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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. J. Yacynth, Nicolet and Charlevoix, and the Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac.*



SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

Illustration by the artist of the same name.

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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SHRINES DEDICATED TO ST. ANNE.

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II

ST. ANNE'S CHAPEL AT ST. MARY'S, BEAUCE.

St. Mary's, in the County of Beauce, is one of the finest and oldest parishes of the arch-diocese of Quebec. Situated in a lovely valley, it is divided

throughout its whole length by the river Chaudière, from which the valley itself derives its name. The highway follows nearly always the sinuous banks of the river, whose waters generally flow calm and slow. Here and there, green islets, elegant dwellings that appear among the groves, long rows of aged elms shading the road, give a pleasant aspect to the whole country. Driving up the northern bank of the river the traveller meets with a denser population, as he comes nearer to the parish church, and, at a distance of about a mile from the church, stands a chapel, rich in pious mementoes, and dedicated to good St. Anne.

The first chapel had been erected on this spot, in 1778, with the permission of Bishop Briand, of Quebec, on the seignorial domain. It was due to the generosity of Mr. Gabriel Taschereau and of his virtuous wife, ancestors of the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec. This act of Faith, while expressing the religious spirit of Monsieur and Madame Taschereau, responded also to the fervor of the inhabitants of Beauce, who, for the greater part, natives of the Côte Beaupré and of the Island of Orleans, found it hard to hear their sequestration from the venerated sanctuary of St. Anne.

This chapel, which was built of wood, lasted until 1828. The present one was erected near the site of the previous one, on a plot of ground given to the Fabric of St. Mary's by the descendants of Mr. Gabriel Taschereau. Collections gathered in all the parishes of the County sufficed to pay for the construction. It is a stone building 90, x 35 feet, of a very simple style of architecture, the only remarkable feature of which is a rare look of piety which impresses all those who enter this sanctuary of prayer and mercy. The ceiling is of wood; the pulpit, elegantly sculptured, is, according to tradition, a precious relic of the old Jesuit Chapel of Quebec. A reliquary, containing a relic of St. Anne, deposited in the modest altar, above which hangs a picture of St. Anne; a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, one of the Blessed Virgin,

another of St. Joseph, and finally, another one of St. Anne, form almost all the ornamentation of this sanctuary, where the faithful come with such lively confidence, to pour forth fervent prayers, to beg favors, to receive benefits, both spiritual and bodily, which the Saint is pleased to distribute to those who invoke her with a sincere heart.

During many years, the chapel of St. Mary's was, principally for the region of Beauce, a place of pilgrimage for the devout clients of St. Anne. The *ex-votos* exposed in the sanctuary bear witness to the religious spirit of the people and to the Saint's credit. Witnesses of the numberless graces due to St. Anne's intercession, the pastors of St. Mary's obtained from the Holy See and from the Archbishop of Quebec, spiritual favors to be enjoyed by those who repair to this shrine. All these precious means of encouragement to piety have contributed to maintain devotion, and the fervor of the people of Beauce has not grown weak. The following is the assertion of an eye-witness.

"The feast of St. Anne has always been celebrated with great pomp and the concourse of all the parishes of Beauce and of the neighboring county. The devotion of the faithful of this section of Beauce has not decreased, for we see a great number of its inhabitants come as pilgrims during the summer to Good Saint Anne of Beauce. The Blessed Sacrament is kept there from the first of May to All Hallows, and there is an indult extending to the months of July and August a plenary indulgence which formerly could be gained only on the day of St. Anne's feast. Every Monday and Thursday, from the first of May to the first of November, a low Mass is said there, and more frequently, it is a high mass that is chanted for the advantage of the faithful who come in large numbers as pilgrims to the chapel. During the whole summer season, the affluence is always considerable....."

It is a common belief among the inhabitants of Beauce that the county has often been preserved by

St. Anne from the serious accidents that seemed to threaten, from the great and sudden rising of the Chaudière. This river, which bears to the St. Lawrence its calm and limpid waters in a shallow bed, sometimes rises dreadfully. In a few hours its waters swell to a height of several feet, overflow the banks and spread inland to a distance of ten acres and more on either side, according as the hills are more or less distant. The stream, which, at ordinary times, measures about 300 feet in width from one bank to the other, then assumes the aspect of a large river in certain places. Owing to the maternal protection of good St. Anne, whom the religious population of Beauce fervently invoke, there are but few accidents to deplore. Let us add to this remarkable benefit scores of cures and spiritual favors unceasingly obtained and attributed to the Saint, and we shall not wonder at the confidence of this faithful people in St. Anne.

