



THE HOLY FAMILY.



Annals of Saint Anne de Beaupre.

Vol. 15. --o-- April, 1902. --o-- No. 12.

Contents: Important Notice, p. 353. — The Sacred Heart, p. 356. — God's Grace and Ill Will, p. 358. — Handiwork, p. 361. — A Flag of Truce, p. 367. — Blessed Gerard, p. 373. — Thanksgivings, p. 377. — Index, p. 381.

— o —

IMPORTANT NOTICE

— o —

DEAR READERS.

You understand the meaning of the accompanying printed envelope and blank. Your subscription to the Annals of 1901, expires with the present April number of 1902, and we hope that you will renew your contribution for the coming year. Will our expectations be realized or frustrated? It all depends upon you. You readily consent to continue forwarding the Annals to your address, if you will assist in defraying a small part of the expenses occasioned by

the printing and mailing of all readable matter.

By renewing your small subscription, you contribute your little *mite* to the maintenance of a good work—the propagation of Good Saint Ann's devotion and the encouragement of Catholic literature. Your reward will consist in a special claim to Saint Ann's protection. She will watch over you in the future as she has during the past, shielding you from all harm and danger. What graces and assistance have you and your deceased relatives not derived from the one hundred and seventeen masses which were said for you at the Shrine during 1901 and 1902? And has not your participation in the merits of all the prayers, communions, mortifications, labors and occupations performed at the Shrine during the past year, been a source of abundant blessings to you and to your homes? Since you have experienced their efficacy, you will undoubtedly have them continued for you by sending us your subscription for 1902. Do not put off for to-morrow that which can be done to-day, otherwise you will forget to renew your contribution and then begin to wonder why the Annals have ceased coming.

Subscriptions should be paid by *Money Order, Postal Note or Cheque.*

If a Cheque be made payable at the United States' Bank, twenty five cents must be added

to the ordinary amount in order to cover costs of collection. We request our American Subscribers to refrain from sending AMERICAN stamps, because such stamps cannot be used in Canada and are therefore useless to us.

THOSE WHO HAVE ALREADY SUBSCRIBED FOR 1902. WILL NATURALLY PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE ENVELOPE AND ITS SIGNIFICATION.

If you have decided to discontinue your subscription, please be so kind and *thoughtful* as to give us notice immediately and thereby save costs and time of sending you the May number.

Thanking you for your great kindness to us during 1901-1902,

I remain,

Most gratefully yours,

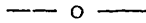
Father L. ST. PIERRE,

C. SS. R.





The Sacred Heart.



WHEN love is sincere and active, its only thought, its sole desire is to be treated fairly, with justice; the only thing it demands is that its devotedness, its unalterable fidelity be recognized, acknowledged. A mother loves her son, all her efforts are for his happiness; night and day her heart beats for him, he is ever present to her mind, her soul's prayers are for his welfare, her entire self is devoted to his interests, she exists more for him than for herself; for him she toils, she suffers, she yearns: in a word, she loves him. What does she ask her son in return for her love? That he admit her devotedness, and say with sentiments of gratitude: « Mother dear, I see and believe that you love me, » These simple words will make her happy and amply repay her for her sacrifices; without them, nothing will satisfy her: fruitlessly will her son show her every kind of exterior respect and deference and submission, if he refuse to admit that she loves him, she will remain discontented and her heart will continue its yearnings and sufferings. What would her grief be if she heard these cruel words fall from his lips: « Mother, you do not love me! » Such inhuman accents would break her heart; her life would be bitter beyond description in seeing her idol spurn her love.

How many slighted affections exist in this world, and consequently indefinite is the number of broken hearts. They break because they behold their love rejected and spurned. And has any heart's love been ever treated as contemptuously as the love of the Sacred Heart? Our kind Saviour loves man, He loves him intensely, He loves him infinitely more than any mother ever loved her child.

Has He not said so by the Prophet Isaias : « Can a woman forget her infant, so as not to have pity on her son? and if she should forget, yet will not I forget thee. » (XLIX. 15.) And nevertheless we appear to ignore that love, we seem to forget that we are its object, that it is centred on us alone! Could ingratitude be more revolting than ours? How many grateful souls give Jesus the pleasure of hearing these words for which He longs : « O Jesus, how ardently Thou dost love us, we will love Thee in return! »

It was with the hopes of overcoming man's forgetfulness that Jesus made known the devotion to His adorable Heart. He chose it as the symbol of His love. Whereby we may easily note the excellence of such a devotion which helps us to return thanks to God for His great love for man.

O Jesus, O Thou who lovest me so ardently and of whom I never think, oh! change my cold heart that it may constantly think of Thee! Thy grace has made me understand that if I frequently pondered over Thy love for man, such thoughts would be the fountain of my sanctification and salvation. Because when I can say without a shade of doubt that « Jesus Christ loves me, » and act accordingly gratitude compels me to place all confidence in Him, to offend Him no more, and to do everything in my power to please Him. *The Sacred Heart of Jesus loves me!!* What consolation and strength these words should give me! But, alas! how seldom my heart recalls *that* Heart's of hearts undying love! O my Jesus, wishing to devote the remainder of my life to atone for my past transgressions of Thy Law, I implore Thee to impress upon my soul a continual souvenir of Thy love, that it may incite me to do good, to avoid sin, and to never despair when I falter. Henceforth, may I live only for that amiable Heart which gave its last drop of blood in hopes of being loved by me. May I never cease saying in all truth : « Heart of Jesus, Thou art the sole Sovereign of my heart! »

O Mary, Mother of Jesus and my Mother, O Thou who dost suffer so much in seeing Thy Son's love spurned by men, do grant me a constant souvenir of His ineffable love.

Amen.



God's Grace and Ill Will.



ILL will is frequently found in those who live in state the of iniquity. Whenever a sinner is determined to persevere in his wicked life, or when he refuses to renounce the occasion or cause of sin, or when he delays the moment of his conversion, he is unfortunately perverse not only in his actions, but also in his will. There is absolutely nothing in him to remind him of his salvation, of divine love, of God. His soul does not even possess the germ of a good sincere desire of amendment. He may have a faint beginning of volition, he may say: « I would like to ; » but he never says : « *I will!* »

I sincerely hope that such a sad state is not mine. But unfortunately, there is another way of showing one's unwillingness, ill will. Let us see in what it consists ; I shall then know whether I be in that sad state or not.

Those who are in the state of grace and, at the same time, in a mood of unwillingness, of ill humor, of reluctance to divine things, might be said to exist in a state of *unimpressionable* lukewarmness. They are composed of a mixture of heat and of cold ; their souls contain a combination of good and of evil. They are neither warm nor cold ; they are tepid.

