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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 Charlottetown, and the Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac.



SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

ANNALS
OF
ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.—THE DIRECTORS OF LEVIS COLLEGE.

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All correspondence to be directed to Rev. C. E. CARRIER,
Levis College, Levis, P. Q.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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

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THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF SAINT ANNE.

**THE MERITS OF SAINT ANNE WERE PRODIGIOUSLY
INCREASED AFTER THE CONCEPTION OF
MARY IMMACULATE.**

(*Continued.*)

If St Anne's motherhood presupposed in her such a degree of holiness, what a marvellous increase of merits did she not acquire, from that very moment, by her intimate and constant relations with her

Daughter ! What was, during nine months, the intercourse between Anne and Mary, between heaven and earth ? One day, no doubt, we shall know the mysterious ways by which Redemption came unto us, and that sight will fill us with joy. But how much closer their union was brought by gratitude, by an unceasing communication of mutual services ! Anne contributed to the material life, to the physical development of Mary ; in exchange, she received from Mary increases of divine grace, the fulness of spiritual life ; for, in the order of grace, there is only one mother of the living : Eve was not worthy of that beautiful title, it was the exclusive privilege of Mary, whether for the past or the future ; in the same manner that Jesus is Saviour in all ages past and future. Mary was therefore the spiritual mother of her own mother, she used her influence with the ever-blessed Trinity to enrich her constantly with new gifts, and pay back to her in heavenly treasures the temporal benefits received from her.

Oh ! how rich and great is St Anne with her precious charge, with that tiny Virgin under her care ! How rich and great she is when praising with Mary and blessing the divine Majesty, modelling her virtues on those of her Daughter, seeking not to equal them, but to give to her own a progressive perfection proportioned to the calling of grace ! What a sight worthy of heaven ! were ever two hearts in mutual contact seen to inflame one another with purer fires, to be smitten with such a lively love for God ? Mary living in St Anne and of St Anne ; the flower blooming in its stem and thriving on its fragrant sap ! Christian souls, behold : Mary takes the flesh and blood of St Anne to transmit to Our Lord, and Jesus, in his turn, gives them to us in the adorable Host ! Are we not in close relationship with that illustrious Saint ? Her substance passes into Mary, from Mary to Jesus, and Jesus whole and entire passes into us. Oh ! with what respect, with what veneration, with what love

should we not become tributaries to our ancestress in Jesus Christ ?

But the cares and merits of maternity are not limited to giving birth to a frail creature ; they only commence with its birth, they must be still further prolonged at the cost of many watchings and sacrifices. Is not devotedness the most beautiful crown of motherhood ? A mother is only half-deserving of the name, if she does not herself feed her child, if she does not herself direct her education with a tender solicitude. What mother fulfilled that pious duty more lovingly than St Anne ? Mary had cost her mother a whole life of prayers, of tears and of penance. But as soon as this tender Virgin, the "desired of nations", was placed in her mother's arms, a new scope was given to the devotedness, and consequently, to the merits of St Anne.

What holiness was required to fulfil worthily this new mission, or at least to be the nurse and guardian of that child, since she was not to receive a human education ! Hardly was she created, when Mary was already greater in the eyes of her Creator than all the Saints, than all the Angels together. But during nine months, she had not been inactive ! Under the action of the sanctifying Spirit, her spouse, at each instant, she had doubled her merits. To touch, to handle that little Queen, to remove from her sight every picture, every association unworthy of her incomparable candor, with what mantle of purity must St Anne envelope herself ! With what discretion must she regulate according to strict propriety everything that concerned her general maintenance, the precautions recommended by an irreproachable modesty ! What enlightenment she required to demand nothing that might be imperfect, and to never hinder the divine will concerning that soul chosen among all others !

Christian mothers, forgive me this invitation, Christian mothers, imitate St Anne directing the first

foot-steps of her beloved daughter. Imitate her reservedness in your relations with the little angels confided to your care. Imitate her devotedness, if you can, To no other, especially, leave the care of teaching them to pronounce with innocent lips the sacred names of Jesus and of Mary, of Joseph and of St Anne, whom you will teach them to love as a tender mother. Be jealous of such a happiness; take wholly upon yourself that noble task, be proud of doing so. In the eyes of Faith, have you not in each one of your children so many little kings and queens to rear, and so many Infants Jesus to form? If Jesus and Mary, as children, deigned to come down from heaven and place themselves in your arms, would you go to others to rid yourselves of such a sweet burden?

(From the French of Father Mermillod, S. J.)

(To be continued.)

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MIRACULOUS CURE OF TWO NUNS.

HOTEL-DIEU OF TRACADIE.

