



"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

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Wonderful Cure At Lourdes.

Liverpool Catholic Times.

The following graphic account of a wonderful cure—in fact, a miracle—has (writes Mr. J. J. Rossiter, of 4, Starkie-street, Winkley-square, Preston) been received by the Reverend Mother of an English convent. The writer—an Irish nun in Paris who was a witness of the miracle—is unaware her beautiful and graphic account of the cure of a sister nun will find its way into print. A copy of the letter was, however, seen by me, and it is such a testimony to the glory of God and the fame of Our Lady of Lourdes that I have obtained permission that it might be made public, and so be one more authentic record of the wonders daily worked at the shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes.

"My dear Mother,—You sympathise with us in our trials, and it is only right that we tell you of our joys. Our Blessed Lady has had a great consolation in store for our Mother: the complete cure of Sister M. Amanda, which she so much wished for, but which she did not dare hope to receive, as two doctors at Madrid, one the Court physician, had declared her to be attacked with disease of the spinal chord, and humanly speaking, there could be no hope of a cure. However, with the slight hope of at least prolonging a life so precious, M. M. Celestine decided to send her to see Doctor Grasset, at Montpellier. This was as a last resource. The route by Barcelona, being most direct, was chosen. Sister Mary Amanda was so much attached to Madrid that she suffered much at the thought of leaving it; however, as obedience had spoken, she accepted the sacrifice. All hope of recovery as well as all wish to live had left her. She felt that she was dying.

"During the night after Sister M. Philomena's death, and being fully awake (she had for a long time suffered from want of sleep, loss of appetite, and inability to use her limbs) Sister M. Amanda felt the presence of a dear Sister lately dead, who said to her in the depths of her soul that she should go to Lourdes and be cured by Our Lady when bathing in the piscina. Sister M. Amanda, upon whom this made a profound impression, but who was afraid that her imagination had played her a trick, did not speak of it to anyone. 'If' thought she, 'the Blessed Virgin wishes to cure me she is powerful enough to change the route of our journey and make me go by Lourdes.' In the morning came a letter from M. M. Celestine, deciding that the journey should be made via Tarbes, and thus enable the poor sick Sister to sleep a night at our convent at Lourdes, thus avoiding spending a night amongst strangers at Barcelona. When Mère M. Rosario read this letter to Sister M. Amanda her face became radiant, and, being asked the reason, 'It is' replied she, 'that the Blessed Virgin wishes to cure me,' and she told the Mother all that had happened during the preceding night, adding her profound conviction of being cured. Though Mère M. Célestine was told everything, she kept it secret,

but we began a novena to Our Lady with great confidence that our prayers would be heard. The journey, so long and tiring, did not fatigue her overmuch. From her arrival at Lourdes she began to get back her sleep and to take some food, but her poor legs still refused to be of any use. Two Sisters were obliged to help her when she moved even a few steps. When she was taken to the Grotto she was pitied by all who saw her, but her faith and that of Sister M. Angeles increased each moment. Indeed, she had so little doubt of the miracle that she had already chosen the spot to hang up her crutch as an ex-voto—she even bought a ribbon to tie it up. It was decided that Thursday, 27th January, at nine in the morning, Sister M. Amanda would bathe in the piscina, whilst at the same time a Rev. Benedictine Father of St. Maure said the Mass of the Apparition to obtain this much-desired cure. M. M. Enguin, who had a bad cold, could not, to her great regret, accompany her, but Sisters St. Francis and Angeles were her happy companions. At half-past eight they went to the Grotto to finish the novena, and prayed fervently on the very spot the Blessed Virgin had appeared to Bernanette. During this time we at Paris were also engaged in fervent prayer. We had a firm conviction that Our Blessed Lady would hear our prayers.

"After having drunk at the miraculous spring, our three Sisters went to the piscina. They chose that part where the image of Mary is sculptured in the marble, and where it is said the most wonderful miracles have taken place.

