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THE BLESSED VIRGIN

by RUBENS



Vol. 13 ..ofo.. December 1899 ..ofo.. No. 8

Annals of
Saint Anne de Beaupre

Current Events



till more pilgrims. — The autumn has not passed without bringing us a good many more pilgrims. Besides the thirty of forty persons who came every day to pray St. Anne and to receive communion in her shrine, we have had two organized pilgrimages.



Pilgrimage of the Tertiaires of St Roch, Quebec. — On Sunday the 15th October the Tertiaires of St Roch, Quebec, came on a pilgrimage to the number of 700. At their head were Rev. Ant. Gauvreau the parish priest of St Roch and Rev. Father Berchmans F. M. the preacher of their retreat, for these fervent disciples of St Francis had just finished their retreat and came to lay their good resolutions at the feet of the great Thaumaturga of Canada. At 7 o'clock high mass was celebrated by Mr Gauvreau and was sung by the Choir of St Roch.

The ceremony of the Way of the Cross in the cemetery after mass was very imposing; 700 persons serious and recollected, made the stations of the *via dolorosa*; 700 persons, knelt in the field of death and prayed to Christ who died on the cross to redeem us from eternal death. What an edifying spectacle! What a fine act of faith and love! May similar religious demonstrations be frequently renewed during the pilgrimage season.

At 10 30 there was a splendid procession followed by a sermon, benediction, veneration of the holy Relic which produced sweet emotions in the hearts of all. On the whole it was a fine and pious pilgrimage.



Taking the habit. — On the same day the parish vespers were replaced by another ceremony which was seen for the first time in the Basilica of St Anne and at which a large number of parishioners and strangers were present.

Four young men, recollected and happy, knelt in the sanctuary surrounded by the Redemptorist Fathers and Brothers. These were four postulants or candidates for religious life.

After a trial of their new life extending over some months they were to be allowed to take the habit of St Alphonsus as lay-brothers. The names of these courageous vanquishers of the world are:

- Joseph Grégoire (Brother Odilon) of Woonsocket, R. I.
- Auguste Fontaine (Brother Magella) of Woonsocket, R. I.
- Hyacinthe Thériault (Brother Romain) of Fall River, R. I.
- Achille Pérusse (Brother Achille) of Lotbinière,
- Wilfrid Lemieux (Brother Rémi) of Montreal.

The latter who was ill could not take the religious habit before the 1st November. The sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by Rev. Father Coppin, C. SS. R. one of the shipwrecked passengers of the Scot-man.

« On the wrecked vessel, said the eloquent preacher, I saw a little child whom a stranger wished to place in a boat that afterwards foundered, tear himself from the stranger's arms and cling to his father's neck. You have done likewise, beloved brothers, you have torn yourselves from the midst of an outer and dangerous world to throw yourselves into the arms of

your heavenly Father. Henceforth you will be the *witnesses*, the *soldiers* and the *paradise* of Christ Jesus.

« You will be the *witnesses*: more than miracles, the angelic life of which you are about to make the profession, proclaims at all hours the divinity of Jesus-Christ, of His Church, of His doctrine and of His sacraments. *Soldiers of Christ*: each day, by your prayers and your penances you will labor to defend and extend his kingdom over yourselves and over others. The *paradise* of Jesus who finds greater delight in a pure and fervent soul than in millions of lukewarm souls. »

In his peroration, the preacher exhorted all the faithful present to lead a holy and fervent life which is possible in all states and to show themselves worthy of the great wonders that are daily worked in their midst.

Full of these great thoughts the new postulants divested themselves, with manifest joy, of the livery of the world to clothe themselves with that of religion. Then one of them, in the name of all, read aloud a touching consecration to Mary Immaculate, queen of virgins, and a solemn *Te Deum* expressed aloud to the Lord the gratitude felt in all hearts for the great blessing of religious vocation granted to these new chosen ones of the cloister.



Pilgrimage of St Jerome (Lake St John). — On the evening of the 16th we had the traditional pilgrimage of St. Jerome, Lake St John, under the direction of Rev. J. B. Vallée, parish priest of St Jerome. A first group of 400 pilgrims had come to us from that remote region on the 11 September. This time the pilgrims numbered 475.

In the minds of those who organized it, this pilgrimage, probably the last of the season, was to be a religious and public manifestation in honor of the Most Holy Redeemer.

We give a full description of this fine pilgrimage further on.



Another miracle. — On the 27 October we registered the miraculous cure of a young boy, Adjutor Leclerc, of Ste Christine, Portneuf. This boy, 14 years of age, was afflicted with

some internal disease in the foot which defied all earthly remedies. For two months he had walked only with the aid of two crutches. He was taken by his parents to St Anne's shrine and was instantly and radically cured at the very moment that he was venerating the holy Relic. He left his crutches at the foot of the statue of his benefactress. Glory to Good St Anne.

