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ANNALS

OF

ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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



Gloriosa dicta sunt de te (Ps. 86.)

Gloriosa dicta sunt de te (Ps. 86.)

SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

ANNALS
OF
ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. - THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

CONTENTS.

Spiritual advantages.—A happy new year.—The worship and patronage of St. Anne. (*Continued*) Devotion to St. Anne is truly Catholic; homage paid to her by the Western Church—Northern Europe.—A religious community favored by St. Anne.—The sleep of the Infant Jesus.—To saint Anne (poetry).—A miraculous cure.—The canticle of Anne of Elcana (*concluded*).—Pilgrimages to Ste-Anne de Beaupré in 189—Thanksgiving to St. Anne.—Favors obtained through the intercession of St. Anne.

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

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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

—CO—

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

What more appropriate wish could we make to our readers than that of St. Francis de Sales.

“ I wish your dear souls that next year be followed by many others, and that they all be usefully employed in gaining eternity. Lead a long, holy and happy life among your friends here below during these perishable moments, to live again eternally in that immutable bliss for which we breath.”

The engraving which accompanies this number, and which we offer to our subscribers as a premium, will no doubt, recall to many the most pious and consoling remembrances.

THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE

(Continued.)

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

Devotion to St. Anne, until the period of religious relaxation which opened an easy way to heresy, had taken deep root in the heart of the English nation, and even since that sad hour, all vestiges of her worship have not disappeared among the ruins of religion in that island once so holy : monuments attest it, and the name of Anne, doubtless by force of habit, is still willingly borne in all classes of society. In Catholic Ireland, so devoted to her Apostle, St. Patrick, the mass of the people do not, as in some other countries, pay distinct homage to our Saint, but they honor her none the less perfectly, as a member of the Holy Family, devotion to which is so lively among the Irish : it is in that light and under that title that she is so dear to that heroic nation. There is a church dedicated to St. Anne in Dublin, and we know for certain that her name is often given in baptism. The nations of Cimbric Chersonnesus and on the shores of the Northern sea, followed the movement that led Catholicity to the feet of our august Princess. In 1425, as may be seen by the following decree of one of their Provincial Councils, the Danes placed themselves under her protection and took her for their patroness.

“ Likewise, we enact that the feast of St. Anne be celebrated every year, on the day following that of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as the feast of our country and of our people, throughout our whole Province.”

But long before this, in Hungary, in Bohemia, in Poland and Austria, the devotion had produced marvellous fruits of salvation and transformed whole

populations. It radiated from numerous churches, and some of these sanctuaries, as those of Cracow and of the neighborhood of Vienna, by the graces continually received there, attracted numberless pilgrims. Belgium also had its own; Flanders especially was distinguished for its piety towards St. Anne. The history of each of these sanctuaries would offer details interesting in many respects; but a sketch like ours must not exceed certain limits. We cannot, however, in this nomenclature, omit the Ecclesiastical Province of Cologne, now Rhenish Prussia. Its inhabitants were surpassed by no other Northern people in their filial love towards St. Anne; no other, in these countries, honored her so universally and so perseveringly. On her part, that good Mother did not leave their piety go unrewarded; she has preserved to them the priceless gift of Faith; the populations of the Rhineland are still the most Catholic of Germany. According to informations whose trustworthiness we cannot suspect, it is not rare to find in that region families, and even whole villages, which by their fervor recall to mind the early Christians. Therefore, the worship of St. Anne has not grown cold, far from it; after having resisted for ages against the action of heresies and revolutions, it seems, on the contrary, in the years, to regain its primitive splendor.

Of this let us judge by the following extract from a letter addressed to us by a missionary in that country.

Paderborn, July 25, 1863.

"The Dean of the magnificent church of Düren might send you relations of a great number of graces due to the Saint's intercession. I beg to send you the observations gathered by our Fathers relating to the precise points on which you desire to be informed.