To finish this notice, let us relate an incident that happened at least forty-five years ago, and in which the merciful intervention of St. Anne seems evident.

Two brothers were felling trees together in a forest. By one of those accidents which are always attributed to imprudence, but which should be ascribed to Providence who directs all things, the elder cut off with his axe his younger brother's right heel. Medical men pretend that such a wound is very hard to cure, which was eventually proved. This happened in November. During the whole winter the poor wounded lad had to remain in doors enduring betimes the most atrocious pain. We were a child at the time, but we remember, as if it were yesterday, how sad it was to see the poor youth suffer, when they had to dress his wound, which we still shudder to think of, and which seemed to resist all treatment.

Towards the spring, a marked improvement began to make us hope for a recovery which however was very slow in coming. The wound was smaller and less painful, but was not healed, and always kept the poor

infirm youth from working and even from wearing anything on his foot.

At the time, the colonizing of the *Bois Francs*, or *Hard-Wood* regim, in the Eastern Townships, was greatly spoken of. A great number of farmers of our parish and the surrounding ones went to visit the place, so much praised for its fertility and fitness for colonization. The eldest brother of our infirm young man desired, like others had done, to verify all these reports by his own experience, and see if the advantages to be expected from those new settlements were such as they were said to be. The locality chiefly spoken of was near Lake St. Francis, at a distance of about 25 leagues. Part of the way was to be performed on foot; and for our lame youth, that part comprised all the distance from the Chapel of St. Anne, which was on his way, to Lake St. Francis. He nevertheless conceived the plan, humanly speaking it was a foolish one, of undertaking the voyage, having an inward presentiment that St. Anne would cure him on the way. His desire to start was so great, and his trust in St. Anne so unshaken, that his parents, yielding to his entreaties, allowed him to start, fully persuaded that, without a supernatural intervention, the term of his voyage would be St. Anne's chapel. But he, on the contrary, was confident that the term of his sufferings would beat that very sanctuary. What passed in the heart of our young man during his colloquy with St. Anne? We don't remember that he ever made it know to anybody. The confiding prayer of that soul so sincere and still in the fervor of youth must have gone up like a burning arrow to the shrine of the Saint. What is certain is, that, on leaving the chapel, he felt relieved and better, so much so, indeed, that he felt able to begin and accomplish on foot all the remainder of the journey, that is to say, over forty leagues, without feeling any other incommodity than what might result from a long march. When he returned home, he was perfectly cured.

## HOW ST. FRANCIS CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS.

To present the Incarnate Word to men in the form of the "Little Babe of Bethlehem" was the long-cherished desire of St. Francis of Assisi. He loved to think, and speak of the Divine Infant, and Christmas had ever been his favorite feast. In the year 1234, he obtained the sanction of Pape Innocent III for his intended representation of the crib of Bethlehem, and set out for the sequestered hamlet of Greccio. He had written to his friend John Velita to prepare everything for the representation, and on his arrival, he found all had been completed according to his wishes.

A large and rough stable had been built on the mountain near Greccio, and wooden figures, no doubt rudely carved, of the Holy Child, his Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, were placed in it. The floor was covered with straw, and, as midnight approached, the shepherds crowded in, bringing with them an ox and an ass, which they tied to the manger. A great number of St. Francis's brethren had assembled, and the people of the surrounding country came in troops to see the new and strange spectacle. A midnight mass was sung at an altar prepared for the purpose, the humble Saint acting as deacon. After singing the Gospel, he preached on the love of the Divine Infant with such abundance of tears and joy, that the sermon was turned into a prayer of love and burning ejaculations. His devotion was shared by the people, who also wept and prayed.

The shepherds had brought torches, so that the whole mountain seemed illuminated. They had also their musical instruments, and sang, in their own fashion, canticles of praise to the new-born Saviour. During the ceremony, the Saint was seen caressing an infant of heavenly beauty. The straw on which this apparition had been manifested, was preserved with great devotion, and effected many miraculous cures. Many also came to see the place afterwards, and felt

a fire of love kindled in their hearts for which they could not account. Subsequently a chapel was erected on the spot.

Thus the representations of the stable of Bethlehem, or the Christmas crib, now so familiar and dear to all Christians, owe their origin to the Seraphic St. Francis.

