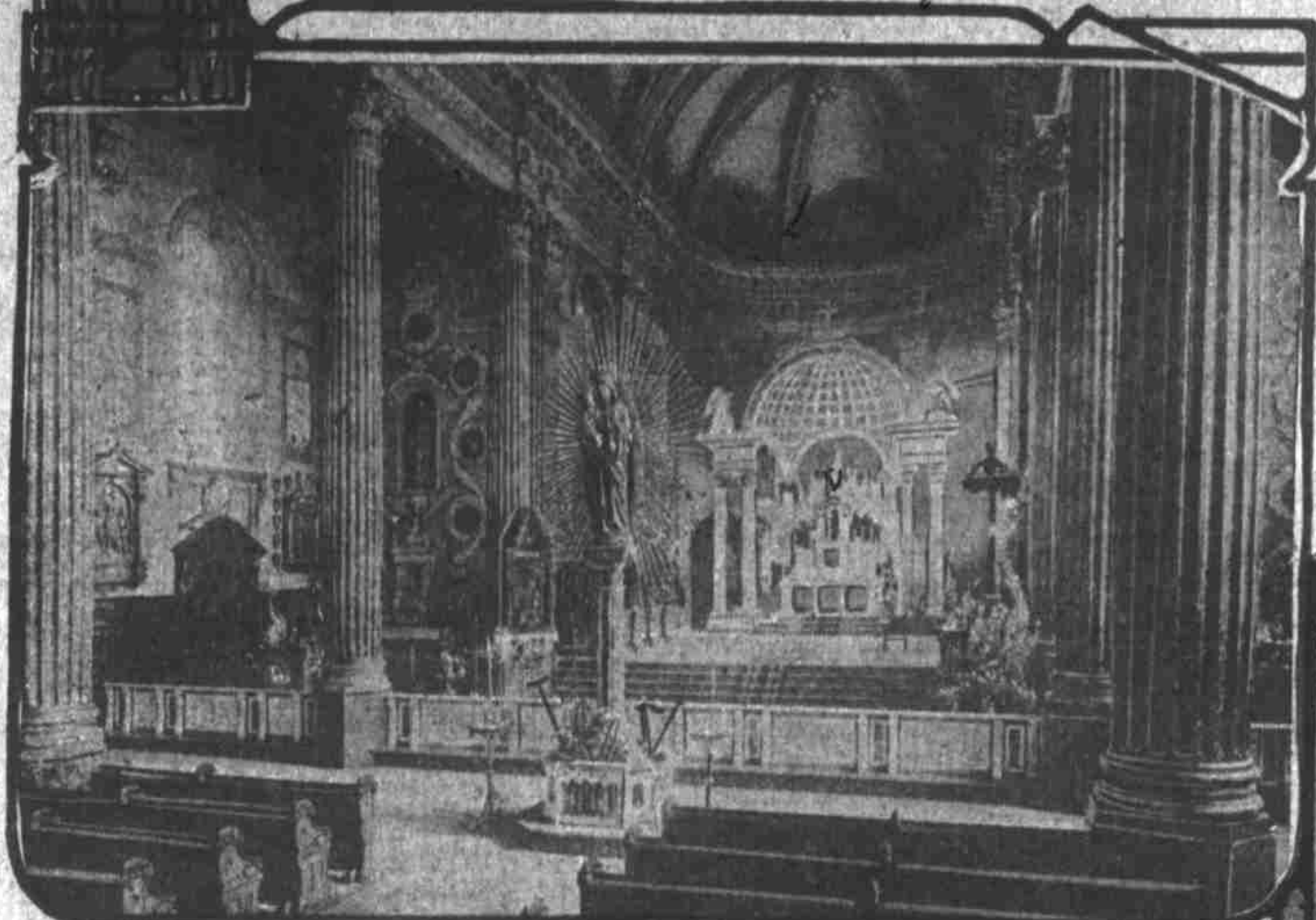


PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 13, 1910

The LOURDES of the New World



Shrine and High Altar
of St. Anne

Beautiful St. Anne's, in
Canada, Which Claims
200,000 Devotees a Year

TWO hundred thousand pilgrims of all nationalities and creeds journeyed to the shrine of Saint Anne de Beaulieu during the past year on a mission of physical and spiritual purification.

They were men, women and children—abandoned of medicine and science—a monstrous procession of living horrors groping for relief, inspired by faith and asking of the Omnipotent the miracle of a mystical cure.

During last July alone forty-eight thousand pilgrims visited the shrine—penitents come to perform their novenas and purify themselves of sin and disease, accompanied by a lesser element of idle pleasure-seekers, lured to the obscure village by the magnet of its fame; and yet, save for the massive romanesque Basilica and the noble hill behind it, convent crowned, this so-called Lourdes of the New World is very similar in appearance to most of the little French Canadian villages that follow the curves of the St. Lawrence from Quebec to the open sea.

Only in midsummer months, when a never-ending and woeful defile of human beings, in all its array of suffering, passes from the railway station through the gardens of the Basilica and down the long, serpentine street of the village, is there anything to indicate that this remote community, tranquilly resting in the amphitheater of the hill, is of any special significance to the world or humanity.

