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ANNALS OF ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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

Gloriosa dicta sunt de te (Ps. 86.)



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

SANCTA ANNA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

ANNALS
OF
ST ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES.

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

— 100 —

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We earnestly request all subscribers in arrears to send in *immediately* the price of their subscription. It is a trifling amount for each one individually, but taken collectively, a very important one for us, as out of the sum must be found wherewithal to meet our publishing expenses. Many of those who subscribed the first year omitted sending their subscription for the second, although they have continued to

receive the *Annals*. By hastening to repair the omission, they will perform an act of justice towards the publishers, of devotion towards St. Anne, and of charity towards themselves, as the payment of their subscription, *even in advance*, is an essential condition for enjoying the spiritual advantages offered to subscribers of the *Annals* of good St. Anne.

THE LATE MR LÉGER BROUSSEAU.

We regret to inform our readers of the death of the printer of the *Annals*, Mr Léger Brousseau. We recommend to their pious prayers that fervent and charitable Christian, that virtuous and upright citizen, who was also a devout client of good St. Anne. Nobody knows better than we do, how great was his confidence in the Patron-Saint of Canada. We know that his faith in her intercession has been rewarded by special favors. One of the premiums given to the subscribers of the French *Annals* was offered by him as an *ex-voto*, in thanksgiving for a favor obtained. And his generosity did not limit itself to that sole act of gratitude towards his benefactress.

We trust that his long life of labors useful both to religion and society, that his many deeds of charity, his unwavering faith, and his devotion to St. Anne will receive a speedy reward. We beg our readers to join us in praying the good Saint that the hour of his deliverance may be hastened, and that "the good and trusty servant may soon enter into the joy of his Master".

R. I. P.

THE WORSHIP AND PATRONAGE OF ST. ANNE

(Continued.)

DEVOTION TOWARDS ST. ANNE IS TRULY CATHOLIC :
HOMAGE PAID TO HER BY THE WESTERN
CHURCH.—ITALY.

These unceasing and almost daily wonders gave no little weight to the exhortations of the venerable worker of miracles. In a short time he spread and solidly founded throughout all Sicily his favorite devotion. A number of persons adopted St. Anne as their protectress, and like Brother Innocent, obtained through her intercession miraculous favors. Long after his death, the inhabitants of Trapani and of other cities might be heard in the very streets and public squares, invoking their kind mother, and pronouncing her name with filial respect. "To this very day—are we told by a religious who long gave missions on the island, from which he was banished by the Revolution—her devotion is held in great honor. In all the cities, in all the villages may be found chapels and churches dedicated to her. Some of them are quite remarkable, but our limited space prevents us from mentioning each one in particular. The finest is at Palermo. Every year her feast is solemnized there, with a vigil; a solemn mass and office of the breviary, numerous communions, preaching, a great concourse of people, illuminations, in a word, nothing is omitted that may give lustre to the ceremony. To the altar of St. Anne are suspended offerings, *ex votis*, in wax and in silver, according to the usage of the country. The quantity of these marks of gratitude is prodigious. In the same city, the church of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus possesses a chapel rich in precious marble, and statues dedicated to that great Saint. It was built and enriched by Prince Butera, whose pious family has a mass celebrated there every day in honor of its protectress."

There is, in Italy, still another centre of devotion to St. Anne, and it spreads its benign influence over all the Northern part of that country so Catholic at heart, in spite of the alas! too frequent agitations of an impious and turbulent minority. That centre is Bologna, whence it radiates from the Adriatic to the Alps.

At what date did the capital of Romagna begin to honour her Patroness? It would be difficult to determine, but, relying on the Annals of the Camaldoli, we may infer that her devotion was in honor in that city as early as the thirteenth century. These Annals mention a church bearing her name outside of the city walls. In the 14th century, one of its Bishops rendered the following decree :

" We, Bernard, by the grace of God and the Apostolic See, Prince-Bishop of Bologna, in presence of our Synod, with the consent and by the will of the Canons of the Chapter of our Church, of the other prelates, rectors, priests and clerks whose names precede, for the respect due to God and His Saints, as it is right, we have ordered to celebrate with particular care certain festivals, chiefly the Resurrection of Our Lord, with the six days preceding and the six days following it... In the month of July, the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, the feast of St. James, apostle, and that of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary".

