Thanksgivings, p. 30. — Recommendations to prayers, p. 32.

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Chronicle of the Shrine.

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AN excellent affair for the pilgrims, Dame Rumor, whose tongue is always very supple, at Saint Anne de Beaupré at least as well as any where else, whispers that the Q. R. L. & P. Co. is going to enlarge its station at Saint Ann. The pilgrims will, in future, be able to wait quietly for their trains, without being roasted by the sun or drenched with rain.

Note. The Q. R. L. & P. Co, you may imagine to be a very complicated personage. Do not be uneasy, It is only the Good Saint Ann's Railway Company, entirely devoted to the interests of the pious pilgrims.

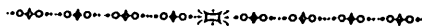
Leo XIII Jubilee. On the 2nd of March our glorious Pontiff entered upon the 93rd year of his age. Born at Carpineto on the 2nd of March 1810, he was ordained priest on the 31st of Decembre 1837, consecrated Archbishop of Damietta on the 17th of Febuary 1843, elected pope on the 20th of February 1878, and crowned on the 3rd of March following. In a few months more, the Sovereign Pontiff will have completed his sixty years of episcopate. If the like is

noaltogether unknow in the history of the Church, there have, certainly, been very few bishops, who wore the mitre sixty years. Since the commencement of his reign, Leo XIII has seen more than a hundred and thirty cardinals die: he has appointed a hundred and forty eight of them. Despite his great age, the Pope enjoys excellent health. His vast intelligence retain its full activity. He appears to suffer no loss of his prodigious memory. We may, therefore, hope that he will preside, for many years to come, over the destinies of the Church which he governs with a wisdom that commands the admiration of the whole world. Upon the occasion of his commencing the twenty fifth year of his pontificate, Leo XIII received a large number of letters and telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the earth. Cardinal Rampolla sang a solemn *Te Deum* in the Basilica of Saint Peter, to inaugurate the rejoicings of the Jubilee year. The number of the faithful who were present at this ceremony is estimated at seventy thousand.

Appeal to all our subscribers and to all our readers. How many are we? Thirty thousand subscribers — Let us put down at least three readers for each subscribers, in round numbers, one hundred thousand, One hundred thousand children of the Holy Church, who unite in heart to recite *five* time the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*, for the intention of our Holy Father the Pope. Is this not an excellent way to take part in the festivals of his Jubilee? Gratitude, filial piety, love of the Holy Church, our mother, zeal for souls, all make this a duty for us.

From now, until the end of April, Good Saint Ann will, therefore, lay at the foot of the throne of her Grandson Jesus, five hundred thousand *Pater's*, and five hundred thousand *Ave's*.

Praised for ever be Jesus Christ! Long life to Leo XIII!



A Bouquet of truths.

- 1° Morning prayer and mass have never delayed work.
- 2° Sunday's work never enriched any one.
- 3° Blasphemy brings misfortune.
- 4° Dissension, in a family often causes its ruin.
- 5° Stolen goods never bring with them prosperity.
- 6° Alms and good works never brought any one to the Hospital.
- 7° A child rebellious and heartless to its parents is punished sooner or later, and nearly always in this life.
- 8° Hatred is a cancer, it devours whoever nourishes it.
- 9° We pay dearly in old days, for the follies of our youth.
- 10° The more we defy God in life, the more will we tremble at the hour of death.



The Time of Pilgrimage.



THE seasons are regular, and each thing in all this vast creation has its special time to flourish, to decay, to repose and to revive. From the very beginning of time the sun has daily arisen, has passed to its noon tide splendor, and has gone down in the west; nature has clothed herself in the garments of spring, has put on the flaming robes of summer, has donned the brown and yellow of autumn, has slept in winter's winding-sheet of snow white texture, and has again came forth, to wear the bridal robes of rejuvenation. There has never been a moment's hesitation, in all God's universe, nor one retrograde movement.

God bade the sun, with step sublime, Advance ;
He whispered in the listening ear of Time, Advance ;
He said unto the myriad twinkling stars, Advance ;
Revoling in their silver shining ears, Advance ;
Sun, Time and stars, and all —
At that omnipotent call, Advance.

And so it is with the affairs of life, be they temporal or spiritual. The hour comes and man mories and a supreme voice tells him that there is no turning back. The winter has gone; the dawn of Easter glory has flashed on the world: the whole of nature is once more jubilant. The rivers have been freed from their barriers of ice, and the great ships begin to go and come, bearing the products of otherlands and peoples of other climes or our shores.

The peasant, who stands on the hill slope, near the shrine of Saint Ann, looks out on the blue St. Lawrence rolling seaward, and detects the ocean steamers and the glinting sails as they dot the horizon, and grow larger as they approach. He also sees the steamboats that soon will be carrying their precious freight of faith-inspired pilgrims to the hallowed spot where the good Saint has performed so many astounding miracles in the years that are gone. He sees those long processions of Catholic devotion winding up-ward from the distant

wharf, and amidst prayers and hymns, heading for the grand basilica that points with its twin steeples to the blue above. He knows that it is no mere vision, no creature of the imagination ; he knows that the realization is at hand. Yes the season of Summer approaches and, with it come the pilgrims from all ends of the continent. The lame, the dumb, the blind, the sufferers from all manner of physical ailments, and the martyrs to spiritual trials and tortures ; all are coming to seek relief at the shrine that has witnessed so many prodigies wrought by the power of God through the intercession of the Good Saint Ann.

Cold must be the heart and dull the mind that cannot beat with a fresh pulsation or glow with an unwonted fervor, in beholding such testimony of the Catholic Faith that abides in the people. The sneer of the unbelieving, the scoff of the incredulous, the laugh of the infidel, the mocking tone of the thoughtless are all so poor, so mean, so insignificant when contrasted with the devotion and the sanctity of that spirit which animates the thousands, and tens of thousands of pilgrims to the Shrine of Saint Ann.

At present, and as far as can be judged from the past, this year — the great year of our Holy Father's jubilee — will behold more pilgrims than ever to the holy shrine ; and naturally, will it witness more miracles — for these boons are proportioned to the fervor and the Faith displayed. It is with a joy, that can find no expression in ordinary language, that we note the approach of this grand season of pilgrimages ; for it is ever a source of untold blessings for the land. The thousands that come to Saint Ann, return to scatter the seeds of a livelier faith on all sides, and the glory of God, and the honor of His Church, are proportionately augmented. X.