AT THIS time of the year the whole St. Lawrence valley is bathed in a soft and roseate haze, through which all things appear dreamlike and unreal. The sun hangs suspended like a vast, rose-shaded globe in the midst of an atmosphere whose basic color is gold, but which filters through a thousand color moods of change. The indefinable scent from the ungarnered crops is a sort of incense, moist and unutterably sweet; and the neatly tied sheaves in endless rows assume in the twilight the appearance of bowed and kneeling penitents awaiting the benediction of the night.

The pilgrims cross themselves as they appear, and now and then burst into ecstasies of song or prayer or chant the Magnificat. It is a powerful religious atmosphere, that deepens and increases as the train rolls onward through the mysterious haze and curves around into the shadow of Calvary hill, where from the towers of the Basilica the bells are chiming a welcome—deep-toned, melodious and sweet.

Perhaps the dreamer has been at Lourdes in the course of his wanderings. Remembering, the dreamer stands thrilled before the dignity of the tiny village whose fame has spread across the world. Perhaps he marvels. Fifty thousand pilgrims find shelter in this diminutive spot, while they comfortably perform a novena. Here, indeed, at the outset was a miracle worthy of the name.

Saint Anne nestles before him—poor, primitive, unpretentious, clean, with a strong civic pride, intelligent and open and honest. He sees merely the great Basilica, with its twin

towers and the gilded statue of the saint between. From the quaint, typically European arrangement of the church enclosure, with its spiked fence of saffron and white in the foreground, his glance rises to the gleaming crosses in the churchyard which mark the Sorrowful Way. Above them a life-sized figure of the crucified Christ is keeping tender vigil, and higher still the cloistered home of the Redemptoristine nuns soars upward in a Gothic splendor of stone.

Saint Anne, infinitely simple and gentle of demeanor, where it is said the united breaths of multitudes, mingled in one prayer in moments

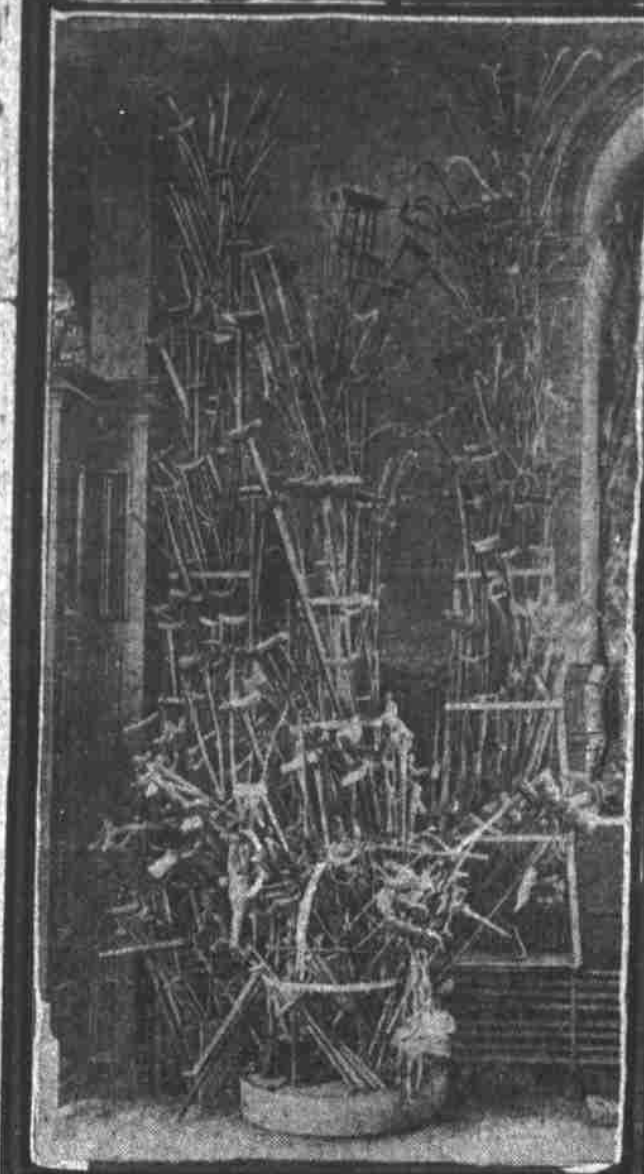
of supreme exaltation, act as a power that can bring hope, consolation and life to the afflicted whom medicine and science have doomed to darkness and despair.