In the 15th century, according to Masini in a history of Bologna, Henry, king of England, gave to the Apostolic Nuncio, at the time present at his court, a considerable portion of the skull of St. Anne. That Nuncio was the Blessed Nicholas Albergati, Bishop of Bologna, his native city. He gave the precious treasure to the Carthusian Order, to which he had belonged before his promotion to the episcopacy. Those fervent monks, who had great devotion to the Saint, had a magnificent church erected in honor of that remarkable relic, where, until their expulsion, towards the end of last century, it was preserved and venerated.

After their departure, it was transferred to the Cathedral. It is in a rich chapel of that Basilica that, every Tuesday of the year, as during the nine days preceding the solemnity,—a feast of obligation for the city and diocese,—the most holy Mother of Mary Immaculate is honored by an extraordinary devotion and a great affluence of worshippers.—On the last day the relic is exposed on a throne, not far from the high altar.—Mass and vespers are sung with music, and, in the evening, a priest, holding in his hand the sacred treasure, blesses the people who have come in crowds with torches to escort the relic to its own chapel. The shrine or reliquary that holds it is in silver gilt, octagonal in shape, adorned with pyramids, little steeples and exquisite carvings in the Gothic style.

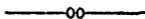
Bologna has many churches in which St. Anne is venerated. Two are dedicated under her holy name : they are the parish-church of *Santa Maria della Carità*, and the former conventual church of the Carthusians. The latter now belongs to the asylum *delle Zitelle* (of young girls), who are also honored by the patronage of St. Joachim. In the former of these two churches, a very numerous congregation solemnizes the feast of St. Anne, special sermons, singing and magnificent decorations add to the splendor of the ceremonies. Two other associations have also chosen her for their patroness ; one of them assembles in the church of St. Benedict, and the other in that of *Santa Maria delle Laudi*. In the latter church may be admired a very beautiful statue of the Saint holding Mary in her arms ; it is life-size and is due to the chisel of an excellent sculptor of Bologna Maria Barzani, to whom it belonged, made a present of it to the confraternity, on the sole condition of placing it decently in a chapel, where every year a solemn *Triduum* would be held. Besides about twenty parish-churches, having each a chapel dedicated to St. Anne, there are also in Bologna many conventual churches and sanctuaries, where the Saint is honored in like manner. More

than thirty chapels and oratories are consecrated to her in the other parts of the diocese. In all these blessed places are written by pencil and chisel the same testimonials of grateful devotion.

The pious inhabitants of this region, who owe to St. Anne some favor or mark of protection, like to suspend in her shrine an *ex voto* with the three letters P. G. R. : which stand for *Per grazia ricevuta*, *For a grace received*.

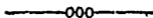
—(From the French of Father Mermillod, S. J.)

(To be continued)



DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH REWARDED.

A gentleman very devoutly celebrated every year the feast of St. Joseph. As he was the father of three sons, it happened that one of them died on the very day of the feast of the great Saint. And the following year, at the same date, the second son also died. The loving father was deeply afflicted by these deaths. He feared to celebrate a third time the saint's holyday, lest his only surviving son might die like his two older brothers. When the day came, he went out to walk in the country, to try to forget his sorrow and anxiety. Whilst he was thus wandering about, he perceived two children hanged to a tree. At the same time an angel appeared to him saying: "Do you see those two children? Know that your two sons would have met with a like fate, had they lived longer; but because you have been devout towards St. Joseph, that great Saint obtained from God that they might die in childhood, for their eternal salvation and the honor of your house. Fear no more: celebrate the feast of St. Joseph: the third child who is left you will become a Bishop, and will live long". This prediction was duly fulfilled.



THE FEAST OF ST. ANNE IN 1877 AT STE.
ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

To-day, throughout all the Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, a solemn mass announced the opening of a *Triduum* in honor of the great protectress of our country, recently proclaimed under that title by the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff. In every parish-church of the Province, in the cathedrals as well as in the humble chapels of the remotest villages, the faithful came, obedient to the call of their chief Pastors, to render homage to St. Anne. Everywhere mass was offered up in her honor, and thousands of voices published her benefits, and proclaimed her, with the Church, the true mother and patron-saint of all Canadian families. But nowhere better than at Ste. Anne de Beaupré did that devotion find an expression of truly Christian faith and fervor. And it was meet that towards that venerable church, "mother and mistress" of all others bearing the same title on American soil, should converge, as to their common centre, so many aspirations of filial love, so many acts of veneration and faith, freely coming from the hearts of St. Anne's numberless clients.