Magnificat.

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FROM the summit of a mountain of Judea a maiden of fifteen years, inspired by the Divine breath, and piercing the veil of the future, announces to the astonished world that her glory shall increase through all ages, and make its way amidst all nations. This maiden came from Galilee, one of those provinces whence nothing great arises. Her early years had been passed in a solitary cell of the temple at Jerusalem. At length she quitted that lonely dwelling, ascending into the hilly country, and when she saw in prophetic vision the world at her feet, and the nations attentive to her voice, she sang, and more even with her heart than with her lips, that song of rapture which she sent forth upon the winds : « My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour, for the Lord hath regarded the humility of his handmaid ; all generations shall called me blessed. (LUKE I, 16.)

Yes! the world heard and was astonished. What! such exultation promised to such weakness! So great glory to so great obscurity! Ah! pride still makes victims. Satan had seduced Eve still in life's morning, and the hour of redemption is yet far distant. Ten centuries before Mary chanted the *Magnificat*, Solomon, that great king of Israel who ruled over a powerful nation — Solomon, the admiration of the universe by his wisdom and magnificence, Solomon, at the height of splendor, treated his glory as nothingless, and said of all that surrounded him : « Vanity, O Vanity of vanities! » and whilst a monarch condemned his renown to the silence and forgetfulness of the tomb, a poor virgin promises triumph to her unknown name!

Thus spoke the world ; but whilst it reasoned thus in the secret of its thoughts the young virgin chanted still and said in the face of heaven and earth : « The Almighty hath cast down the proud and He hath exalted the humble. »

Two thousand years will soon have passed away since that prophetic hour ; and if we ascend the tide of time who do we behold on the majestic front of all these ages, forming, as it were, the splendid

sun of their victory? The accomplishment of the hopes conceived by the Virgin of Juda, the complete realization of her inspired canticle.

Mary spoke truly. All generations proclaim her blessed. Solomon and his glory have passed away, leaving scarcely a murmur in the night of time, not a handful of dust in the yawning cemetery of death. And the nations have forgotten Solomon or only repeat his words. » « Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity. » Gigantic revolutions have been heaped on revolutions; nations have risen and become extinct, like passing meteors which spring from nothingness, increase, and relapse into nothingness again. The ages, like a terrible storm, have swept away all things with their breath—all save a vain remembrance.

But the cry of the servant of the Lord, do you hear it — do you hear it still resound? In this twentieth century impiety respects nothing. It denies all, it doubts all, even the truth which burns in the heaven of evidence; but who ever had the heart to deny that before our eyes to day, as yesterday, as five hundred years, as eight hundred years ago, the prophecy accomplished? « *Beatam me dicent omnes generationes* » (« All generations shall call me blessed. »)

Daily, in fact, do millions of human voices celebrate her glory. The entire world beholds her seated upon her exalted throne, crowned with her aureole of glory; it uplifts its drooping eyes, the better to gaze upon her, and beholding her, it pours forth the song of praise while it erects every where monuments to her name. Every where humble chapels nestle in the valleys — portals of salvation — or crown the hill-tops like beacons of hope.

Beautiful are the foot-prints of a Christian people when, on the slopes of the hills, guided by the spotless banner floating in the breeze, their long files mount upward, mount still, mount ever; and pious pilgrims, women and children, bend the knee in venerated sanctuaries. They carry with them miseries of the soul, infirmities of the body, but they descend delivered from their evils, with joy in their hearts, and canticles of praise upon their lips.

Beautiful is it to behold the human race, when, as one man, with hands and eyes upraised to heaven, they send forth the cry repeated by every echo of the earth, « O my Mother ! » The child who, leaving the cradle, is supported lovingly on the knees of its mother, joining its little hands, beholds the fair clouds floating in the blue heavens, and cries out: « O my Mother ! » The youth, far from the domestic roof, hidden under the wing of the sacerdotal seminary, to console himself for the absence of his mother, goes to contemplate the image

of Mary, and says to her : « O my Mother ! » The soldier expiring in a foreign land thinks of his distant country and his desolate mother seated by her solitary hearth, and weeps ; but suddenly his tears are checked, his brow becomes calm and pure, he sinks to the tomb in peace, he has felt on his burning breast the scapular, and pressing it to his lips, his trembling voice ejaculates : « O my Mother ! »

What do we behold in this perverse world whose infectious breath withers what it does not corrupt ? Shining lilies of purity, planted in hearts which they embalm with their perfume. Christians of every age, still clothed in the white robe of innocence, and walking with unflinching steps amidst a thousand pitfalls, passing through corruption without tarnishing the white of their garments — these are the children of Mary.

Thus the love of Mary circulates in the veins of humanity — this most beautiful of all devotions — this sweet devotion which Protestantism, by the brutal and licentious hand of Luther, tried in vain to cut off from human worship. Fervent invocations, beloved pilgrimages sublime devotedness resounded in an immense concert echoing from North to South, from East to West to accomplish the strange prophecy which came from the lips of a simple maiden ages ago — « All generations shall call me blessed. »

T. A. DWYER.



Many of us who call ourselves Christians are unworthy of the name. Against our own brothers and sisters of the faith, we treasure up deadly hatreds of petty spites for the slightest offenses. We glibly rattle off in our morning prayers, « Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us, » utterly unmindful of the sublime meaning of the words which Christ Himself has taught us. These words have a meaning and a purpose. There are not a mere formula. They are instinct with the very essence of Christianity. They express the condition on which we hope for pardon from the Father who is in heaven, for our own innumerable offenses. If we could only see what lies beneath these words, would we be so unfor- giving of our neighbors and friends for their trivial offenses against us ?

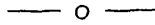


A Flag of Truce :

or,

Must We Fight for ever.

Catholic and Protestant Emancipation.



I shall briefly state, that I remained in the palace ten days, in the most perfect seclusion. Every morning the good bishop dedicated two or three hours to my instruction and improvement; he put into my hands one or two books at a time, with marks in them, indicating the pages which I ought to consult.