(*The "Socialist."*)

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### THE CANTICLE OF ANNE OF ELCANA

The canticle of Anne of Elcana, of which we said a word in our issue of June last, is so deep and sublime, that the learned, though impious Volney asked himself: "How can the wife of a well-to-do farmer, who in spite of her husband's wealth, remains nevertheless the wife of a peasant, and a peasant herself, have composed a poem enriched with the most graceful forms of language?"—A simple child, learning his catechism, might dispel the doubt of the faithless philosopher by saying to him: "He who hath composed the varied tones of the sweet singing of birds, who made even the beasts of the field to speak, and told His servants to leave the plough to take up the pen of the prophet, who inspired with divine Accents the holy sister of Moses, Deborah, and Judith, and above all the God-given Daughter of good St. Anne, the Blessed Virgin Mary, He is the same who giveth a voice to Anne of Elcana."

According to St. Augustine, this holy canticle was composed in the sacred tongue which traces its origin to the creation of man. It was written in Hebrew, in the second chapter of the first Book of Kings, then translated into Greek by the seventy-two Interpreters. It is from that holy version that St. Augustine took it, to transcribe it in the 17th Book of his learned work on the City of God.

Our readers will no doubt prefer St. Augustine's translation to any other. It is as follows :

" My heart hath been strengthened in its trust in the Lord, and my God hath raised up my strength and my glory. My mouth has been opened against mine enemies, and I have rejoiced in thy salvation.

" For there is no one holy as the Lord, there is none just as our God, there is none holy but thou.

" Glory not in thy self, and speak not otherwise : let no proud and haughty word come out from thy mouth, for it is God who is the master of knowledge, and who formeth and leadeth his desigas.

" He hath loosened the bow of the mighty, and the weak have been clothed with strength :

" Those who have bread in abundance have become languishing, and those who were hungry have been raised above the earth, because she who was barren hath become the mother of seven children, and she who had many children hath remained without vigor.

" It is God who giveth death and bringeth back life ; it is he who leadeth to the grave and bringeth back therefrom.

" The Lord maketh poor or rich, lowereth or raiseth up whom he will.

" He raiseth up the poor from the ground, and lifteth up the wretched from their dung-hill to make them sit with the princes of his people, and to give them for their inheritance a throne of glory.

" He giveth to him who maketh a vow wherewithal to fulfil it, and he hath blessed the years of the just man, because man is not mighty by his own strength.

" The Lord will disarm his enemy, the Lord who is holy.

" Let the wise man not glory in his wisdom, nor the mighty in his power, nor the rich man in his wealth ; but may he who would glory, glory in knowing God and doing justice in the middle of the earth.

“ The Lord hath ascended to the heavens and hath thundered ; he will judge the extremities of the earth, because he is just.

“ It is he who giveth virtue to our kings, and he will exalt the glory and power of his Christ.”

(*To be continued.*)

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## RORATE, CÆLI, DESUPER.

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE

*Rorate, cœli, desuper,*  
Heavens, distil your balmy showers,  
For now is risen the bright Day-Star  
From the Rose Marye, flower of flowers:  
The clear Sun, whom no cloud devours,  
Surmounting Phœbus in the east,  
Is coming from His heavenly towers.  
*Et nobis Puer natus est.*

Archangels, Angels, dominations,  
Thrones, powers, and martyrs robed in white,  
And all ye heavenly operations,  
Planet, and sphere, and starry light,  
Fire, earth, and air, and water bright,  
To Him pay homage, most and best,  
That comes in meekness on this night,  
*Et nobis Puer natus est.*

Sinners, be glad and penance do,  
And thank your maker heartfully,  
For He, whom ye might not come to,  
To you is come full humbly ;  
Your souls with His red blood to buy,  
And loose you from the fiend's arrest ;  
And only of His Own mercy ;  
*Pro nobis Puer natus est.*

All clergy low to Him incline,  
 To Him divine observance bring,  
 And bow unto that Child benign,  
 To Him that is of kings the King ;  
 Incense His altar, pray and sing,  
 In holy Church with hearts well drest,  
 Him honoring above all things  
*Qui nobis Puer natus est.*

Ye birds of heaven in the air  
 Sing sweetest notes upon the height,  
 In woods, and dales, and forests fair,  
 Raise mirthful hymns with all your might ;  
 Far passed is now the gloomy night,  
 Aurora hath the clouds dispersed,  
 The Sun is risen with gladsome light,  
*Et nobis Puer natus est.*

