

CURED BY WATER OF LOURDES.

Every Evidence That the Age of Miracles has not Passed.

In this age of unbelief there are certain persons who would be ready to question anything that seemed to be due to supernatural agencies, and yet there is every evidence that the day of miracles has not passed. The following case is one of the best illustrations that has been brought to the attention of the public for many years. It is the story of the instantaneous cure of a non-Catholic, followed by her conversion to the true fold, and the facts are so distinctly stated, the names of all of the interested parties being given, that the most credulous person will be able to verify the occurrence in a way to make all doubt unreasonable.

The following letters, written to Father Granger, editor of the little magazine, *Our Lady of Lourdes*, gives an account of the wonderful cure.

Cape May Point, N. J., April 12, 1893. Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind. Rev. dear Sir:—I hasten to write you with joyful heart. Our Lady of Lourdes has been unutterably kind to us. Our dear, dear girl is perfectly well—raised instantly from a helpless cripple to the full use of her limbs! We have really been so overjoyed and excited that I have not been able to write sooner and give you a particular account of it. We made the novena as I wrote to you we would, beginning on Saturday, April 1st. During the whole week I was ill in bed with the grip, and, as you may know, not able to think, or talk, or pray as when in usual good health. But each night, she and I used the little book of a novena which you sent to me (then an invalid) twenty years ago. She was neither better nor worse during that time; and, although she tried often, she was unable to rise from her rolling chair or to pull herself upon her feet by taking hold of the bedstead.

"Sunday night came—the 19th. I read the prayer with her, made the Sign of the Cross on her back with the water over the weak place (extending from her waist nearly to her shoulder-blades) and gave her the rest of the water to drink. She lay down and slept quietly all night. All day Monday she was very weak and ill—worse than usual. She did not speak of the novena; but, patient and cheerful as ever, she seemed to have resigned herself entirely to the will of God. When we retired at night, and were quite alone, she said to me in very quiet way: 'Now, I am going to stand up.' She put her hands on the bed, rose slowly to her full height, stood straight and firm as ever in health, and slowly walked about six steps. Father I can truly say I never was so amazed, delighted, awed and grateful in all my life. Not that I doubted our Blessed Mother's power, or her mercy, or her pity, but that it should really come to us, to our house—even to our dear, patient, noble, pure-souled darling! Heaven and all its hosts seemed very, very near! We had a blissful thanksgiving together. I could not sleep all the night, but she slept peacefully. The next morning (Tuesday) I rose early and carried her breakfast to her. As soon as she had taken it, she rose, dressed, and bid me call the household together to see her cured. It was a wonderful day for us all!

"Her father being absent, we wrote him a full account of it, and made preparations for her to walk out—a thing she has not needed a suitable dress for during two years and one week. This morning she drove with me to Cape May City to the church at a very early hour, and made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Sisters, walking from place to place through the streets exactly as she would have done when in health. Oh, such happiness as this roof covers! The whole world seems new! We expect her father to see it. It will not be long until she is a Catholic—a child of our Blessed Mother, the dear Virgin of Lourdes—the 'Immaculate Conception!' In the meantime, Father, she sends you an offering for a Mass of Thanksgiving for me? I am not a Catholic, but our Blessed Mother has cured me. I will not forget to be thankful for this great blessing. I am gratefully yours.

"ISABELLA APSLEY."

Cape May Point, N. J., April 24th, 1893. Reverend Dear Sir: Pardon my delay in acknowledging your letter of the 17th, but it did not reach me until the 20th, and I have been in rather an unsettled state for several days. Miss Apsley has been received into the Church in that time. With your letter to me came one from her father to her, giving his consent to her fulfilling a vow which, it seems, she made to our Lady of Lourdes—that, if she was cured, she would become a Catholic at once. She had not told me of this, nor of having written her father to that effect (he is an Elder in the Second Presbyterian Church) until his letter arrived, wishing, she says, 'to consult him before anyone else.'

She went at once to Father Degan, at the Cape May church (Our Lady Star of the Sea), and he found her fully instructed, having learned all her catechism, and studied all my books of instruction and books of devotion.

"I did not know she was thus pro-

paring herself. I feared to question her or to speak hastily on deep matters, lest I might influence her too much. But our Lord was taking care of His own. Father Degan received her into the Church on Saturday morning, April 22. She was cured on Monday, April 10. So she has indeed fulfilled her vow.