"Kneeling in the piscina, they recited the Creed, and then Sister M. Amanda stretched herself out so as to bathe her head and neck, where she suffered most pain. The Sisters who helped her were more dead than alive on seeing her trembling with cold and as pale as death, but, reanimating their faith, they commenced the Litanies, Sister M. Amanda repeating the invocations and the others answering. When they came to the invocation 'Queen conceived without original sin' they repeated it three times. At that moment Sister Amanda, with a sudden movement, opened her arms, which up to this she had kept crossed on her breast, pressing the package of intentions which the Sisters at Madrid had given her. 'What is the matter?' inquired Sister M. Angeles. 'It is done,' answered she; 'I am cured.'

"Quickly our dear Sister is taken from the piscina. Her joy was so great, her emotion so profound, that we were obliged to help her to dress herself. Then she almost ran to the Grotto to thank Our Lady and fasten her crutch as an ex-voto. In the hope of hearing a mass in thanksgiving she went in all haste towards the Basilica, and met the Benedictine Father, who was just leaving the Basilica after having said his Mass for her cure. He stopped her, and, not recognizing her, said: 'What of the sick Sister?' 'I am the Sister,' she replied; 'I am cured.' The poor Father was unable to speak, and could scarcely believe his eyes that she was the same Sister whom he had seen an hour before trying to drag herself to the Grotto, not able to walk a step

without stumbling. He told the Sisters that at the Elevation of his Mass he had felt deeply touched—so much so that he could hardly pronounce the sacramental words. This was just the moment when the Sister had called out 'I am cured!'—the moment a thousand times blessed, when the gentle hand of the Immaculate Virgin was placed on the soul of her child, giving to us all a sensible proof of her merciful tenderness. What hymns of thanksgiving were sent up to Heaven, first at Lourdes, then Paris, Madrid, and Montpellier, where telegrams were at once sent to tell of the wonders Our Lady had wrought!"

A METHODIST TRIBUTE TO CATHOLICISM.

Here is an appreciative little tribute to the Catholic Church from a Chicago Methodist paper: "The Catholic Church is growing in all lands because it constantly manifests its interest in the poor. One of the most lovely things in it is its perpetual and universal care for the poor, the sick, the deserted, the hopeless and the ten times over destitute. That Church sends to leper settlements its priests, some of whom become lepers. That is being 'all things to all men' with emphasis. That Church ministers to the plague stricken. It aids to steady the discontented. That Church is therefore filled to the doors by people who throng its temples and stand up in every foot of space where the pews are filled. When strikes paralyze laboring and manufacturing districts, that Church sends its agents to aid in solving the conflict, and one of its strongest points at this hour is in its growing agency and influence among discontented, striking and menacing workmen. Nothing promises more for that wise Church than its hold upon the minds of men, women and children who believe that capitalists lose human tenderness in proportion as their riches increase."

BISHOP BAGSHAWE AND DARWINISM.

In reply to a critic the Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham writes as follows to the "Daily Express": "I have never read Darwin; I took from Father Cortie the statement that Darwinism admittedly requires a period of at least two hundred million years. When Sir W. Thomas limited him to one hundred millions, Darwin wrote (Life an Letters, vol. iii., p. 114): 'Thomson's views of the age of the world have been for some time one of my sorest troubles,' and, again, 'I should rely much on pre-Silurian times, but then comes Sir W. Thomson like an odious spectre.' Mivart says (Genesis of Species, p. 140): 'It is not easy to believe that less than two thousand million years would be required for the totality of animal development by no other means than minute, fortuitous, occasional and intermitting variations in all conceivable directions.' Astronomers now allow only twenty million years for the sun's age. Mr. Edmondstone asks how the elephant was introduced. I answer as the Bible does (Genesis i., 25) that 'God made the beasts of the earth' (elephant included) 'according to their kinds,' which is, I

think, more rational than to say that the elephant developed itself by innumerable minute fortuitous variations from an ancestral germ shut up in a molten metallic arolite, shot out from bowels of some distant volcanic sun. Since Darwinism is 'the best explanation of all the phenomena of organic life,' I would ask Mr. Edmondstone to say how it explains—(1) the origin of life upon this earth; (2) the cause of the principle of heredity; (3) that the variable animals always revert to one type when the watchful care of man is withdrawn; (4) why from the vast majority of animals no amount of care can produce a new variety or species; (5) why no missing link has ever been found, with organs developing, not yet developed. I would also ask Mr. Edmondstone for any one single proof of the Darwinian hypothesis. That perfect individuals are developed from imperfect germs by God's power I do not doubt; but that one species is developed from another on its account by minute accidental variations I know to be unproved, and believe to be altogether absurd."