What a consoling sight it was to behold the compact mass of faithful worshippers crowding the vast nave of the church! The pouring rain could not damp their zeal. Had the weather been finer, and the prescribed celebration of the *Triduum* not retained so many in their respective parishes, how much greater still would have been their affluence!

The parishioners of Ste. Anne de Beaupré have interrupted their labors. To-day is a *feast of obligation* for them; and the only patronal-feast that has retained that privilege. They have attended, at an early hour, a high mass chanted for their benefit. Yet numbers of them will assist at the pilgrims' mass.

Towards eight o'clock, three steamboats land at the wharf their cargo of pilgrims, who wind their way

piously to the shrine of the Saint. In that long procession, which advances through rain and mud, are represented all infirmities of the soul and body. The crowd which pressed round the pool of Bethesda to await the Angel's passage was not more varied. There are the lame, the palsied, the deaf, the dumb, the blind; there may be seen all the afflictions that our Saviour cured by a word or a touch of the hem of his garment. And they cross the threshold of the main entrance, and they piously kneel, their gaze is fixed with wonder and love upon the image of our good mother surmounting the altar, and the numberless crutches of which gratefulness has made a trophy. Their hearts are too full of emotion to allow their voice to repeat the accents of prayer. They therefore invoke in silence the help of her whom we never implore in vain.

At 10 o'clock rings the bell for high mass. Faithful client of St. Anne and zealous propagator of her devotion, His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec (1) has reserved for himself the privilege of inaugurating by a pontifical mass the ceremonies of the *Triduum*. The devoted parish-priest of St. Anne's officiates as assistant priest, and his two vicars, as deacon and sub-deacon of honor.

The priests, and a number of students of the Quebec Seminary, actually spending their vacation at St. Joachim, are present at the pilgrimage, assist in the different functions of the mass, and sing alternately with the choir.

After the Gospel, the Reverend Superior of the Dominican Order in Canada, ascends the pulpit. Answering a question which he addresses to the congregation: "What have you come to do in the sanctuary of St. Anne?", he depicts in vivid colors all the pains, all the sorrows that meet at the feet of that mighty intercessor; he borrows the accents of so

(1) Now His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau.

many sufferers to touch the heart of that merciful mother; he relates in terms full of unction and warmth the marvels of her power and of her charity: he proves, with the evidence of truth, that reason and faith justify and sanction, nay more! command such steps as those of which he is, that day, the happy witness.

After mass, the English-speaking pilgrims had the consolation and joy of hearing a sermon in their own tongue. Reverend Father Burko, late Superior of the Redemptorists in Quebec, in a panegyric both touching and expressive, told his hearers, so ardent and zealous for the glory of St. Anne, of the greatness of that illustrious Saint, in her quality of mother of the Immaculate Virgin, and of ancestress of our Divine Saviour.—And his persuasive words found a faithful echo in the hearts of his hearers. How many aspirations of faith and love went straight up to heaven while he was recounting the marvels of St. Anne's bounty!

But the hour is advancing, and yet the church is full. The disciples of Christ who followed their Master when He preached, forgot to eat and drink, so much did they hunger and thirst for the divine word. Likewise the pilgrims of St. Anne will take neither food nor rest until they have obtained a last favor, that of venerating her relic. They saw it during the whole service, exposed amid flowers and lights; often they wished with a lively wish to show their veneration for it. At last a priest with surplice and white stole comes forward. He piously draws the reliquary from its throne of honor, and presents it to the veneration of all present. Many times he passes up and down along the altar-railing, and each time, the same faith and love greets the sacred remains of the Saint. From the loving lips of the servant of Christ, the precious bones pass to the sores of the infirm,—to the afflicted organs of the deaf-mute and of the blind; they receive the kiss of the innocent child and the tears of the

humble and contrite sinner. "She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor." Yes, her hands laden with favors are always open, always ready to give to those, who, with humility and simplicity of heart, appeal to her charity.