In the beginning of October last, Sister Blanchard was seized with blood-spitting, followed by a cough which resisted all our efforts, until in April last, the hemoptysis returned more abundant than ever, accompanied with extreme weakness, loss of appetite, heavy perspiration and a racking cough. In the morning our dear patient could dress only after having coughed so violently as to provoke vomiting, a symptom which showed itself even on the day she was cured.

As for Sister Marie des Anges (Mary of the Angels), she caught a severe cold, a few days before her religious profession, which took place on the 3rd of last November. Her cold soon took an alarming character, and persisted in spite of all our care. She was in about the same state as Sister Blanchard, except that she coughed less, but, on the other hand, her sufferings were greater.

We were disconsolate, our dear sisters could not, said everybody, without a miracle, survive the falling of the leaves. Towards the end of June, our Father Confessor, who has a lively devotion toward St Anne, suggested the idea of a novena to that powerful patroness of Canada, in union with the Acadian pilgrimage which was to take place about the beginning of July. We followed his advice.

From the beginning of the novena, Sister Blanchard felt worse; she suffered more violent pains in the region of the lungs, her weakness and coughing also considerably increased. On the last day of the novena (July 6), she had some difficulty in going up the stairs to the infirmary, after mass during which she had received Holy Communion. Yet, at one o'clock in the afternoon, she insisted on going down to the choir for the closing prayers of the novena. When it was over, she returned upstairs without any fatigue. She was cured!..... all her sufferings had ceased, her weakness had disappeared. In the evening she eat a good supper with an appetite unknown to her for several months past, she spent the night in one sleep, and she has not coughed since. On the very next morning, she re-assumed the observances of the community and the duties of her office without any fatigue. On that same day, we chanted a solemn *Te Deum*, amid tears of joy and gratefulness, in which our dear miraculously-cured Sister joined with all the strength of her lungs without any difficulty.

Immediately after the *Te Deum* we began another novena to Good St Anne for Sister Marie des Anges whom the miraculous cure of Sister Blanchard had filled with confidence. The last day but one of the novena, on which day the pilgrims were at St Anne de Beaupré, our good little Sister found herself much better; she was even able to sew without much fatigue. But, the morrow, which was the last day of the novena, saw her happiness completed; she was quite cured! Her strength and appetite had returned;

her cough had altogether disappeared. indeed, she returned to her duties without experiencing any difficulty. "The *Te Deum* was once more chanted in thanksgiving for such a favor.

These two cures, howsoever astonishing they may seem, have been sustained to the present moment. Praise be given for them to Saint-Anne.

Tracadie, N. B., August 31, 1888.

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ALL HALLOWS.

"Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven" These words fallen from the lips of Our Saviour in his sermon on the Mountain, revive our hearts weary with the fatigues and trials of life, as the invigorating dew of heaven restores the plants withered by the sun and fading, for want of moisture, on their drooping stems.

The heart of man is not made to be always sad. Although he lives in a vale of tears, and is condemned during life's pilgrimage to eat the bitter bread of exile, yet he has his moments of relaxation and enjoyment. A divine ray of light, proceeding from the Sun of Justice, comes to enlighten his path, and to make his sight glad with the salutary splendor of his glorious origin and end.

The Catholic Church, the Spouse of Christ, who has inherited His promises, and interprets His will, repeats to the unfortunate children of Eve these words which inspire their souls with a new courage, pointing towards the throne that awaits them, in that beautiful heaven where so many of their brethren have gone before them.

That is the reason why, to-day, we are invited to contemplate, with the eyes of Faith, the splendor of the heavenly Jerusalem and the glory of its inhabitants.

How full of magnificence is the firmament of the heavens, all strewn as it is with sparkling stars by the

hand of God Almighty! "The heavens shew forth the glory of God, saith the Psalmist, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands?" But how much greater still would be our astonishment if all the splendor of the starry heavens were revealed to our sight, if the countless heavenly bodies placed forever beyond the range of the most perfect instruments, united with the stars already known to gladden our eyes with a sight a thousandfold more dazzling! Indeed, in the presence of so much beauty and splendor, we might dream, perchance, that we had reached the long-wished-for end, and that we beheld the first rays of that "inaccessible light" wherein dwells the Most High. But it is not so: we must raise higher still the eye of our mind. For the picture offered to us to-day by the Church is far more brilliant. It is no more the firmament adorned with soulless stars blindly pursuing the course traced out before them, and whose radiance the least cloud hides from our vision. The heaven which, to-day, is disclosed to our eyes athirst for the sight of eternal things, is the holy city, Jerusalem, wherein the Saints of God, that "great multitude which none could number," "of all nations, of all tribes," surround the throne of the Lamb, as so many stars revolving round the sun.