"The devotion to St. Anne is very wide-spread and very popular among Catholics of this country. Düren especially is the centre of it, and contributes to

maintain and expand it. The affluence of the whole Province to this sanctuary is really prodigious on her feast-day, which we shall celebrate to-morrow and always with a solemn octave, extraordinary preaching, and perfect fervor and order. I had the consolation, with two other Fathers, of giving a mission in the church of St. Anne. The unaccountable fragrance emitted from a precious relic of the Saint, each time that they open the reliquary in which it is preserved, is an undeniable fact and a permanent miracle. I have myself inhaled the marvellous perfume."

"The Church of Düren is very vast; so as to give more splendor to the worship of the Saint, it has just been very tastefully restored. In its chief tower may be admired one of the largest bells in all Germany. This bell bears the name of *Annaglock* or *Anne's bell*, and is only rung on grand solemnities."

"The favors obtained are very numerous, they are the theme of conversation at Düren. From all sides they come to visit the sanctuary, and numerous processions go thither. But this shrine is not the only one; it is, in truth, the most visited, the most celebrated; but in the Rhenish Provinces may be found a great number of other churches under the same title, and in nearly all churches, altars raised in her honor. In the rural districts, at least one third of the girls receive the name of Anne or Anne Mary, they love to unite the two names. As to religious communities, I know of none exclusively devoted to her worship; several, however, have certain devotions and special festivals in her honor, because she is one of their chief patron-saint."

Happy England and the other countries of the North, if on the day of seduction and danger, instead of giving way to a deplorable infatuation, they had pressed closer to Mary and Anne her most holy Mother; like Poland, and the banks of the Rhine, like Spain and Brittany, they would have avoided the abyss in which they mourn, and from which nothing

less than all the riches of the heart of Jesus are able to deliver them !

From the French of Father MERMILLON, S. J.

(To be continued.)

—000—

A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY FAVORED BY ST. ANNE.

Tournai, Belgium,.....

Mr. Editor . Our establishment is indebted towards St. Anne for a great many favors. Last fall, I asked her to send us a fixed number of boarders. The number we received was the exact number asked for. This year, we presented seventy one pupils for the competitive examinations established by government among all the schools of the country. I asked St. Anne to obtain for us seventy prizes or diplomas. That very number was realized. In a few days we are to commence a novena in thanksgiving : nine masses will be said in the church of the Redemptorist Fathers of our city.

Br M. JOSEPH.

—000—

THE SLEEP OF THE INFANT JESUS.

Sleep is an echo of the day, we might even say, an echo of life. It is a hackneyed saying that a tranquil sleep images the candor of the soul and is rightly called "the sleep of the just". Man, on awaking, is the same person as he was on the evening, before he fell asleep. Sleep conforms itself to the tendencies it found when taking possession of man during the night. He who is pure, is pure when he awakes; he who is vindictive, unjust, spiteful, finds himself with the same

passions on awaking. The body rests and is renovated; but the soul remains the same, and thus sleep is a faithful image of death, which leaves man in the state in which it finds him, with his inclinations, virtues and vices. Yet, we must acknowledge it, the rest of the body during sleep reacts on the soul itself. On awaking, our judgment is surer, our passions calmer, our will more free, more independent of outward attractions, and we all have understood the truth of the adage: *The night gives counsel*. It is therefore wise to allow sleep to pass over a decision that troubles us, a sentiment that agitates the soul, or a violent resolve that we might later regret."

These reflections of a pious author relate to the sleep of man, but what should we say of the sleep of children? Is there a more charming sight on earth than that of a child sleeping in its cradle? Is there a sweeter enjoyment for a mother than to rest her eyes on that childish face, true mirror of innocence and purity? Such happiness was given to Mary, but no other mother has felt in presence of her son what Mary felt in presence of her sleeping child.

St. Basil thus renders the blending of maternal love and of adoration which divided the heart of Mary:

"What must I call thee?...A mortal?...But I have conceived thee by the operation of God...A God?... But thou hast a human body...Must I come to thee with incense, or offer thee my own substance? Must I lavish on thee all the care of a tender mother, or serve thee, with my brow in the dust? O marvellous contrast! Heaven is thy dwelling place, and I fondle thee on my knees! Thou art upon earth, and yet not separated from the inhabitants of the heavenly regions. The heavens are with thee!"

St. Alphonsus de Liguori has written a lovely Italian poem on the sleep of the divine Child. The following translation is far from rendering all the gracefulness and charm of the primitive composition.