The episode ends with an account of Mr. Mildmay's receiving « the Sacrament, » *i. e.*, not absolution, but the Lord's Supper, in the bishop's private room, at the conclusion of which rite, he says :

« I felt that I had faith, that I was a new man — that my sins were forgiven : and dropping my head on the side of the table, I remained some minutes in grateful and fervent prayer. »

Here was fresh food for musing, for the passage had pleased me much, and all the more by its contrast with the Minorcan picture. What has Captain Marryat here related or imagined? Not being thrown into his scoffing mood by the thought of Catholic priests, he has drawn a simple and touching picture of « auricular confession. » as Protestants love to brand it, *i. e.*, of private and secret confession made by a penitent sinner to his spiritual father, who listens to it, not from friendship, but from a sense of duty, as God's minister to a diseased soul. The confession is not vague or general, but « honest and candid, » « without reserve, » and « without

extenuation," being made complete by the opportune interrogations of the confessor.

Captain Marryat has even introduced what most Protestants would consider a specially insidious invention for getting hold of impressionable youths, a ten days' retreat in solitude, under the direction of a well-trained master in the art of suggesting soul-subduing thoughts, together with spiritual reading carefully marked out for the same purpose.

Were such things written in a modern novel, they might justly be suspected of having been consciously borrowed from the Catholic Church, and be denounced as Popish. It is probable that Captain Marryat, who wrote the above in 1828, had no thought whatever that his Anglican prelate was playing the popish confessor. In his partiality for the Established Church of England, he wished to show that, in spite of worldly appearances, there might be genuine benevolence, and spiritual zeal and wisdom in its prelates. Yet after all what is the extent of his bishop's heroic devotion? He does kindly and generously, yet once perhaps in a life time, what is the every day business of genuine Catholic priests. The Jesuit or Franciscan or Dominican father, who is appointed to guide laymen through a ten days' retreat, has not indeed to dismiss his carriage and four with outriders, nor to send a message by his daughter to cancel his dinner engagement with a duke, but otherwise he has to devote himself to his penitent very much after the fashion of this supposed venerable bishop. And many a confessor, both religious and secular, devotes — not ten mornings in a life-time, but — many hours every day for thirty or forty years, not to an interesting young gentleman of good family, but to poor women as well as to the rich, to the stupid and ignorant as well as to the apt and clever. Marryat could imagine no motive as impelling *them*, but the most sordid avarice or abominable profligacy!

Lastly, I turned to Rogers. I knew his *Pleasures of Memory*, and expected a certain elegant mediocrity. What would the rich and fashionable banker have to say about Italy? Certainly nothing but good of its scenery and climate. But what of its people and religion? The volume called *Italy*

is merely a collection of fragments. The first that caught my eye was entitled « Banditti. » The picture is interesting, and was perhaps accurate in those days ; but in the midst of it come foul insinuations contained in lines that are worse than the death-bed scene in Marryat. This is not what Rogers saw in Italy, any more than the other is what Marryat saw in Corsica. These were the imaginations of the hearts of English gentlemen in the early days of the present century. I turned to another fragment called « The Nun. » It is less vile, but it is also an English imagination, not an Italian picture. Rogers appears to have been present at the « clothing » of a postulant of noble family, and his description of what he actually witnessed is correct. He saw her cast away with alacrity and joy her worldly trappings, submit without repugnance to the cutting off of her beautiful tresses, and clothe herself with the humble habit and veil of a nun. It is after this, when the ceremony is over, that the Protestant imagination of the poet runs riot. He follows her to her cell, and thinks of the days when her enthusiasm will have passed away :

In thy gentle bosom sleep
 Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
 To wither like the blossom in the bud,
 Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there
 A cheerless void, a Chill as of the grave,
 A languor and a lethargy of soul
 Deathlike and gathering more and more, till Death
 Come to release thee.

Rogers wrote in 1822. Such were then the prevalent views in England regarding the cloister ; not deduced from history or observation, but drawn from mere Protestant theory or on. A nunnery was either a place of scandal or a tomb of broken hearts. Now-a-days there are very many English ladies who will warmly resent the theory that all who are not wives and mother are « blossoms withered in the bud. » There are also so many nuns now on English soil that facts are fiction, and languor and lethargy are not considered the staple of the conventual life.

It is more interesting to contrast Rogers with himself,

the dreamer with the witness. Another of these fragments is devoted to the monks of the Great St. Bernard, and the following lines tell us what Rogers *saw* :

Some were almost in their prime,
Nor was a brow o'ercast. Seen as they sate
Ranged round their ample hearth-stone in an hour
Of rest, they were as gay and free from guile
As children ; answering, and at once, to all
The gentler impulses, to pleasure, mirth ;
Mingling, at intervals with rational talk,
Music ; and gatherin'g news from them that came
As of some other worlds. But when the storm
Rose, and the snow rolled on in ocean waves,
When on his face th' experienced traveller fell,
Sheltering his lips and nostrils with his hands,
Then all was changed, and sallying with their pack,
Into that blank of nature, they became
Unearthly beings.

Soothed with the better tone of these lines I close my book, and retired to rest ; and as the moon shone brightly into my room, I pleased myself with the thought that the night of ignorance and prejudice is not so dark in England as it was when this century began its course. We date Catholic Emancipation from 1829. Much of what I have quoted was probably the result of the passions aroused in the heat of the political and religious controversies of those days. Might it not be said that about the same period began Protestant Emancipation from the tyranny of bugbears and hobgoblins ? With a prayer that the delivrance might soon become a complete and universal, I fell asleep.

Next day, in my lonely walk, the memory of what I had read set me brooding, whether the better feelings of the present day might be turned to account. It occurred to me that on other subjects, besides confession and monastic life, I might find Protestant testimony to counteract Protestant accusations, and Protestant candour to answer Protestant prejudice. I chose, not as a likely but as an unlikeby subject, devotion to saints and the use of images. I determined to test my theory on the first opportunity. When next I found myself in a fairly stocked library with a few spare hours, I turned over a number of books. The result I will give in the following chapters.

(To be continued.)



Blessed Gerard.



ANOTHER night, Pannuto's son with Gerard as assistant, was watching the vines. Constantly thinking of his loving Lord, the saintly youth made a cross with some reeds and rushes; placed some lighted candles before it as he was wont to do in his childhood days, and began to sing. Whilst chanting the praises of his God, a spark from one of the tapers set fire to the thatched roof, and the flames fanned by a stiff breeze, threatened to destroy everything. Seeing the danger, young Pannuto burst into tears and said: « Oh! what have you done, what have you done! » « It is nothing, » responded Gerard, and making the sign of the Cross, he instantly extinguished the threatening flames.

