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## ANNALS

OF

## ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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

Gloriosa dicta sunt de te (Ps. 86.)



Glorious things are said of thee (Ps. 86.)

SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

ANNALS  
OF  
ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS, - THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

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

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SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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

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HEROIC RESCUE

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ST. ANNE, HELP OF THE SHIPWRECKED

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We publish in full, says a Quebec contemporary, the relation of capt. T. Mercier, of the schooner *Marie Aurélie*, of Berthier, who assisted by his mate, N. Carbonneau, succeeded in rescuing a shipwrecked sailor in the following circumstances.

Capt. Mercier is about thirty years old.

" We were sailing up the river St. Lawrence, since Sunday morning, said the captain, making on an average eight knots an hour. Our deck was being continually washed by the waves, and the schooner groaned under their shock, but I knew she was solid and I felt no fear. On nearing the dangerous passage of St. Roch, we saw some cord-wood floating about, with broken spars and other fragments indicating a wreck. Our supposition was soon confirmed, for towards four in the afternoon, we saw a black mass floating level with the water, about a mile away from us. On coming close, we ascertained that it was the hull of a vessel. A man standing on the keel was making desperate signs.

It was not an easy matter to save him. At the first moment, the undertaking seemed impossible; yet we were determined to try. After having brought the schooner to, and furled the sails, we left the rudder in the hands of a lad fourteen years old and tried to put out our small boat. Our first attempt was made to the windward, but the boat immediately filled and we had to hoist it on deck. We finally succeeded in making it float to leeward, but when we had finished this operation, which had taken half an hour, the man had disappeared from the wreck. We nevertheless embarked. I rowed and Carbonneau emptied the boat which at every moment threatened to sink.

On reaching the wrecked vessel, a sad sight met our gaze. A dead man was tied to the keel, another was holding on desperately to one of the beams, now rising on the crest of a wave and crying for help with a feeble voice, now entirely disappearing under water. We approached carefully, and finally succeeded in seizing him, but he had completely lost his mind, and was clinging to the vessel, without perceiving that we had come to his aid. We had to unite our strength to tear him from it, and even in the boat he continued

to cry and to groan, thinking that he was still at the mercy of the waves. We had to move away immediately without taking the dead body of the victim, for not only was it impossible to approach any nearer, but moreover, our schooner was rapidly leaving us, being already more than a mile off. I rowed vigorously to reach her. Our brave勇helmsman had not abandoned his post; he left it only for a moment to throw us a rope. The shipwrecked man, whose mind still wandered, was laid in the cabin where after having been frictioned and after having drunk some coffee, he soon fell into a restless sleep.

We reached Berthier without any further accident. Verreault, the shipwrecked man, was brought to his house, where he was soon able to relate his adventures.

He had left Quebec the Thursday before on a *bateau* "St. Mary-Ann," loaded with cord wood. The master was C. Rhéaume; it was his body that we had seen tied to the wreck. These *bateaux* have no deck and moreover this one was too heavily laden, so that when the sea ran high, it gradually filled.

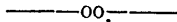
It was in vain that they threw wood overboard. The vessel finished by being swamped, and the sailors were forced to climb up into the mast. When all the wood had been carried away by the sea, the *bateau* whose sails had not been taken in—a precaution which would have saved it—was thrown on its side. It was then about 4 o'clock on Saturday morning.

The master whose strength was exhausted, was attached to the hull by his companion and died on Sunday morning. Verreault held on for twenty-four hours, and he was going to perish in his turn, when he was so heroically rescued by the captain and mate of the *Marie Aurélie*. Verreault relates, that while he was on the wreck, he saw a schooner pass by. But instead of stopping, one of the crew tried to throw him a rope. A large steamer also passed. Seeing the signals of distress, the steamer slackened her speed

ment. He saw on the deck a group of a dozen persons curiously examining the wreck. But the camer finally continued its course without trying to save him.

Captain Mercier, whose conduct is beyond all praise, lived in Quebec on Thursday morning with Verreault, whom he sent to his home in Château Richer, after having provided him with clothes and some money.