She hopes, with Father Degan's approval, to make her First Communion on Corpus Christi.

"Miss Apsley has been greatly distressed by a garbled and 'manufactured' account of her case sent to a Philadelphia paper (the *Times*) by some person unknown, which speaks of her as a Presbyterian, cured by the Faith Cure, and rejoicing with her fellow-members of a Philadelphia church in the result of their public prayers. The whole thing is wide of the mark, except in the name and the fact that she is cured.

She will write you herself in a few days. She wishes to be enrolled by you in the Confraternity, and already wears the badge and the medal you sent her.

I am sorry to have detained you by so long a letter. It is a time of great joy to me, and I cannot help sharing it. Faithfully yours in Our Lord,

"SARA TRAINER SMITH, E. de M."

A story of this kind can scarcely be questioned, especially as the young lady is willing to give any information upon the subject that may be desired.

Care of the Poor.

In the current number of *The Catholic World* we find an instructive comparison of the manner in which the poor are cared for in Catholic Austria, on the one hand, and Protestant England, on the other. The writer compares the poor-law system of both countries in respect of the provision made for poor orphans and for the education of the adult, and the treatment of the aged poor; and finds that while the poor-law system of England has been conceived in a niggardly, harsh and even cruel spirit, that of Austria is a model of discriminating generosity and Christian philanthropy. Consider, for instance, the contrast between the English and Austrian systems in the treatment of the aged poor. In England, it is the deliberately adopted policy to drive the aged poor into the work-house, to make the arrangements there as disagreeable as possible, to separate husband and wife, and to brand the pauper with every mark of shame and disgrace. In Austria, on the contrary, the law recognizes that at sixty every man has the right to claim from his native town or commune a pension equal to one-third of the average daily wage he had received during his working years. No disgrace or shame is attached to the receiving of such a pension; it is regarded in exactly the same light as a soldier's pension—not as a charity, but as a reward for past services. The guiding principle of the Austrian Poor-Law is that it is as much a part of God's providence that there should be the old and feeble as that there should be the young and vigorous.

Take again the case of the adult poor. How are they cared for under the English and Austrian systems respectively? "In some towns of Austria," says the writer in *The Catholic World*, "for every four families there must be a separate guardian; but in Vienna it has been found possible to secure the services of the fifteen thousand honorary officials who are required under that arrangement. For every street or small district, however, there is a guardian. This guardian, if he fulfills his duty, must be personally acquainted with every individual living there, even in advance, so that when misfortune happens he may be able at once to decide how the case is best to be met. For merely temporary relief he is provided with funds to alleviate it. Doubtful cases, and the cases of people who require help for any lengthened period, must be referred to the officials of the public institutions. In England, work-house officials treat all the poor, more or less as criminals, whether the poverty arises from unavoidable misfortune or from vice and idleness. The administrators of the poor law in Vienna take infinite trouble to adjust the treatment to the merits of each individual case. Instead of the casual wards of Great Britain, asylums are provided, where a bath, supper, bed and breakfast are provided free of charge for any one between the ages of eighteen and sixty who is in temporary destitution. Workmen in search of work during the day find these asylums taken to prevent abuse, and unless a man soon finds work or gives undoubted proof that he is in a fair way to obtain it, he is moved on to the work-house."

—*Antigonish Casket.*

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint," writes Erasmus Southworth, of Bath, Me. "After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to take Ayer's Pills. I had scarcely taken two boxes when I was completely cured."

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeable taste makes it a favorite with all ages and climes.

Gentlemen—I was roughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. P. B., and I heartily recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

Mrs. DAVIS, of W. Main, g. Man.

No other Sarsaparilla has the merit to secure the cure of the diseases of the blood and hold it up as a standard, like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LORD GEORGE AND THE A. P. A.

Nearly one hundred years ago, or to be exact, on the first of November, 1793, there died in Newgate Prison a man, half knave, half lunatic, and wholly mischievous, whose rabid bigotry had been the cause of riot, arson and plentiful spilling of blood in the streets of London.