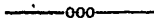
—Who does not know of the prodigies by which even her new sanctuary has been rendered famous? Even to-day, according to a trust-worthy witness, a suffering woman was relieved from her cruel infirmity, and went away publishing the goodness of her benefactress.

At half past two o'clock, solemn vespers are chanted in presence of the Archbishop, after which His Grace addresses an exhortation to the members of his flock, there present. "Who shall go up to the mountain of the Lord, and who stand in his holy place?" was the text chosen by His Grace. He answered the question of the Psalmist by proving that the way leading to Heaven is not always that of marvellous and striking works, but that ordinary actions, sanctified by union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, according to the spirit of the Apostolate of Prayer, infallibly lead to salvation. His Grace then closed the solemnities of the feast by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—The hour for departure is at hand. But we must not leave the spot without casting a last look on the old church of St. Anne. I say a farewell look, because the venerable structure is to be demolished. Happily it will not entirely disappear. Besides leaving to continue its blessed work a vast and majestic temple, a chapel will be built on its site with materials taken from the old church, and containing the altar, the columns and other ornaments of its predecessor. The Israelites still mourn over the ruins of their Temple, because for well-nigh two thousand years God has not allowed them to rebuild it. But let us, dear readers, try to console ourselves of the disappearance of a temple dear to us for so many reasons. Sons of a

Church that never dies, let us not be disheartened by the ravages of time. To-day, Faith calls forth majestic edifices in honor of the true God ; to-morrow infidelity may force the Christian to take refuge in the Catacombs. Let us be of good cheer, for Our Lord has said : " Behold I am with ye all days, even to the consummation of the world," and hath He not " the words of life eternal ? "

M. N. D.



IS THE WORLD WILLING TO GIVE YOU HAPPINESS ?

No ! It is a tyrant who is always asking, grasping all, and never giving any thing in return.

Your imagination may have depicted the world to you as a benefactor with a great and generous heart, with hand always outstretched to give without measure to every body, without ever tiring.

I, too, thought so at the age of inexperience ; but one day Providence led me to the door of an immense palace, at the hour when the first streaks of dawn warn the gas-lighter to put out the street-lamps. The wordlings were coming out after the feast. I was curious enough to look at the procession passing by, and I counted in the crowd so many wounded and sick hearts that I thought I was on the battle-field. Then the thought recurred to me of an episode of my voyages to Constantinople.

As I was speaking of the Sultan to a Turk : " The Sultan ! said he, why I know him—Do you indeed, and did you ever speak to him ?—No, but he spoke to me—What ! has his Highness deigned to speak to you ? what did he say to you ?—It is simple enough, I had slipped among the crowd that gathers, every Friday morning, at the door of the Seraglio, when the Commander of the Faithful sets out to say his prayers in the Mosque of Topanah. Out of curiosity, I had

advanced as far as the middle of the street. The Sultan looked at me and said : Dog ! get out of my way, and he ordered me to receive thirty blows on the soles of my feet for having been in his way."

Passionate lover of the world, is not your case similar to that of our Turk ?

In vain do I look upon your idol : I see wormwood on his smiling lips, poison in one of his hands, a dagger in the other, corruption in all his limbs. He is a horrible despot, a barbarian worse than the tyrants of Stamboul, and you vainly lavish your adorations on him. You will receive no more nor less from him, I forewarn you, than the blows of my poor Turk : lucky indeed, if you can get off so cheap.



THE WORSHIP OF ST ANNE IN CEYLON

The following letter addressed by a missionary in Ceylon to the *Annals of Ste Anne d'Auray* will not fail to interest our readers by showing them how world-wide or rather, how *Catholic*, in the full sense of the word, is the devotion towards our good Mother.

St Anne, Navagomuwa, July 30, 1889.

Navagomuwa is a little Christian settlement of about fifty souls, surrounded by Buddhists, and possessing a chapel famous in the whole country. Yet that poor chapel of Navagomuwa is far from being a marvel of architecture, with its roof made partly of brick, and partly of cocoa-leaves, crushing under its weight its white washed walls, its slender wooden pillars, of which several are mere trunks of trees, not even rough hewn, its clumsy doors and windows, its unfinished front and its yet unborn steeple. No ! indeed, it is not a master-piece.

But this poorly-built chapel is dedicated to the good mother St Anne : that accounts for its celebrity. St Anne, in Ceylon, exercises on the masses the same gentle and potent attraction as in Brittany, in Canada, and in other privileged places. St Anne has not yet been crowned by the Church, Queen of the Island-of-Pearls, as she has been of Brittany, but her sovereignty is everywhere acknowledged, proclaimed, feasted with extraordinary enthusiasm.

In the single diocese of Colombo, there are more than seven churches erected under the title of St Anne ; and all, without exception, are favorite resorts for pilgrims. Of course, I am not speaking at present of the great and far-off St Anne of Jaffna ; in this country, whoever mentions the " Great St Anne," speaks of the heart of Cingalese devotion towards St Anne, the heart of Catholicism in Ceylon.

Alas ! this year the pilgrimage underwent a sad trial, which, though it did not deal it a fatal blow, may yet for years lessen the *prestige* that every year, on the 26th of July, attracted more than forty thousand pilgrims, from all parts of the island and the remotest regions of Hindostan. The Cholera,—the very word makes you shudder—yes, the Cholera, so much dreaded year after year, had finally made its appearance at the Great St. Anne.

Long before, the Protestant newspapers tried to frighten the Catholics, and exhorted the government to prohibit the immense concourse, so well calculated, as they pretended, to breed and propagate rapidly the formidable epidemic. All this, at the bottom, was a stratagem of jealous and bigoted sectarians. Such solemn manifestations of Catholic faith, evident proofs of the vitality of *Papistry* in Ceylon, wounded the feelings of the poor ministers who shout and exhaust themselves in vain to work conversions. But as, since 1854, the cholera had not appeared at St. Anne nor on the neighboring routes leading to it, on the occasion of the pilgrimage, nothing foretold that matters would

change this year. God has permitted otherwise, no doubt to try the faithful clients of St. Anne ; besides, it is evident that sooner or later, it will turn to the glory of the illustrious Patroness. A Catholic journal thus treats the subject :

Already more than thirty thousand pilgrims had assembled on the beach where stands the shrine of St Anne, and which was suddenly changed into a vast encampment ; the roads leading thereto continually brought newcomers to swell the croud of pilgrims. Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, Hindoo pagans, even Mahommedans were there, mingled together round the throne of St Anne, all, with truly Oriental fervor, praying—I should rather say,—shouting, in emulation of one another, all burning with the same love for the good Saint whom they always call by the tender name of Mother “ Amma. ”

The novena preparatory to the feast had begun on the 18th of July. Mgr Mélizan, at the head of nine of his priests and of a few health-officers, managed all and saw to everything. Things were going on famously, when a drizzling rain began to fall, and lasted three days : the place become quite damp.

Under such unfavorable circumstances, a few cases of dysentery having broken out, His Lordship, desirous to provide, at any price, for the public health, ordered to close, on the 24th, the solemnities which were to have lasted until the 28th, and immediately dismissed all the pilgrims.

The sick were placed under the care of the most skilful physicians of Colombo, who had come in haste so as to prevent any disastrous consequence. I afterwards learned that it was really the cholera, and that a few pilgrims had fallen victims to it. What shall be the result ? It is impossible to foresee ; but God and St Anne are watching over Ceylon.

(To be continued.)

SAINT ANNE, HELP OF MARINERS.

From one of the back numbers of the *French Annals*, we reproduce the following letter, which will surely interest our readers, and convince them once more of St. Anne's powerful patronage.

Larochelle, (France,) December 27, 1872.

" Dearest parents,

" No doubt you have long since thought that I was dead. But banish your fears, for I am still living and I hope to embrace you soon again.