The feast of all Saints, how consoling the day is to the Christian heart! No Saint is excluded from our veneration. Hermits unknown to all, buried in the sands of the desert, missionaries burnt alive for Christ's sake and their ashes scattered to the winds, far from home and country, lowly virgins, holy monks, who, following your Divine Master, have loved "to be ignored and to be counted for nothing," to-day is *your* day. You would be humiliated, and to-day the Church exalts you; in vain have you sought to hide from your brethren the priceless treasures of your virtues and merits, the Church has found them out, and has set them in her diadem as so many precious stones. In vain have you hidden the names that distinguished

you upon earth; the Church to-day calls you *Saints* and *Blessed*. She exhorts us in her motherly solicitude, in her ardent desire to sanctify and save us, to venerate you, because you are holy, because you are the "friends of God"

We owe honor to whom honor is due. All ages and nations have consecrated this principle by venerating the memory of their great men. Writers, artists, statesmen, soldiers, who have made their country illustrious by their master-pieces or their remarkable deeds, all may rely on the gratitude of their fellow country-men. Splendid monuments raised in their honor will render their fame immortal, and will proclaim to future generations their wondrous achievements. And even should some nation, in a moment of oblivion ungratefully forget its benefactor, the following age recognizes its fault and generously strives to repair it. Thus Spain allowed to die in poverty and chains that Christopher Columbus who had discovered for her a New World, and to day she cannot find a fitting means to express her veneration and gratitude for such a hero.

Thus acts the world to exalt its great men. How then could the Church be so ungrateful as to forget her children who by their heroic virtues, by their deeds of charity, have been a spectacle to angels and men? Yes indeed! how could she forget them, those chosen souls that have made themselves worthy of her motherly love?

Open then your eyes, and behold! Behold and contemplate with admiration the legions of Saints. Are they not thrice worthy of our veneration and love? In the ranks of the Elect see the Patriarchs of the Old Law, those venerable men who, amidst the darkness of idolatry, swerved not from the right path, through their confidence in God and their belief in a Redeemer to come. Then come the Prophets of old, those prodigies of holiness, through whose mouth the Spirit of God announced the coming of the Saviour.

Next the twelve Apostles, foundation-stones of the Church, who have travelled the world over, by the command of their divine Chief, to be unto all nations the heralds of grace and truth. Among the Saints, behold with deep admiration the countless multitude of Martyrs, clad in robes empurpled with their blood; the tender virgins, lilies that bloom in the garden of the Beloved One; the army of the Confessors, who "Shine like stars throughout all eternity."

But higher than all the Saints rises a throne of glory. The brilliancy of their crowns pales before that of another crown far more radiant. It is that of Mary, Queen of heaven and earth. More than all the other Blessed who gaze upon the face of the Lord, we honor her, because it is through her that salvation came into the world."—(For the *Annals*.)

M. N. D.

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THE PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANN'S.

Mr. Editor :—

We went to St. Ann de Beaupré to worship at her shrine. Some wondered, some laughed and some thought our folly big enough to be dammed up, of course, for fear it might burst its bonds and hurt somebody. Yet we went, the priest himself leading. And do not wonder; for what does the Church, encouraging pilgrimages, do but march by the music of ages thundering by, God Himself driving. Abraham marching out to the land that the Lord God will show him; Israel marching out of Egypt to worship at the foot of Mt. Sinai, (the Red Sea recoiling at their approach), and afterwards ascending yearly to the temple—Jerusalem turned into a caravansary, Jehovah himself standing guard over the frontier. Pilgrimages!—Pagans following the bent of nature, had their shrines; Jupiter Tyrius, or Melcarth, at Gades; Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome; Apollo at Delphi; Diana at Ephesus;

India flocks to the shrine of Rama and Chrisna; the Turk has his Mecca, and the Christian world visits the land sanctified by our Lord's life and death, or wends its way towards the tombs of the Apostles at Rome, or that of St. James at Compostella. Pilgrimages:—Switzerland has Einsiedeln; France has Chartres, Fourvieres, and lately Salette and Lourdes; Germany has Maria Zell, Italy, Loretto; Spain, Guadaloupe and Montserrat; Holland, Kevilaar and de Briel; England, Thomas of Canterbury, and Canada has St. Ann de Beaupré, (or beautiful meadow).

We went to St. Ann. A short sentence, but dwell upon it and see it develop into a magnificent profession of faith. We went, many amongst us born in Europe, to a foreign country, amongst strangers whose language some of us did not speak, to pray at the shrine of one who lived 2000 years ago. Behold, the Church is Catholic; she does not know the narrow bonds of a continent, neither the shallow limits of time.