Captain Mercier declares that when he set out on this perilous adventure, he begged the protection of the good St. Anne to whom he attributes the success of his rescue.



## HYMN TO ST. ANNE.

*(Translated from the French.)*

Blest Seraphim, in Love's refulgent splendor,  
Unite your strains divine with our glad lays,  
And aid us in this hallowed fane to render  
To its sweet patroness fit meed of praise.

Angels of Heaven! sweep from your golden lyres,  
Her glories, sing of Jesse's royal stem,  
Like lilies nursed in God's own sunshine fires  
Is her pure name, her heart a flawless gem.

Poor helpless children, let us seek our Mother,  
For in her arms alone, are joy and rest,  
Yes, she will hear our pleading as none other,  
And fold us to her warm, maternal breast.

O good St. Anne! in these bright, festive hours,  
Behold thy children kneeling at thy shrine,  
Protect our country's youth from Satan's powers,  
And bear them in thy arms to Truth divine.

Help of the wretched! Listen to our pleading,  
 Aid hapless man upon life's thorny way,  
 O hear our prayers, and for us interceding,  
 Preserve Canadian liberty for aye.

When fierce winds howl, when storms no longer  
 Their wrath, and tempests strew with wrecks the sea,  
 Then, in thy love, O best and tenderest Mother,  
 Shield the frail skiffs whose pilots look to thee.

O pilgrims ranged beneath the banner holy  
 Of good St. Anne, renew your prayers to-day.  
 Ay, come and taste the blissful peace known solely  
 To those who share her Home in Heaven for aye.

SISTER ANNA RAPHAEL.

College of Notre-Dame, San José, Cal.



## THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE

THE DEVOTION TO ST. ANNE IS A TRULY CATHOLIC ONE,  
 HOMAGE PAID TO HER BY THE EASTERN CHURCH.

(Continued)

It would be an easy task to treat more abundantly of the consequences of St. Anne's maternity. Following on the footsteps of her panegyrist, we might select from the Old Testament the symbols under which she is represented, or explain the figures prophesying her greatness. But the incomparable virtues that her high dignity supposes are all the more difficult to describe. Our sketch would therefore be too imperfect. It is better to leave the pious soul to feed on the contemplation of such virtues and to

their sweetness in the silence of meditation. Let us therefore appeal to more persuasive arguments, to the examples of our fathers in the Faith. We love to think that the remembrance of their piety and the monuments of their confidence will not fail to excite our emulation, and to draw us irresistibly to the feet of St. Anne and St. Joachim.

But at what time did the faithful begin to render such honourable homage to them? A commendable author answers the question as follows. "As we cannot find in the history of the Church, nor in the tradition of the Holy Fathers, at what precise time they began to be honored as Saints, we must believe that it has always been so in the Church, according to the general rule regarding tradition: that when we find the Church in possession of some article of belief or some religious practice, should any one undertake to oppose it, he is bound to show us when the Church began such belief or practice. Thus, we have every reason to believe that Saint Joachim and Saint Anne have always been honored as two great Saints, although perhaps not always with public and majestic pomp, as since Pope Gregory XIII commanded the celebration throughout the Church of the feast of St. Anne, and since, later Gregory XV did the same for the feast of Saint Joachim."

Devotion towards St. Anne and St. Joachim is, therefore, as ancient as Christianity itself, it must have sprung forth in Palestine, in the valleys and on the hills where they dwelt. The country-places sanctified by their heavenly life, the house all fragrant with their patriarchal virtues, were naturally designated to the piety of the early faithful by traditions still living at the time. Inconsolable of Mary's departure the faithful hastened to the places where she had spent her childhood and that had witnessed all the phases of her life, and everything that either directly or remotely reminded them of Mary, of Anne or of Joachim, became to them as something sacred.



Monuments attest this worship of the primitive faithful, the oldest traditions of the Holy Land mention churches and oratories erected in Jerusalem in their honor. A trustworthy author thus speaks of two monuments of this kind. "The church dedicated to St. Anne, mother of the most holy Mother of God is beautiful and vast, under it there is a chapel where according to tradition, the Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived. The faithful visit it with great devotion and tender piety."