Three hundred lives, and property to the value of three quarters of a million, were the price paid by the people of England for the Catholic crusade. The noble Lord himself lived to be excommunicated by the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, to abjure the religion in whose name he had incited bloodshed and murder, and to die at the age of forty-three, a wretched associate of the lowest criminals and professing himself a convert to the Jewish faith!

The greatest of English novelists, Mr. Charles Dickens, English and Protestant to the backbone, says in his preface to *"Barnaby Rudge"*:

"It is unnecessary to say that those shameful tunings, while they reflect indelible disgrace upon the time in which they occurred, and all who had act or part in them, teach a good lesson. That what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at naught the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate, and unmerciful; all history teaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well to profit by even so humble an example as the 'No-Popery' riots of Seventeen Hundred and Eighty."

He was right. The lesson of Lord George Gordon and his Great Protestant Party—the G. P. A. of the time—is wholly lost to the wretches who have revived the evil spirit in a new land and age under the title of the "A. P. A."

The brightest ray of comfort for believers in free institutions comes from the fact that the same intolerance falls into lower and lower hands with each succeeding generation. Thus, in New England, once the stronghold of Puritan persecution, later the home of Know-nothingism, and within a few years the apparent nursery of a new dispensation of bigotry, it is all but impossible to find a native-born American of any social standing who pays the slightest heed to the No-Popery cry. One daily paper in Boston which tried for two or three years to eke out an existence as an organ of intolerance, has just changed ownership and policy, rather than submit its stockholders to the kind of martyrdom which they least court, that of the pocket-book.

It is only in some of the Western States of our Union, and in China, that one can find anything like a concerted system of assailing the Church of Jesus Christ by the elsewhere discredited weapons of slander and forgery. The method is the same in both quarters. The Chinese "literati," so-called, scatter as assassins and cannibals, thus inciting the native fanatics to kill the hated foreigners and destroy his mission. The leaflets of the A. P. A., accusing Catholics of plotting to overthrow the republic, might be liberal translations from the similar placards and pamphlets circulated on the Yangtze-kiang. Both are as sincere and as disinterested as the indictment framed by the wolf against the lamb whom he accused of muddying the water.

It is not easy, in law-abiding Catholic New England, to take seriously the awful threats of exterminating pagans in which your Western wash-bucklers so freely indulge. It is a quite easy, to understand that such threats are as idle as they are malignant. What Lord George Gordon and his scum could not accomplish in bigoted England a hundred years ago, no handful of Opera bouffe conspirators dare attempt in enlightened America to-day.

We have a civilized Government, which tolerates nearly everything save intolerance. The most formidable sectarian conspiracy against it, that of the Mormons, who were infinitely more dangerous, because infinitely more honest than the A. P. A.'s, went to pieces, like a mud wall before a fresher when its reasonable schemes approached the danger-point.

The A. P. A. will not start a new rebellion. But its members will conspire in the old-time, dishonored way of dark-lantern societies. And they will be found out. There may be honor among thieves, but there is none among knaves of that stripe. The politician, Protestant, Catholic or Pagan, who plays upon religious prejudices for partisan ends, is sure to come to grief. If he be a knave, he will repent his knavery when it is too late. If he be a fool—but there is no use in wasting warnings on such; for he is in a bad way—'Heaven itself wars in vain against a fool!'—*Jas. Jeffrey Roche, Editor the Pilot, in Western Watchman.*

To gain strength—Hood's Sarsaparilla. For steady nerves—Hood's Sarsaparilla. For pure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It Saved His Life.

Gentlemen—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it has cured all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age.

FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith, Ont. Harsh Coughs, Heavy Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The best in the world.

Victoria Catholic Salvage Cuts, Burns, Sores, Bruises, Wounds, Chapped Hands and Cold Sores. Price 25c.

"EVANGELIZATION" OF THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

The New York *Independent* thinks that "special interest attaches to the work of the French Evangelization Society in Canada." "The priests and Bishops," it says, "are making strenuous efforts to control the movement which is spreading. The general effect of the work has been increased by the changing attitude on the part of the Roman Catholic people toward the highest authorities in their own Church." Now if the generally sagacious editors of the *Independent* would only keep an "office cat" they would get rid of most stories of this sort before publishing them. For this is a most ancient tale, told by interested Protestant missionaries of every Catholic country in which they have endeavored to spread their faith.