The newspapers must have informed you of the loss of the steamer *Germany*, on which we have been wrecked. Having left Liverpool on December 18, we sailed for New Orleans, and were to stop at Bordeaux on our way. At six o'clock in the evening of the 21st, we sighted the lights off the shore. A furious gale of wind arose and we were stranded on a sand-bar, more than two miles from the river. I had been placed at the wheel, that we had taken care to bind firmly, after having provided ourselves with life-preservers. Immediately after the command "Every man on deck!" an order was given to launch the boats. Hardly ten minutes later, an enormous sea shattered them to pieces, submerging all those that manned them. Another boat containing twenty souls frantic with terror, capsized and was broken against the ship's sides. The sight of all these unfortunate persons cannot be imagined, their cries of distress mingled with the cracking of the ship's timbers, the howling of the blast and the horrible roaring of the sea. On all sides might be heard the cries of agony of drowning persons, of mothers whose children had perished in the waves. Hardly two or three were rescued from the number, but it was only to suffer longer, for a wave washed them out to sea again, as soon as they had reached deck. Our limbs were benumbed with cold and fright, and

notwithstanding our courage and our experience of such hardships, a violent despair was rapidly gaining on us. We felt convinced that, from one moment to another, our turn would come. It was impossible to try the boats again, for the sea swept the ship fore and aft, and half an hour later, the vessel was all battered.

To crown our misfortune, the pilot told us that we could expect no help from land. The sea was too violent where we were, and it was useless for any craft to venture to reach our ship. It had twenty chances to one of being swamped on the way. —

At this supreme moment, I made a last effort to climb up the fore-mast, where, to my great surprise, I remarked Mr Nazaire Delisle, whom I thought drowned a quarter of an hour ago. We then saw the main-mast fall with a dreadful noise on the deck and crush in its fall about twenty persons who had tried to find shelter there. An hour later, a portion of the fore mast to which we were clinging, was broken and carried out to sea. The remainder of it fell on the bridge, and in my fall, from a height of about thirty feet, I was nearly crushed to death by a number of fellow-passengers falling upon me. I could hardly breathe; my chest was resting on an iron bar, and I thought the weight I bore would break all my bones. At last, luckily for myself, a rolling wave swept the deck, carried away all those who were on me, and left me alone. I held a chain in my hands, and the shock of a second wave was so violent that it dragged me the full length of the deck, the chain slipping in my benumbed hands. We were only six left on the deck, each clinging to some solid object, so as not to be washed away by the gigantic waves. We heard on all sides the cries of the drowning, without being able to lend them any assistance.

Here I must tell you of a miracle, the thought of which makes my heart beat quicker, such is the gratitude I feel towards good St. Anno. Yes, it is in-

deed St. Anne that saved us; without her assistance, it is sure that you would never have seen your son again. We were seven of us, pilot's apprentices on board the *Germany*. The six of us who are from St. Jean (Island of Orleans) you well know: Xavier Domoule, Eugène Lachanco, Nazairo Delisle, Napoleon Baillargeon, Adjutor Baillargeon, and myself. The seventh was N. Lavoie.

It was a little fishing-smack that rescued the survivors, about sixty persons altogether, among whom several of the ship's officers, a certain number of passengers, and ourselves. A French steamer, the *Mendoza*, then took us on board. Nothing can express our astonishment when all seven met again, for, during the tempest, the night was so dark that we could distinguish nothing. Each one thought of his friends and fancied they were lost. It happened, as we found out by questioning one another, that each one separately had made a vow to good St. Anne. What can explain such a coincidence, at a moment when the presence of death had bereft us of our self-possession?—Is there not something supernatural in this? We then resolved that, besides the vow made in private by each one of us, we should make a collective one, vowing to go fasting from food, on a pilgrimage to Ste Anne de Beaupré. Be assured that we shall not fail to accomplish our vow as soon as we shall return home. We were all vividly impressed by this wonderful protection. We beg of you to proclaim it everywhere for the glory of St. Anne.

But, to continue my narrative, when we had reached La Rochelle, they landed us in the port. We were so weak and exhausted through emotion and fatigue, that we had to lean on the arms of charitable strangers. During that stormy night, the remembrance of which will never leave my memory, we had lost all our clothing, what remained on us being in tatters. Having disembarked in this pitiful state, bare-headed, bare-footed, and almost fainting, we were received by

the kind citizens with a generosity and hospitality that brought tears to our eyes. Every one was eager to assist us.

Please have a high mass of thanksgiving sung in honor of good St. Anne, until I can fulfil my vow. I am anxious, as you may well imagine, to show my gratitude towards her, for the miracle she has wrought in my behalf.

Your affectionate son,
PHILÉAS LANGLOIS.