J. SIMARD, C. SS. R.



Honorable Mention in favor of the Irish people

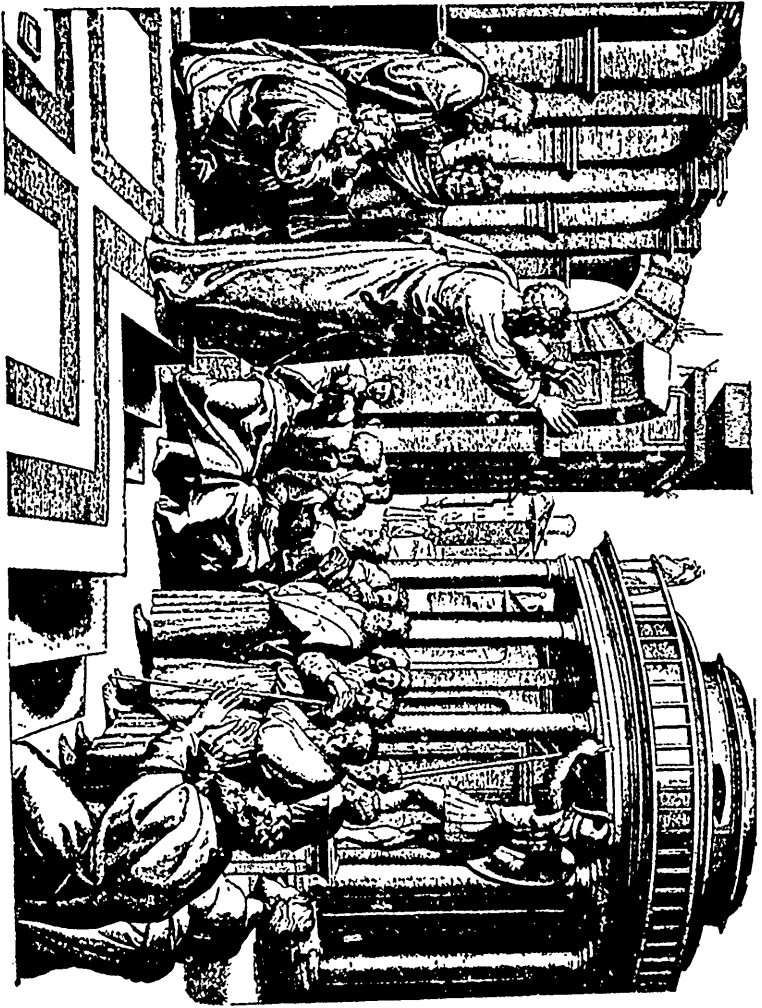
On the 23rd October last, the English pilgrims, to the number of about 150, the precursors of the more important pilgrimage prepared for the jubilee year, were received at an audience by the Sovereign Pontiff. They were joined by an equal number of their countrymen residing in Rome, among others the students of the English, Scotch and Irish colleges.

His Holiness replied to the address of Rev. Father Bonnin, the organizer of the pilgrimage, by causing a speech to be read to them from which we take the following splendid tribute to the Irish nation.

« Many of you belong to Catholic Ireland. Oh, how noble are the traditions of that blessed isle! What constant proofs of devotedness and generosity do we not receive to-day from her sons! We are happy to see you all together united here in the centre of Catholic unity, before the common Father, while you fraternize admirably under the banner of the same faith. To one and all We equally express our satisfaction and our pleasure. We recommend to all of you obedience to your respective pastors and perseverance in good. »



Think of all the ills from which you are exempt, and it will aid you to bear patiently those which now you may suffer. — *Cecil*.



SAINT PAUL APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES

Patrons of Parishes

SAINT PAUL, APOSTLE OF GENTILES

ST Paul pre-eminently is the apostle. He who lived, struggled and suffered solely to announce Jesus crucified must be represented, as our engraving shows him, preaching the *unknown God* to the pagan world.

St Paul was at first one of the fiercest persecutors of the nascent Church. During the stoning of St Stephen he stood near the executioners and held their garments. Stephen, the first martyr, prayed for his enemies and his prayer was soon granted in the person of the most ferocious of his persecutors. For some time longer he made himself more conspicuous than any other by his violence against the Christians. He searched houses, he dragged away men and women, forcing them to blaspheme the name of Jesus or putting them in prison. So great was the terror he inspired that the neophytes fled from Jerusalem and scattered throughout the various towns of Judaea and Syria, thereby carrying the fruitful seed of the Gospel afar off. Paul resolved to go and seize the faithful who had sought refuge at Damascus, to load them with chains and to bring them back to Jerusalem to be punished.

Like a raging lion breathing but threats and carnage, he was about to enter Damascus when suddenly he found himself surrounded by a heavenly light and he fell on the road as if struck by a thunderbolt. Then he heard a voice saying to him: «Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?» — «Who art thou, Lord?» he answered. And at the same time, raising his eyes to heaven, he saw Jesus-Christ brilliant with the glory of his immortality. The Lord replied to him: «I am Jesus whom thou persecutest; it is hard for thee to kick against the goad as thou hast hitherto done.» — «Lord, said he, what wilt thou have me do?» Happy words which of Saul made Paul; of the bloodthirsty wolf of Benjamin the doctor and pastor of so many nations; of the blasphemer against the name of Jesus, the

preacher of the name of Jesus! The answer of Jesus was: « Arise and go into the city and there it shall be told thee what thou must do. »

When Paul arose from the ground, his eyes that had contemplated the glory of Jesus, were unable to see earthly things. His companions had to lead him by the hand into the city. There the Lord appeared to a disciple named Ananias and ordered him to go and baptize the converted sinner and he added: « He is to me a vessel of election to carry my name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel. He shall learn from me how great things he must suffer for my name's sake. » Ananias went to Paul, and restored his sight by laying his hands on him; he baptized him and he was filled with the Holy Ghost. The new disciple at once began to proclaim in the synagogues that Jesus was the promised Messiah, the son of the living God, and he had the glory at his first preaching of exciting that furious hatred of the deicide Jews which was destined to make his life one long martyrdom without ever arresting the words of truth and salvation on his lips.

From Damascus St Paul went to the deserts of Arabia where, during three years, the Holy Ghost himself communicated to him that sublime knowledge of the divine mysteries which was to reveal itself late on in his Epistles and to astonish the greatest minds of all centuries.

On his return to Damascus the Jewish colony, furious at his conversion, undertook to put him to death. He only succeeded in escaping by being let down at night in a basket from the city walls.

Though taught directly by Jesus-Christ, Paul went to Jerusalem to see Peter and do homage to him as head of the Church, and at Antioch, he began his apostolical expeditions that were to bring the idolatrous world to the knowledge of the true God. Such for 30 years was the life of this intrepid preacher. The entire world was the field opened to his zeal.

At various times, he travelled throughout Judaea, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece and Italy; he visited Gaul and Spain. He went from town to town preaching first to the Jews then to the Gentiles. His astonishing success soon excited jealousy and

persecutions which compelled him to fly and to go without waiting any longer anywhere to carry the name of Jesus to new peoples.

He left behind him, in each city, a church confided to the care of one of his disciples and to which he sent one of his Epistles, so full of light and warmth, so adapted to strengthen and console the new soldiers of Christ.