Blessed Gerard performed another miracle while at Pannuto's. The head tailor had made a coat, and when fitting it on the customer, it was found to be too small in every way. Seeing his friend's discomfiture, Gerard took the coat, and stretching it in every sense, he tried it again on the customer, and it fitted perfectly to the stupefaction of them all.

Whilst the many miracles he performed, proclaimed his sanctity, God continued to shower His choicest graces upon Gerard. One of the most precious was that which he received in the Sacrament of Confirmation, on Whitsuntide, June 25th., 1740. From that day, Gerard appeared to have made a special agreement with the Holy Ghost, to pray the Divine Comforter every day and hour of his life. He constantly invoked His aid and light. Every year Gerard prepared his soul in a special way to the coming of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. He would then increase his mortifications, fasting on bread and water, scourging his frail body until the blood would

course down his limbs, and torturing his flesh with small sharp-pointed chains.

One of the principal fruits which he derived from his devotion to the Holy Ghost, was a vehement wish for the religious life where he might devote himself entirely to God's service. Shortly afterward he made his first attempt to be admitted into a monastery, but the effort failed ; God's moment had not yet arrived. Gerard's uncle, Father Bonaventure, was a Capuchin monk in the monastery of San Menna near Muro. Counting upon his uncle's influence, he went to the convent and asked the Father Guardian to be admitted among the novices. The Superior refused to accede to his earnest request, for he thought Gerard's young years and delicate health could not stand the hardships of a monastic life. To console him in his sad disappointment, Father Bonaventure made his nephew a present of a new coat. Gerard had scarcely left the convent when he met a beggar who asked him for alms. The mendicant's ragged condition moved the boy to pity ; he immediately thought of his new coat and presented it to the poor man. When Father Bonaventure heard the news, he sent for his nephew and reprimanded him severely for thinking so little of his gift. Having humbly listened to the rebuke, the young man replied : « Uncle, do not be angry with me ; I gave the coat to one of Christ's poor, who was more in need of it than I. Had you only seen his poverty, you would have had compassion on him. » The Capuchin remained silent, and admired his nephew's virtuous action.

His trials and vocation.

Having been refused admittance into their Order by the Capuchins, Blessed Gerard determined to await some clearer call from God, and meanwhile to labour more assiduously than ever at the work of his sanctification. With this end in view, he engaged himself as servant to a gentleman whose temper was so notoriously ungovernable, that no one could live a month in his employment. In the life of labour and humiliation, which now opened out before his path, Gerard's heart rejoiced, for thus could he imitate Him, the Lord o

Heaven, Who appeared as a *servant* for our sake. Indeed, the thought of the humility and meekness of our Blessed Saviour in the midst of His dread sufferings was his only comfort in his new surroundings.

He was only sixteen years of age, and the poor boy was the butt for all the concentrated spleen of his ill-humoured master. Multiplied orders, reproaches heaped upon him without cause, interminable scoldings, threats that he would be turned out of the house, such were the lot of Gerard from the very beginning. People wondered how he could bear it all, but he used to say gently, that his master was his best friend and that for his own part, he had no other thought than that of remaining faithful in his service.

He lived a life of the greatest personal austerity. His ordinary food was dry bread. A few vegetables he looked upon as a luxurious banquet. Everything that he could save from the food provided for his own meals he used to give to the poor. All his spare time he was accustomed to pass in the presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

It was at this period that it pleased God to reward the fidelity of His Servant by another great miracle. One day his master having gone out for a walk, Gerard locked the door of his apartments, carried off the key, and proceeded to fetch some water from the well in the public square. While leaning over the kerb, by some mishap the precious key slipped from his grasp and fell into the well below.

« What will my master say ! » cried he in uttermost consternation, « what a state he will be in ! »

One first moment of dismay ! Then, from the very bottom of his heart he asked the help of God. Suddenly there came an inspiration. Running quickly to the Cathedral Sacristy, he ran back with a little statue of the Infant Jesus in his hands. The bystanders, who were witnesses of the scene, waited all in expectation to see what might come next. Amidst a general silence Gerard addressed Our Lord with much simplicity, begging Him to restore the lost key.

Soon he was seen to tie the Statue to a string. Down it went lower and lower into the well. For an instant all was

suspense. Then behold once more the statue reappeared, bearing the key in triumph to its happy owner! No wonder that such a miracle as this was talked of for many a mile all the country round. Even to this day they will point out to you the well, which, in memory of the marvel, was henceforth to be known to all as *Pozzo Gerardiello* or Gerard's well.

Our Saint had been now three years in the service of this hard taskmaster, when suddenly the tyrant died. Far from experiencing any feeling of relief, he mourned his loss as that of the best of friends and benefactors. So eager was he always to suffer for the love of Christ.

Blessed Gerard now determined to return home and practise his trade as tailor. He was kept busily occupied during the day. A great part of the night he spent in the Cathedral in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Indeed his was already a life of the most heroic sanctity. Knowing well that alms-deeds and fasting are the wings that waft our prayers to Heaven and make them acceptable in the sight of God, he divided all the money he received into three equal portions. One part he gave to his mother for the support of the house, another he devoted to the poor, and the remaining third was a loving alms for Masses, wherewith to comfort the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

He also redoubled his corporal penances, taking the discipline with great severity, and in general treating his body with the utmost rigour. At this time, thinking constantly of Jesus Who allowed Himself to be treated as a fool in the court of Herod, Blessed Gerard feigned madness in the streets, and rejoiced when he was treated with contumely as a simpleton by the boys of his native town. Truly love — the love of the Saints of God — is strong as death and stronger than life itself. Gerard would, had it been possible, have set the whole world ablaze with the fire of charity that God had enkindled in his own affectionate heart. Oftentimes he would, as though constrained by some uncontrollable impulse, call out to his mother, his sister or his friends :

« Come ! let us go together and visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Is He not there, our Prisoner of Love ? »

The Sacred Heart of Jesus drew Gerard's heart very close to Itself.