"The heavens hushed their sweet harmony, when Mary sang to lull Jesus to sleep.

"With her divine voice, the lovely Virgin, brighter than a star, thus spoke:

"—My child, my God, my dearest good, thou sleepest; and I am dying with love for thy loveliness.

"In thy sleep, O my treasure, thou lookest not at thy mother. But the air thou breathest is a fire that burns me.

"Thy eyes although closed wound me with their gaze; what shall become of me when they shall open?

"The graces of thy lovely face ravish my heart! O God! my heart is dying for thee.

"Thy rosy lips attract my lips. Pardon, O my loved one, I am helpless in thy presence.

"—The Virgin ceases speaking, and, pressing the child to her bosom, she imprints a kiss on the brow of Jesus.

"But the beloved Child awakes; and with his beautiful eyes full of love, he looks at his mother.

"O God! for the Mother, those eyes that look upon her, what a burning shaft that wounds and pierces her heart!

"And thou, my soul so insensible, dost thou not languish in thy turn, seeing Mary languish with tenderness for her Jesus?

"Divine beauties, too late I have loved ye! henceforth for ye I shall burn without ceasing.

"The child and the Mother, the Mother with the child, the rose with the lily, will possess all my love for ever!"

There are some delightful legends in the same strain. The following, written in the Provençal tongue, is by the *felibre* or troubadour of Our Lady. It is entitled the *Cradle-rockers of Jesus*.

The cradle-rockers of Jesus are the four seasons that come with their respective attractions to offer their services to the Infant Jesus.

SPRING.—Hail unto Thee, O lovely Child-God! I am the beautiful Spring that makes pasture, field and meadow to blossom with flowers. I bring you an

armful of flowers of all kinds. But my heart desires that Thou takest me to rock Thee to sleep. Oh! please, dear little Jesus, take me to rock Thee!

JESUS.—Nay, nay! I want thee not to rock me, much less to caress me! Thou art too elegant and too gaily! The heavenly charms of modesty are unknown to thee. Yet I will keep a little branch of thy flowers! It is a branch of white thorn to crown one day my brow divine.

Now go, go hire thyself to another. I want thee not to wrap me up in my poor swaddling-clothes.

SUMMER.—Hail unto Thee, O lovely Child-God! Me Thou knowest full well. I am Summer with sun-burnt features. As a present, I bring Thee a sheaf of wheat, yellow as a thread of the purest gold. My heart wishes Thee to take me to rock Thee to sleep. Oh! dear little Jesus, please accept me.

JESUS.—Oh! nay! I want thee not to rock me, and still less to fondle me! Thou art too jovial and too restless. Of thy generous present of a sheaf, I will keep the straw for my manger, and the ears for a heavenly Bread.

Now, hasten away to serve another. I care not for thee to wrap me in my poor swaddling-clothes.

AUTUMN.—Good-day to Thee, lovely Infant! I am rich; all fruits are mine, for I am the Autumn—that gathers them. As a gift, I bring thee a basketful of choice fruit of all kinds. My heart desires the honor of rocking Thee to sleep. Oh! sweet Child Jesus, allow me that pleasure!

JESUS.—Not so, indeed! Thou shalt not invite sleep to my eye-lids, still less shalt thou fondle me. Thou art too rich and too gluttonous. Of the fruit of thy basket, I shall keep only the finest of grapes to make a divine Drink.

Go, now, to help another, I care not for thee to wrap me in my poor swaddling clothes.

WINTER.—I come to greet Thee, lovely Son of God! Well thou seest, alas! that I am Winter, all poor and

shivering ! To offer Thee, I have naught but a piece of wood ; and it would only be suffering for Thee to accept me as Thy rocker. I beseech Thee, take me not to set Thee asleep !

Jesus.—Oh, Come, come ! Thee will I take to rock me and to fondle me too. For thou art very modest and quite poor with thy rough garments ! Thy wood I shall keep ; for sinners it will one day become the Tree of Salvation.

Come then, oh ! Come. To no other hire thy services : I retain thee."