To work these marvels, Paul had to accomplish in himself and bear everywhere the passion of his divine Master. He writes himself: « In many labors, in prisons frequently, in stripes above number. Of the Jews five times did I receive stripes; thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice was I shipwrecked; a night and a day was I in the depths of the sea. In journeys often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils from false brothers; in labor and painfulness, in watchings of men, in hunger, in thirst, in many fastings, in cold and nakedness; I have known all these things. But, he adds, and this is the secret of this life of sacrifices, I have overcome all for the love of Jesus-Christ. And I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me. I live in the faith of the son of God who loved me and delivered himself for me. Who shall separate me from the love of God? »

With Christ, Paul loved souls redeemed with the price of the blood of a God. « I most gladly will be spent and will spend myself for your souls, » he writes to the first Christians among the Gentiles. Solicitude for all the churches tormented him. « Who is scandalised and I am not on fire. » He groans at the loss of the Jews to such an extent that in order to see them saved he would consent to be himself excluded from celestial glory. O heart vaster than the universe! Put Paul's heart in one scale and the whole world in another and the former will outweigh the latter. For these two loves he was pleased to suffer in contempt, in persecutions, in privations, and he earned the admiration of heaven and of earth. Martyrdom alone could worthily crown such an apostolate. St Paul was decapitated at Rome on 29th June in the year 67 during Nero's persecution. St Peter was crucified on the same day. His death

occurred at a place called the Salvián Waters and his body which was buried on the road to Ostia was afterward placed in the basilica of St Peter with that of the Prince of the Apostles.

O St Peter and St Paul, princes of the Apostles, pray for us that we may imitate your virtues and receive the reward thereof in heaven !

P. WITTEBOLLE, C. SS. R.

TAKE LIFE AS IT COMES.

There is one sin which is everywhere, and by everybody is underestimated and quite too much overlooked in valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech ; so common that unless it arises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch an ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statements of something or other, which most probably every one in the room or the cars, or on the street corner knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it ?

It is cold, it is hot ; it is wet, it is dry ; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal ; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if only one keeps a sharp eye on that side of things. Even to the sparks flying upward in the blackest smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road. Not only does fretting worry us and those around us, but remember that nothing brings the wrinkles and makes one old more quickly.

PIOUS SOUVENIRS



Rev. FATHER ADOLPHE MALLENGIER

—* The Eulogist of St. Anne *—

WISDOM is one of the finest gifts that God can bestow on man. Rev. Father Adolphe Mallengier had received a considerable ray of divine wisdom. An early death removed this good Father from our affection on Saturday the 8th July 1899 at Brussels.

Rev. Father Adolphe Mallengier was born at Bruges (Belgium) on the 24th July 1852. From his tenderest youth he was remarkable for all the qualities of an eminent intellect.

During the course of his studies at the College of Saint-Louis in Bruges he was considered one of the best students. The clearness of his intellect charmed his professors and dismayed his fellow-students. It was there, during a retreat preached by our Fathers, that he resolved to give himself to God.

He entered the Congregation of the most Ho'y Redeemer, he pronounced his religious vows at Saint-Trond on the 5th October 1873. After his profession he studied philosophy and theology at Wittem in Dutch Limburg. His professors took a delight in giving him theses to defend and our student always earned the congratulations of all who heard him. After five years of study in the higher branches he was ordained a priest, on the 18th October 1878, by Mgr Laurent. Once a priest he realized the words of the prophet: «The priest's lips shall maintain science.» He soon had an opportunity of devoting his talents and his knowledge to the service of souls and of his colleagues.

Destined to the convent of the Magdalen at Brussels, the new missionary gave frequent instructions there in honor of God and of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, in our church.

In the month of August 1881 he was appointed professor of Dogmatic theology in our house of Teignmouth (England). There he made himself familiar with the English language and this enabled him to render great services in Belgium and especially in Canada. The Reverend Father returned to Belgium in the month of September 1882 and was appointed professor of Dogmatics and of English at the house of study of Beauplateau. All his students are agreed in saying that the most difficult questions became clear through his carefully studied explanations. His favorite author, after saint Alphonsus of Liguori, was the glorious saint Thomas Aquinas so strongly recommended by our very learned and very illustrious Pope Leo XIII.

Nevertheless the distant missions possessed an attraction for our young professor. He manifested the greatest pleasure when his superiors sent him to Canada in 1885. His first residence was Saint-Anne's, Montreal. There his unbounded charity made him beloved by all; he recoiled before no sacrifice

either by day or by night, when good was to be done even for the humblest of the parishioners. He was the friend and father of the workmen and of the poor their consoler and their support. After rendering great services at St Anne's, Montreal, he was sent to Ste Anne de Beauré as consultor of Rev. Father Ch. Debongnie, the rector of the house. He arrived there on the 14th June 1887. This was the principal field of his zeal and there his talents showed themselves in full light.

More than any other father he devoted himself to promoting pilgrimages. How often during the six years that he passed at Ste Anne de Beauré, did he not deliver impassioned addresses to thousands of pilgrims! What exclamations of love and gratitude to Ste Anne did he not evoke! Echo still repeats the cry to Ste Anne called out three times on the threshold of the shrine. The pilgrims, both English and French, loved to listen to his clear, varied, solid, original, captivating and practical instructions. He was ever a zealous director of the pilgrimages.

While acting as director he sought to facilitate the devotion of the pilgrims for their august Patroness. He therefore resolved to publish a book to serve them as a guide. He had the merit of producing a definite *Manual*, the most popular and complete in existence, the *Manual par excellence* of true and solid devotion to Ste Anne de Beauré. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims bought the new Manual in French and in English. He also caused a dozen small works on St Anne, all written by himself, to be published. He also published the small pamphlet on the *Scala Santa* in French and in English.

How many souls has he not edified by those pages burning with love and full of sentiments of devotion for the august Mother of the Immaculate Virgin Mary! The English owe him eternal gratitude and the French Canadians are no less indebted to him. Is the fact of the great Thaumaturga being better known and invoked, nothing? Was not this the fulfilment of the desire of Canada's Bishops? Did not this meet the wish of all the French Canadians, of all the Irish, of all the Catholics of North America? Thanks to him, the Saint's panegyric is made; it is written on immortal pages; it is

carved on the marble slabs that decorate at intervals the outer walls of the Basilica and on the stones given *ex voto* and placed in the shrine itself.

And he knew well how to attract strangers to Ste Anne de Beaupré. All were delighted with his cordiality and with the explanations he gave them. St Anne's shrine seemed their domicile, their maternal dwelling; St Anne was looked upon as a most powerful, a most tender mother and this place of benediction seemed to them an oasis in the midst of the desert.

With what joy did he not assist at the splendid festival of the crowning of St Anne's statue and at that of the reception of the great relic of the saint! Every thing that related to our Patroness interested him to the highest degree. Two facts prove it. In the first place when the village of Ste Anne de Beaupré was destroyed by fire on the 24th October 1892, he distinguished himself by his self sacrifice and his charity, sparing no effort to arrest the devouring element and to prevent it from injuring the Basilica. The second is the following: the railway company had given him a silver snuff box as a reward for the pamphlets he had written in favor of the line. As the Rules forbade his owning a silver snuff-box, he gave it back and asked in exchange that a space of 40 feet in front of the Basilica might be planked; this request was cheerfully complied with by the company.

At the triennial nominations of 1893, Rev. Father Mallengier was recalled to his native land and attached to the community of Roulers. In 1897 he was sent to our convent of Mons where he was directed to draw up in Latin the chronicles of our houses of the Belgian Province. He succeeded perfectly in this difficult task. He also composed a good many sermons in the Flemish language in the form of Mariology or a Treatise on the *Splendors of Mary*. He loved this good mother and frequently quoted these words that St Alphonsus applies to Mary: They that work for me shall have perseverance. They that explain me shall have life everlasting. (Ecc'les, 24 31.)

During Lent this year, he gave practical instructions in Flemish and in French to the soldiers who assisted at the military mass at 9.30 in our church. Prepared by him, the

soldiers came in numbers to perform their Easter duties, together with some *gendarmes*. He strongly favored the military masses so greatly praised at the eucharistic congress of Brussels.

Meanwhile God tried his servant by many infirmities. For many years he suffered from continual dysentery and it afflicted him up to the day of his death. This illness sapped his health. Moreover throughout his life he suffered from sore eyes and sometimes it was a real martyrdom for him to read and write. The best specialists could not succeed in staying the disease. His colleagues at Mons observed him with edification and compassion, reading and studying during the long winter evenings, with his back turned to an enormous lamp, diffusing both heat and light.

Last spring the Reverend Father acknowledged that his tired eyesight was gradually failing and he feared that he would become blind. This decided him to go to the Catholic school of Clinics at Brussels to undergo an operation. Having obtained permission from Rome to say the votive mass of the Blessed Virgin every day, he ascended the altar daily until his death which happened suddenly on Saturday the 8th July 1899.

On that day the Reverend Father was preparing to return to Mons. « It is settled, he said to the Sister who nursed him, I shall attend the jubilee of the fiftieth anniversary of our convent and of the Holy Family. » He was ready to start when his disease of the heart put an end to his precious existence. He was struck by apoplexy. The Reverend Father Rector of St Joseph, on being informed of it, hastened to administer the last sacraments to him. The sick man was able to understand him and to show by pressing his hand, that he understood him. At 8.30 p. m. the lamented Father quitted the earth in the 47th year of his age, the 25th of his religious profession and the 21st of his priesthood.

His death, though sudden, was not unforeseen. During the last days of his life he said the mass of the Blessed Virgin. « It is sweet at the hour of death, says St Alphonsus, to have assiduously honored Mary during one's life. » This good mother who obtained for him the grace of dying on

Saturday, was the gate of heaven for him. In the abode of glory, he can contemplate the Most Holy Trinity the mystery whereof he explained so well in his lectures on Dogmatics ; the most Blessed Virgin Mary whom he deeply loved ; St Joseph whose glories he liked to proclaim ; St Alphonsus whose doctrine he ever explained, loved and defended ; St Joachim and St Anne the devotion to whom he promoted in Canada and the United States with word and pen.

P. WITTEBOLLE C. SS. R

THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF RELIGION.

RELIGION has its own enlargement, and an enlargement not of tumult, but of peace. It is often remarked of uneducated persons who have hitherto thought little of the unseen world, that, on their turning to God, looking into themselves, regulating their hearts, reforming their conduct, and meditating on death and judgment, heaven and hell, they seem to become in point of intellect different beings from what they were. Before, they took things as they came, and thought no more of one thing than another. But now every event has a meaning ; they have their own estimate of whatever happens to them ; they are mindful of time and seasons, and compare the present with the past ; and the world, no longer dull, monotonous, unprofitable and hopeless, is a varied and complicated drama, with parts, and an object, and an awful moral.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Never mind *where* you work ; care more about *how* you work ; never mind who sees, if God approves. If He smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, but the multiplication which God gives the seed that makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your chief comfort is that in your labor you are not alone ; for God, the Eternal One, who guides the march of the stars, is with you.—*Anon.*

The wreck of the Scotsman

Extract from a letter of Rvd Father Coppin, C.S.S.R., to his Prov. Sup.



I embarked at Liverpool on the *Scotsman* of the Dominion line on the 14th September. It was six o'clock when our vessel started for the distant region whither obedience sent us. The sun set in a cloudy sky and our hearts were somewhat heavy.

We remained as long as possible on deck, barely seeing in the shadow the English coast on one hand and the coast of Ireland on the other. The latter was indicated chiefly by a few lights scattered here and there. I found pleasure in picturing to myself these night lamps, lighting up the hearths of the worthy Irish who love God and the priest so much, and in fancy I sat by those rustic but Christian hearths, where the evening hours were lightened by speaking of the success and risks of the fishing or by a native relation of some old legends of Irish Saints.

On the following day we were in the Atlantic ocean. The sea, the sky, the ship, the passengers and crew were the five components of the picture before our eyes and all day long at every hour the crew, the passengers, the ship, sky and sea presented themselves to our gaze with the same monotony.

If we could at least have celebrated holy mass in the morning; but circumstances beyond control prevented us and this sacrifice had to be borne throughout the voyage.

On Saturday the 16th we continued our route over a tranquil sea, doing over 300 miles in 24 hours. In the evening the wind arose and soon became a storm. The night was a dreadful one; twenty times I thought our vessel was going to founder and that I was about to appear before the God of all holiness. What prayers, what vows, what acts of abandonment! I managed however to sleep some hours.

On Sunday the 17th the storm continued all day and from the deck we could contemplate the grand and moving spectacle of the ocean in a fury. It was beyond description. Painting

might perhaps partly express it; poetry in my opinion is powerless to give any idea of it. Were it not for the terror one feels and for sea-sickness that affects the sight and makes one more or less stupid, one might give himself up to sublime contemplation before this spectacle.

The storm lasted three days; then came the calm and with it health and good humor to most of the passengers.

The night of the 21st to the 22nd was drawing to a close; it was about 4 a. m.; the passengers were sleeping peacefully on their narrow couches when my companion and myself who were already awake, heard the harsh and sinister noise of a ship grinding on a rock, a noise immediately followed by the still more sinister one of the Siren, giving notice of the catastrophe.

« We are on it. » said Father Delaere. « Yes, said I, we have struck a reef. »

Commending ourselves to God we rose as soon as possible, dressed ourselves quickly and in three or four minutes we were on deck. The passengers flocked from all parts of the ship, filled with a terror that was generally mute, asking one another what was going to happen. The vessel, stranded on the rock, leaned over so much on the left side that we could keep on the deck only by holding on to ropes or to some projecting part of the ship. « Where are we? What will happen? What is to be done? » We could only ask ourselves as the persons about us were English and did not understand a word of French. We were in the midst of the tumult like two deaf-mutes stupefied by their infirmity. I said to my companion: « Let us remain here for the present and if the panic brings on a rush we will let the poor people pass. It is better that we should die than they. Perhaps they are not prepared to appear before God. » After a brief preparation, I confessed myself briefly and received absolution from Father Delaere; I rendered him the same service; then we waited some time, full of emotion, silent and praying.

Somebody handed a life-belt to my companion who at once generously passed it to me. I was about to put it on, when after reflecting, I took it off and gave it back to him, saying:

« If one of us is to survive it should be you ; you are still young and likely to render service to the Congregation and to souls. »

He would not take back the life-belt ; I urged and ordered him to do so. He put in on and had hardly done so when a number of others were brought and I was able to get one.

A touching incident took place. A mother, a woman of the poorer class, carrying a child a few months old in her arms, came up to my companion and begged him to put the same life-belt around her child and herself. She thought, no doubt, that her little child would be safer there on her maternal bosom ; but my companion made her understand that this would cause her death and that of her child ; so he put a belt around each.

The minutes passed slowly and in increasing anguish ; they seemed to be hours.

Two fervent Catholics who spoke French, one of whom we already knew slightly, young Dr Bernier of Montreal, the other Mr Stockley a professor of Fredericton College (New Brunswick) came to us. Both asked for absolution and for some time we remained together praying and encouraging one another with Christian reflections.

« What reassures me at this moment, » I said to my companions, if we have to appear soon before God, is that I would not wish to save myself from the imminent peril in which we are, by a single venial sin. And I am sure, I said to my colleague, that you are in the same disposition. » He declared that he was.

I have no doubt that our two lay friends were animated with the same sentiments. They edified us during the voyage by their Christian spirit, their patience, their heroic charity and I must praise God for having given me, under those circumstances, such great examples which I will never forget.

Meanwhile the captain and his crew were actively engaged in organizing means of escape. Five boats were soon in the water, and the captain's hoarse, loud voice called out that the women and children were to be saved first. We think this order was faithfully carried out ; the women and children, who

were seen behind the others were called to the front and passed on to the place where they could reach the boats.

I observed around me neither panic nor disorder, nor did I hear any cries of despair ; as a rule all awaited the end of this tragic event with a gloomy calmness.

The first life-boat, containing some thirty persons I was told, began to leak at once and soon foundered. Ten persons only were saved from the waves and taken into the next boat. This must have been a terrible scene but we did not witness it as we were on the other side of the vessel and day had not yet broken. It was a little past five in the morning ; the four boats that had escaped, impelled by the wind and the waves, made for the high sea. Then daylight came and we began to see the outline of hills not a hundred yards from the vessel. Soon some one called out : « We are near an island. »

In fact our vessel had run aground on the rocks of the island ironically called Belle-Ile.

Fortunately the tide was low and we saw, a few yards from the ship's hull, some rocks rising above the water. This was a means of effecting our escape. Steps were at once taken to do so by means of a long ladder and ropes. In less than an hour the passengers who could not find room in the boats had all landed on these rocks.

From the first on which we landed we had to go to a second, then to others in succession separated from one another by stretches of water and rising higher and higher. With a little skill one could avoid slipping into the water. I did not possess this skill and slipping on the wet stone I fell nearly at full length in one of these pools. My companion who followed me and another passenger at once helped me out of the difficulty. I escaped with a fresh emotion, a hand and leg lacerated and bleeding and above all with my clothes all wet.

By order of the captain who warned us against the rising tide, we climbed from rock to rock to a height of about a hundred feet above the sea and panting and fatigued we reached a sort of natural terrace that Providence seemed to have prepared for us.

This terrace which was very irregular and covered with

pieces of stone thrown down by the wind or frost from the higher parts of the island, was of about sufficient extent to hold four hundred shipwrecked persons huddled together, sitting, standing or lying down. Our position was truly a painful one but we easily resigned ourselves, happy that we had escaped death.

Moreover the sun which soon rose above the horizon, shed its bright rays on our abiding place and somewhat tempered the coldness of the wind. We settled down as well as we could, each in his corner. The crew procured some food and blankets from the ship which were distributed rather at hap-hazard.

The morning was chiefly spent in watching the struggle of the four life-boats, loaded with women and children, against wind and waves.

They had been carried out to sea and the seamen in charge on perceiving our refuge at day-break, saw that there also was their port of safety. They therefore rowed as hard as they could to regain the Scotsman and land at the Belle-Ile rock. The last boat succeeded in reaching us at one o'clock in the afternoon.

I cannot describe the pitiful condition in which the poor women came to us on the terrace; they were half clad, their clothes were soaking, their hair in disorder, in some instances their feet bare; they were still pale and almost fainting from what they had undergone during the long hours they had spent in the boat in the midst of danger. Every attention possible was at once shown them. On this occasion, as well as throughout the whole of this sad event, my colleague and myself were deeply grieved at being obliged to remain silent and idle spectators of these painful scenes. Had we been able to speak even only a little English, although we had to deal with Protestants, we would certainly have ventured to say a few words of Christian consolation and encouragement. In misfortune a word of sympathy and consolation has always a soothing effect.