According to Mgr. Mislin, to this church, of which some imposing ruins still remain, had been, under the Christian kings, joined a monastery of nuns, later on after the loss of Jerusalem, the Fathers of the Holy Land obtained every year, by paying for it, permission to celebrate mass therein on the 26th of July. It is the site of the house of St. Anne and St. Joachim, and it was there that, according to tradition, they died. Their tomb, on which the early Christians built another sanctuary, was a little farther on, in the valley of Josaphat.

Another pilgrim speaks as follows of these privileged places. "Blessed house, consecrated so long by the dwelling and the last hours of St. Anne and St. Joachim. Happy the dwelling-place in which the Virgin made her retreat when she came to Jerusalem to assist at the solemn festivities, and when Jesus, her Son, was sentenced to death. This house still brings happiness to those who visit it, as St. Bridget learned from heaven during her stay in the city of Jerusalem."

"I will not explain the perpetual miracle of this house fatal to Turkish women, who, according to old tradition, founded on experience, soon found the cause of their death, if they dared to profane their presence at a dwelling so divine. It is for that reason that the santons or Turkish monks, whose mosque is one of the apartments, dare not introduce their wives within its walls."

“It was formerly the privilege of religious women, spouses of Jesus Christ, of the order of St. Benedict, to consecrate themselves to God in this cloister, the whole of which may still be seen, with the garden and the cells, which I might call, in the words of a quaint old author, the cells of the fragrance of prayer, where they breathed the sweet air of the devotion that the Virgin had diffused in this sanctuary..... These true daughters of Jerusalem never abandoned the austere life of their state, and no prosperity nor even adversity caused any falling away in that saintly family, wherein chastity and the fervor of divine love were happily united, and nobleness shone out in their deeds with an honesty quite religious.”

The worship of St. Anne was no less celebrated in the different countries of the East, and it passed into all the different rites. Every year, the Greeks celebrate her feast three times, as we may ascertain by looking over the *Typicon* of St. Sabas. On the 9th of September, they commemorate her birth; on the 9th of December, they celebrate the unrivalled glory of having conceived Mary Immaculate; finally, on the 25th of July, they solemnize her happy death, which they call her *sleep*. The same St. Sabas addresses the following prayer to the parents of Our Lady :

“O Joachim beautified by the divine breath! Anne all shining with the borrowed splendor of the divinity! ye are the two candlesticks whence sprung forth the unchanging lamp around which never the slightest shadow may be seen. The grace of God itself, that is my say. His Mother, has superabundantly enriched you. To her prayers join your prayers, so that the Lord may grant to our souls the enjoyment of His infinite mercies.”

These feasts were celebrated with great pomp to which the emperors of the East contributed by building magnificent churches. Among others, were admired, in Constantinople, the two basilicas due to the munifi-

cence of the two Justinians. The imperial city did not enjoy alone the privilege of possessing fine churches in honor of St. Anne, others existed even in the most remote corners of the empire: for instance, that one which was in Chersonesus. For if, in that wild and distant country, in that country so little thought of that disgraced criminals were sent thither in exile there was to be found a magnificent temple dedicated to our Saint, what may we infer of the other celebrated places and populous cities of these vast regions? We have, besides, the following proof of the above assertion taken from the narrative of a contemporary writer. "St. Stephen the Younger going away directed his footsteps towards the sea, and embarking, reached Chersonesus, where he was to spend the time of his exile. There, abandoned by all his companions, as he was wandering along those desolate shores, he found himself, not far from the sea, in presence of a cliff of formidable appearance. He examined, so as to find a place of refuge, among these precipices which command the waves at their feet. Guided by a divine hand, he reached a most agreeable habitation, hollowed out in the shape of a cavern, in the southern part of the abyss. It was called *Cissuda*. In the centre of its enclosure there arose a magnificent temple dedicated to St. Anne, the grand-mother of Christ. Then the holy man, overwhelmed with joy, fixed his dwelling in this retreat which God seemed to have prepared for him and fed on the herbs which he found in the neighborhood."