We went to St. Ann's. We feared no clashing of creeds, no dissension or strife; we knew we were to find the same teaching, the same priesthood, the same sacrifice, the same sacraments. Behold, the Church is one! The heart of the American Catholic beats in unison with that of the Canadian, the thunders of the falls of Montmorency find an echo in the mountains of Belknap.

We went to St. Ann's to worship one whom we believe to enjoy the beatific vision in Heaven. What does this outward act of devotion mean but putting in bold relief the article of the Apostle's creed, "I believe in the communion of saints." Let your mind object, but how can your heart and soul help being thrilled by the sweet poetry of a truth which unites in one loving bond all the children of God; which makes our friends and relatives in Heaven as much, nay, more actively interested in our welfare than while living on earth; which makes, in other words, love stronger than death.

We went to St. Ann's and proclaimed the Church to be holy. For, knowing that God hears not sinners, we cleansed ourselves, first by penance and contrition of all our sins, and fortified with the last supper's food, we approached the throne of God and asked through St. Ann's powerful intercession the favors we craved. For, after all, a pilgrimage is not an end, but only one of that vast array of devotions and ceremonies the Church makes use of to bring her children in closer union with God.

But why confine the omnipotence of God to one narrow corner of this world? Is not the court of Heaven equally open from North to South? Indeed it is; yet God, who limits man's jurisdiction within the limits of a kingdom or a republic, may just as well limit the circle of a saint's influence within a certain spot. Perhaps we will find it reasonable, for does not experience attest the stimulating, recreative and enlightening power which a mere change of scene often exerts on the minds of men. These effects are likely to be enhanced when the change has a moral motive. Cicero bears witness to this when he says. "I don't know how it is, but we are invariably stirred by the very spots where the traces exist of those we love and admire."

But there is more, and an example will bring it out. A neighboring village has a public-spirited man, had he scattered his munificences over New Hampshire, we would hardly notice them; but, having centered them in one place, Tilton prides itself on a town-hall and a park, and a library—~~and~~—don't forget—a becoming depot. All of which we of Laconia, though more numerous and pushing, have for years talked about, longed and sighed and held meetings, and even drawn plans for, but with no other ostensible result than to have our ark on Pleasant street shrouded in garments of jealousy.

Take another example: Walk out on a cold winter day and you would fain say the sun has no heat; but

focus that heat by a glass and soon you will bear witness to the heat that is stored up by the seemingly cold orb.

So St. Ann: had she scattered her favors over the world, they would hardly have commanded attention. But, having centered there on one spot, she has made that little village conspicuous above the cities of Canada, has made the whole Dominion tributary to her shrine, and New England is fast falling in line. We pilgrims did not sigh for quaint Quebec, or Boston-like Montreal, or thriving Three Rivers, or the government buildings of Ottawa; we sped to the humble Beaupré, to us, as to thousands, it had a far greater attraction.

We went to St. Ann. I know all who went were happy. many told me they felt their ailments cured or alleviated. But I wanted to find out if they and their friends were thankful, even unto making a little sacrifice. Hence I announced that I would put the Saint's statue on a stand inside the rail and invited them to offer a wax candle, but only one apiece. And the result? The following Sunday after the gospel I preached on St. Ann's humiliation, being barren for 20 years, and her subsequent glory in becoming the mother of an immaculate daughter and the grandmother of Christ, and behold, nearly half the congregation rise and walk up to the sanctuary, candle in hand. In a few minutes 170 candles were shedding their soft effulgence on the statue of "la bonne Saint Anne." No wonder many were shedding tears witnessing such a tribute of gratitude and love. FATHER LAMBERT.

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SAINT ANNE.

O Anna, high in glory raised,
Whose daughter ever blest,
The Sovereign of the skies hath laid
On thy maternal breast.

What we had lost in hapless Eve,
Thy Virgin Child restores,
Opening to us in Christ anew
The everlasting doors.

Oh gain celestial light and grace,
Dear saint of endless fame,
For us and all who memory keep
Of thy immortal name.

To Him, the Saviour of the world,
Whom Anna's daughter bore,
Be with the Sire and Paraclete
All glory evermore.

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PASTORAL LETTER

OF THE BISHOPS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
CONCERNING THE REBUILDING OF THE CHURCH OF
SAINTE ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ. (1)

We, by the mercy of God and the favor of the Holy Apostolic See,
Archbishop and Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec.

*To the Clergy and to the faithful of the said Province, Greeting, and
Benediction in Our Lord.*

We unite to-day our voices, Our Dearly Beloved Brethren, to
recommend to you a work which, at all times, has been dear to
the Canadian people.