Now spring up flowers from the root,  
 Revert you upward naturally,  
 In honor of the Blessed Fruit,  
 That sprang up from the Rose Marye ;  
 Lay out your leaves full lustily,  
 From death take life now at the least,  
 In worship of that Prince worthy  
*Qui nobis Puer natus est.*

Sing Heaven imperial in the height,  
 Regions of air, make harmony,  
 All fish in flood, and birds in flight,  
 Be mirthful, and make melody ;  
 All " Gloria in excelsis " cry,  
 Heaven, earth, and sea, man, bird and beast ;  
 He that is crowned above the sky  
*Pro nobis Puer natus est.*

WILLIAM DUNBAR,  
 Laureate of Scotland.

## THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE

(Continued.)

DEVOTION TO ST. ANNE IS TRULY CATHOLIC. HOMAGE  
PAID HER BY THE WESTERN WORLD. THE NORTH  
OF EUROPE

Everything leads us to believe that the *cultus* of St. Anne is likewise very ancient in the North and in other portions of Europe, and that it shone brightly in England, in Poland, and particularly in several districts of Germany. But at what period was it introduced into these countries? To give a satisfactory answer to the above question, we should have to consult tradition and local archives, or those monuments which have escaped the vandalism of heretics; but such researches must be made on the very spot: they would necessitate voyages which we are unable to undertake. The result of these investigations brings us back to the latter part of the reign of Charlemagne. At that epoch, it is impossible to deny the spreading throughout the Western Empire of the worship of St. Anne, of which diffusion the finding of the body of that august mother was partly the cause and signal. The pious Emperor, as we have already seen, was a witness to that precious discovery; he saw with his own eyes the miracle that accompanied it, and he bore away considerable fragments from the treasure. He gave these relics to different churches, he bequeathed some of them to several monasteries as a pledge of his pious attachment. L'Île-Barbe, near Lyons, and the Rhenish Provinces had the better share in this pious distribution; the miracles which frequently took place soon rendered popular a devotion of which the great prince had become the zealous agent.

It is true that traces of the devotion may be found previously to that date. Dachery and Mabillon, in the

*Acta Sanctorum* of their order, mention a monastery and a small hospital under the title of St. Anne, built at Floriac, by the liberality of a pious gentleman name Freric. This institution passed later into the hands of Pepin the Short before his accession in the throne of France. But although such a fact supposes that the devotion was already established and in practice, it is nevertheless probable that it then was the almost exclusive privilege of some chosen souls or some fervent community. It would be equally impossible to determine the precise date when her Office passed into the different liturgies, and when for the first time her feast-day was solemnized. All the *Martyrologia*, in truth, commemorate her feast, but they are silent as to the time when it was instituted. However, reasoning by analogy, we may affirm that the Church did not impose it on the faithful, and that it was preceded by the eagerness of clergy and people to adopt it. The wise Spouse of Christ does not invent devotions, she seals them with her approbation if they are concordant with Faith, or else she expurges them, or even proscribes them, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit; she authorizes them, only to meet the desire of the faithful, and imposes them only when their wants oblige her to do so. For the last nineteen centuries she believed in the Immaculate Conception; yet, how long she waited before commanding a worship therefore optional, and before imposing belief in the dogma! Public and private devotion must, therefore, have rendered filial homage to St. Anne several centuries before the Sovereign Pontiffs prescribed her solemnity to the whole Church.

We are, nevertheless, able to give a few dates :

In looking over the constitutions of the Regular Monks of Ostia, drawn up, according to Montfaucon, in the course of the twelfth century, we find that the Monks of the Rhenish provinces had already celebrated the solemnity of St. Anne, and that in there

Litanies, the name of St. Anne was invoked before that of all the other Saints of her sex, as follows :

.....Holy monks and hermits, pray for us.

Saint Anne, pray for us.

• Saint Agatha, pray for us.