To this burning love for Our Blessed Lord, he joined the tenderest devotion to Mary, the gentle Mother of God. When he found himself before one of the images of Our Lady, he could hardly tear himself from the spot. He loved to say again and again :

« The Madonna has stolen away my heart, and for my part I have made her a present of it. »

Once when they were celebrating at Muro a novena in honour of the Immaculate Conception, Gerard remained for a long time on his knees in fervent prayer before an image of the sinless Queen of Heaven. Then suddenly in sight of all the people, rose, and like St. Edmund of Canterbury long centuries before, placing a ring on the finger of the statue, cried aloud :

« See, I am espoused to the Madonna ! » Thus would he publicly proclaim that he had consecrated the pearl of his virginity to the glorious Virgin Mother.

Gerard was now twenty-two years of age, when, at length it pleased Divine Providence to open for him the door to the Religious State.

In 1749 the Redemptorist Fathers gave a mission at Muro. Gerard had already, in the previous year, expressed his longing to enter the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer as a Lay-brother ; and now he renewed his entreaties with even greater earnestness than before.

However at first the same fate that befel him with the Capuchins came to test his confidence in God. Fr. Caraso, Rector of the House at Iliceto, was among the Missioners at Muro. He noticed the delicacy of Gerard's appearance, and thought him to be but ill-suited for the hard life of a Lay-brother. On this ground he felt himself bound to meet our Saint's petition with a positive refusal.

Meanwhile Gerard's mother and sister on their part, were by no means idle. They shrank from the very idea of losing him, and as they knew that, notwithstanding the obstacles he had encountered, he was far from giving up his project in despair, they locked him, as they thought safely, in his room.

But the prisoner cut up his bed-clothes and by that means let himself down from the window, leaving behind a note to say that he had gone away to make himself a saint!

He now persued the Redemptorist Fathers to a place called Rionero, where they had gone to give a mission, and renewed his request in the most humble and touching manner possible. Once more refused, he exclaimed :

« Do but try me. This is all that I ask. You can send me away afterwards if you please. »

« Do but try me. This is all that I ask. You can send me away afterwards if you please. »

Seeing that they were still determined not to accept him, he threw himself on his knees and, crying bitterly; declared that if he were refused admittance into the Couvent, he would be found every morning outside its doors begging alms with the poor. This firmness of purpose touched Fr. Cafaro to the heart. He made up his mind to give Gerard the trial he craved so earnestly. Accordingly he sent him to Iliceto with a note to the acting-superior of the House in which he said simply :

« I send you a useless Brother. »

St. Alphonsus has written the life of Father Cafaro, and left us his testimony to the exceptional sanctity of the great servant of God whom he knew so well. But even Father Cafaro could not foresee how warmly God would espouse the cause of the new postulant. That frail frame was to be so strengthened, that, in the discharge of the daily duties of his laborious state, he should always prove one of the most useful members of any community to which he might be attached. But this in the future.

For the moment he was only « a useless Brother. »

(To be continued)





Duties of Christian Families to the Sick.

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I

EVERY christian must rank among his most important duties, and place among the works most pleasing to God, the spiritual care of sick persons in danger of death, and, especially, of those in their agony. The agony is, in fact, the supreme struggle, not only against temporal death, which violently separates the body from the soul, but also against the demon, who then makes his last final efforts to drag the soul itself with him to eternal perdition.

The physical anguish of the dying person, which is so painful to look upon, is but a very feeble image of the invisible anguish which often tortures his conscience. And the unfortunate being is alone, alone face to face with God, who is going to judge him presently. If ever help is needed, it is at that last terrible hour, Sec, then, with what solitudes the Holy Church arranges all that relates to the assistance of the dying. She takes the trouble to point out the precautions, the delicate care, the pious thoughts to be suggested.

She composes special prayers, in which, at every word, is revealed the uneasiness of a mother's heart. Let us remark, especially, how the church supposes, at every death bed, the presence of a priest, who prays, consoles, encourages, who frequently renews the grace of sacramental absolution, and who is, finally, the witness and arbitrator of the great struggle.

The Church supposes that this priest does not go away before the end of the agony, for she puts in his mouth a new prayer, to call on the angels and entrust to them the departing soul of the dying person to be borne by them to the arms of God.

Can it be that these sacred rites, inspired by the Holy Ghost, are not an eloquent proof of the importance which every Christian should attach to the care of the agonizing? Now, what do we see, for the most part? As soon as the sick person has been administered, it seems that every thing is done, as if the lot of the dying person was safe from every risk.

The agony comes on, the poor trembling soul hears, all around, nothing but useless lamentations, discouraging remarks on the progress of the disease. His hearing, whose sharpness then become so piercing, brings to him only disturbing sounds, instead of the sacred words of prayer, and the comforting tones of the priest's voice.

In other families, they have recourse to vain observations, to superstitious practices, in which the devil, from whom they come, must assuredly find great satisfaction. Elsewhere again, they will pray, and it is well. But the isolated prayer of the simple faithful is not of the same value as that of the priest acting as the official mediator between God and his agonized creature.

Who can tell how many poor souls are the victims of this negligence or of these prejudices??

II

The good christians, to whom these lines are addressed, will not fail to reflect seriously on them. They will be desirous of learning how they must acquit themselves of the great obligation towards their people, we lay down here some practical remarks, as complete as possible, for their enlightenment and guidance.

1° *When a member of the family falls sick pray for him.*
Do not delay about having recourse to God.

Doubtless, He Himself commands us to use human means; but it is a strange mistake not to implore his almighty power at the same time.

2° *If the sickness becomes aggravated, or if it offers any serious danger warn the sick person without delay.*

To put it off, is to fail in your duty. I understand perfectly

well your objections ; you dread frightening him ; You have not the courage to do so ; you do not know how to act.

Experience shows, that, far from being frightened, a sick person, is generally consoled by some one speaking to him of the priest and of the sacraments. In the most part, we only comply, in this way, with his own secret which he feels but does not dare to make known himself.

As to the question of courage, it fails you for this, how will you have enough of it, later on, to bear the remorse of your guilty neglect ?

Lastly, for the manner of doing it, consult your heart, take counsel in prayer, and if, after all, you are afraid of your want of skill, introduce the priest or confessor, under some excuse. He will know, with the help of God, how he is to act.

3° When the priest has judged it prudent to administer the last sacraments, do not lament, as if this decision was an invocation of death. Is it not God, whom the sick person receives in the Holy Viaticum, the author of life? Has not Extreme Unction been instituted expressly to restore health to the body, when it is for the salvation of the soul? Take courage from these thoughts of faith. Strengthen your patient and get ready to render due honor to Jesus Christ who condescends to visit you.