Besides, if the *Independent* will only consider the matter calmly and without prejudice, it cannot fail to perceive the absurdity of all this talk about "evangelizing" Catholics, bringing the Gospel to Catholics, who of all calling themselves Christians are the only ones who have continued to maintain and revere the Gospel in its entirety. Such cant, for it is mere cant, is not only absurd, but it is also insolent. In the present case it is also inconsistent. For we are constantly informed by some of the same class who thus pretend to find hope of Protestantizing—not evangelizing—the French-Canadian in the supposed fact of their "changing attitude" toward "the highest authorities" of the Church that the annexation of Canada would be "dangerous" because of the staunch Catholic feelings and belief of the same French Canadians. Even conceding that "thirty-six mission fields" that the Presbyterians are said to have opened in French Canada within the year, the *Independent* should remember that opening a field and getting a good crop are two very different things.

There was a time years ago when the opening of Protestant "mission-fields" in Ireland was a cause for many demands on "Evangelical" English purses, but the English used to contribute for tract-distributors and psalm singers among the "benighted Irish Romanists" have apparently grown less liberal than formerly, for the "mission-fields" of these people in Erin are now mostly tilled for potatoes. If New England "Evangelicals" have any money to spend for missionary purposes they will be wiser and more Christian if they lay it out for the legitimate expenses incurred in introducing sound notions of elementary Christian morality in the many dark and non-Catholic spots in the United States—in New England itself, for instance.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

Rev. Patrick O'Brien, of Cleveland diocese, and presently travelling through the Holy Land, thus describes the House of the Jesuits—those dreadful enemies of education!—at Beirut.

"Our party went ashore at 8 o'clock, and we heard Mass, celebrated by Archbishop Floag, in the Capuchin Church. We had hoped to reach Nazareth for the Feast of the Annunciation, but owing to the storm we were disappointed. The Capuchins invited us to take breakfast in the monastery. The ushers escorted us to seats within the railing of the sanctuary. The students attended this Mass in a body, and they sang at intervals. They were dressed in uniform suits, varying according to grade, and they presented a fine appearance. There are two hundred boarders and three hundred day scholars, among them being Jews and Mohammedans as well as Christians. The college building and monastery are stone, very large, and they contain all modern improvements. There is an excellent medical department attached to the college, where some of the best doctors in Syria are trained. But what surprised me more than anything else was the printing office. They have the most complete printing office I ever saw. They even manufacture their own type, and they print and bind pamphlets and books in all the Oriental and European languages. They showed us an Arabic Bible, artistically illuminated and bound—every part of the work, from the casting of the type to the binding, being done by themselves. The Jesuits of Beirut deserve the greatest praise for the great work they are doing for religion in Syria. May God bless their efforts to re-Christianize this benighted Mohammedan land! After the grace of God, nothing but education will open the eyes of those unfortunate people."

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It is a simple little fable, but it typifies life. The world is filled with its joys and its sorrows, its hopes and its disappointments; for Laughter and Tears are still passing on their course hand in hand.

All this, however, is necessary to the purity of the soul. A tearless eye soon becomes hardened; and a heart from which no tears can spring has lost its way and forgotten its mission. It is the soul that can say with Mrs. Hemans, "Though the past haunt me as a spirit, I do not ask to forget!"—It is that soul that is pressing forward to a higher and better life.

It is from the past that we must learn our lessons. The man who sits

alone with his aching heart would deem forgetfulness a blessing, and yet he is blessed, even by the presence of his sorrow. Like a spirit the past haunts him. Grim regret stalks before him like a phantom. His world is full of the forms and faces that are ever before him, but it is from this remembrance that he turns with renewed courage to meet the future.

To some souls, however, forgetfulness would indeed be a blessing. It is when man is without God and is compelled to face the sorrows of the past alone that life appears as a burden. Prayer is the only remedy for an aching heart. He who can say, "I know that my Redeemer lives," can find strength in his sorrow; and although the past, with its great mistakes and greater sins, may haunt him, and regret may make "pleasure" seem but a meaningless word, he still knows that there is a refuge to which he can turn and that peace comes with prayer. To such a soul the words of Mrs. Hemans have a meaning that is full and deep. It is the man that is unacquainted with these blessings to whom they seem a travesty on truth.

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It is from the past that we must learn our lessons. The man who sits

AT HAND

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