The first bishop of Quebec, Bishop de Laval, of holy and
illustrious memory, wrote, two centuries ago, these beautiful
words: "We own it, nothing has more efficaciously helped us to
" sustain the weight of the pastoral charge of this infant church,
" than these signal graces and the special devotion which animates
" all the inhabitants of this country, towards Saint Ann, and

(1) At the suggestion of our Superiors we begin publishing in
the present issue several Pastoral Letters concerning the pilgrimage
of St. Anne. In our next will appear at least a portion of the
Letter proclaiming St Anne as Patroness of the Province of Quebec,
a very important document in which the doctrine of the church
concerning the invocation of Saints is admirably exposed.

“ which, we confidently assert, distinguished them from all other nations. (25th June 1680.)

After the example of the founder of the episcopacy in this country, we also can testify to you, O. D. B. B., that the present devotion of the Canadian people towards Saint Anne still distinguishes them from all others. The ever increasing number of churches, chapels and altars dedicated in her honor, the multitude of pilgrims who flock thither from all parts and even from the neighboring provinces and the United States, the frequency of the vows and promises addressed to this great Saint, and, let us say it openly, the wonderful operations of the divine mercy obtained through her intercession, all evidently proves that this confidence in, and devotion to, the holy mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary are to-day as lively as ever in our midst.

Among all the sanctuaries dedicated to Saint Ann in Canada, the most ancient and the most venerable is indisputably the church of Sainte Anne de Beaupré in the diocese of Quebec. By an admirable and affecting disposition of Providence, its origin is connected with another sanctuary celebrated in old France, and it has given birth in Canada to all the other sanctuaries dedicated to this great Saint.

“ Having accomplished their pilgrimage in the splendid sanctuary of Sainte Anne d’Auray, writes an author, our ancestors embarked and sailed with confidence on the ocean ; each day her name was on their lips, together with that of her august daughter, during their long and dangerous journey ; when landing on the shores of New France, they knelt down to return thanks to her for having preserved them from so many dangers ; and their first care, when raising in the forest their rustic huts, was to hang on the wall the image of Saint Anne next to the crucifix and the statue of Mary. ”

In 1665, seven years are scarcely elapsed since the foundation of the first church of Sainte Anne de Beaupré had been laid, when already numerous miracles had been performed. This is the testimony given by the venerable mother Mary of the Incarnation, foundress and first superior of the Ursulines of Quebec, that *Teresa of the New World*, as she was called by an illustrious bishop of France. This religious, whose beatification and canonisation are pursued at this moment in the Court of Rome, wrote as follows : “ Twenty one miles from Quebec, she says, there is a village called the *Little Cape*, where a church of Saint Ann is built, in which our Lord works great wonders in favor of this holy mother of the Blessed Virgin. There the paralytics are seen to walk, the blind to recover sight, and the sick, health, whatever their disease. ”

History tells us that, from these first times, the Indians themselves came thither in large numbers from all parts of Canada. “ Such

" was, says the historian already quoted, the veneration of these
 " pious children of the forest for the *good Saint Anne of the North*,
 " that a great many among them ascended on their knees from the
 " banks of the river to the door-steps of the church. How
 " unbounded was their joy when they reached the venerated
 " precinct ! With what love they kissed the sacred parvis, and
 " watered it with burning tears ! Then was heard a sweet and
 " artless melody ascending to the vault of the temple : it was the
 " voices ever so beautiful of the good Indians, who sang in their
 " own tongues the praises of their beloved patroness, or who
 " implored her assistance to obtain some great favor, the cure of
 " one most dear, the cessation of a plague ; or who thanked her
 " with effusion for some signal blessing obtained through the
 " *intercession of the great Saint.* "

Even now, among the few families which remain of these tribes
 once so numerous, the traditions of confidence in, and of devotion
 to, the mother of the Most Holy Virgin, are still as vivid as
 formerly ; and, each year, towards the end of July, when the feast
 of their mother draws near, they are seen to come from a great
 distance, either to implore her assistance, or to thank her for her
 benefits, in the Sanctuary which their ancestors had so much
 venerated and loved.

But if, in consequence of the almost total disappearance of the
 poor Indians, the number of pilgrims of these various tribes has
 considerably diminished, the pilgrims of the European race have
 surprisingly increased, although the churches and sanctuaries,
 where Saint Ann is specially honored, have been multiplied on the
 whole surface of the country.

The children of faithful and catholic Ireland, established in this
 country, will not allow themselves to be surpassed in this point by
 those of France. The number of Irish pilgrims, already considerable,
 augments daily. Few days in the year pass that the Sanctuary of
 Beauré is not visited by some pilgrim. Alas ! sorrow has no fixed
 time to fall upon the poor children of Adam, and, in seasons the
 most rigorous and unfavorable, hearts animated by hope and
 confidence are brought to the feet of her who is not invoked in
 vain.