As we may see, the worship of St. Anne shed first a brilliant light throughout all the East, during the best ages of the Greek church. It is from thence that all the most beautiful pages written in her honor have come to us, the most tender hymns, the most affectionate prayers. It is thence that our sweet mother began to pour down upon her faithful children that river of graces which since has unceasingly

flowed throughout the ages, without drying up. Unfortunately, the East was ungrateful; its degenerate nations altered by superstitions and vain observances the worship of which they were the first to enjoy the privilege; later, the iconoclasts broke the statues and tore the pictures of our Saint and those of the other Blessed, finally, schism and heresy obliged St. Anne to turn elsewhere her maternal eyes and to spread her blessings on other countries. She found unto herself more faithful children in the West.

• (*From the French of F. Mermillod, S.-J.*)

(*To be continued*)

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## THE DEATH OF FATHER DAMIEN.

The "apostle of the lepers", has gone to his reward, to the glorious crown of his prolonged martyrdom. Is it not consoling to find such noble examples of Christian heroism in this agnostic and worldly nineteenth century of ours? Let our hearts be inflamed with the love of God and neighbor by the contagion of such exquisite charity, let our Faith be increased in the holiness of that Church which alone can produce such miracles of self-sacrifice:

"It would be difficult, says a contemporary, in all the annals of human suffering and human heroism to find a more glorious example of a great sorrow willingly chosen and willingly borne. For the winning of souls and the greater glory of God, Father Damien accepted this long martyrdom of years and carried his cross cheerfully till the end. For the sake of an outcast and dying people he gave up everything that men care for. The renouncement was complete: health and friends and life. If ever there was an emptying out of self, if ever there was a case of perfect detachment

from all the joys of this world, and rest, as it were, from even the thought of happiness, it was this one of Father Damien. For eleven years he lived as the one clean man among a dying crowd of lepers. Then the difference which had separated him from his people disappeared, and they knew that the sacrifice was complete, and that he was one of themselves. For four years more he laboured and suffered, the dreadful disease creeping over him from limb to limb, and then in mercy the Angel of Death came.

It was a strangely beautiful spot, this corner of the island of Molokai (1), which the diseases and vices of men had turned into a hell upon earth, some fifteen years ago. The north end of the island juts out into the southern sea—a grassy plain of some six thousand acres, and cut off from the rest of the island by a precipitous wall of rock stretching sheer away for three thousand feet.

This natural barrier which as effectually as the sea prevents the lepers from ever leaving their prison-home, is covered over with a wonderful garment of green, “a cataract of creepers broken with the foam of flowers.” Here, hemmed in between the ocean and the mountain-wall, was confined a community of filthy, quarrelling, drinking, and dying lepers.

With this idea of the physical horror of leprosy kept in mind, remember that when Father Damien landed there was no doctor, nor any official, nor even any clean, healthy human being in the settlement. The lepers were supplied with food and clothing periodically by the government, but the whole management of the settlement rested with the lepers themselves. In that area of 6,000 acres, there are always about 800 lepers. They die at the rate of 150 a year, and the average duration of life is four years. The population, however, is constantly being replenished by new cargoes of lepers brought in from the neighbouring

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(1) One of the Sandwich Islands.

islands. At that time, says Father Damien himself, the settlement was "a living graveyard." In their miserable grass huts they lived pell-moll, without distinction of age or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers to one another. They passed their time in playing cards, dancing, drinking fermented Ki-root beer, home-made alcohol, and with the sequels to all this." The sequels were lawlessness, vice, nameless debauchery. And it was this land of disease and sin, where there was no labour, no government and no religion, that Father Damien chose for the work of his life. •

That miracle of charity made every thing easy. The very fact that a man was found to come and live there voluntarily for their sakes was in itself enough to touch the heart of even the most reckless and abandoned. Every where his presence brought sweetness, and order, and religion, and to-day the outward aspect of the settlement is one of a strange contentment.