The Annals of the Camaldoli, whose exactness has never been contested, contain similar evidence regarding the order of St-Romuald, and mention since the year 1145, churches under the title of the Saint. The learned Merati attests with strong probability that her feast was celebrated in the Latin Church from the middle of the 13th century. It is from that date that the history of her devotion in the west may be followed: since then, the devotion of Catholic nations always went on increasing: numerous pilgrimages were founded. Yielding to the supplications of pastors and people, the Sovereign Pontiffs have encouraged the devotion by local and general indulgences, and authorizing in several places the celebration of Annes feast-day with a pomp equal to that of the greatest solemnities. In a letter dated 1378, addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of England Urban VI says among other things :

“ Now, as recently some of Christ's faithful inhabiting the Kingdom of England, have informed that the people of their country, on account of their tender veneration for the Virgin Mary, are animated with a special devotion towards St. Anne, Mother of the glorious Virgin, and, as an humble petition has been presented to us on their behalf, in order that we may prescribe to all the prelates and the faithful of the said Kingdom, to celebrate, with religious pomp, the feast of that Saint, it has seemed proper to us in the Lord to consider the pious request and devotion of that people, desiring therefore to make these faithful pleasing in the eyes of God and to render easy to them the practice of good works; hearken to their prayer, we expressly command, by the te

of these presents, your Fraternity to have celebrated every year by yourselves, and by the faithful under your jurisdiction, with solemn pomp and devotion, the said feast of St. Anne.

“ Given at Rome, near St. Peter’s, on the calends of July, the fourth year of Our Pontificate !

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

(*To be continued*)

—ooo—

ST. NICHOLAS, ARCHBISHOP OF MYRA,

(*Feast on December 6*)

—  
HIS EARLY YOUTH—HIS CHARITY.

Our readers, especially the younger ones, will no doubt be pleased to read a page from the life of one of their dearest friends, the good St. Nicholas, whose generosity to children, especially during Christmas time, is one of their favorite convictions.—The Saint whose life we are going to sketch in a few brief lines is really the *Santa Claus* of juvenile tradition; and the charity that shines forth in all his actions is the foundation of his proverbial reputation of liberality.

He was born at Patara, in Syria (Asia Minor) towards the close of the third century, under the reign of Constantine the Great. His pious parents had been forewarned by an Angel of his approaching birth. After a brilliant course of studies, during which he preserved untouched the innocence of his soul, he found himself at the head of a rich inheritance. But he used his riches only to relieve the poor, and his liberty to devote himself to the service of God. It was

during his youth that he performed that memorial deed of charity that Christian art has so often and touchingly represented. Hearing that a gentleman who had fallen into poverty was on the point of exposing the virtue of his three children to escape misery, Nicholas threw one night into his house, by an open window, a purse full of gold; on the following night a second purse likewise fell at the feet of the gentleman during his sleep. The third night, he caught our Saint in the act of throwing a third purse, as a dowry for the third of his daughters,—whose honor was thus saved with that of her sisters. The poor gentleman's gratitude was unbounded, and he proclaimed before the whole city his young benefactor's generosity.

Those who care to study the origin of popular customs, will learn with admiration that these three purses of gold are symbolized in the three golden balls suspended over the door of a pawn-broker's office. The law so requires it. It is one of those touching heirlooms of mediæval times, when civil legislation was happy to be the servant of a heavenly-guided mistress, the Church, and to pay homage in its enactments to the virtue of her Saints. How many hard-up wretches impoverished by crime, would do better to invoke St. Nicholas before resorting to the clutches of the pawn-broker, whose rapacity is just the opposite of the Saint's generosity!

—Such virtue as his deserved a calling to the holy orders of professions. His uncle, the archbishop of Myra, conferred holy orders on him, and entrusted him with the direction of a monastery.

### HIS VOYAGE TO THE HOLY LAND — HE IS CREATED A BISHOP.

—Nicholas was destined to become the miracle-worker of the east, as St. Martin was to be one day the West. He set out for the Holy Land, the land

acles. During the passage, he brought back to a sailor who had been killed by falling from the yards. At Alexandria, they received him in triumph; but he fled to visit St. Anthony in his desert. He then visited Palestine, with tender devotion, shedding tears of love and sorrow wherever he trod ground hallowed by his Master's foot-steps. He would fain have lived and died among those sacred places, but a voice from Heaven ordered him back to Alexandria.