This tepidity is threefold. The first might be called *sentimental tepidity*. For instance, when a soul tries to pray fervently but prayer is tedious and distasteful to it. The moments spent in devotion weigh heavily. Such sentiments are not sinful ; when properly opposed, they frequently effect more good than harm.

The second sort of tepidity is caused by *fragility*, by *human weakness*, and consists in this that the soul, notwithstanding its habitual intention to avoid sin, accidentally commits *small* faults with more or less deliberation, and which are instantly rejected. This sort of lukewarmness is not very dangerous.

The third kind of indifference is wilful tepidity or rather, tepidity

of the will. Such a soul is double-minded : one is good, the other bad, evil ; one is warm, the other cold. In one sense, it wishes to be saved and therefore avoids all evidently mortal sins ; but at the same time, it will not submit to every exigency (exaction) of Divine Love, it intends to lead an easy and go-as-you-please life. Consequently, it thinks nothing of deliberate venial sins, and commits them whenever necessary to the gratification of any vain desire. A certain person does not like a neighbor, still she does not hate her because the Divine Law condemns such an action and commands her to love her neighbor as herself for the love of God. It would be a mortal sin to loathe her neighbor. That is just what she will never do. Yet she experiences great pleasure in hearing certain little tales about that neighbor's awkwardness and silly manner of doing things. In fact, she will have her own little story to tell (story composed of facts which she saw through the magnifying glasses of her own little jealous *pious* eyes) about the unfortunate neighbor. Of course she will say nothing seriously disastrous to her neighbor's reputation, only sufficient to prove that . . . she *of the pious eyes* is tepid in fulfilling the law of charity ; she is neither warm nor cold, neither ardent nor frigid in her love for God, she is suffering from tepidity, weakness of the will in spiritual matters.

Such a state may or may not be voluntary. It is not voluntary when one strives to overcome the venial sins committed ; it is voluntary when the soul sadly submits to its pitiful state, either by *absolutely refusing* to refrain from committing a certain venial fault, to overcome a rancorous feeling, to sever some special ties of friendship ; or by *wilful, faulty negligence* when, for instance, without positively rejecting all acts of mortification one does not perform any for want of thought. Under this heading might be placed the thousand and one insignificant sensual gratifications at meals, faults against charity, distractions during prayers . . .

Well, from the existence of wilful tepidity one may easily conclude that a certain amount of ill will also exists. In other words, the soul says to God : « Whilst loving Thee, I shall not cease displeasing Thee. »

From what I have just read I must draw two conclusions which it were well to recall frequently.

First : When a soul is called to perfection, to sanctity, the least unwillingness or ill will concerning a certain point, (no matter how insignificant it may appear) is quite sufficient to sterilize or paralyze

its devotion, its religion. God has promised to be merciful in proportion to our piety and perfection: He has plighted His word to listen to our prayers; to bestow grace through the sacraments according to the dispositions of the receiver; to save those who are *truly* devoted to His Mother; in a word, to grant help and salvation to those who ask. Well, if I be called to the state of perfection, of sanctification (and who is not?) and persist in remaining tepid, every thing changes. Should I entertain the slightest jealousy and not try to overcome it, should I neglect and ignore its existence even when at confession, or confess it without a firm purpose of amendment, my soul *thereby* becomes stagnant. All my prayers, the different sacraments which I receive, my devotion to May Virgin, will remain sterile or almost so, until I am resolved to grapple with my passion and overcome it, instead of foolishly trying to reconcile my devotion with sin.

Secondly: After close examination, I must admit that there are few souls entirely free, exempt from unwillingness. Yes, few are they who try to overcome every venial weakness. Few are they who are not knowingly guilty of allowing certain faults to exist unmolested, in fact they sometimes cherish them.

This is why so little progress is made in spirituality notwithstanding long years of meditation, of prayer, and of frequentation of the sacraments! A frank investigation into the different nooks and corners of the soul would prove the existence of ill will and obstinate tepidity.

I must therefore find a means of being entirely exempt from unwillingness. That means is the constant effort to return to God, because when a soul tries continually to return to God, it not only frees itself from faults known to it, but it discovers and eradicates many evil inclinations whose existence were heretofore unknown.





Handiwork.



GOD did not place man in life without assigning him some occupation. He did not create him to remain inactive, to enjoy listlessly Nature's charms, and to partake of its fruits, because to live means to act, to move, to strive; man was, therefore, called into existence to work, to perform manual labor. Previous to his hapless fall, Adam toiled, he tilled the garden of Paradise. « And the Lord God took man, and put him into the paradise of pleasure to dress it and to keep it. » (Gen. II.) His duty was to guard that inheritance, to ameliorate its condition. Such was the Creator's sole commandment to His creature. Had man faithfully fulfilled God's law, he would not have heeded the tempter's words and fallen. Such is, at least, the opinion of some of the Fathers of the Church; for Eve succumbed in a moment of slothfulness and idle fancy. Satan's temptation would have failed, had it assailed Eve while she was occupied, because she would not have had the leisure to argue with the temptation.

After man's disobedience, God confirmed His commandment when He said to Adam: « Cursed is the earth in thy work: with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. . . *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.* » (Gen. III.)

Work is consequently an essential law to which we must submit. As the transgression of an important command generally opens the door to serious results, likewise those who refuse to obey God, to submit to His law of handiwork, will see themselves assailed with temptations, exposed to every danger with their souls under the pressure of sorrow with the thought that they have wasted their lives.

The command to work was not given to man alone. Woman, his constant companion and the cause of his downfall, was supposed to share his hardships, to eat her bread in the sweat of her brow. In speaking of the true type of womanhood, the Holy Ghost said : « She has sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands. She hath put out her hands to strong things, and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle. » (Prov. XXXI.) And every sensible woman wishing to lay a claim to that title, understands the necessity of being able to perform every sort of household duties no matter how menial they are or may appear.

In ancient times, the weaving of wool and of flax were principally female occupations. To spin, to weave, to trim and to sow, were the ordinary and daily functions of the Patriarch's wives, of those noble saintly women in whom God placed the future of Israel and of humanity. The history of the Gentiles likewise shows us the pagan princesses devoted to every kind of handiwork, and as quite proficient in them. Even our dear Mother Mary, Queen of heaven and of earth, the Virgin destined to bring forth the Light of the world, Mary while in the Temple and later on at Nazareth, « sought wool and flax and wrought them by the counsel of her hands. » Every one knows that it was she who wove the seamless garment which Jesus wore during His life, which He stained with His blood in the Garden of Gethsemani, and upon which the soldiers cast lots on Calvary's top. « They parted my garments amongst them, and upon my vesture they cast lots. » (Ps. XXI.) How sweet the thought that Jesus never wore any other garment than that which His dear Mother made for Him. She alone was sufficiently pure to clothe that adorable and incomparable Being who *doth clothe the lilies of the field.* (Matt. VI.)