EDUCATED CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

If Catholic thought is to have any strength in a community, there must be a leavening of educated Catholic laymen. Our Catholic congregations are well supplied with many earnest and intelligent laymen; but the men of active mental growth, the readers and the thinkers, are comparatively few.

Not that they make a better kind of Catholics. We do not disparage aught. But educated Catholics are most serviceable in promulgating Catholic ideas; in defending Catholic causes; in making the Catholic standpoint respected; in diffusing Christian opinions in the thought of and growth of the community.

In many rural sections where there are no educated Catholic laymen, and where the surrounding society is American and Protestant, the Catholics have not a "fair show" in the brain action of the community. The local newspaper slights them. They are not found among the school officers. Their literature is ignored in the district library. They are either not considered, or else they are looked down upon.

In some of our cities the same conditions are apt to transpire. The Catholic population, forming the bulk of the poorer classes, is important on election day only. In the thought and literature of the community, it takes no part. The absence of educated Catholic laymen—various, versatile and vigilant—denotes absence of useful power and influence.

It is easily seen what the results must be upon the rising Catholic generation, public schooled into the common way of looking upon Catholics and Catholicity. There is nothing to lift the Catholic cause above its environment. The priest is too busy with his pastoral duties to attempt that which only educated laymen can do well. Even in cities like Chicago and Milwaukee, where the Church has come in with the pioneers, the absence of a strong Catholic lay intelligence is apparent. In some measure it may be due to our Catholic men of education slighting a duty which their oportu-

nities should impose upon them. We find them in all the professions, upon the press, at the bar, in our banks, and occupying positions of trust. Many of them luxuriate in well appointed private libraries. Some have wealth at their command and are willing to be liberal in promoting practical Catholic good works. But they dislike to venture forth alone and single handed in deeds of Catholic chivalry.

The unions and associations of educated Catholic laymen which have obtained successful careers in several of the larger and Eastern cities seem to be the best methods of making Catholic thought a force in the community.

A review of the work performed by several of the "Brownson Institutes" and "Union Catholic Library Associations," of New York and New England, is quite gratifying. This work would be important enough if it went no further than the collection of sound and readable literature and the holding during the winter months of instructive lecture courses and entertainments. But there appears, in nearly every instance, the super-added benefit of a vigilant solicitude for Catholic interests—unobtrusive but effective, a marked progression in true Catholic principles, and growing esteem and respect in the community for the good will of the Catholic population. Such associations are usually limited in numbers, for not every Catholic is fitted in education and disposition, to be a serviceable member. And, necessarily, they are confined to no single parish—appendices of no man's congregation—but recruited generally and generously.—EXCHANGE.

A PRAYER FOR IRELAND.

The following beautiful prayer was composed by the Archbishops and bishops for the consecration of Ireland to the Sacred Heart of Jesus:

"O! most sacred and most loving Heart of Jesus, to which the Irish nation is most solemnly dedicated, preserve our nation in faith, in purity, and in charity. Through all its trials, sorrows, its persecutions in the past, it remained faithful to the teaching of its great apostle, St. Patrick. May the former glory of its apostolic faith again appear. May it become again the seat of learning and religion. May the rising generation see its rights restored. May the zeal of its holy priesthood increase. May the purity of its daughters preserve its stainless character. May the honor of its sons remain unsullied. May the evils of intemperance cease. May the spirit of infidelity and rationalism never reach its shores. May its attachment to the See of Peter, and its obedience to ecclesiastical superiors never suffer diminution. May sanctity be its atmosphere, and may it daily render greater glory and honor to the Most Sacred Heart, to which every true Irish heart is, and ever will be, most devotedly attached.

The Rev. Jules Jetté, S. J., only son of the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, started for Alaska last week. Father Jetté was at one time mathematical examiner for the University of Manitoba, and is one of the ablest priests in Canada. He has determined to consecrate his life to the Alaska missions.