The evening of this sad day came at last. About nine o'clock an Anglican religious, with a pleasing countenance, clad in a black soutane with a mantle and a black worsted cord-around

his waist, standing on a corner of the terrace, said a few words to his co religionists and recited the evening prayer with them. It seemed to me that most of the passengers in the vicinity of this worthy man joined him and replied aloud, when necessary, to his invocations. The evening prayer ended, these good people sang hymns accompanied by a lady on a stringed instrument. The sky was clear, the full moon shone brightly, shedding its melancholy light on the immense and now calm sea that stretched away beneath our eyes. There was something sweet and truly imploring in the melody of these hymns.

There was also something sublime in this religious scene with such surroundings, at such an hour among hundreds of shipwrecked persons. Never in my life shall I forget it and had it not been for the Protestant character of this manifestation of religious sentiments I should have been moved to tears.

My young and brave colleague soon fell asleep rolled up in a blanket which we shared between us. As to myself, sleep would not visit my eye-lids and I spent the whole night on my part of the rock, contemplating the sea, the moon, the sky and the unfortunate people around me ; in thinking of my relatives, of my friends in Europe and of my fir-trees at Beaupliteau.

On Saturday the 23rd the sun shone radiantly once more. The sight of it and the benign warmth it shed over our camping place, somewhat softened the rigor and tediousness of our strange existence at this moment. In the afternoon some courageous men at the urgent request of the captain scaled the sloping rocks to the east of our terrace to reach the summit of the island and thence proceed to the light-house. « At the light-house, the captain said, you will find food in abundance, (we charitably suppose that he was convinced of this,) and there it will be easier for you to embark when a passing vessel will see our distress signals and come to deliver us.» The mistake made by the captain here was to send off the people by caravans on the following days without providing them with clothes or food. We would not wish however to accuse him ; he was no doubt unaware of the long and painful journey we had to take, because the plateau of Belle-Ile must have been

unknown to him. In any case whether through fault or error, this step cost the lives of several persons, we are told.

Saturday night came. The crew, by the captain's orders, procured three or four immense sails from the ship which were stretched as well as possible over the terrace forming a sort of tent. This was very convenient, for the night threatened to be cold.

There was no longer in the mass of the passengers either the same calm or, I might say, the same seriousness as on the previous evening. The Anglican minister did not make his appearance to say the evening prayer and instead of hymns there were declamations and comic songs by the crew and some of the passengers. At certain passages laughter and even applause broke out among the passengers. I found such conduct strange under the circumstances. A few paces from us might be floating the bodies of the ten or twelve persons who had been drowned the previous day. In one cabin still lay the body of a woman whom the terrors of the first alarm had doubtless killed. There were sick and wounded all around us; our position was still very serious and very painful and these beings could do nothing better than improvise a comic concert.

I have even been told that sometimes these songs did not respect Christian morals; a very serious and truly conscientious passenger further affirmed that he had heard some of the baser members of the crew make in famous remarks with reference to the body of the woman who had been found dead in her cabin. It may be seen that the evening of Saturday echoed that of Friday as the *tolle* of the Jews did their glad *hosannas*. What a poor thing is man when he has not *profound religion* and *true virtue*!

For our part our ignorance of the English language made us assist mute and impassive at this concert which we had to endure for over two hours. Had we heard what was being said and sung we should have protested and appealed to the captain.

The concert over, most of the people fell asleep, silence being broken solely by the vague noise of the waves breaking against the base of our terrace. I slept very little. I thought and prayed much.

(To be continued)

SELF-ANALYSIS

« If people could only see themselves as others see them, » is a wail that often goes up from some would-be reformer. « This is, of course, impossible ; but I believe that we may see ourselves as we really are, whether others see us or not, » says a certain writer. To see ourselves as others see us would be but an imperfect view at best, since all are not apt to see us alike.

But surely, we who are really behind the scenes must know ourselves better than they who judge only from appearances. We know our motives for our actions, and, though we may be doing the best that seems possible to our fallible judgment, our motives are often misunderstood by others.

We often see things done by our neighbors which we feel prone to criticise, when we have done these same things ourselves they would have appeared all right to us. And since we know this to be true, why cannot we be charitable enough to give other people the benefit of the doubt and suppose they do in good faith what seems best to them ?

Not to know our own characteristics can only be possible because of a lack of self-analysis. It is not a great deal of trouble to put ourselves through a course of rigid self examination ; and if we are fair-minded we will do this. Surely we all have a desire to know ourselves as we are, and it seems that none of us need be in ignorance of our faults and failings. If we would take an inventory of these frequently, we should doubtless grow dissatisfied with our narrowness of soul, and be led to aspire to greater magnanimity.

But the trouble is, we don't do this often enough—we don't take that rigid self-examination. We all, doubtless, have a vague, ever-present knowledge of our temperament ; but we don't examine deep enough. If we did we couldn't be satisfied with ourselves, but would strive to be something nobler, and, in earnestly striving, we would eventually become so.

No one can know us so well as we might if we would but take the trouble to become acquainted with our own characteristics. If we don't do this it is our own fault ; but we can do it only by putting ourselves through a course of self-analysis.



Signal favors

MIRACLE OF THE 27th JULY 1899

Cure of Sister Mary-Gertrude

A SISTER OF MERCY FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.



A remarkable cure took place on the 27th July 1899 in the shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré. The pilgrimage from Smith's Falls, Ont., from St Vincent of Paul near Montreal and from Notre-Dame de Lévis were the happy witnesses of it. She who was to receive a special favor from St Anne was a Sister of Mercy from Newfoundland, Sister Mary-Gertrude. The following account of her illness and cure was sent us by her travelling companion the Mother Superior of the convent.

« Our good Sister Mary-Gertrude Kennedy had an attack of St Vitus' dance in September 1895, accompanied by epileptic fits. In the following spring and autumn, the attack returned with fresh violence and produced curvature of the spine and contraction of the muscles. In the spring of 1897, the former disease re-appeared with partial paralysis which deprived the Sister of the use of her right leg for several months. The same thing occurred again in the beginning of November, but with the most alarming symptoms. Then came hemorrhage on the brain which made our Sister a complete invalid and took away her appetite.