We all know that fleet-footed time and tyrannical circumstances have wrought great changes in the customs of nations, that antique manners are considered unbecoming to-day, that they have disappeared with the vanishing of our simple sainted ancestors. Therefore, no one demands of woman nowadays to sit continually by the loom, but common sense demands that she be capable of performing some special work

in accordance with her social condition, with the requisites of her family, conformable to her husband's will and her own inclination. Even God leaves her all freedom in the choice, but under pain of transgressing His law and of betraying her calling, she must devote herself to some manual occupation. Female handiwork should occupy in every woman's life, that place and time which God wills it to fill. By devoting a certain allotted time to the performance of manual work, wives may rest assured that God will look benignly on them, that their husbands will place unlimited confidence in them, that they thereby accomplish their soul-saving duty, without counting the many temporal blessings and unending happiness which will environ their existence.

The thoughts of the industrious always bring forth abundance; but every sluggard is always in want. (Prov. XXI.) *Idleness has taught much evil.* (Eccli. XXXI.) Sloth has begotten many vices and evils, and it was probably the cause of our first mother's fall. Nature naturally rebels against the constant repetitions of daily obligations and menial occupations. It is tedious and trying in the extreme. Its monotony would dishearten anyone. Every one admits that it is far more agreeable to fallen nature ever ready to shirk the law of work, to neglect household duties, to shun the nerve-straining cry of fretful children with the pretence of visiting some intimate gossiping neighbor whose tastes are in tune with those of the « caller, » and who will lend an eager ear to her confidences. And hours pass unnoticed in that dangerous prattling intimacy where nothing good is said in favor of the command « *To love thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God.* » The subjects of such conversations are generally the interminable Chapter of Mrs. So and So's faults, and that other Chapter of the latest scandals. Every family, every person in the locality is called to judgment, and tongues upon which the Sacred Host may have rested that very morning, will suddenly find themselves avenging little imaginary wrongs, spreading perfidious insinuations, indulging in unwholesome gossip which some times cause God's angels to blush.

Few may admit the unvarnished frankness of the fore-going lines. It is a preposterous misrepresentation of facts! Every woman will maintain that she fulfils her mission, that she attends, first of all, to her household duties, and when they are performed, what Outsider has a right to find fault. May she not do as she pleases? Certainly. But is her pleasure always God's will?

The statement may be true, but facts will speak stronger than words. If the old axiom still holds: « Show me a child and I shall show the mother; » may one not likewise say: « Show me a home, and I shall judge its mistress: Show me a husband and I shall tell you *what* his wife is? » Well, let us enter in spirit any of the large factories of our cities. One glance at the clothes worn by any one of the workmen, will assist us in judging his wife in her true colors. Here is one dressed in old clothes that have suffered from wear and tear, but they are properly mended and clean, so much so that no one would object to brush by them. Another has garments which, though almost new, are torn, greasy, dirty, so filthy that no one would care to touch them, not even with a pair of pincers. What opinion will we form?... And bear in mind that the visit is made on a Monday morning when everything is supposed to be clean and tidy!

The filthy *looking* workman has the misfortune to be yoked to a naturally indolent, lazy companion, to a woman who spends her time in going around from house to house, in ranting, in meddling with every one's business but with her own, in carrying scandalous topics, in sowing discord and rancorous feelings between parents and children, friends and neighbors. She has plenty of time for that, but none to devote to her household affairs which are in the same sad, shameful state as her unfortunate husband's ragged, greasy garments.

A visit to the other workman's home gives us the pleasure of finding everything just as it should be. A clean, tidy looking woman entirely devoted to her duties, never inactive, but constantly occupied in doing something or other. Economy is her motto. Experience has taught her that articles will last

twice as long when given prosper care ; and though her husband earns the money, and gives it *all* to her, she knows that it is her duty to save and hoard it for future rainy days — With a spendthrift and careless wife, a man earning good wages will constantly be in want, always poor. The Holy Ghost tells us in the Book of Proverbs that : « A wise woman buildeth her house : *but the foolish will pull down with her hands that also which is built.* » (Prov. XIV.)

Since we are treading somewhat on private, perhaps dangerous ground, it were well to broach another point before closing.

A woman (no matter whether she be rich or poor) to whom the care of a household is entrusted, should also possess a certain amount of knowledge of the Culinary Art. She should, at least, know how to *prepare* a meal, to change the *Menu* occasionally, and to add something extra on special days, such as the anniversary of a birth, a marriage. No matter how insignificant the change may appear, how frugal the meal, things should be prepared in such a way as to render them palatable because properly seasoned victuals are beneficial to the health. The husband will quickly consider as proofs of deep affection the little trouble and pains taken in preparing meals, and will on that account, cling more closely than ever to his wife.

In many homes, meal-time is about the only hour in which the numbers of a family are united and brought together. It is generally then that hearts are opened and disposed to give one another mutual marks of affection, to listen to words of advice and affection. It was during His last Supper on earth that Our Savior gave utterance to the most pathetic words to be found in the Bible — But in order to obtain such happy results the meal must be well prepared, (spiced with love) let everything be clean and tidy, and the victuals (if only a few potatoes) be warm and properly seasoned. Nowadays, woman can never do too much to make their homes attractive and thereby nullify the evil influence of the bar-room (hell's vestibule), the hotel, the public and private restaurant. These places do all in their power to draw men into their

meshes, and if men cannot find rest, comfort and cleanliness at home, they will try to find them where corporal and spiritual death await them. Would it be an exaggeration to say, that the greater number of to-day's drunkards have been made so on account of their wife's incapacity to render the family circle bright and cheerful? ... How can one expect a man to be happy at home when, on returning from his daily occupations he enters a house much dirtier than the factory or place where he toils, he meets an untidy, slovenly woman, and above all, nothing prepared for him to eat, or if ready, it is seasoned in such a way that no one can partake of it. And nevertheless he has a right to that meal, he has earned it at the sweat of his brow, and he knows the pains it has cost him. But he does not find it awaiting him because some one shirks the pleasure to be found in the preparation of *that* meal. Who or what is to be blamed?

When he returns home after a day of hard labor, (it matters little whether it be mental or manual,) and finds everything in readiness, the household in order, the meal awaiting him, ah! then, no matter how much he may have had to toil, how bitter the crosses he may have encountered, he forgets all outside things in that moment of happiness, convinced that a loving heart has constantly thought of him, that he may always find his home a haven of rest from life's tempestuous conflicts.

These are some small details of the many numerous obligations pervading family life, and the fulfilment of which serve to make one's existence happy. If women would attend to them more than they do, many a husband's life would be less dreary and forlorn.





A Flag of Truce :

or,

Must We Fight for ever.

Catholic and Protestant Emancipation.