But for Father Damien before he died there was another consolation than the churches and schools and cottages he saw around him. These were the outward symbols of the changed lives of his people, but he also had assurance that his work should not cease, but go on always after his death. There are now seven devoted men and women who have consecrated themselves to this dreadful exile, Father Couradi, Father Wendolen, two Brothers and three Franciscan sisters. Priests, brothers and nuns, they have offered themselves to do Father Damien's work until they die Father Damien's death. But who shall set limits to Father Damien's work? In Molokai his whole life was one long prayer for the dying; but his example is now working freshly and afar, and in lauds he never visited. His charity is imposing a new sense of charity upon others, and his name may live as a vivifying and purifying memory when most of his contemporaries have been forgotten.

## A SHIPWRECKED SAILOR SAVED BY INVOKING ST ANNE

Under the above title we communicate to our readers the personal narrative of the miraculous escape from death of the mariner whose rescue we publish in this number under the heading. "Heroic rescue." The narrative was gathered from the lips of the shipwrecked man by one of the Redemptorist Fathers of St Anne de Beaupré.

On Saturday, June 1, two mariners of Château Richer, Messrs Rhéaume et Joseph Verreault were sailing up the river in a *bateau* laden with fire-wood. A furious storm was raging on the St Lawrence, Verreault relates as follows what happened to them.

"We were crossing the passage of St Roch des Aulnaies, between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, extremely fatigued by our long resistance against the bad weather. A wave more violent than usual upraised our vessel, capsized it, and threw the cargo into the river. The swamped boat was floating on its beam-ends, we hung on to the shrouls to keep ourselves out of water until help should come to us. The wind howled and waves roared round us. From time to time, the waves would rush over us and freeze our limbs. Night was falling; what was to become of us?"

I prayed to good St Anne. I promised masses and a pilgrimage—never losing confidence in her protection. My companion whose strength was exhausted, was losing courage. I tied him to a mast to place him in greater safety. The night was dark and dreadful how long it seemed to me! At about 3 o'clock in the morning, I perceived that Rhéaume's head was bent over his breast. I tried to raise it up, but I saw that he was dead. Broken-hearted, I appealed to St. Anne with greater fervor than before; the bad weather still continued, several vessels sailed not far from me

during the Sunday, but they probably thought it impossible to help me.

Towards 5 o'clock in the afternoon, I felt as if all my strength was leaving me. I thought I had only a few moments more to live, when I saw that a schooner was sailing towards me as if to bear me assistance. I was seized with such a sudden feeling of joy, that I lost my hold and fell into the river. I began to swim, shouting at the same time. At least, I was told so, for I don't remember how I acted at the time. Soon two men from the schooner arrived and placed me in their boat. They were navigators from Berthier to whom I owe an eternal debt of gratitude.

Good Saint Anne had heard my prayer, I was saved after 24 hours of a dreadful struggle against the tempest and against death. St. Anne, help and sailors in peril and of the shipwrecked be for ever praised!

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## COMPLAINT OF THE INGRATITUDE OF THE WORLD.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF THE HOLY FACE

*(Translated from the German)*

I am Beautiful.... But few love Me  
 I am Noble..... But few adhere to Me  
 I am Rich... .. But few crave my riches  
 I am Omnipotent But few call on Me for help  
 I am Supreme .... But few profit by my instructions  
 I am Eternal..... Why is the Temporal preferred ?  
 I am the Way.... How few walk in my path  
 I am the Truth... But few believe in Me  
 I am the Life.... How few desire Me  
 I am the Light... By which few wish to be enlightened  
 I am Merciful .... But few trust in Me !  
 I am the Judge of all the world  
 Soon and how severely must I the ungrateful world  
 condemn !