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THE PILGRIMAGE OF STE-ANNE DE LA PALUE IN BRITTANY.

We borrow the following from a Breton newspaper, *Le Courrier du Finistère* :

Breton hospitality enjoys a time-honored renown. He who has become the Breton's guest is entitled to every immunity, even in the midst of the quarrels that may divide them. As everybody knows, for ages past, Sainte Anne de la Palue has become the guest and the patron-saint of the inhabitants of Lower Brittany, and they were bound to remain faithful to her, even at the peril of their life. The parish-priest of Plounévez Porzay having sworn to the civil constitution of the clergy in 1792, his vicar (assistant priest) left him. L'abbé Le Garrec, (such was his name), specially charged with the service of the mission of Kerlaz, sought a refuge in the parish. He easily found one, for our people would have nothing to do with that spurious faith, which was not that of their fathers, and which the Republican priest tried to impose upon them. Expilly, the citizen-bishop of Finistère, was already aware of it in November 1792, when he published a pastoral letter, which is a monument of iniquity, but which contains the following important avowal : " The state of minds is such, says

he, that if you neglect the education of your children, before ten years are over, you will find no more religion in your parishes."

L'abbé Le Garrec, with two other priests who like him had remained faithful, was most affectionately received by the whole population of Plounévez, and, as old men have told us, save in presence of the gendarmes, he could be bolder than the priest who had sworn (1).

Meanwhile the Republican authorities of the district had ordered the church of Kerlaz to be closed, as well as all the other chapels of the parish. Only the parish-church, reserved to the schismatic priest, and the chapel of Saint Anne had remained open. Nobody had dared to close the chapel. L'abbé Le Garrec and his companions therefore dwelt in the neighborhood of La Paluo to practise their ministry. In the day-time they remained hidden, sometimes in one farm-house, and sometimes in another, and in the evening, towards night-fall, they came out from their hiding-place. It was also at that hour that from all parts of the country, devout pilgrims arrived. The priests heard their confessions, baptized the children and celebrated mass at about midnight. Then they separated, happy to have prayed together, and at day-break La Paluo was as deserted as ever.

This lasted for a year, after which time the gendarmes received orders to go by night to the chapel and disperse the meetings, and above all to try to seize l'abbé Le Garrec. The first time they went there, they found nobody. Informed of their approach, the pilgrims had dispersed. The Republican guard, furious, then began to visit all the neighboring farm-houses, and towards noon, on the following day, they reached the manor of Keryar. L'abbé Le Garrec had been

(1) In France, the name of *prêtre assermenté* or *priest on oath* was given to those who had sworn to the civil constitution of the clergy.

there since the day previous with two of his companions. At the moment of the arrival of the gendarmes, they had barely time to escape by a back-window and to reach a hay-stack purposely hollowed out to receive them.

The gendarmes, having found in the house the altar on which these worthy priests had offered up the holy sacrifice that very day, declared that they would set fire to the house, if those whom they were seeking were not delivered up to them.

A woman was alone in the house preparing food for the reapers. To this threat of the gendarmes, she quietly answered. "You may do so if it pleases you, it is the best way to call for help." This remark, so simple and yet so heroic, frightened the priest-hunters. They began to search through the house, and finding nobody, they went with their spears to sound the hay-stacks, and in this cruel operation they even wounded the three priests, but the hay served to wipe the blood from the spears when they withdrew them, and the silence kept by their victims prevented the gendarmes from detecting their presence.

After having thus escaped, the noble confessors of the Faith continued their ministry in the neighborhood, but it was not without danger.

On another hand, seeing that they were threatened, the people of the country and the pilgrims arrived by night at saint Anne's, armed to the teeth. A certain Gannatthe Black, (or Gannat dhu), an old huntsman of the lords of Moëlien, and who occupied the house used by them as a hunting-resort in la Palae, organized the defence. When the gendarmes came at night, at a whistle from Gannat, all the tufts of heather began to stir. Beside each one stood a man who could be heard loading his gun in the silence of the night.

That sufficed to make the aggressors turn bridle. unable to penetrate into La Palae, they skulked along the highways to lie in wait for the pilgrims; when they met a man alone, they showered blows on him.

They even attacked women, striking and insulting them ; but as soon as they saw men in bands of three or four, they took good care to retire or to give no sign of provocation when passing by.