A table, covered with a perfectly clean cloth ; on this table a crucifix, with two lighted tapers at least ; on one side a vessel containing holy water and a small branch as sprinkler ; in another vessel, ordinary water to wash the priest's fingers after communion

This is all that is *necessary*. Add to it whatever your piety may suggest to you.

It is sad to see Our Lord enter some sick-sooms, where he seems to be an unwelcome guest and can scarcely find a place.

4° After the administration, quietly entertain your sick patient in good sentiments. Suggest to him to ask the priest, about his next visit, to invest him with the Holy Scapular, if he has not already received it.

The Scapular is the sign by which the Blessed Virgin knows her servants. She herself has been pleased to promise

that those who would die clothed with this habit would, be preserved from hell and that she would, by her intercession, shorten the duration of their purgatory.

Know that the sick person always accepts this blessed habit of Mary, and with évident consolation.

5° *At last the agony has arrived.*

It is they, that, looking at the shattered frame, at the organs no longer able to perform their usual functions, you will rightly congratulate yourself that you did not wait until the last moment.

The confession will, at least, have been earnest; the sacraments will have been received by the sick persons in their full senses.

Now have the priest called in again.

This is a capital point, you have seen this already. No matter what may be the negligence of those around you, about it, you must (unless it be extremely difficult) procure this help for the person in agony.

6° *If for any reason, the priest cannot come, replace him the best way you can.*

Recite aloud, and distinctly, the beautiful prayers for the commendation of the departing soul.

These are found quite complete in many prayer books. Sprinkle holy water upon the bed and over the patient. Make him kiss the crucifix with confidence.

Then, from time to time, suggest to the agonizing acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and, especially of Contrition.

You must not raise your voice too loud, or torment the sick person by asking him for a sign of recognition.

Take it for certain, that even when he appears to be the most completely overpowered by the sickness, *he hears and understands all that goes on near him.*

It is for this reason that you must avoid noisy crying, calling aloud, any thing that could disturb the peace of the person dying and thereby hand him over to the temptations of the demon.

Among the acts, suggest, at times, an act of acceptance of death, because, saying to God. « I consent to die as you wish, »

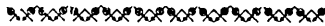
is to perform an act of perfect charity, the merit of which is, in a manner, equal to that of martyrdom.

Finally, when the last sigh escapes, *let the last words that the dying person hears be the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, uttered in a last sweet invocation: Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I place my soul in your hands!*

These simple practices, if they are carefully observed, may sweeten the bitterness of the last hour to many dying souls.

For our part, if we are careful to perform these acts of charity, we will obtain, without doubt, the benefit of a sweet and holy death, the pledge of a favorable judgement and of everlasting happiness.

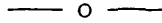
Let us make some efforts, for we cannot conceal the fact that the care of the dying is generally neglected by the christians of our days, and that we must work to restore it to its place of honor by our example.



Why do so many of our people not bow down at the elevation during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, asks the Antigonish Casket. Do they no longer realize that God is there? Go into almost any of our churches and watch the people when the time of the elevation comes. There you will see the men — the young men particularly — kneeling bolt upright. Perhaps their eyes are lowered, but that is all. Their forefathers did not know as much as they do, of course. They know less about the ways and means of making money, less about many things — especially evil things. But they did know, when the moment came, enough to prostrate themselves, either in love or in fear, before the God of Heaven. We have seen this ourselves. We have seen the Chalice and the Host uplifted in turn, and scores of young men and women — aye, old ones, too, as erect in their places, save for a kneeling position, as though they were at a theatre. We have seen it not once or twice, but many times. Is the faith of those people less strong than that of their fathers? And if so, what is the cause?



Do Not.



GIRLS, do not be in a hurry to make the acquaintance of young men, and do not allow such acquaintances to ripen too quickly. Do not form a secret acquaintance with any one, man or woman.

Do not correspond with young men unless your mother consents, and then, have it distinctly understood that all letters will pass through her hands. Your letters may be read by others than the one to whom addressed, and young men write some things to girls which they would not write, if they knew a mother's eye would see them.

Do not answer advertisements requesting «correspondence.» If you say that it is for «fun,» it is very sorry fun sometimes — for the girls; if in earnest, there is a far better way to make acquaintances. Especially do not answer any advertisements offering «*good wages with little work.*» There is always a trap under that bait.

Do not hail a stranger by smile, gesture or look; and do not answer any such salutes. Young men generally consider such advances as proof of your *moral* weakness. You cannot be too cautious regarding all strangers, and you should never even seek an introduction to one. It is so easy to seem — and become — forward, presuming, bold and brazen. If you are deserving, sooner or later you will be sought after by the right one; wait for him, and wait patiently.

Do not forget that the world is full of bad men — many of them in the best society — who are constantly seeking to ruin pure young lives for time and eternity.

Do not allow yourselves to disregard your natural instincts

of danger and impropriety. Your *first* impressions of a man is quite likely to be the correct one, provided you never permit your heart to control your judgment. If you follow them, your instincts will guide you more safely each year.

Do not have anything to do with a young man who speaks disrespectfully of any woman ; or to her, there is a dark reason for such disrespect. His wife will fare still worse at his hands. Do not, for pity's sake, have any thing to do with one who uses liquor. If a man will not drop this habit for the love of a good, pure woman, he is too selfish to be trusted with her life. Besides, a firm stand in this matter by all girls would work a revolution in society ; but the change must come before marriage. *Never think of marrying a man to reform him.*

Do not let a young man fondle you by taking your arm, by holding your hand, by trying to make you sit on his knees, etc. Let your unflinching motto be : « Hands off. » Just so sure as you suffer these familiarities, others will be sought, and, to say the least you will stand on the brink of moral death, for one dreads to predict your inevitable fall into the hideous pit of the private prostitute. If you are chided as being « too particular, » and are told that « other young ladies do not object to these gentlemanly insults to their virtue, » you are listening to a destroyer of souls who seeks to destroy your young life in the vortex of his passions. It is Adam's old apple, and means death — a thousand deaths, a life of shame.

Do not lay your innocent head on any bosom save that of the home. Do not allow girlish sentimentality betray you into such perilous trusting of your dear young existence. There can be no good reasons for any such improprieties ; none whatever.

Do not go alone or in equal numbers with young men into restaurants or hotels. The public salon or parlor thereof may be « respectable » and « first class, » yet, is there not a serpent of death awaiting your purity in one of the side passages or private rooms ? And do not frequent low theatres or dance halls ; these are not proper places for her who claims to be a lady. To many innocent souls these « rendez-vous » have been the gateways of hell.

Do not stroll in the highways or byways of town or city, nor take the carriage ride in the country — especially in the twilight — unless a near relative, father or brother, is with you. What shadows of shame often gather round the midnight ride! Never forget this, girls. Many a young blighted heart now shudders at the mere memory of what once happened during one of these perilous « night outings. »

Do not take a solitary bicycle ride in company with a young man, no matter how trustworthy he may appear. Quite *innocently* he will task your strength at « scorching, » then lead you along silent paths until he will judge you sufficiently tired to take a rest in the shade of some friendly tree. God grant that your Guardian Angel may not have to turn his eyes away in shame!

Do not accept at the hands of any person but your loving mother, a glass of wine, or any intoxicant, or harmless looking beverage, for you do not know what drug it may contain. Your *gentlemanly* companion may not have dosed the contents of the glass; but how many heartless hotel-keepers will, at a certain sign or simple wink of the *gentleman*, add the five or ten dollar drop that shall sacrifice your virginity to your inhuman friend's brutal passions. How many thousands of young virginal lives, has not the accursed glass of wine shadowed and blighted for ever? How many, a year ago today when the flowers began to bloom, were pure and happy. In their simplicity, and now the flower of their innocence is blighted and lost for ever. They are lost to honor, lost to self, and, perhaps, lost to God for eternity. Girls, scorn the lure of your would be betrayer, and flee from his presence.

Do not accept gifts from young men, unless you are betrothed. And—oh! list to the warning! — grant no *privileges* in return for a promise to fulfil those betrothal vows. Girls, try to understand the meaning of the preceding words. Think, and pray for light and grace and strength, that you may never be a shattered, sin-wrecked, abandoned *fiancée*, a shameful derelict of womanhood.

Do not fall in with the growing sentiment against marriage, looking forward to the condition of « girl bachelor. » If you

can earn good wages and do have presently more « liberty » than you would have after marriage, that is not the whole story. If called by your Creator to the marriage state, you will never be all you were designed to be if you remain single. And, at the same time, do not be too anxious about getting married. You have a right to look forward to matrimony, but an unwise marriage is far worse than single blessedness. Better die than be unhappily married. In the choice of a life companion, be guided by the light of wisdom and common sense ; never make your « pick » in the darkness of blind love.

Do not « fall in love » until you feel sure that the object of your love is « worthy. » Whether you believe it or not, you can, by the grace of God, control your feelings until your judgment gives its approval.

Do not — if you are a Catholic — marry a non-Catholic man, or an unconverted man. If your example will not bring him to Christ now, do not expect it after marriage. To be « unequally yoked with unbelievers » nearly always means agony of soul and life-failure.

Do not hurry away from the home to become clerks, « office help, » etc. And, if necessary to leave home to earn your living, be sure where you thrust yourselves, especially where you lodge. Shun hotels and popular boarding houses. Tens of thousands now regret the day when they left home for a « better place. » Ponder this, girls.

Do not hide a secret from your mother. Do your *gentlemen* friends object to your telling « mother » their words and acts? Do they? Then, leave such companionship promptly. Do not hesitate an instant. You parley with an assassin of character, and you have no promise of protection — absolutely none. Keep close to your mother's heart all the time, and she will save you much trouble.

Do not flirt — do not even think of such a thing. Flirting is unwomanly, un-Christian, undermining all that is sweet and lovable in a girl's life, and indicates a shallow nature and a hard impure heart. Besides, « flirts » know nothing of true happiness, and they are pretty sure to be « flirted » and jilted sooner or later.

Do not live an aimless life — that of the street-walker, the gossip, the visitor from place to place, the simple pleasure-seeker. Have an object in life, one which will make you grander, and some one else better and happier. Use your talent, time and opportunity for the highest purposes.

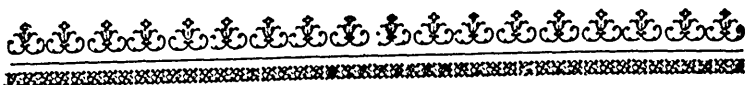
Do not read trashy, sentimental literature, which finds its ideals in love-sick maidens and heroes of doubtful virtue, — read nothing that is not elevating. Drink only from pure fountains.

Do not neglect God as your secure Refuge and Fortress. You can never know how helpless you are in this great world. He knows, and He *alone* can take you safely through. Each day commit yourself to Him, ask His guidance and blessing in everything, and accept no other standard of morals except that which is sanctioned by Holy Mother Church.

Do not be indifferent to religion, never forsake your religious faith, for any consideration. All the glorious opportunities before you must have their foundation on Christ's religion; be true to the One who has done so much for you. If you would not be a ready prey of the human harpies who would blight your womanhood, do not forget your loving Savior Jesus.



Why is it that we so easily forget that the little things in life are what make us easy and hard? A few pleasant words, a warm hand clasp, a cordial letter, are simple things, but they are mighty in their influence on the lives of those about us, adding a ray of hope to many disconsolate hearts, giving a bit of courage to disappointed, weary ones and helping to make our own lives sweeter at the same time. Few people realize how much the little attentions of every-day life mean to their associates in the home, the church, the business life. It is generally a lack of consideration which makes one forget the tiny pleasantries, but lack of consideration is really one form of selfishness, and selfishness is not considered a desirable quality. Remember that the little things in life, either good or bad, count for more with those we love than we ever know, and we should be watchful of our actions and our words.



Thanksgivings.

— o —

Malone, N. Y. — I had erysipelas in my eye and swelling of the hands. I promised Saint Ann that I would have it published in the *Annals* and have a few masses read at her feast if she would help me. With the help of Good Saint Ann I am now better and hope to be entirely cured before long.

M.s. W. D.

Colwood. Mich. — After promise of publication in the *Annals*, Saint Ann has cured me of a sore neck.

Mrs Sophia Lesperance.

Barnstable. Toronto. — My sister had scarlet fever. I promised if she recovered to have it published in the *Annals*. Thanks to Good Saint Ann. All signs of fever left.

Agnes Elmsly.

Cambridge Mass. — Enclosed please find an humble offering with thanks to Saint Ann.

May.

Yawas City. Mich. — My husband found work, after promise of mass in honor of Good Saint Ann. Enclosed money for masses. Mr. A. Lubawy.

Anchowill. Mich. — Enclosed \$1.50 for one mass in thanksgiving for a favor.

L. B.

Philadelphia Pa. — I wish to thank Good Saint Ann for granting my request and I ask to publish it in the *Annals* to encourage others confidence in Good Saint Ann. Enclosed 50 cts for a promised mass.

Maria S.

Manchester N. H.

Rev. Père Saint Pierre.

Kind father through an accident ten years ago I got hurt, and I was a helpless child and obliged to undergo two dangerous operations; but all in vain, for I received no benefit from them. I still was a poor sufferer and did all I could, and so did the doctors, for some relief in my suffering, but it was useless. One day through the kindness of a friend who advised me to make a novena to Good Saint Ann. My friends joined in with me immediately, I promised Good Saint Ann that if I obtained my cure I would make it known in her *Annals*. At the close of the novena a sudden change took place and today I am able to go to church for the first time since ten years. The doctors and friends cannot understand the wonderful change which took place. I express my sincere thanks to Good Saint Ann and to the Blessed Virgin Mary for my wonderful cure that I obtained through their kindness towards me.

I am respectfully Yours. N. B.

J. M. † J. A.

We have the regret of announcing to our subscribers the death of

R. F. FRANK SCANLAN.

Who died Sunday the 13th, after a short but painful illness. In our next issue we will give full particulars.

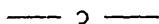
We recommend his soul to the pious prayers of our readers to whom, as editor of the English Annals, he devoted the last year of his life.

Requiescat in pace.



Recommendations to Prayers.

General Intentions.



THE triumph of the Holy Catholic Church and of His Holiness Leo XIII.
The Catholic Hierarchy of Canada and the United States.
The canonization of the Venerable François de Laval, Marie de l'Incarnation,
Marguerite Bourgeois, Mother d'Ouville, John Nepomucene Neuman, and
others who have died in the odor of sanctity in North America.
The canonization of the Saints of Ireland, and a speedy restoration of her rights.
The Benefactors of St Ann's Basilica.
Persons already recommended and whose prayers have not been granted.

Special Intentions.

« Enclosed \$1.00 as offering for the restoration of my health. » A friend. —
UNCAVILLE, CONN. : « That my sister may be cured from a cancer in the knee. »
Annie Eck. — ANOKA, MINN. : « If I am cured of my weakness and deafness
I promise to have two masses said. » Mr Oscar Grandfield. — SAINT PAUL MINN. :
« For the cure of my little girl who has been suffering for the last three years.
Enclosed \$1.00 as offering. » John Sullivan. — HERMANVILLE MICH. ; Enclosed
\$1.00 for masses for the restoration of my husband's health. » Mrs Ed. Pany-
som. — PHILADELPHIA, PA. : That the lots I have will be sold this spring. »
and other petitions. — HARTFORD CONN. : « I want my mama's health to be
restored. » M. M. F. — NEWARK, N. J. : I ask Saint Ann to cure me and assist
my husband. » Mrs William Casey. — MALBORO, MASS. : « Enclosed \$1.00 for
two favors which I desire. » Phœbe Lafrenais. — MONTREAL : For my husband
who is addicted to drink. » Mrs. L. — TROY, N. Y. : « For a special intention. »
J. J. Haggerty.

PRAY FOR OUR DEAD.

SAINT JEAN PORT JOLY : Damase Babin, Mde Jean Dumas.
Melle Zélie Toussaint, Denis Crozier.
ST JEROME : Mrs Ls Labelle, Promoter Miss. E. Desforge.
LEVIS : Miss Rose Roy.
NOUVELLE ; Aimé Dugas.
COPLINSVILLE, MASS. : Jos. McDonald, Ephraim Elie, Mrs E. Elie.
DAWSON, N. W. T. : Norbert Palardis.
SYRACUSE N. Y. : Louis Archambault.
PAWTUCKET R. I. : O. Chagnon.
RED ROCK, OKLA : John J. Hart.
DEDHAM, MASS : Margaret Harvey.
RUSH CITY MINN : Mrs Thos Labell.

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



ST. ISIDORE, Laborer.

INFORMATION.

SERVICES IN THE BASILICA.

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

Vespers at 2, p. m. followed by Catechism and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

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

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

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

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

MASSES.

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

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

LIGHTS.

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

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

SUNDRY ARTICLES.

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

Crucifixes, from 5 cents to \$3.50.

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

Scapulars, from 5 to 25 cents.

Marble tablets for Thanksgiving memorials \$5.00.

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

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

BOOKS.

Great choice of Prayer Books from..... 10 cts. to \$3.50

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

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

Ten Sermons on the Most Blessed Sacrament, by Reverend Father

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

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

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

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

N. B. — We beg to remind our Patrons that all remittances are at their own risk. They should therefore, give their names and addresses, clearly and fully.

In sending an order, please enclose the required amount, adding postage or freight charges; otherwise, postage or freight charges shall be deducted from the value of the article to be forwarded.

DEVOTIONS TO SAINT ANN.

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

Quebec Railway, Light & Power Co.

Trains leaving Quebec,

WEEK DAYS : A. M. 7.35 ; 10.05 :: P. M. 2.05 ; 5.05 ; 6.15.
 SUNDAYS : A. M. 8.00 :: P. M. 2.05 ; 5.35.

Arrive at St. Ann.

WEEKS DAYS : A. M. 8.35 ; 11.05 :: P. M. 3.05 6.05 ; 7.15.
 SUNDAYS : A. M. 6.45 9.00 :: P. M. 3.05 ; 7.15.

Trains leaving St. Ann,

WEEK DAYS : A. M. 5.35 ; 7.35 ; 10.05 ; 11.45 :: P. M. 4.05.
 SUNDAYS : A. M. 6.15 ; 11.45 :: P. M. 4.05.

Arrive at Quebec.

WEEKS DAYS : A. M. 6.30 ; 8.35 ; 11.05 ; 12.45 :: P. M. 5.05-
 SUNDAYS : A. M. 7.15 ; P. M. 12.45 ; 5.05.