During his absence his uncle's successors to the See of Myra had died. The electing Bishops being perplexed about the choice of his successor, a voice from above spoke thus to the most aged among them: "Cease praying, go to the temple; the first man whom thou shalt see entering is he whom God hath chosen; his name is Nicholas. The aged Bishop received this inspiration. At the church-door he beheld a man of modest bearing and countenance coming towards him. "My son," said he, "who art thou? why dost thou so early? art thou of Myra or a stranger here?—I am only a sinner, observed our Saint, (for it was he); my name is Nicholas and I come to implore the mercy of God." At these words, the Bishop brought him into his colleagues' presence, and all, struck with the nobleness and majesty of his features, chose him of one accord for their Archbishop. He received the episcopal consecration, and a striking miracle confirmed his election. At the close of the ceremony, an infortunate mother, bearing in her arms her only infant, who had been suffocated to death falling into the fire, came to throw herself at the Archbishop's feet, and begged him to give her back her son. The new elect raised his eyes to heaven, made the sign of the cross on the child, and restored him living to his mother.

## HIS MIRACLES — HIS CULTUS OR WORSHIP.

Eight or nine centuries after the Saint's death, Count de Richemont, who had been made a captive by the Turks, saw his irons fall from his hands through the miraculous intercession of St. Nicholas. These chains remained for ages suspended to the walls of the church of St-Nicholas-du-Port, near Nancy, in France.

In the thirteenth century, St Louis, assailed at sea by a furious tempest, promised for the same church, a silver ship of five marks in weight, and the sea immediately grew calm. It was the Sire de Joinville, the king's historian, who executed the promise. St Nicholas has ever since been the patron saint of sailors.

The limits of this sketch prevent us from showing how the great archbishop of Myra confessed the Faith at the council of Nicæa, where was drawn up the creed now solemnly sung at high mass, nor how he was the most redoubtable foe to idolatry. But we cannot avoid mentioning his love for children.

St. Bonaventure assures us that he raised to life at Myra two school-boys who had been murdered, and he performed the same miracle in the case of four other little children who had been cruelly slaughtered. It is this latter miracle, which is always represented in the images of St. Nicholas, that has made him the most popular patron of youth. Those who have attended the classes of the Christian Brothers, are familiar with the picture.

Who does not remember the innocent December joys, the lovely presents of St. Nicholas, and his salutary warnings always greeted with promises, alas! only too often forgotten? These remnants of a *mystery* of the middle ages should be religiously kept by Christian families.

St. Nicholas died on December 6th, in 327. His remains were brought to Bari, in Sicily. One of his finger-joints is kept at St. Nicholas-du-Port, and the magnificent gothic church dedicated in that city to the patron Saint of Lorraine, impatiently awaits the powerful inspiration that will bring thousands of pilgrims to the foot of the altar where, after so many others, knelt of yore the noble virgin of Domremy, the liberatrix of France.

—Young readers, do not forget to pray to St. Nicholas during the holy month of December—when asking him for Christmas or New Year's gifts, head the list with those virtues that make childhood so lovely and happy: innocence, candor and truthfulness, piety and obedience. The good Saint who loves you so well will obtain them for you from the Christ-child and you will thus be sure to spend

A HOLY AND HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

M. N. D.

—G.O.O.—

## LEZ-BREIZ.

—  
EPIC FRAGMENTS.  
—

(Concluded.)

The old hermit, hearing these words, jumped off his bed;  
And he lighted a small torch of resin, and he went to  
open his door,

Now, when the door was opened, he drew back with  
horror

For he saw a spectre advancing, holding in his two  
hands his head ;

His eyes filled with blood and fire, and rolling in a  
hideous manner,

—Silence I aged Christian, be not afraid, it is the  
Lord God who has thus permitted,

The Lord God has allowed the Franks to behead me  
for a time ;

And now he permits you to replace my head, if you  
will,

Because I have been clement and helpful to my  
subjects,

—If the Lord God allows me to replace your head  
according to my good will,

Because you have been kind and helpful to your  
subjects,

May your head be replaced, my son, in the name of  
God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost—

And by the virtue of the holy water, the phantom  
become man.

When the phantom had become man, the hermit thus  
spoke :

—Now you are going to do penance, hard penance  
with me,

You shall bear during seven years a robe of lead  
padlocked to your neck ;

And every day, at the hour of noon, you shall go,  
and draw water from the spring on the mountain-  
top.

—May it be done according to your holy will ; as you  
say it,

I say it also.—

When the seven years had gone by, his robe wore the  
skin from his heels,

And his beard grown grey, as well as his hair, fell  
down to his waist.

One would have taken him for an oak for seven years  
dead.

Whosoever might see him, could not know him again.

He was recognized only by a lady dressed in white who  
passed under the green forest :

She looked at him, and began to weep :—Lez-Breiz,  
my dear son, can it be thou ?