During the summer months, and especially at the approach
 of the feast of Saint Ann, the way leading to this church is
 travelled over by a crowd of pilgrims, confident and recollected in
 going, joyful and consoled in returning. Many travel on foot,
 either through poverty, or to fulfil some special vow. Within the
 small enclosure of the temple, prostrate at the foot of the altar, are
 seen the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the old
 and the young, the citizen and the husbandman ; they come to
 implore the assistance of her through whom God is pleased to

manifest His power and His mercy. The magnificent and rich presents of illustrious personages, even of a queen of France, the large paintings offered through gratitude, the humble *ex votos* of the poor, the innumerable crutches hanging on the walls, attest the happy deliverance from dangers, the relief from sufferings and infirmities, the consolation found in affliction, and the other benefits obtained.

The present church of Sainte Anne de Beaupré threatens ruin, and must be reconstructed. We have welcomed with joy the proposal made to us to afford the entire Province the opportunity of contributing to rebuild it, on a plan and with dimensions which would make it a public and permanent monument of the faith, confidence and gratitude of Canada towards the great Saint, who has always been the object of our devotion.

The inhabitants of the parish do not require a large parochial church, and, notwithstanding their small number, they have, with the most praiseworthy unanimity, assessed themselves for the sum of sixteen thousand dollars, of which a large amount is already paid.

Madame Lessard, a descendant of him who, two centuries ago, gave the site of the present church, has generously donated an adjoining piece of land, so that the new church and its appendages may be advantageously and commodiously placed in the immediate vicinity of the old one. The church will be one hundred and fifty feet in length by sixty in breadth: consequently, it will easily contain, besides the parishioners, a considerable number of pilgrims. There will be seven altars and a spacious sacristy.

You see, O. D. B. B., that the good parishioners of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, in undertaking to build a church of such dimensions, have not thought merely of themselves, since a smaller church would have sufficed them. They have had in view to honor their holy patroness, and to favor the piety of the pilgrims who flock thither from all parts. All has been arranged for this end. To complete a work so little in accordance with their slender means, they have relied on the devotion of the people of Canada to the *good Saint Ann*, as they delight to style her.

The Sisters of Charity of Quebec have lately purchased a fine, spacious house in the neighborhood, to hold a school and give hospitality to persons of their sex who shall come on pilgrimage. They will also perform one of the principal works of their Institute in visiting, attending and consoling the sick.

So far Saint Ann has evidently blessed this undertaking by removing all the obstacles which stood in the way. No doubt, she will not only bless its completion, but likewise all those who will, in any way, contribute thereto.

We believe, O. D. B. B., that we would do an injustice to your faith, love for, and confidence in, Saint Ann, were we to expose

more at length the motives which urge you to make some slight sacrifice in favor of a work which is at once religious and national. Your past experience and your own hearts will tell you more than we could write. We most confidently appeal to both.

In order to favor the pious confidence of persons desiring to be recommended to the prayers of the faithful who frequent the church of Sainte Anne de Beaupré, a solemn procession, for this intention, takes place twice a month. This procession, together with the recommendation of the intentions, is announced at the prone, as at the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. An indulgence of forty days is granted each time this church is visited, and that a *Pater* and *Ave* at least is repeated in favor of the persons recommended either by themselves or others.

Two masses shall perpetually be said every month for all benefactors, either living or dead, who shall have contributed at least twenty cents (one shilling) towards the building or decorating of the new church. Any person in whose name the above amount is given is entitled to a share in the same favors. The names of benefactors are inscribed on a special register, and shall be enclosed in a heart of gold which will be deposited at the feet of the statue of Saint Ann.

Given at Montreal, under our signatures, the seal of the Archdiocese, and the countersign of the Almoner of the Archiepiscopal palace of Quebec, acting-secretary, twelfth May, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two.

† E.-A. Arch of Quebec..

† IG. Bish. of Montreal.

† JOS.-EUGÈNE, Bish. of Ottaka.

† C. Bish. of St. Hyacinthe.

† L. F. Bishop of Three-Rivers.

† JEAN Bish. of St. G. of Rimouski.

By their Lordships' command

N. LALIBERTE, Pst.

—000—

PILGRIMS AND SHRINES IN CANADA.