The child's sleep is followed by his awaking ; another joy for the mother's heart. The awaking of Jesus is as described ;

" Behold ! the child Jesus awakes ! Oh ! how lovely is his childish look ! Need we say on what flower falls that sunbeam ? Whom should he look upon but Mary ? It is always a joy for a mother to receive the first look of her awaking child ; but what a gaze is that of Jesus ! Oh ! happy mother !

" Jesus smiles ! His smile is the reflection of heavenly bliss, of that joy that eternally fills the Blessed and always creates for them new raptures, as the spring sun each year makes new roses bloom. His look is the wondering look of a child, but his mother well knows that nothing can astonish God."

When the mother has enjoyed her son's awaking, there is a care that she must not forget : it is to give him the food that he needs. The church sings in her hymns ;

O gloriosa Domina
Excelsa super sidera,
Qui te creavit parvulum
Lactente nutris ubere.

" O glorious Queen, higher than the stars, He who has created thee has become a little child, and thou feedest Him of thine own substance."

In the hymn of Lauds, on Christmas, we find the following beautiful stanza:

Fœno jacere pertulit,
Præsepe non abhorruit
Et lacto modico pastus est,
Per quem nec ales esurit.

“ He suffered lying on the hay, he loathed not the manger, and He who suffers not the little bird to hunger, was fed with a little milk.”

—000—

TO SAINT ANNE.

(*Written for the Annals*)

Saint Anne, our Lady's Mother, and our own,
How thy dear name thrills thro' each distant zone,
Breathing to listening hearts thy tender love,
Moving each weary soul to look above
The thorns around life's daily pathway set,
Its burdening cares, its turmoil; and its fret,
And bear with simple faith unto God's throne
Our woes for solace; for 'tis He alone
Can pour the balm of healing, and bestow
Blessings upon His children here below.
Lo for His Mother's sake thy own dear child,
Who first into thy eyes' grave beauty smiled
Sweet smiles of baby love. He hastes to give
The gifts which bid the flowers of virtue live,
And where before all was a barren waste
Hearts shine with His celestial favors graced,
And oh! what joy for thee to see thy child,
The spotless one, the Virgin undefiled
Pleading for fallen man, what joy to know
She is the advocate of all below,
The refuge whence no pleading soul is driven,
The star of Hope, the shining Gate of Heaven.

And thou, dear Lady, knowing all our needs,
 Plead with thy child, as she with Jesus pleads,
 That over the dreary desert of our life
 May sweep a breath with heavenly graces rife,
 Kindling the sluggish soul with holy fire,
 Uplifting with the tenderest desire
 To our true home the thoughts that else would stray,
 Bidding the angels watch beside our way,
 And from the tempter's hosts his luring power
 Keep us unscathed through each passing hour,
 Mother of Mary, by what holier name
 Thy love and thy protection may we claim?
 Give us in thy unwavering strength a part,
 Dwell thou a favored guest in every heart,
 We are thy Daughter's children, 'neath the rood
 Was our adoption sealed by Jesus, blood.
 Children of Mary, Queen of heaven's bright host,
 "Our tainted nature's solitary boast,"
 Children of Mary and thy children too,
 Hear us our pledge of loyalty renew,
 Faithful till death, and when that hour has come,
 And stricken nature lies in anguish dumb,
 Come with thy child to aid us, and sustain
 Our parting spirits in that hour of pain,
 O loving Mother, be our hope and stay,
 Rob the foul demon of his longed-for prey,
 Receive our vows e'en with our latest breath,
 And shield us at the hour of our death.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Gilroy, Dec. 1889.

—000—

A MIRACULOUS CURE

After a silence of three long months imposed on me
 by competent authority, I am happy to be able to
 proclaim to-day my deep gratitude towards St. Anne,
 who has obtained for me from the Sacred Heart of
 Jesus the priceless favor of a miraculous recovery

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to acquaint you with a few details regarding this cure, so as to contribute to the increase of faith and confidence in our great Protectress. For several months previous, I had been affected with a malady which increased in gravity every day, in spite of the careful and repeated attendance of an able physician, who employed all the most energetic remedies suggested by his professional knowledge and the desire to cure me.

Dyspepsia caused me to suffer such intense pain that it became utterly impossible for me to take any food during several weeks, I was reduced to the last stage of exhaustion.