— o —

NEXT evening I had better success with Captain Marryat. His pictures of nautical life in the heroic times of Nelson and Collingwood are very lively, and not devoid of historical merit. Though he loves the navy, he draws no flattering picture ; indeed, it is somewhat painful to read his frank acknowledgment of the universal profanity and licentiousness of officers and men. Things must surely have mended much since then. I was, however, specially struck by some accounts of Catholic doctrine and morality, which showed to what extent prejudice might distort the vision of a clever and otherwise candid man.

In the story of Jack Easy, the young English midshipman has been invited with his brother officers to a bal masqué at a town in Minorca. He goes in the character of a devil's imp. At last he finds the rooms hot and the sport tedious, and, without changing his costume, determines to seek diversion out of doors.

He walked into the country about half a mile, until he came to a splendid house, standing in a garden of orange trees, which he determined to reconnoitre. He observed that a window was open and lights were in the room, and he climbed up to the window and just opened the white curtain and looked in. On a bed lay an elderly person, evidently dying, and by

the side of the bed were three priests. One of them held the crucifix in his hand, another the censer, * and a third was sitting at a table with a paper, pen and ink. As Jack understood Spanish, he listened and heard one of the priests say : « Your sins have been enormous, my son. I cannot give you extreme unction or absolution unless you make some amends. »

« I have, » answered the moribund, « left money for ten thousand Masses to be said for my soul. »

« Five hundred thousand Masses' are not sufficient ; how have you gained your enormous wealth ? by usury and robbing the poor. »

« I have left a thousand dollars to be distributed among the poor on the day of my funeral. »

« One thousand dollars is nothing. You must leave all your property to Holy Church. »

« And my children ! » replied the dying man faintly.

« What are your children compared to your salvation ? Reply not ; either consent, or not only do I refuse you the consolation of the dying, but I excommunicate.—»

« Mercy, holy father, mercy, » cried the old man in a dying voice.

« There is no mercy, you are damned for ever and ever. Now hear : Excommunicabo te »

« Stop, stop ; have you the paper ready ? »

« 'Tis here, all ready, you revoke all former wills and endow the Church with your property. We will read it, for God forbid it should be said that the Holy Church received an involuntary gift. »

« I will sign it, » replied the dying man ; « but my sight fails me ; be quick, absolve me. » And the paper was signed with difficulty, as the priests supported the dying man. « And now absolve me. »

« I absolve thee, » replied the priest, who then went through the ceremony.

* Note, dear reader, « the censer ! » It is an artistic touch to be put side by side with Mr. Robinson's « some the Host. »

« Now this is a confounded rascally business, » said Jack to himself.

The novelist then describes how Jack enters the room by the window in his devil's dress, frightens the priests out of their wits, seizes the paper and tears it up, and disappears with a loud ha ! ha !

It may be said that this is only broad farce. Even so, are Catholic death-beds and Catholic Sacraments the legitimate matter for broad farce ? But in fact, Marryat writes always in this style about the Catholic Church. In his descriptions or caricatures of Catholic practices he was the spokesman of the English gentry who were resisting Catholic Emancipation.

I had copied out this page from *Midshipman Easy* as a pendant to Mr. Robinson's death-bed scene ; but I have printed it now rather for the sake of a contrast ; and the contrast I found in the other book by the same writer which I had selected from the circulating library. This was *Frank Mildmay*. Marryat makes his hero say on one occasion, that he so thoroughly despised the Catholic religion, that he would rather have turned Turk than have embraced it. It is therefore all the more instructive to find him, in the only passage where there is serious mention of religious principles, adopting unconsciously what is most distinctive of Catholics, and most offensive to Protestant prejudice — auricular confession. The hero of the novel has been painted as given up from his early boyhood to almost every vice, deceit, pride, revenge, and licentiousness. Finally he has become a sceptic, and almost and atheist. He has lost his mistress and his illegitimate child while abroad, and has gone to the churchyard where they are buried, which happens to be near the Anglican bishop's palace. The date is supposed to be about 1812.

« Maddened with anguish of head and heart, I threw myself violently on the grave ; I beat my miserable head against the tombstones ; I called with frantic exclamation on the name of Eugenia ; and at length sank on the turf, between the two graves in a state of stupor and exhaustion, from which a copious flood of tears in some measure relieved me.

« I was aroused by the sound of wheels and the trampling

of horses ; and looking up, I perceived the bishop's carriage and four, with outriders, pass by. The livery and colour of the carriage were certainly what is denominated quiet ; but there was an appearance of state which indicated that the owner had not entirely 'renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' and my spleen was excited.

« 'Ah, sweep along,' I bitterly murmured, 'worthy type indeed of the Apostles! I like the pride that apes humility. Is that the way you teach your flock to 'leave all and follow Me?' I started up suddenly, saying to myself, 'I will seek this man in his palace and see whether I shall be kindly received and consoled, or by repulsed be a menial.'

» The thought was sudden, and, being conceived almost in a state of frenzy, was instantly executed. 'Let me try,' said I, whether a bishop can administer to the mind diseased, as well as a country curate.'

« I moved on with rapidity to the palace, more in a fit of desperation than with a view of seeking peace of mind. I rang loudly and vehemently at the gate, and asked whether the bishop was at home. And elderly domestic, who seemed to regard me with astonishment, answered me in the affirmative, and desired me to walk into an ante-room, while he announced me to his master.

« I now began to recall my scattered senses, to perceive the absurdity of my conduct ; I was therefore about to quit the palace, into which I had so rudely intruded, without waiting for my audience, when the servant opened the door and requested me to follow him. . . .

« I followed the servant with a kind of stupid indifference, and was ushered into the presence of a benevolent looking old man, between sixty and seventy years of age. His whole external appearance, as well as his white hairs, commanded respect amounting almost to admiration. I was not prepared to speak, which he perceived and kindly began : 'As you are a stranger to me, I fear, from your care-worn countenance, that it is no common occurrence which has brought you here. Sit down : you seem in distress ; and if it is in my power to afford you relief, you may be sure that I will do so.'

« There was in his manner and address an affectionate kindness which overcame me. I could neither speak nor look at him ; but, laying my head on the table, and hiding my face with my hands, I wept bitterly. The good bishop allowed me reasonable time to recover myself, and, with extreme good breeding, mildly requested, that, if it were possible, I would confide to him the cause of my affliction.

« 'Be not afraid or ashamed, my good lad,' said he, 'to tell me your sorrows. If we have temporal blessings, we do not forget that we are but the almoners of the Lord ; we endeavour to follow His example : but, if I may judge from appearance, it is not pecuniary aid you have come to solicit.'

« 'No, no,' replied I ; 'it is not money I want ;' but, choked with excess of feeling, I could say no more.

« 'This is indeed a more important case than one of mere bodily want,' said the good man. '*That* we might very soon supply ; but there seems something in your condition which requires our more serious attention. I thank the Almighty for selecting me to this service : and, with His blessing, we shall not fail of success.'