« The case seemed desperate to us and we placed all our hopes in a pilgrimage to the cherished shrine of Good Ste Anne de Beaupré. This idea was suggested to us by our Bishop, His Lordship Bishop McDonald.

« We reached Sainte-Anne de Beaupré about the middle of July and began a novena which was to end on the day of the feast. The novena passed without any improvement manifesting itself and our patient remained with her neck twisted and

bent forward. But on the following day when she approached the Holy Table, she suddenly felt a peculiar sensation in her back. She quickly straightened her neck, received communion with head erect, for the first time in three years, and returned to her pew without help.

The last traces of her disease had disappeared and she was completely cured through the goodness of St Anne. God be praised for it.»

The good sisters remained at Ste Anne de Beaupré and afterwards at Quebec where they were besieged by pilgrims and journalists who wished to judge of the miracle for themselves. The sisters finally reached Newfoundland on the 21st August.

On the Sunday following their arrival Monseigneur Howley preached a very eloquent sermon in the cathedral. His subject was the devotion to St Anne and the unbounded confidence we should have in her influence with the Almighty, an influence that had been singularly manifested in the miraculous cure of Sister Mary Gertrude, then present among the congregation.

After this beautiful and touching sermon the *Te Deum* was enthusiastically sung in thanksgiving; the hearts of all were filled with emotion. On the following day the two nuns returned to their convent at Harbour Conception. Reverend Father Veith, the parish priest, writes us that Sister Mary Gertrude was never better in her life. Her mother, Mrs Kennedy, has presented the parish church with a very fine statue of St Anne, which cost fifty dollars and was purchased at the shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupré. His Lordship Bishop Howley proposes to bless it after the fishing season when all the Labrador fishermen have returned to their homes.

In gratitude for the cure of Sister Mary-Gertrude, it is proposed to make a pilgrimage from Newfoundland to Ste Anne de Beaupré; two zealous priests, Reverend Fathers Murphy and Brown, have begun to organize this pilgrimage from over the sea. Good St Anne will no doubt multiply her favors to welcome her pious servants from Newfoundland.

CURE OF A CHILD.

Southbridge, Mass. 1898. — My little girl, aged 4 years, was suffering from excessive weakness which increased, every day to an alarming degree. In vain did I consult the most skilful physicians of the neighborhood: all their efforts were powerless, and they themselves despaired of my child's recovery.

Inspired by maternal love, I turned to saint Anne, Patroness of afflicted Mothers. I promised her that if she would hear my prayer and cure my daughter, to publish it in the *Annals* for her glory. From the moment I made this promise my child has enjoyed good health.

Honor and gratitude to saint Anne, our common Mother!

MRS. SIMÉON PAGE.



GRACES GRANTED TO A CONGREGATIONIST.

Waterloo, 14th September, 1898. — Several years ago I suffered from a sickness which was killing me. But, after a novena in honor of the august Mother of the Blessed Virgin and the promise of a pilgrimage to Beaupré, I recovered my health in a few days.

Again last month, our powerful Thaumaturga used her influence with God to cure me, in a no less extraordinary manner, of another malady which prevented me from attending to my daily occupations. I despaired of ever recovering, much as I desired it, when the remembrance of the great goodness of my dear Patroness brought a ray of hope to my heart. We began a novena, therefore, with the intention of visiting one of her shrines as soon as possible, and on one of the first days of the novena I was suddenly and completely cured. Since then, I have enjoyed perfect health, and I humbly thank saint Anne, my amiable protectress.

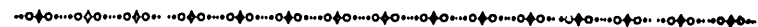
M. A. C.

My sincere thanks to the Holy Face of Our Lord and to saint Anne for curing my little girl of inflammatory rheumatism.

A CONGREGATIONIST.



THANKSGIVINGS



Markdale, Ont. September 28th: « I wrote to you last spring begging your charitable prayers and the intercession of good St Anne, that I might recover my health, I am a little better. Thanks to God and St Anne! » Mrs. P. Haley.

Hancock, Mich. September. 28th: « I wish to return thanks to good St. Anne, for many favors received, and I hope she will continue to grant my requests. I send a dollar for masses to be said in honor of St Anne and for the suffering souls.» A Subscriber.

Minneapolis, Minn. September 29th: « I visited the Shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupré on the 29th day of July, asking through her intercession to be cured of indigestion from which I had suffered very much, promising, if cured, to have it published in the *Annals*. In compliance with my promise and in gratitude to St Anne, I wish to say that since my visit to the Shrine I feel perfectly cured and use no medicine whatever. Enclosed please find \$2.00 for which say masses for the Souls in Purgatory.» Mrs. B. Mahoney.

— October 10th: « I promised to St Anne that if she would grant me two favors, I would have it published. I have obtained my request, and now I thank most sincerely good St Anne for it.» Mrs. A. C. O.

— 23rd: « Some time ago I had a mass said in honor of St Anne, a king for the cure of a very bad pain. It has almost disappeared, and I trust to be fully cured in time, through her intercession. I wish to thank her for this benefit. I ask also for two special favors and promise a mass if granted.» M. L.

Browntown, Minn. October 2nd: « Please find enclosed \$1.50 for three masses in honor of St Anne, which I promised last spring for my wife and for me; my wife has heart's disease, and now she is much better. I have had the Asthma eight years and never could get any medicine that could help me; last spring I promised those masses to St Anne, if she cured me; I stopped then taking any medicine and put my

trust in St Anne. I am now well and improving. I cannot thank enough St Anne.» Mr. F. Forcier.

Portland, M. October 2nd : « Many thanks to St Anne for my father having been cured, after a promise to have it published in the *Annals*. Also I was troubled with a skin disease, and I promised to have my cure published in the *Annals*, if granted. I was cured almost immediately, and I wish to thank good St Anne.» A grateful Subscriber.

« My little girl was taken very sick ; and after having promised a Novena to St Anne, and to have it published in the *Annals*, her cure was granted. I now fulfill my promise.» H. Langlois.

Winsted, Minn. October 2nd : « Many thanks to St Anne, for many favors obtained and especially for a cure.» A. L. B.

Papillion, Nebr. October 6th : « I wish to thank St Anne for favors recently received through prayers to her. I promised to have it published in the *Annals*.» A. L. Subscriber.

Bombay, N. Y. October 6th : « Thanks to St Anne for a favor granted.» A reader of the *Annals*.

Laconia, N. H. October 8th : « Five years ago I was taken sick, and prepared for death. On my sick bed, I was shown a copy of the *Annals*, and I promised if I got better, I would subscribe, which I did. A year ago I was again taken sick, and I promised if I got well, I would take a life subscription, as soon as possible, and allow my name to appear in the *Annals*. And thanks to good St Anne, I am very well.» Mrs. Wm L. Delory.

Amsterdam, N. Y. October 9th : « Having been cured twice of severe pain through the intercession of St Anne, I hasten to fulfil my promise of having it printed in the *Annals*. Thanks to Almighty God, and to his good Saint ! » A Subscriber.

St Vital, Man. October 12th : « I beg St Anne pardon for having neglected till now, to publish four favors obtained.» A Subscriber.

Malone, N. Y. October 14th : « We wish to thank St Anne for two favors obtained through her intercession.» Subscribers.

Whitefield, N. H. October 16th : « Many thanks to St Anne for having preserved me from a sickness.» Off. 5 cts. C. L. Subscriber.

New Canada, Minn. October 17th : « Many thanks to St Anne who has entirely cured my little girl. » A Subscriber.

October, 18th : « Thanks to good St Anne, for many favors obtained. » A. L. B.

Cap-Santé, October 24th : « Madame Jos. Guilmette left her watch in thanksgiving for her cure from general debility.

Lebanon, N. H. October 29th : « I return many thanks to good St Anne for several favors granted through her intercession. » Mrs. M. R. L.

Ft-Wayne, Ind. October 29th : « Some time ago, I promised St Anne, that if she cured a certain person that was dangerously ill, I would have it published in the *Annals*. The person recovered, and I hereby fulfil my promise. » P. C.

Auburn, N. Y. October 30th : « I send you one dollar for two low masses that I promised to St Anne, to thank her for the favors I obtained. » Mrs. Z. Ouimette.

Spalding, Mich. October 30th : « Find enclosed \$1. 50 for masses in honor of St Anne, to thank her for the healing of my son, who has been walking on crutches for eight months, and now walks without them for a month. Many thanks to good St Anne. » Mrs. D. P.

Columbus, Nebr. October 30th : « I wish to thank good St Anne for a great number of favors, which she has granted me. » Mrs. J. Keating.

MAN is not the creature, but the architect of circumstances. From the same material one man builds palaces, another hovels; bricks and mortar are bricks and mortar until the builder makes them something else.



GETTING money is not all a man's business; to cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life.—*Johnson*.

Bulletin of the Archconfraternity

Affiliation. — 1st The parish of St John the Baptist, Frenchtown, United States, through Rev. Father A. Quesnel, parish-priest, on the 19th September 1899. This association will be inaugurated on the 1st November next. There will be a great celebration on this occasion in honor of St Anne.

2nd The parish of St. Agnes, county of Charlevoix, through Rev. Louis Gagnon, parish-priest.

The two new associations bring up the total number from the beginning of the year to 12. Last year the number was 13.

The Circumcision.

BY REV. P. A. WRIGHT, S. M.

WHEN I behold the Saviour Child ascend —
An humble Babe to Judah's sacred shrine,
Meet awe and love within my soul combine.
Why should the Holy One submission lend
To laws not made for Him? Why condescend,
As child of sin, unto the law's design,
And to the legal knife Him meek resign,
In Whom no guile nor aught of sin could b'end?

At! Love for man would thus the Saviour Child
In this first shedding of his blood reveal —
The primal curse of earth at once repeal,
Which Adam's sin begat and us defiled.
O Sacred Shedding! be thou pledge most bless'd,
Of pardon here — in heav'n eternal rest.



RECOMMENDATIONS TO PRAYERS



General Intentions

THE triumph of the Holy Catholic Church and of his Holiness Leo XIII.

The Catholic Hierarchy of Canada and the United States.

The canonization of the Venerable François de Laval, Marie de l'Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeois, Mother d'Youville, John Nepomucene Neumann, and others who have died in odor of sanctity in North America. The Mission of Montréal.

DECEASED

RIGHT Rvd Louis DeGœsbriand, Bishop of BURLINGTON, VT.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS. October 5th : Mr. Peter Welch.

EAST-ANDOVER, N. H. October 6th : Miss L. Tremblay.

ST ROCH, QUEBEC : Mr Jos. Caron.

ROXBURY, MASS : Miss Mary Fraser.

Special Intentions

HANCOCK, MICH. September 24th : « I wish to recommend to St Anne, several intentions, which I will publish in the *Annals*, when granted. » A Subscriber.—POTSDAM, N. Y. September 29th : « May Our Dear Patroness Good St Anne obtain for me soon, three favors for which I pray to her each day. I promise an offering to her. » A Subscriber.—ROCKLAND, Mich. « I ask through the intercession of Good St Anne, the cure of my husband and child. I made several promises to St Anne if she hears my request. » Mrs M. W. Subscriber.—HANCOCK, MICH. September 30th : « I wish to secure several special favors from St Anne, and forward \$ 1.00 for masses in her honor for the suffering Souls in Purgatory, especially for my father and mother. » B. A.—LITTLE FALLS, MINN. October 8th : « I recommend myself to St Anne, for I have been sick nine months, and now I do not feel any better. I am suffering a great deal ; I hope that St Anne will help me » Mrs Jos. Vaid.—ALGONQUIN PARK, ONT. October 15th : « Enclosed please find \$ 1.00 to obtain a cure of an ailment which I have had for a long time, and which the doctors are unable to perfectly and permanently cure. I have now for a good while invoked St Anne, and made a pilgrimage to her Shrine last summer ; but I have still firm faith that my request will be granted. I have made numerous promises to her, if my request is granted. » J. W. Subscriber.—WHITEFIELD N. H. October 16th : « A poor woman recommends her husband addicted to drunkenness, and neglecting his christian duties.—SPALDING, MICH : « I recommend my sick daughter and my husband addicted to drunkenness. »