(Concluded)

The present church is the third (or if the legend of the grateful sailors erecting a little wooden chapel be accepted, the fourth) that has stood at Ste. Anne. The first stone structure was thoughtlessly placed so near the river's edge that at very high tides it was frequently flooded, and much damage thereby

occasioned. Accordingly, in 1676, M. Filion, then curé at St. Anne, began the construction of another building on a more advantageous site and imposing scale, which continued to be the resort of pilgrims for nearly two centuries, when it, too, fell a prey to the tooth of time and the relentless severity of Canadian winters. The walls began to show such ominous signs of cracking, and the roof of falling in, that a new church was deemed absolutely necessary. As one looks upon the present edifice, so uncompromisingly modern, and, in fact, garish in both its outward and inward appearance, one cannot help regretting that some means were not found of preserving the quaint old structure that had been hallowed with the prayers and praises of many generations of worshippers. Antiquities having a direct relation with ourselves are all too few on this Western Continent; and even two centuries suffice to impart a flavor of age which is very grateful to those who are wearied with the universal newness of things. By such, indeed, a slight *soupeçon* of comfort may be obtained at St. Anne from a tiny chapel standing a little to the left of the present church, and wearing a look of age in spite of its modern architecture, that is somewhat puzzling, until we are informed that it was built out of the ruins of the ancient sanctuary.

I have already shown that the fame of St. Anne de Beaupré, although it may be said to have obtained its full proportions only within recent days, was well established from the earliest period of its history. Not content with seeking to inspire in their own countrymen that devotion to the patron saint they felt to be her due, the missionaries of those proselytizing times were equally anxious that their dusky converts should possess like precious faith, and they spread abroad her praises with such good effect that year after year the Christianized Indians flocked in increasing numbers to worship at her shrine.

Could we but call up to our view one of the fête-days of the long ago, we might see two long lines of bark canoes, the one ascending, the other descending, the river, converging toward *la bonne Ste. Anne*, their erstwhile savage occupants chanting holy songs as they plied their vigorous paddles. From the leafy wilderness of the West, from sea-girt Gaspé and the farthest capes of the St. Lawrence Gulf, from the barren shores of Hudson's Bay and the fertile borders of the Great Lakes, the red men came, drawn thither by the wonders they had heard, until oftentimes they even outnumbered their pale-faced brethren.

The gatherings that assemble at Ste Anne to-day are of a far different character. The poetry and picturesqueness of buckler and breast-plate, feathered head-gear and painted face are gone. The people with few exceptions look as modern as ourselves; and though we may not perhaps be very clear in our understanding of their French patois, (1) it constitutes about the only marked distinction between us and them. The pilgrimage season opens with the fête-day of the patron saint, which falls on the 26th of July, and continues all summer long. There are two ways of reaching Ste. Anne from Quebec. You may go either by boat or by carriage. Each route can boast of attractions in which the other does not share. Going by land, you pass through the oldest and fairest portion of the Province of Quebec, the far famed Côte de Beaupré, concerning which Abbé Ferland avers: "If you have never visited the Côte de Beaupré, you know neither Canada nor the Canadians." "All that is lovely in landscape is to be found there," says J. G. A. Creighton, in "Picturesque Canada." "The broad sweep of the great river of Canada between the

(1) Some tourists and even some English-speaking residents in Canada still insist in calling *patois* the good old French idiom of the 16th and 17th centuries, so providentially preserved in Canada:

ramparts of Cape Diamond and the forest-crowned crest of Cape Tourmente is fringed with rich meadows rising in terraces of verdure, slope after slope, to the foot of the somber hills that wall in the vast amphitheater. In the foreground the north channel, hemmed in by the bold cliffs of the Island of Orleans, sparkles in the sun. Far away across the Traverse, as you look between the tonsured head of Petit Cap and the point of Orleans, a cluster of low islands breaks the broad expanse of the main stream, the brilliant blue of which melts on the distant horizon into the hardly purer azure of the sky.

"Quaint batteaux with swelling canvas make their slow way along, or, lying high on the flats, await their cargo. Stately ships glide down with the favoring tide. The marshes are studded with hay-makers gathering in the abundant yield, or are dotted with cattle. Inland, stiff poplars and bushy elms trace out the long brown ribbons of the roads. Here and there the white cottages group closer together, and the spire of the overshadowing church, topping the trees, marks the center of a parish. Rich pastures, waving grain, orchards, and maple groves lead the eye back among their softly blending tints to the dark masses of purple and green with which the forests clothe the mountains. Huge rifts, in which sunlight and shadow work rare effects, reveal where imprisoned streams burst their way through the Laurentian rocks in a succession of magnificent cascades. As the sun gets low, one perchance catches the flash reflected from some of the lovely lakes that lie among the hills."