According to the Doctor's declaration, all human remedies were powerless to cure me; and he renounced henceforward to attend me. No other than the heavenly Physician could call me back to life.

My kind parents judged proper to write for one of my brothers, who is a priest, then acting as a vicar of Eboulements, so that he might assist at my last moments, so persuaded were they that death was inevitable. I was the only one to hope against all hope. My lively faith in St. Anne increased in the same proportion as the gravity of my condition.

On the arrival of my dear y beloved and impatiently expected brother, I communicated to him my ardent wish to visit the shrine of our good Saint. He consented to undertake to bring me there, or rather to bring there a walking skeleton, as I really was at that time.

The drive from Hébertville to the Chambord railway-station was very trying to my system. It was only through the influence of morphine that I could succeed in calming the atrocious pains I was enduring; it was with the help of the same narcotic that I was able to perform the remainder of the journey.

I reached Ste-Anne de Beaupré on the morning of August 15. I was instantly brought to the basilica, I drank of the water from the spring, and heard a mass read up to my intention. However, I felt no better

But I felt my confidence increasing; I had come with the conviction that I was to be cured. My continual prayer was: "Good Saint Anne, cure me."

Twice during that day I returned to the church. On the morrow, which was a Friday, I was also brought there in the morning. It was impossible for me to remain more than a quarter of an hour; as soon as I reached my boarding-house, I was obliged to take to my bed. Towards 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I felt bad that my sister, who had devoted herself to nursing me, went for one of the Redemptorist Fathers to hear my confession. I was unable to receive Holy Communion, owing to vomiting fits that recurred every five or ten minutes. The kind Father, after having encouraged me to suffer with resignation to the Divine Will; hoped to be able to administer to me the Holy *Viaticum*, if I could only cease vomiting for twenty minutes.

The following night was excessively painful: intense pain made me occasionally faint, my eyes could not discern objects any more, my limbs were icy cold. Those around me, seeing my extreme condition, blamed in a certain measure my family for having consented to my departure.

On Saturday, the 17th, my sufferings had lost nothing of their intensity. I begged my sister to have me brought once more to the church, hoping to receive Holy Communion. The Reverend Father, who had come to confess me the day before, hesitated to fear some accident. The fits of vomiting were still quite frequent; but I insisted, and he finally consented.

It was in the chapel dedicated to the Holy Family that I received Our Lord in my heart. It seemed as if my life was departing. The heavenly Bread restored my strength; I then venerated the relic of good St. Anne. At that very moment, all my sufferings disappeared. O Miracle!... I suddenly rose to my feet and walked, alone, to the statue of my Protectress. How could I express my gratitude? How could I thank her enough?

After my thanksgiving, I went to the sacristy, where I met a Reverend Father who verified my perfect recovery. I then walked back to my boarding-house. They were preparing to come for me, seeing how long I had been away. The hotel-keeper had even asked for assistance to help in bringing me to his house.

This new favor of St. Anne was quickly known. I was forced to receive a number of visits and to answer many questions concerning my long and painful malady.

My family was anxious to see me again. I had to leave Ste. Anne de Beaupré immediately after a novena of thanksgiving. My dear father came to get me, and in his company, I performed without any fatigue, the journey I had so painfully made a few days before. I even went to Roberval, to see one of my sisters, who is a nun at the Ursuline Monastery.

I was cured three months ago; my health continues to be excellent.

Praise and gratitude to Good St. Anne. A thousand thanks for her kindness!

ALMA ROSE HUDON, child of Mary.

Hébertville, Nov. 24, 1889.

THE PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATE.

Hébertville, Nov. 24, 1889.

I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that Miss A. Hudon, of Hébertville, whom I continually attended for two months, was suffering from a nervous affection which sometimes brings on death through exhaustion.

Frequent and uncontrollable vomiting prevented her from keeping any food; she was moreover a prey to violent pains which could be assuaged only by morphine.

When she started on a pilgrimage to St. Anne, she was in a state of extreme weakness, and I had given up all hopes of curing her, I therefore, consider her recovery as miraculous, owing to its sudden and permanent character.—Dr T. A. TALBOT.