## SHRINES DEDICATED TO ST. ANNE.

## I. ST. THOMAS DE MONTMAGNY.

We have often had occasion to speak to our readers of the several manifestations of devotion during our days towards the good Saint Anne. For them as for ourselves the shrine preferred to all others, because it is the privileged one among all others, is that of St. Anne of Beaupré. It was so with the children of Israel. In different parts they possessed places devoted to prayer, but the temple of Jerusalem claimed their predilection, because the Lord manifested there more strikingly the effects of His goodness. Likewise in several localities the Church authorities granted the favor of having St. Anne as titular Saint of the parish; in others, altars were erected in honor and under the name of the same Saint. Sometimes they were fortunate enough to obtain a small portion of her precious relic. It was then that such privileged shrines became a resort for pilgrims, for those especially who lived so far from St. Anne de Beaupré. Of this number was the church of St. Thomas, in the county of Montmagny.

The traveller sailing down the majestic St. Lawrence beholds on the south shore, about 12 leagues below Quebec, a beautiful large church, whose lofty spire soars above a handsome little town of about 3000 souls. It is St. Thomas, whose inhabitants, together with those of the surrounding country, form a single parish. Even were there no authentic documents revealing to us the place of origin of this industrious population, the name of *Basse Bretagne*, or *Lower Brittany*, given to one of the finest concessions of the parish, the adventurous tastes of their ancestors for fishing, on the shores of the far-off Atlantic,—a pursuit which still occupies their descendants to the present day—and above all, their devotion to and their confidence in St. Anne, whose worship is so dear to the hearts

every Breton, evidently prove that this people, whose faith is so lively and so strong, comes originally from Brittany.

Ever since the last century, the parish-archives, as well as tradition, inform us that the feast of St. Anne was here solemnized with particular pomp. The solemnity lasted throughout the whole octave, during which public offices, with high mass and sermons, were held every day. It was a regular season of pilgrimage. There were instructions and confessions for the parishioners of St. Thomas, and for those of the neighboring parishes who came in crowds to the shrine of the Saint. These religious exercises took the place of a retreat, during which the faithful came to ask for bodily relief together with the cure of their souls. Their piety was still further stimulated by the favor—a rare one at that time in our country—of a plenary indulgence, which might be gained every day of the octave, by virtue of an Indult granted in 1787.

A special motive of devotion towards St. Anne, was added to the others, for the parishioners of St. Thomas. Every spring, the majority of the young men, and even many married men, embarked on frail crafts or on schooners, to sail to Percé or to different other fishing-places on the Gaspé coast, on the shores of the Ocean. They had a distance of about 200 leagues to travel, partly on the St. Lawrence, partly on the Atlantic ocean, exposed to the greatest dangers.

Before their departure, they went to invoke St. Anne, and they then set sail with confidence, guided by the Star of the sea, and St. Anne protectress of the traveller. How could they fear the tempest when they were under the guardianship of Mary and her Mother?

Towards the date of the feast of St. Anne, the moment came when a certain number of the fishermen were to return home; the summer-fishing

was about to end. Humble supplicants, children, wives, fathers and mothers, from the shrine of St. Anne, sent up their prayers to Heaven to obtain for these dear relations a return free from sad accidents.

These pious customs have nearly all been kept up to the present day. However, since a certain number of years, means of communication having grown easier, the flow of pilgrims has converged towards the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré. But confidence in the great wonder-working Saint has not grown less. She is venerated, she is invoked, and favors are obtained through her as of yore, and the parishioners of St. Thomas continue to celebrate her feast and its octave with fervent piety.

It may be asked if the good St. Anne has shown herself gracious towards her clients in the different shrines wherein her name was invoked, or whether she reserved her favors for those who repaired to her privileged shrine. Alas! fifty years hence, it will perhaps be asked if it is not during these latter times alone that St. Anne has shown her credit with God by the numberless graces she has obtained for those who craved her assistance. The *ex votos* which lined the walls of the old shrine of Beaupré at the end of the last century and during the first years of the present, and which spoke so eloquently of the benefits of the Lord and of His faithful handmaiden, have disappeared to rise up in smoke to Heaven. The generation that witnessed such marvels has related what it has seen to the generations of whom some scions still survive; but fifty years hence, all these echoes will be lost in the far distance. As nothing was kept in writing, we know but that all the precious graces obtained in the beginning of our history will not pass for pious legends destined to entertain the fancies of simple souls.