« Then, going to the door, he called to a young lady, who, I afterwards discovered, was his daughter, and, holding the door ajar as he spoke, that I might not be seen in my distress, said, 'Caroline, my dear, write to the duke, and beg him to excuse my dining with him to-day. Tell him that I am kept at home by business of importance ; and give orders that I be not interrupted on any account.'

« He then turned the key in the door, and drawing a chair close to mine, begged me, in the most persuasive manner, to tell him everything without reserve, in order that he might apply such a remedy as the case seemed to demand.

« I first asked for a glass of wine which was instantly brought ; he received it at the door, and gave it to me with his own hand. Having drunk it, I commenced the history of my life in a brief outline, and ultimately told him all ; nearly as much in detail as I have related to the reader. He listened to me with an intense and painful interest, questioning me as to my feelings on many important occasions ; and having

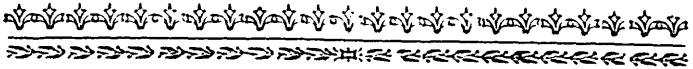
at length obtained from me an honest and candid confession, without any extenuation, — 'My young friend,' said he, 'your life has been one of peculiar temptation, and excess, — much to deplore, much to blame, and much to repent of; but the state of feeling which induced you to come to me is a proof that you now only require that which, with God's help, I trust I shall be able to supply. It is now late, and we both of use require some refreshment. I will order in dinner, and you must send to the Inn for your portmanteau.'

(To be continued.)



The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to see the lovely face. « You wonder why I care so much, » he said, as the tears ran down his cheek, « but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and and found your little boy close behind me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with a childish wonder and asked frankly, « Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high ? » And before I had time to answer, he said, « Ah, I know why you were not afraid. You had said your prayers this morning before you went to work. » I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing, I never will. »





BLESSED GERARD.

— o —



account of their great poverty, Gerard's parents could not help feeling the burden of expenses caused by his modest education. As a neighboring village, San Fele, afforded certain advantages in that respect, they decided to send him thither, and the boy left his father's home for the first time. He boarded in the teacher's house. God permitted that he soon became the target of his companions' mischievous tricks. Every one knows the ingeniousness of children to torment their victims : every thing is permitted provided it is a cause of amusement to them.

Seeing himself exposed to the riling onslaughts and insults of his companions, Gerard bore everything with the greatest resignation. His teacher and master admired his heroic patience ; but his admiration did not touch his heart to compassionate on the boy's pitiful state. In fact, he considered it an honor to be counted among the child's persecutors by assisting them in their refined cruelty. One day, wishing to know the limit of Gerard's patience, he whipped him most cruelly. During the shameful scourging Gerard never uttered one cry of pain ; his thoughts were of Calvary's Victim, and the idea of being assimilated to his Redeemer, caused his face to glow with joy. This cruel experiment was repeated several times, but only served to give greater lustre and brilliancy to the hero's virtue.

At that time a great affliction befell him, Gerard's father, Dominic Majella, died ; and that death brought great destitution upon the family. His mother, Benedicta, could not think of allowing her son to remain any longer at school, so she apprenticed him to a tailor to learn his father's trade and

support the family. This was quite contrary to the child's aspirations which inclined to the religious state. In submitting to his mother's will as he would have to God Himself, Gerard entered upon his new career by the high way of the cross which was to lead to greater trials. As an apprentice, Gerard was zealously devoted to his work, whilst at the same time he kept his soul ever submissive to divine aspirations calling him to the monastic life. While his fingers were busy with the needle, his mind was so ardently concentrated upon God and heavenly things, that his work was frequently interrupted by divine ecstasies. He would then hide under the work-table in order to relieve his soul in an abundant flow of ardent prayers.

Pannuto, his master, was pleased to remark the apprentice's virtue, and permitted Gerard to perform different exercises of piety, because experience had taught him that the young saint always made up for the so-called « lost time » by working more ardently. The foreman of the shop was of a different disposition. This heartless, unprincipled man could not bear to see Gerard frequenting the different churches, assisting at mass and visiting the Blessed Sacrament. The boy's piety was a thorn in his side and filled his heart with hatred. He therefore began to abuse the child and heap every kind of insult upon him. The wretch frequently struck the boy with clenched hands and trampled upon him. In his great desire to resemble Jesus crucified, the martyr-boy bore the brutal assaults with the greatest patience. He would frequently say most pleadingly to his tormentor: « Strike, strike, you have good reason to do so. » The only words he opposed to the brutal treatment he received, were: « My God! My God! Thy holy will be done! » On one occasion, the ruffian beat him so cruelly that Gerard almost lifeless, fell to the floor, where he remained motionless. Pannuto entered the room, at that moment and seeing his apprentice in so pitiable state, naturally asked his foreman for an explanation. The wretch was at a loss for an answer, but relying upon his victim's silence, he finally stammered that Gerard would be better able to explain what had befallen him. The servant of God replied with holy simplicity: « Master, I fell near the table. » His

generous answer satisfied his inquirer and shielded the guilty foreman.

Such magnanimity did not, however, touch the ruffian's heart. Shortly after, giving vent to his stony-hearted instincts, he struck the boy most cruelly. Gerard silently greeted the blow with a smile. « What! you dare rile me! cried out the foreman, and seizing an iron rod, he unmercifully flogged his victim. Notwithstanding his agony, Gerard remained mute, and falling upon his knees, he plaintively said: « I forgive you for the love of Jesus Christ, » and continued working as if nothing had happened. Thus, he toiled in pain and humiliation, thanking his Savior for the crosses that were laid upon his young shoulders. He never tried to shun them, and treated his tormentor with the greatest deference.

The following incident will disclose the secret of his heroic patience. One day that he came late to work, he told his enemy the cause: he had been visiting his favorite chapel of Capotignagno. This was the signal for the usual onslaught of insult, abuse and blows, which were received with the usual silence and smiles. This so exasperated the ruffian, that he cried out: « Ah! you are laughing, tell me instantly why? » — « I laugh, » answered Gerard, « because God's hand is striking me. » Sublime answer by which Gerard meant to say; « I see that God wishes to make me suffer through your instrumentality. And as every disposition of my Savior is dear to me, I am just as happy to be smitten with the blows of His justice as to be comforted by His consolations. »

It is not known just how long Gerard's cruel trial lasted. God, who wished to try His servant's virtue and prepare his soul for greater favors, was pleased to make it cease in the following way. One day, Pannuto secretly followed his apprentice to church, and there witnessed a scene which moved him deeply and filled his heart with respect and veneration for the boy. After praying fervently, Gerard performed an humble and pious action practised by many Italians in reparation of the innumerable blasphemies of their countrymen. He laid prostrate on the floor of the church, kissing it repeatedly; then, while moving forward on his hands and knees, he, at the

same time, dragged his tongue on the ground until he had reached the altar. There he fell into an ecstasy and remained a long time immovable and lost in God. Greatly affected with what he had witnessed, Pannuto returned home and dismissed the heartless wretch who had treated so contemptuously and considered as an outcast, a soul upon which God looked so benignly.