THE CANTICLE OF ANNE OF ELCANA

(concluded)

According to a custom both ancient and familiar the Hebrews marked by lasting monuments, either built or written, the great benefits granted by God to the whole nation, to a family or to some individual. Kings David and Ezechias, the prophets Jonas and Habacuc, and especially the three children who, from the midst of the fiery furnace kindled by a cruel king invite Angels, men, beasts, rivers and seas, heaven and earth, to praise the Lord in a Canticle handed down to us by Daniel, are so many examples of this holy custom. Conformably to the usage of her country, our prophetess wished to place among the Archives of the Tabernacle this imperishable memento of her Faith and of her gratitude towards God her benefactor. Those who came, in later ages, on a pilgrimage to Silo, were thus able to read that holy page relating the miracles wrought on behalf of the illustrious pilgrim.

Since, without going as far as Silo, we have the advantage of being able to study this monument of the Mosaic ages, let us yield at least to the charm of pious curiosity under which a precious lesson lies in store for us.

What impresses at first, is the almost priestly and altogether prophetic tone which predominates in the holy Canticle. For, in singing the praises of God, Anne shares with the priest one of his chief functions, which is to praise God, as it is said in another canticle "Priests of the Lord, praise ye the Lord." Arising with this first cloud of sweet-smelling incense to the throne of the God of Abraham her father, the spirit of Anne soars to that heavenly region where it can look into futurity. She describes her vision and draws a grand picture of the glorious reign of the promised Messiah; she thereby takes rank with the prophets. Whilst her spirit is drunk with the wine that gladden

heart of God, and that Heli confounded with the one that rejoices only the heart of man, her soul melting under the burning rays of divine love is poured forth as oil in presence of the Holy of holies.

Whence did she possess that two fold gift, if not in the child already predestined to the priesthood and to prophecy? Does not the vessel retain and shed its fragrance after having lost the precious contents it contained? Had not the holy mother of the priest and prophet Samuel kept the aroma of the virtues and gifts of her son, after having been separated from him and having consecrated him to the Lord in fulfilment of her vow? Consult thereupon St. Augustine, Gregory the Great, or St. Francis of Sales, and you will see that these observations have not escaped their sublime intelligence and their seraphic piety.

Besides, this phenomenon of mystical life is not unique in the history of the Saints. Behold St. John, the Baptist, because he poured the water of baptism on the head of the Lamb of God, as Samuel long before poured the anointing oil on the head of young shepherd David. Did he not also communicate to his holy mother Elizabeth the grace given to her from the beginning? If the mother thrills under the inspiration of the prophetic Spirit, it is because the child who is "more than a prophet" has given her the signal. But at this solemn moment, let us not forget that the law of inspiration of mother by child receives its highest perfection; for Elizabeth's song of thanksgiving is answered by her divine cousin and step-mother, who, lately become the mother of the Child-God, who, in His turn, inspires His own mother. But how does it so sweetly and with such consoling light shine on the Virgin, setting aside her habitual recollection, and breaking her deep silence, addresses to the whole world, as Moses of old at the entrance of the tabernacle, that canticle which the Catholic Church has chosen to crown her offices, and as her evening Hymn. The prophet too had said, the divine Prophets, that all nations

would call her blessed. Such is the repeated fulfilment of the prophecy of that Queen of Prophets.

If we have omitted our good St. Anne in this brief enumeration of the blessed women who were sanctified by their holy children, or who acted as instruments of holiness to those children of predilection, do not think, dear reader, that we consider St. Anne as being an exception to this law. We call it a law, for this doctrine reposes in God's promise, which creates the law, to bless, unto the hundredth generation, the children of those who fear Him. Otherwise, how could St. Paul have said to the pagan and idolatrous Romans, that they still were pleasing to God in remembrance of the holy Patriarchs, their fathers? (Rom. XI. 28)