Yes, indeed, St. Anne has shown herself good and helpful every where. We want no other proof of this than the constancy with which she has been invoked.

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The faith and the fervor of a people do not maintain themselves for centuries, when no fact comes to justify them. That is the reason why we do not hesitate to proclaim that St. Anne has manifested the consoling effects of her motherly protection at St. Thomas and elsewhere, although confessing at the same time that the shrine of Beaupré has witnessed the most numerous and signal benefits. What the pen has not consigned in the annals which time destroys, gratitude has written in the hearts of men in indelible characters.

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### THE RELICS OF SAINT ANNE.

*Et erit sepulcrum ejus  
gloriosum.*

There is, in a remote corner of Provence, a pilgrimage which Christian generations have loved, a shrine which has seen its walls grown too narrow for the crowds of high and mighty personages who filled its precincts, for the numberless multitudes that hasten thither from all parts, and for which the hour of resurrection seems to have sounded. The place I mean is St. Anne of Apt.

This name, henceforth, is not an unknown one. Its ancient pilgrimage, which had also suffered from the evils of the times, or the indifference of souls, regained every day, in the religious world, a rank which is due to it. For several years past especially, a serious movement has begun with the object of restoring to the old Provençal pilgrimage something of its former splendor.

The city of Apt is proud to possess the relics of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin. According to

an ancient and venerable tradition, which has been handed down from age to age until our own time, these holy relics, brought from Jerusalem into Provence, were entrusted by St. Lazarus, bishop of Marseilles, to St. Auspicius, first bishop of Apt, disciple of Pope St. Clement. To withdraw them from the fury of the Lombards, towards 374, these precious relics were concealed in a subterranean crypt of the cathedral until the eighth century, when it pleased Providence to miraculously reveal them.

It is related that Charlemagne, having gone to Apt during Easter-time in 792, after great victories gained over the Saracens in Provence, asked his chaplain, Archbishop Turpin, to consecrate solemnly the cathedral of the city which had been profaned by the infidels. During the ceremony, the subterranean place in which the relics of St. Anne reposed is miraculously revealed to a youth fourteen years old, named John, son of Baron de Caseneuve, who recovered the use of his sight and hearing of which he was deprived, manifesting the spot where the sacred deposit was hidden. It was found in a coffer of cypress-wood wrapped in a rich winding-sheet on which the following words were inscribed: *Hic est corpus Beatae Annae, matris Virginis Mariae*; "Herein rests the body of Saint Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary."

Charlemagne had the exact relation of the prodigy drawn up and sent it to Pope Adrian I, who, in his answer to the monarch, recommended to preserve the holy relics with due veneration.

A like event could not pass by unperceived. The marvellous discovery of the relics of St Anne was the beginning of a series of wonders, which, even to our own day, has never been interrupted.

The church of Apt received numerous pilgrims flocking in from all parts, and delegations from cities afflicted by plagues that broke out at different periods.

Persons the most eminent for their influence and their high dignity have come to lay at the feet of St Anne the homage of their devotion and of their profound respect.

Pope Urban II, in 1096, when he came to preach the crusade in France ; Urban V, en 1365 ; queen Jane, countess of Provence, and her royal husband ; James of Aragon, from 1373 to 1376 ; King René, in 1470, have made the pilgrimage of St Anne of Apt. Francis I, King of France, come to prove his devotion in 1527 ; countess of Tende, in 1553 ; cardinal di Conti, bishop of Aucona, on the 18th of December, 1604.

In 1617, the marquis of Malostata presented to St Anne a beautiful reliquary in silver to enclose her precious relics.

In 1633, Marshal de Vitry presented a gold lamp of five pounds in weight and of the richest workmanship. He went a second time to Apt, on the 15th of April, 1635. The following day the duke d'Angoulême visited the shrine.

In 1645, the constable de Lesdiguières and the vice-legate of Avignon came to Apt to venerate the relics of St Anne.