From that moment, Gerard was kindly dealt with in his master's home. The cause of his crosses had departed, but he still had many occasions to try his patience. Pannuto had sent his apprentice to work in his vineyard, and after accomplishing his task Gerard paid a short visit to the sanctuary of Capotignagno. In returning to the city, he took a short cut across the fields, and, passing by a hedge, he unconsciously frightened some birds to the bitter disappointment of a hunter. Unable to control his anger, the latter rushed forward, and dealt the youth a violent blow in the face. Mindful of his Savior's teaching, Gerard immediately presented the other cheek; but the enraged man taking this act of humility for an insolent mockery, continued to ill-treat his innocent victim. Fortunately, Pannuto's son came upon the scene, and after the necessary explanations, he succeeded in pacifying the infuriated huntsman.

One evening in Autumn, when the grapes were ripening, Pannuto went with Gerard to watch and protect his fruit in the above mentioned vineyard of Boccaporta. When there, he noticed that the lamp did not contain a sufficient quantity of oil. He would gladly have sent home for more, but feared to tire the boy with a double journey in the darkness. Nevertheless, Gerard having noticed his master's perplexity, started of his own accord and returned in such a short time, that Pannuto doubted whether the oil had been obtained or not in his house in Muro. Upon the apprentice's assertion, he scribed this astonishing celerity to God's special influence, who wished to reward the boy for his obedience.

(To be continued)



THANKSGIVINGS.

— o —

Utica, N. Y. — Enclosed \$ 1.00 for a thanksgiving mass in honor of Saint Ann. Subscriber

Bangor, Me. — I wish to thank Saint Ann for a complete cure from a terrible pain in my shoulder. It seemed paralyzed, at times I could not use it. I begged Good Saint Ann to cure me and applied the oil. The pain left it immediately. It was wonderful how I could raise it without pain. A thousand thanks to Good Saint Ann. Subscriber. — Many thanks to Blessed Saint Ann for relief from a severe pain in my ankle. It was so acute that I had to creep on my hands and knees; but after app'ying the oil, I was instantly relieved. Thanks to dear Saint Ann. Mrs P. Mc G. — We wish to express our gratitude to Good Saint Ann for preservation from a threatening flood. Mrs B. A. W. — M. F. W., *Your account of pilgrimage of last Summer is too late for insertion this year. With thanks. F J S.*

Chaumont, N. Y. — You will find \$1.00 enclosed for a mass in honor of Saint Ann for special favors which I had asked, and which the dear Saint granted. I promised publication. Mrs. F. A. Duford.

Grand Forks, N. D. — I prayed Saint Ann that I might get news of my son's whereabouts and that he might return home before Christmas. Thanks be to Good Saint Ann, he returned home the Sunday before Xmas.

Lebanon, N. H. — Please thank Saint Ann for recovery of a lost article. M. M. L. — Enclosed 10 cts, in gratitude for favor obtained. M. P. R.

Rockville, Conn. — Please say a mass of thanksgiving in honor of Good Saint Ann for favors received. Enc. \$1.00. Reader.

Bangor, Me. — Enclosed \$1.00 which I promised to Saint Ann if my mother would safely recover from an operation. I promised publication. Mrs. M. C. C.

Belle River, La. — Thanks to Saint Ann for granting my request concerning my brother. Off. 25 cts. Mrs. L. M. G.

Montreal. — Many thanks to Saint Ann for procuring employment for Father, after promissing a mass and publication in the *Annals*.

Wilson, Mich. — I wish to thank Good Saint Ann for a favor granted. Mrs. C. Beaudry.

Toledo, O. — Kindly say mass in thanksgiving and for special intentions, and publish in *Annals* that a Father's health was restored through intercession of Saint Ann. Mrs. J. Cavanagh.

Saint Agathe, P. Q. — I wish to express my thanks to Good Saint Ann. My husband was very sick with smallpox, and I implored Saint Ann to spare the rest of my family. My husband recovered and no one else of us took the frightful disease. Mrs. John Blais.

Montreal. — I wish to express my gratitude to Good Saint Ann for having

preserved me from a second operation after making several novenas and promising to publish it in the *Annals*. Thanks also for many other favors. Reader.

B...Vt. -- Would you publish that my husband whose affections were estranged from me on account of another woman, has become faithful again and refused to return to the occasion of sin. I made a novena and had tapers burning for nine days in honor of Saint Ann. My heartfelt thanks to the dear Saint. Reader.

Greenfield, Mass. — I enclosed \$1.00 in thanks to Saint Ann for a favor granted. I promised to have it published. M. O'Brien.

Grafton, N. D. — I promised to Good Saint Ann that if she cured me of a severe pain in my chest, I would have it published in the *Annals*. I am now happy to be able to fulfil my promise. B. E. Donnelly.

Fremont, N. H. — Three weeks ago I wrote requesting Saint Ann to cure my family from Eczema and to grant peace to my daughter's home. I am glad to state two of the children are entirely cured; my husband and self are much improved; but I am confident Saint Ann will finish the good work begun. Enc. \$1.00. Mrs. L. D.

Buffalo, N. Y. — Please publish this in your *Annals*. Some time ago I asked Saint Ann for a favor, promising to have it published in the *Annals*. The favor was granted. Kindly thank Saint Ann with me. F. J. B.

Alfred Centre, Ont. — I enclose 25 cts in gratitude to Saint Ann for favor granted me through her intercession. Friend.

Syracuse N. Y. 212 Dellie St. — Please publish the following cure so that it may give others faith and confidence in Good Saint Ann. **CURE OF WEAK EYES.** The greater part of my life I had been afflicted with weak eyes. They began to fail in childhood, and as I advanced in years, they gradually grew worse until left in such a weak condition that I was on the verge of becoming blind. They were small and sunken in my head as a result of the constant strain upon them. I endured intense pain in the head and particularly back of the eyeballs. I was treated by the best Oculists and tried different remedies without the slightest improvement. Finding human power unsuccessful, I resolved to have recourse to Good Saint Ann. I made two novenas in Her honor, during which time I pleaded with all the fervor of my soul that if it were God's holy will, to restore my sight. At the close of the novenas I suffered more pain than usual, but I persisted in prayer, knowing that she could cure me. The following day, my eyes began to enlarge and bulge out from the socket. All pain had disappeared. Everything around became bright and clear; objects that previously seemed distant, then appeared close and plain.

This cure was effected in August, 1900, and thanks to Good Saint Ann, my eyes are as well now (Feb., 12th 1902.) as the day she cured them. Many thanks to Good Saint Ann. Frances M. O'Neil.