If, at a distance of two thousand years, Abraham rejoices in the simple prophetic view of the Saviour; if, twelve centuries in advance, David is created according to God's heart, because his daughter, the Immaculate princess of his house, will bring forth Him who will let himself be called "Son of David", can we believe that Anne, who immediately precedes Mary in the lineage that leads up to David and Abraham, did not also benefit by the influence of her grand-son? The wives of Elcana and of Zacharias were endowed with inspiration, the former, for having given birth to Samuel, the latter, to John, and Anne would remain in obscurity after having caused the Dawn to arise? Better say that the starry heaven does not shine that the garden strewn with the lily, the rose and the mignonne, is not redolent with perfume in the season of full bloom. In heaven, in the Church triumphant, the most holy and perfect Angels are they who stand nearest to God and whose occupation is all silence like the ineffable acts of the Divine Persons. Here below, in the Church militant, which is the figure of her sister, the triumphant Church, the holiest souls are assuredly those who were the nearest to the Incarnate God, and who imitated His silent and retired life. Such was the privilege, particularly of Mary and

oph. to fill towards the person of the Son of God
 offices of the Seraphim toward the Eternal Father.
 and Saint Anne was not deprived of this seraphic
 privilege. Her grand son has moreover shared with
 his power of healing the sick and of making the
 lame walk, and he thereby authorizes her to chant a
 hymn, if not by herself, at least by the lips of the
 blessed miraculously cured.

Do you wish, dear readers, to see your young
 children and little brothers blessed by God? Be devout
 towards St. Anne, and you will see the spirit of grace,
 of Anne (for her name signifies *grace*), make the
 children skip with joy, as the infant John the Baptist.
 should it happen, that despairing of other means,
 you are obliged to undertake the traditional pilgrimage
 to Beaupré, to correct an unruly child, you will come
 away agreeably surprised to hold by the hand not a
 rebellious child, but a young Samuel, as with Anne of
 Lorraine, or a little Mary, as with Anne of Joachim,
 who may one day, like their patrons and models, leave
 you to devote themselves to the service of God, or vow
 to of perfection in the cloister, and pray for you.

For the *Annals*, G. S.

PIGRIMAGES TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ,
 IN 1889.

MAY.

"Le Cercle Catholique," Quebec.

1st. pilg. image from St. Sauveur, Quebec.

The Ladies, Normal School, Quebec.

JUNE.

1st. pilgrimage from St. Roch, Quebec.

The Laval Normal School, Quebec.

St. Augustine.

11. Milton, (Vt.).
12. St. Charles, Hospital, Quebec.
13. The Ladies of the Holy Family and the Child
of Mary, Upper Town, Quebec.
16. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Quebec.
18. Stanfold.
18. St. Armand.
20. Lewiston, (Me.).
23. Biddeford, (Me.).
24. St. Alphonse, Thetford.
26. St. Jean Deschaillons.
27. Keosville, (N. Y.).
30. An Association of the Upper Town, (Quebec).
30. The Barbers' Association.

JULY.

1. The Congregations of the Blessed Virgin, directed
by the Jesuit Fathers, Montreal
 1. 2d. from St. Sauveur.
 2. Louiseville.
 3. Joliette.
 3. 1st. from the parish of St. Peter's, Montreal.
 3. St. Calixte, Somerset.
 4. Nicolet.
 5. St. Anselme.
 6. St. Ferdinand, Halifax.
 7. 3d. from St. Sauveur, Men.
 8. St. Joachim.
 9. St. Pierre-les-Becquets.
 9. Ste. Anne de la Pérade.
 9. 1st. from Ste. Croix.
 9. St. Alphonse, Granby.
10. 1st. from the parish of St. John the Baptist, Que
10. St. Gervais.
11. Deschambault.
11. Ste. Emélie.
11. Sacred Heart of Mary.
11. Boucherville.
11. The Living Rosary, Québec.

- St. Tite des Caps.
 Parish of St. James, Montreal.
 4th. from St. Sauveur, The Children of Mary.
 St. Jean Port Joli.
 St. Nicolas.
 St. Ubald.
 St. Thomas de Pierreville and Sorel.
 St. Ambroise.
 St. Joseph, (Beauce).
 Ste. Philomène, Lotbinière.
 Arthabaska.
 Holyoke.
 St. Francis, Montmagny.
 5th. from St. Sauveur.
 Ste. Pétronille.
 1st. from St. Anne, Montreal.
 6th. from St. Sauveur, Young men.
 Congregation of the Young men, Upper Town,
 Québec.
 1st. from St. Joseph's, Lévis.
 1st. from Sherbrooke.
 Rivière Ouelle.
 D'Israeli.
 1st. from Three Rivers.
 Batiscan.
 St. Jean and St. Laurent, (Island of Orleans).
 Congregation of men, St. Roch, Quebec.
 Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Quebec.
 1st. from N. D., Lévis.
 Tréllicksburg.