In 1660, the wife of Louis XIII, Anne of Austria, went to the tomb of her august patroness. On the 28th of March the bishop of Apt, Modestus de Villeneuve, having received the queen at the head of his clergy, spoke an address in her honor, and gave her a solemn reception. After having assisted at mass, the queen venerated the relics of her holy patron saint, visited the two crypts, and did not retire without leaving behind her noble testimonies of her royal munificence. She presented to St. Anne a statue in massive gold representing the Saint, about six inches in height, an eagle of the same metal, of about the same proportions, enriched with emeralds, and a

crown studded with pearls and rubies. Besides these gifts, she founded forever six masses to be said annually, and promised a sum of 8,000 livres to finish the chapel of St. Anne, begun the year before. On the 26th of July 1664, bishop Modestus de Villeneuve solemnly consecrated the new edifice, and two days after, the body of St. Anne was solemnly transferred there, together with the relics of the other Saints protectors of the city of Apt.

Among the cities which have been distinguished by their piety towards St. Anne, is Marseilles. Let us listen to the words of an author (1) of the 17th century, relating to us in his true, though simple language, events of which he was an eye-witness. "The masters of vessels and other mariners of Marseilles are well able to tell us if Mistress St. Anne is at Apt, for no year passes by without their coming to make an offering for the help they have obtained of that Lady on the sea, and there is no one at Marseilles, be he ever so little, who, following the example of his father and mother, is not in his heart affectionately attached to that glorious patroness, for the great miracles which they hear have been wrought by the mere invocation of St. Anne. These miracles have been so numerous, that presently we see nothing but confraternities erected everywhere, even in the smallest villages of Provence."

Several Popes have granted indulgences to the faithful visiting the precious relics of St. Anne. The cardinals also vied in favoring this devotion to the extent of their power.

The dire epoch of the Revolution was, for the worship of St. Anne, what it was in general for religion, a period of desolation and sorrow.

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(1) Legrand.

The silver-gilt reliquary of St. Anne, of St. Auspicius, of St. Castor, of St. Martin, etc., became the prey of the modern Vandals. Fortunately the relics of all these holy patrons of the city of Apt were saved from their fury. When religion was restored, the relics of St. Anne, and those of the other Saints, placed in new busts of gilded wood, in their august sanctuary, began to receive once more the worship and veneration of the faithful.

Let us finish by a few words on the solemn feast which gave a new impulse to the worship of St. Anne of Apt.

Monseigneur L. Anne Dubreil, archbishop of Avignon, wishing to contribute to the glory of St. Anne, enriched the church of Apt with a magnificent statue of his patron-saint, in Carrara marble, bought at the Roman Exhibition in 1873. Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX granted to the Prolate the privilege of crowning the statue in his name.

On the 9th of september 1877, the ceremony took place with the greatest pomp and an extraordinary concourse of people. The day of the crowning of St. Anne's statue was a triumphal day for Apt, and revived the truth of the motto at the foot of the escutcheon of that city! *Felicibus Apta triumphis.*

(From the *Semaine Religieuse* of Marseilles.)

J. B. SARDOU.



## ACTS OF THANKSGIVING TO ST. ANNE.

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LEROY, PEMBINA CO. DAK.—Mr Alex. Richard, age 54, lost his way on the prairie, during the terrible storm that raged from the 11th to the 13th of January 1888. He spent the first night, alternately sleeping on the snow and advancing a few steps in the darkness. On the following day, he found a log-wood cabin half demolished, wherein he entered almost frozen, his limbs stiffened by the cold. He succeeded with great difficulty in taking off his overcoat and in making a fire. He managed to light the last of the two matches he possessed, seeing that his provision of wood was about to be exhausted, he tried several times, but in vain, to tear away a pale from the roof of the cabin. What must he do? He promised mass in honor of St. Anne. His strength immediately returns, and this time he easily succeed in detaching the pale. He spent the night in this cabin, and the next day, without having taken any food for nearly two days, he starts out again in spite of the storm. After many falls caused by weakness, he looks forward to a certain death, when thinking that he perceives some thing, he makes a supreme effort and falls unconscious in the doorway of one of his neighbors. They raise him up and he recovers his senses, but they find out that his heels are partly frozen. A few days after, he is completely restored.

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