In presence of this new style of attack, Gannat organized another system of defense. He allowed the gendarmes to enter La Paluo, where, at a given signal, they were surrounded by a band of men armed with guns. They were kept in sight until morning, and when the pilgrims were already far off, they were allowed to depart, after having sworn that they would not attack separately any one of those who kept them prisoners, under pain of being mercilessly shot on the first occasion.

On this subject we have heard the following fact related : The first time that he kept them in this manner, Gannat, in the morning, before allowing them to leave, wished to give the gendarmes a specimen of his skill. He shot successively fifteen birds on the wing. At the sixteenth shot, he missed, when, turning to the prisoners : " If, said he, instead of a bird, I had had a gendarme to fire at, I would not have missed him ! " Whereupon, he let them go. Furious at having been treated thus, the gendarmes would not return to the barracks without having at least tried to secure l'abbé Le Garrec and his companions. On the skirts of the little village of Brélar, they learned from a little shepherd boy that *Monsieur le vicairc*, who was not a citizen (they thus designated l'abbé Le Garrec), had passed there on his way to the Korangul forest. They immediately started to join him, and would probably have seized him, for the heavy morning-dew enabled them to follow his foot-prints on the grass. They thus reached the heart of the wood, but they fell upon a band of wood-cutters and of wooden shoe makers. As soon as they saw the gendarmes, these honest men, who just a moment before, had shared their coarse bread with the priest, sprang to their axes : they surrounded the gendarmes, and easily gave them to understand that it was dangerous to hunt priests on such ground. Then, after having

disarmed them, they tied their hands behind their backs, hung logs of beech-wood to their feet and hoisted them on the backs of their horses, which they allowed to scamper off in liberty.

For a while things went on in this manner. The gendarmes now hunting, now hunted, did, as they called it, themselves, their *nasty work*. They succeeded, however in seizing some of l'abbé Le Garrec's companions. Thus a Capuchin Father, a native of Kéradoun, in Plounévez, was taken by them, one night, as he was returning from a sick-call, and, towards the close of the year 1793, was transported to Rochefort.

This capture caused great emotion in the country, for that religious enjoyed a great reputation of holiness. In 1876, while preaching a course of Lenten sermons at Plounévez, he had foretold all the events of the Revolution, and especially a fact that astonished every body, the extinction of the Moëllion family and the unwooding of their estates, facts which were realized to the very letter.

(To be continued)

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THE FEAST OF ST ANNE IN MICHIGAN

We are far from the country of our birth, many of us, far from the country to which we owe all the holy traditions of our religion. Misfortune, or an exaggerated prospect of success, has induced many of us to leave Canada a long time ago. Without complaining of our situation in the great American Republic, especially from a temporal point of view, we cannot help regretting the country of our forefathers, the land where the "grain of mustard-seed", three centuries ago, was sown. The birds of the air now come to rest on one of the branches of the great tree which has sprung from the tiny seed.

Michigan, and in particular Bay City, has given hospitality to a great number of Canadians who have not forgotten nor will ever forget the religion of their fathers. Yet, we must avow it in all sincerity, the healthiest plant, fed by the most life-giving sap, and having the deepest roots in its native soil, may lose much of its first vigor by being transplanted under a new climate. Such would have been the case here had it not been for the powerful protection of St. Anne. For since well-nigh two years St. Anne dwells amongst us, since a zealous pastor has founded in our parish a society of St. Anne.

Let me relate in a few words how we celebrated in July last, the feast of our beloved Patroness.

A choir of about twenty ladies of the congregation, a little before high mass, sang the hymn :

Deign St. Anne, on this day of rejoicing,
To accept the love of your children,

that is sung at Ste-Anne de Beaupré.

Then a mass was celebrated, at which about two hundred persons received Holy Communion. After that came the procession, and it was the occasion of a particular manifestation of St. Anne's power and goodness.

A clouded sky and a drizzling rain that fell since early morning, had made us dread the impossibility of having the procession we were so anxious to make. But lo ! at the very moment when the statue of the Saint made its appearance, the atmosphere underwent a complete change, and the sun, piercing the clouds, came to shed joy in our hearts and pearls on all the tall trees surrounding our church.

AN EYE-WITNESS.