Come hither, my poor child, that I quick unload thee  
of thy burden,

that I cut the chain asunder with my golden scissors :

## II

Now, for seven years and a month, his esquire had  
been seeking for him everywhere :

And his esquire thus spoke wandering through the  
forest of Hellean :

—If I have killed his murderer, I have nevertheless  
lost my dear lord—

He then heard at the end of the forest, the plaintive  
neighing of a horse,

and his own charger, sniffing the wind, answered by  
a canter,

When he had reached the forest's end, he recognized  
the black horse of Lez-Breiz.

He was near the fountain, with his head down, but he  
neither grazed nor drank :

He only sniffed the green turf, and pawed the ground with his hoof :

Then he would raise his head, and begin anew his lugubrious neighing :

His mournful neighing ; some say that he was crying —Toll me, O you, venerable head of the family, who come to the fountain, who sleeps beneath that mound ?

—It is Lez Breiz that sleeps' here ; as long as Brittany last, he will be renowned ;

He is going to awake just now with a loud cry, and will drive away the Franks.

—ooo—

### THE VIRGIN OF SNOW.

It happened, on that day, that the sky was covered with thick grey clouds ; the earth was putting on its garments of snow ; the wind set a creaking the old poplars that lined the meadow, and two little children were shivering huddled together in the cottage of Yvon the Breton ; for since their father was dead, poverty dwelt in their home, and the hearth was often fireless.

—But Mary, the poor widow, was pious, and her little children were two little angels ; they went to mass every Sunday, whilst the miller, their neighbor, made his mill grind, the cobbler hammered away at his soles, and the oxherd swore driving his cattle to pasture. And the miller grew rich, the cobbler sang as if he were happy, and the oxherd saw his herd increasing.

—“It is bitterly cold, said Mary to her two little angels ; go to the meadow and gather up the dead branches of the old walnut-tree that the wind uprooted last night,” and they ran off to the meadow leaving in the snow the print of their wooden shoes.

Whilst they were going about, breaking the branches of the old tree, the little girl beheld, near the uprooted trunk, the figure of a beautiful Lady of snow who stood before her and seemed to look at her. The snow-white apparition held a child, who, with his head resting on his mother's shoulder, clasped his tiny arms round her neck. Theroupon, Yvonne, the little girl, called her mother, and they both knelt down.

Anxious when she did not see them return, the poor mother came to the whitened threshold of the cottage, and called them several times; but the wind carried her voice away, and the little children did not answer. She therefore went to the old trunk felled by the wind-storm, and seeing her children kneeling in the snow, she was seized with astonishment; for she saw nothing but strewn branches and the shattered trunk arising, all white with snow, in the middle of the meadow.

She could not understand what made them pray thus, and her surprise redoubled, when she saw them listening to sounds that seemed to charm them, and that she could not hear. In vain did she try to come near the place whence the voice seemed to proceed, she heard nothing, nothing at all, but the murmur of the river that flowed hard by, and the wind sighing in the tall poplars.

"Mother, said the little Bretons, when their prayer was over, have you not seen the beautiful snow Lady? Have you not heard her warnings?" And as their mother did not understand them, they added:

"She told us to flee as soon as the snow on the old trunk would begin to thaw, and to bring with us the little furniture that is left, and the large wooden crucifix of the cottage, and the statue of the Virgin whom we invoke every day."

A whole week passed away, and the snow was always falling, and poverty remained in their house, and the fire-place was still empty. But, at the end of

that same week, the wind that made the poplars creak chased away from the sky the thick grey clouds, and the sun shot its rays on the old uprooted trunk.

—Which seeing, the poor widow started off with her little angels, bringing with her the crucifix and the Virgin.

A few days later, the village disappeared under the avenging waters ; and since then, the miller does not grind any more, the cobbler hammer away no more at his soles, and the ox-herd swears no more when driving his beasts to the field.

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## A CHILD CURED BY ST. ANNE.

WEST HAVEN, CONN.

My infant son, aged eighteen months, was completely paralysed, had lost his sight and seemed beyond all hope of recovery. By the decision of two able physicians his life was despaired of.

In my distress, I appealed to our compassionate Protectress, St. Anne, promising to publish the favor if granted, in her *Annals*. From that moment, the alarming symptoms took a milder form and gradually disappeared. How can I sufficiently thank our amiable Patroness, who is never invoked in vain ?

C. F. C.

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