AUGUST.

1. from St. Peter's, Montreal, Men.
 4th. from St. Sauveur, Men.
 1. from St. Roch, St. Joseph's Union.
 1. Pierre, Rivière du Sud and Bérthier.
 1. Francis, (Beauce).
 1. Islet.
 1. Observal.

- 6. St. Paul's Bay.
- 7. St. Guillaume, Upton.
- 7. Les Eboulements.
- 8. Rivière du Loup, &c.
- 9. Grosse-Ile.
- 11. 2d. from St. John the Baptist, Quebec, St. Joseph Union.
- 11. 2d. from St. Joseph, Lévis.
- 11. St. Romuald.
- 11. Ste. Marie, (Beauce).
- 12. St. Médard, Warwick.
- 12. St. Michel, Bellechasse
- 18. St. Hyacinthe.
- 18. 3d. from St. Roch, Union of Prayer.
- 22. 2d. from Three Rivers.
- 22. St. Narcisse.
- 25. Beauport.
- 25. Sillery.
- 25. 2d. from Notre Dame, Lévis.
- 25. 2d. from St. Anne, Montreal.
- 31. The Nuns of the Congregation, (St. Roch).

SEPTEMBER.

- 5. Waterville, (Me.).
- 5. Sisters of Charity, Quebec.
- 8. The choir of the Congregation of St. Roch.
- 8. 2d. from St. Joseph's, Lévis.
- 9. 2d. from Sherbrooke.
- 15. 3d. from St. John the Baptist, Quebec.
- 15. St. David.
- 15. 3d. from Notre Dame, Lévis.
- 19. Ste. Sophie.

OCTOBER.

- 3. 2d. from Ste. Croix.
- 4. L'Ange Gardien.

NOVEMBER.

- 24. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

In January.....	196 pilgrims.
In February.....	92 "
In March.....	247 "
In April.....	162 "
In May.....	1,695 "
In June.....	8,409 "
In July.....	38,855 "
In August.....	30,990 "
In September.....	14,180 "
In October.....	3,645 "
In November.....	1,515 "
In December.....	1,165 "
Total.....	100,951

giving an increase of 9,604 pilgrims in the year 1888.

Organized pilgrimage: 111.

Communions distributed: 97,700.

Masses celebrated: 3,047.

Ten Archbishops and Bishops have visited the shrine.

The imposing figures speak more eloquently than a faint panegyric of the greatness and power of Anne and of the faith of her clients.

Since the opening of the railway, the number of pilgrims has notably increased. Steam and iron are the servants of St. Anne. *Laus Deo!*

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THANKSGIVING TO ST. ANNE.

For a long time, I had been troubled with dyspepsia which reduced me to a state pronounced hopeless. One evening, when my sufferings were more intense than usual, I felt my confidence in good St. Anne, whom I had already invoked by nine days of prayer) increasing, I promised her to have my cure published in the *Annals* and have two masses offered in her

honor, if she would deign to hear my prayer. Having applied her medal to the ailing portion of the body I fell asleep soon after, thinking of my happiness should the good mother yield to my desire. When I awoke, to my great delight, I no longer felt the pain and since then, I have not felt the least symptom of my sickness. I come then to acquit my debt of gratitude, begging you to insert this favor in your *Annals*.

Mrs T. B.

Cap St. Ignace, Nov. 28, 1889.

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

I have been cured of a severe sore throat, and have obtained a number of favors of the temporal order during the past month. — *Mrs A. H., Minneapolis.*

My child has been cured of typhoid fever. My husband and another of my children had also been attacked. In my husband's case, a complication of pleurisy increased the danger. They had received the last sacraments, and everybody was convinced that their situation was hopeless. A novena of masses was commenced, and recovery began. — *J. G., St. Roman.*

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

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