In going down by stream you of course, miss much of this beauty from the lowness of your point of vision; but you have recompense in the refreshing coolness and comfort of the voyage, and in the magnificent view of the Montmorenci Falls as the vast volume of water hurls itself headlong over the lofty cliff which forms the river-bank, in its mad haste to join its forces with the mighty current sweeping

by. The distance is but twenty-one miles either way, and three hours at most suffice for its accomplishment. Indeed, to the majority of pilgrims their visit to Ste. Anne falls within the compass of a single day. They leave Quebec by boat in the early morning, reach the village in time for breakfast, go first to confession, then to mass, and then to the communion, pay due reverence to the shrine and its sacred surroundings, and return in the afternoon, having first had dinner in one of the numerous inns, where an excellent meal can always be obtained at most reasonable charges.

It is estimated that no less than one hundred thousand pilgrims seek the gracious offices of Sainte Anne every year. From north, south, east, and west, from all parts of the United States, as well as from the Canadian Provinces, the halt, maimed, blind, and dumb, aye and those whose troubles lie deeper than the mere miseries of the flesh, gather in pathetic crowds, at the sight of which one is strangely stirred, not only with natural sympathy for their sufferings, but because of the suggestion of those days when "they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases, and torments."

Throughout the long day the church is crowded with relays of worshipers, the most of whom are there in a spirit of unquestioning faith and trustful expectation, although the ubiquitous tourist who has come to see, if not to scoff, may often be observed gazing about him with a half puzzled, half-pitying air. For such there are many interesting objects in the church besides the devout congregation. Over the chief altar is a famous painting by Lebrun, representing two pilgrims, one of either sex, kneeling in supplication at Ste. Anne's feet. Above the side-doors hang much less artistic *ex voto* representations of marvelous escapes from "perils by waters;" at the side-altars are other paintings by the Franciscan monk Lefrançois, who laid down his brush so far back as 1685. But towering high above all the rest, and commanding

attention not only by their imposing appearance but by their deep suggestiveness, stand two pyramids of sticks and crutches, rising tier above tier, and containing hundreds of proofs that Ste. Anne's intercession had availed for the happy ones who, by visiting her shrine, were enabled to cast aside these artificial and unnatural aids to locomotion.

In 1662, as Abbé Casgrain tells us, a young named Nicholas Drouin, from the parish of Chateau Richer, who was tormented with a very grievous form of epilepsy, obtained complete and permanent relief, as the result of a *neuvaine*, or nine days' mass, at Ste. Anne. Two years later, one Marguerite Bird, whose leg had been badly broken, on being carried to the sacred spot, was there made whole and strong again. Elie Godin, brought almost to the grave with an incurable dropsy, while receiving the eucharist felt his sickness depart from him, and sprang up shouting, "I am healed." To Jean Adam was the precious privilege of sight restored after many years' darkness. In 1841 Dame Geneviève Boudrault, having long endured the horrors of epilepsy and convulsions, had herself borne to the shrine, and there, whilst praying before the main altar, the ineffable sensation of returning health stole sweetly upon her, and she went forth praising God for her deliverance.

About two years ago, a lad of sixteen, named Fiset, from Springfield, Massachusetts, came to Ste. Anne. For seven years his whole body had been covered with horrible sores, which defied all efforts to heal them. Moreover, his right leg was so distorted that he could not move without crutches. Kneeling before the altar, he was permitted not only to kiss the saint's relic, but to press it to his breast. Instantly an extraordinarily delicious tremour thrilled through his frame. A kind of ecstasy seized upon him, and in that supreme moment his sores began to heal, his crooked limb straightened out, and he went away with joyful steps, leaving his crutches at the altar.

A month later a young girl from Glen's Falls, New York, received her sight whilst standing, in rapt adoration, before the statue of Ste. Anne, whither she had been led by sympathizing friends.

The following incident I have upon the testimony of one of the most intelligent and well-informed French Canadians I have ever met, who witnessed it with his own eyes, and related it to me. Three years ago a well-to-do farmer, living about ten miles above Quebec, who had been dumb, but not deaf, from his birth, determined to try if Ste Anne would vouchsafe him relief. Accordingly, bare-footed, bare-headed, coatless, and fasting, he walked the entire distance to her shrine. Fainting, but full of faith, he wrote out his confession upon the slate he always carried, attended mass, received the communion, and then lay down to rest. Next morning he was one of the first at the communion service. The church was crowded with reverent worshipers. Suddenly the service was broken in upon by a strange, half-articulate shout that startled every one. All eyes were turned toward the spot whence it came, and there, with countenance whose exultant brightness transcended all expression, stood the mute, a mute no longer, giving vent to his emotions in joyful ejaculations that filled the edifice. Thenceforward he spoke freely, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said to my informant:

"Ah, sir, won't my boys be glad to hear my voice!"

With these and a hundred like marvels to kindle and sustain their faith, one can readily conceive with what sincerity the myriad pilgrims, scorning the logic of unimpressionable rationalists, chant their canticles in honor of their patron saint

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

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