Riverside, Wis. — I want to fulfil a promise made to Saint Ann for favors obtained after promising to publish them in the *Annals*. My prayers were heard. Heartfelt thanks to Saint Ann. Subscriber.

New Port Point, Gaspé Co., P. Q. — In fulfilling a promise made to Saint Ann de Beaupré, I herein enclose one year's subscription to the *Annals* of the Good Saint Ann. I also wish you to publish the following: — During my pilgrimage to the Shrine, last Sept., I promised the Good Saint that, if she would cure me, I'd be a subscriber to the *Annals*, and also make known my recovery, if such should

occur. To-day I wish to thank our powerful Saint for all the favors I received, as well as for the restoration of my health. M. Jessup

Gentilly, Minn. — I here enclose \$3.00 in fulfilment of a promise I made for favor received through the power of Saint Ann. Mrs. H. Trepanier.

Withinsville, Mass. — I promised Saint Ann that if she would cure me, I would send a dollar to her Shrine. Glory and thanks to Good Saint Ann.

Pearl Lescoe.

Amsterdam, N. Y. — I had a severe pain in my side, and I promised Saint Ann to publish my cure in the *Annals*, if granted. I now fulfil my promise. With a thousand thanks to Good Saint Ann. Subscriber.

Collinsville, Conn. — I wish to thank Saint Ann for the many favors I received from her. I made a novena that my operation might be a success and that I might obtain another favor. Both my requests were granted. Enclosed amount is for a mass in honor of the Saint. Mrs. E. A. Closs.

Anchorville, Mich. — My thanksgiving to dear Saint Ann for having cured me from heart disease with which I was badly taken. I promised publication. Enclosed is for a mass. May Saint Ann grant me another favor. Mrs. E. B.

Kingston, Ont. — I wish to thank Good Saint Ann for two favors obtained after promising to have a mass said for the Souls, and have it mentioned in the *Annals*. M. D.

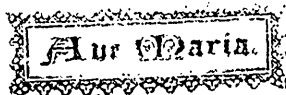
Framingham, Mass. — Enclosed 50 cts for favor received from Good Saint Ann. Mary M. Mahoney.

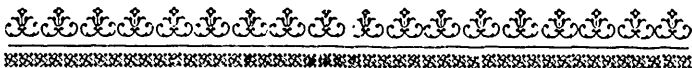
Stephenson, Mich. — My gratitude to Saint Ann for the recovery from a severe illness of my two children. I had appealed to Saint Ann and she heard my prayer. Mrs. E. Demers.

Alpena, Mich. — Enclosed 25 cts as an offering to Saint Ann for the favor she granted me. Three years ago I was so sick with childbirth that they despaired of my life. I had received the last sacraments. I promised Saint Ann a small offering and publication in the *Annals* if she would spare me to my children. My request was immediately granted. So thanks to Good Saint Ann. Mrs. Annie Charbonneau. — My baby took sick with reef three days after her birth and was in a bad state, covered with sores from head to foot. I appealed to Saint Ann my baby is now well and the sores have disappeared. Off. 50 cts.

Mrs. Joseph Picier.

St. Johns, Nfld. — One member of our household is a subscriber to your *Annals*. Reading of so many favors granted through the intercession of Saint Ann, I promised to send one dollar if I obtained my request. It has been granted, so I enclose the amount. Minnie Walsh.





PRAY FOR OUR DEAD.



OTTAWA, ONT. : James T. Moylan.
KINGSTON, ONT. : Catherine O'Connor.
ST. JOHN, N. B. : Mrs. Bridget McManus.
RIGAUD, P. Q. : Sophia Roy.
SCADOUX, N. B. : Philip S. Pullerin.

Special Intentions.

DELOORO, ONT. — To be restored to health, and to obtain good health. Off. \$1.00 in behalf of the Shrine. P. Doyle. — OTTAWA. For a special favor. M. P. — KINGSTON, ONT. — Sore throat ; good news for an absent one ; peace in a family ; success in business. » Friend. — DELAREY, MICH. : « That one may cease drinking and make a good home for his family. Mrs. S. Shehee. — BANGOR, ME. : « For my son's speedy recovery from a burn, and that it may leave no scar. » Mrs. M. C. C. — CRYSTAL FALLS, MICH. : « For my daughter's recovery and relief from pain. » Mrs. A. C. Sudds. — MONTREAL : « That my husband may work steadily and change his ideas about a certain object. » — BOSTON, MASS. : « I trust Saint Ann will grant me my request, if it be God's Will. » Mary. — ST. JOHNS, Nfld. : « To know the Will of God, a personal favor ; to be guided in a temporal matter. » L. M. Jobin. — CHICAGO : « Enclosed \$1.00 in behalf of the Shrine, that I may obtain a special request. » Subscriber. — LONG MEADOW, MASS. : « For my husband's restoration to health ; that I may be cured from a sore head ; and several other family affairs. » Mrs. T. Légère. — FREMONT, N. H. : « For the conversion of two sisters and their families, one brother, my daughter's husband and the baptism of three children. » Mrs. L. D. — CHICAGO, ILL. : « For my recovery from heart disease ; for my brother's hearing, and a few other good intentions. Off. \$3.00. » Sr. M. Fabian. — APPLE HILL, ONT. : « For the conversion of one boy and two girls. Off. 50 cts. » A. R. — PHILADELPHIA, PA. : « For the sale of property. » K. Tiel. — MONTREAL : « That my husband's employment may be steady. Enc. \$1.00 for favors published » A. B. C. — GREENFIELD, ONT. : « For the recovery of a large sum of money loaned about fifteen years ago. For health of my husband, my sister, my children, myself and family relations ; for peace in my family ; safe delivery ; three bad boys ; success in an undertaking and several other intentions. » M. Mc. D.

OTHER INTENTIONS. — Thanksgivings 6. — Conversions 9. — Debts 3. — Employments 2. — Entreprises 2. — Temporal graces 24. — Spiritual graces 31. — Drunkards 3. — Sick 8.

(One Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be, etc.)

Index

— 0 —

May : Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 3. — A Priest's Prayer to Mary, p. 4. — The Month of May, p. 5. — Save the Child, p. 7. — Look down, O Mother Mary, p. 12. — Love of Jesus for Our Soul, p. 14. — A Christian Rule of Life, p. 15. — St. Alphonsus and the Laborer, p. 20. — Mary, Virgin of Virgins, p. 24. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion, p. 25. — Thanksgivings, p. 31. — Prayers, p. 32.

June : The Friendship of the Sacred Heart, p. 34. — After Communion, p. 38. — There is no Heart like Thine, p. 39. — A Christian mother studying God, p. 42. — A Christian Rule of Life, p. 47. — St. Alphonsus and the Laborer, p. 52. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion, p. 56. — Signal Favors, p. 61. — Thanksgivings, p. 63. — Prayers, p. 64.

July : Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 65. — St. Ann, Model of Mothers, p. 66. — God's Love, p. 73. — The Sisters of St. Joseph, p. 77. — A Christian Rule of Life, p. 80. — Highness at Saint Ann de Beaupré, p. 85. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic, p. 86. — Signal Favors, p. 92. — Thanksgivings, p. 94. — Prayers, p. 96.

August : Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 97. — Why Mary's Death was Peaceful, p. 102. — Lift up Your Eyes to Heaven, p. 107. — A Mother's Piety, and Confidence, p. 109. — A Christian Rule of Life, p. 115. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion, p. 119. — Signal Favors, p. 125. — Thanksgiving, p. 127. — Prayers, p. 128.

September : Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 129. — The Death of Jesus is Our Salvation, p. 136. — The Sign of the Cross, p. 140. — A Christian Rule of Life, 146. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion, p. 151. — Thanksgivings, p. 157. — Prayers, p. 160.

October : Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 161. — Impressions at Saint Ann's, p. 169. — The Good Odor of Christ, p. 175. — A Christian.

Rule of Life, p. 180. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion, p. 185. — Thanksgivings, p. 190. — Prayers, p. 192.

November. — Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 193. — Impressions at St. Ann's, p. 197. — Man's Forgetfulness of Eternity, p. 203. — Confidence, p. 205. — Ashamed of Mother, p. 208. — A Christian Rule of Life, p. 210. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion, p. 215. — Thanksgivings, p. 221. — Prayers, p. 223.

December : Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 225. — In the Presence of Christ, p. 227. — Jesus and the Youth, p. 233. — Obedience, p. 235. — A Christian Rule of Life, p. 240. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion, p. 246. — Thanksgivings, p. 253. — Prayers, p. 256.

January : A Happy New Year, p. 257. — Chronicle of the Shrine, p. 260. — Patience and Mutual Endurance, p. 261. — Friday, the Coward's Day, p. 265. — Saint Ann's Kindness, p. 268. — A Christian Rule of Life, p. 269. — A Threefold Offering, p. 273. — The Great King Edward, p. 274. — Standpoint of a Roman Catholic on Religion, p. 280. — Thanksgivings, p. 286. — Prayers, p. 287.

February : The Prodigal Son's Departure, p. 289. — Friendship with the Sacred Heart, p. 294. — Susceptibility, p. 296. — Jesus and the Youth, p. 300. — I Must Return to God, p. 302. — Irritable Children, p. 304. — Stabat Mater, p. 306. — The Necessity for Miracles, p. 308. — A Christian Rule of Life, p. 313. — Thanksgivings, p. 318. — Prayers, p. 320.

March : Devotion to Saint Joseph, p. 321. — God's Service and Good Will, p. 325. — The Prodigal's Return, p. 327. — His Last Will, p. 333. — Friendship with the Sacred Heart, p. 335. — A Flag of Truce, p. 338. — Blessed Gerard, p. 343. — Thanksgivings, p. 349. — Prayers, p. 351.

April : Important Notice, p. 353. — The Sacred Heart, p. 356. — God's Grace and Ill Will, p. 358. — Handiwork, p. 361. — A Flag of Truce, p. 367. — Blessed Gerard, p. 373. — Thanksgivings, p. 377. — Index, p. 381.



Alphabetical Index

— o —

Ashamed of Mother.....	208
Blessed Gerard.....	343, 373
Chronicle of the Shrine.....	3, 65, 97, 129, 161, 193, 225, 260
Christian Rule of Life, 15, 47, 81, 115, 146, 180, 210, 240, 269,	313
Communion.....	38
Christian Mother studying God.....	42
Confidence.....	205
Death of Jesus is Our Salvation.....	136
Devotion to Saint Joseph.....	321
Friendship of the Sacred Heart.....	34, 294, 335
Friday, the Coward's Day.....	265
Flag of Truce.....	338, 361
Good Odor of Christ.....	175
Great King Edward.....	274
God's Service and Good Will.....	325
Highmass at Saint Ann de Beaupré.....	85
Happy New Year.....	275
His Last Will.....	333
Impressions at Saint Ann's.....	169, 197
In the Presence of Christ.....	227
I Must Return to God.....	302
Irritable Children.....	304
Jesus and the Youth.....	233, 300
Kindness of Saint Ann.....	268
Loveliest Maiden.....	11
Look down, O Mother Mary.....	12
Love of Jesus.....	14
Lift up your Eyes to Heaven.....	107
Month of May.....	5
Mary, Virgin of Virgins.....	25
Mother's Piety and Confidence.....	109
Man's Forgetfulness of Eternity.....	203
Necessity for Miracles.....	308
Obedience.....	235
Priest's Prayer to Mary.....	4
Prayers.....	32, 64, 96, 128, 160, 192, 223, 256, 280, 320, 351
Piety and Confidence.....	109
Patience and Mutual Endurance.....	261

Prodigal Son's Departure.....	289
Prodigal Son's Return.....	327
Save the Child.....	7
Saint Alphonsus and the Laborer.....	20, 52
Standpoint of a Roman Catholic...25, 56, 86, 119, 151, 185, 215, 246, 280	
Signal Favors.....	61, 92, 125
Sisters of Saint Joseph.....	77
Sign of the Cross.....	140
Saint Ann's kindness.....	268
Sacred Heart.....	34, 294, 335
Stabat Mater.....	306
Susceptibility.....	296
Thanksgivings, 31, 63, 94, 127, 157, 190, 221, 253, 286, 318, 349, 377	
There is no Heart like Thine.....	39
The Sacred Heart.....	356
Threefold Offering.....	273
Why Mary's Death was Peaceful.....	102

Illustrations



Discovery of St. Anne d'Auray Statue.....	1
Apparition of the Blessed Virgin to St. Bernard.....	32
Sanctuary of the Immaculate Conception.....	33
Preaching of Saint John the Baptist.....	64
Sacred Shrine.....	65
Relic of Saint Ann.....	96
Saint Ann.....	97
Saint Casimir.....	128
Saint Ann.....	129
Decollation of Saint John, the Baptist.....	160
Saint Ann.....	161
Saint Francis of Assisi.....	192
Statue of Saint Ann, Munich.....	193
Martyrdom of Saint Andrew.....	224
Saint Ann and the Blessed Virgin.....	225
The House of Nazareth.....	255
Saint Ann teaching the Blessed Virgin.....	257
Martyrdom of Saint Agnes.....	288
Saint Ann teaching the Blessed Virgin.....	289
Martyrdom of St. Peter Baptist.....	320
Saint Joseph.....	321
The Crucifixion.....	352
The Holy Family.....	353
Saint George.....	385



ST. GEORGE.