Only in the dazzling pageantry of its afternoon or evening processions, and its ceremonies during July, does it in any way resemble Lourdes. During this month alone is displayed all the lavish splendor and pomp of the Basilica. Worship, prayer and chanting never cease from the beginning to the end of this great month. Masses, vespers, sermons are continually following one another. Day by day the religious exercises begin afresh, and each

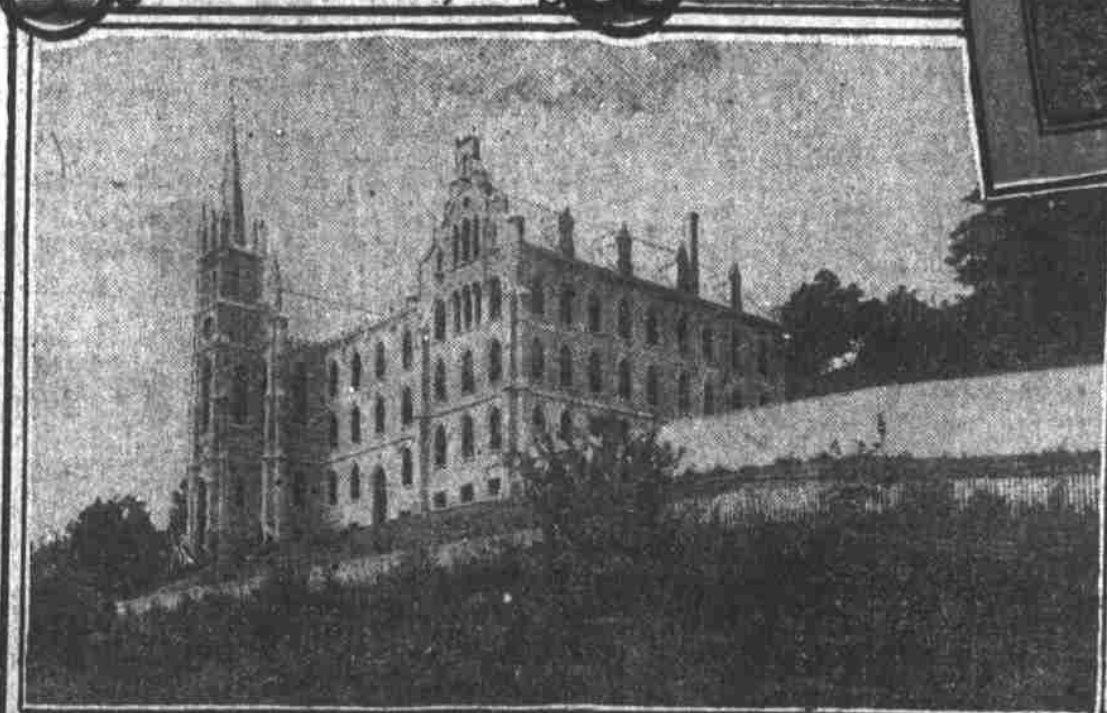
The Marvellous
Statue
of
St. Anne



The Sacred Spring



Pyramid of Discarded Crutches in
the Church of St. Anne de Beaulieu



The Redemptoristine Convent, Whose Nuns Live In Perpetual Seclusion



A Procession of Pilgrims
at the Church of St. Anne

festival of the church is celebrated with unparalleled magnificence.

Saint Anne has no national pilgrimage. There are pilgrims from whole parishes and dioceses, however, oftentimes bringing from 5000 to 10,000 people. Moreover, pilgrims go quite independently to Saint Anne, many of them literally crawling on hands and knees tremendous distances to fling themselves at last at the foot of the shrine, ravaged with hunger and suffering, but afire with the unquenchable torch of faith.

One of the votive offerings to be seen in the Basilica is a tress of raven hair from the head of a 9-year-old Mexican girl. She walked the entire distance from Mexico to Saint Anne, begging her food along the way, and was finally cured of scrofula in a miraculously short period of time.

The shrine of St. Anne sprang into existence with the wild flowers on the banks of the St. Lawrence one lovely spring, two centuries and a half ago.

The tale is handed down for two and a half generations, that about the year 1665 some Breton mariners, while navigating the St. Lawrence, were overtaken by a storm which threatened to drive their bark upon the rocks. Invoking, in the midst of their distress, the beloved patroness of their own far-off Brittany, the devout sailors vowed that if the saint would save them from perishing they would erect a chapel in her honor on the spot where they should chance to land.

The storm lasted and spent its forces, partly wrecking the ship, but casting it safely ashore on the north bank of the river that skirts the

edge of Beaulieu, and demanding no lives to satisfy its greed.

The day dawned fair. The mists were lifting from the "great river" that now lay quivering with opalescent fires beneath the splendors of the rising sun. The noble mountains that rise precipitately at this point were clothed in a tender mist of green; the robins and bluebirds were singing their matins, and the drenched violets along the shore filled the air with the treasure of spring.

The mariners landed and knelt on the cushioned shores. Accordingly, within a few weeks, their votive offering appeared in the shape of a diminutive wooden chapel dedicated to the glory of Saint Anne.

Whatever the historical value of this tradition, the fact remains that this humble sanctuary became dear to all the inhabitants of the Cote Beaulieu, and more especially to mariners, who, before making a voyage, went there to place themselves under the protection of the "patroness of seafarers."

Pious folk from Quebec and all the outlying districts soon began to pay visits to the shrine, and even the Indians began making pilgrimages in their bark canoes to pay homage to the saint, whom they had learned from the missionaries to love and invoke.

The first miracle, so we are told, occurred in the erection of the chapel, the news of which quickly spread abroad and brought thousands of worshippers to the rude temporary shrine. It appears that Louis Guimond, a habitant en-

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE)