

MOONDYNE.

BOOK SECOND. THE SANDALWOOD TRADE. BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

II. COUNTERMINING THE MINER.

Will Sheridan's life on the Canton was a restless and unhappy one from the night of his altercation with Draper. He was daily associated with a man who had ex-

posed his own will; a callist so vile that he had sought, and probably still intended, to blight the life of a girl he had known from childhood.

The discipline of the ship required a certain courtesy and respect towards the chief officer. This formal recognition Will paid, but nothing more.

A few days after this meeting, Draper made an advance toward Will; but this was repelled with such cold severity as showed him that he had nothing to expect in future from Sheridan's forbearance.

"Do not dare to address me as a friend again," Will said, sternly; "I shall write to England from the first port and expose you as the scoundrel you are."

Draper's dry lips—his lips were always dry—moved as if he were speaking, but no words came. His shallow eyes became wells of hate. He passed by Sheridan without reply, and went to his room.

There are a hundred ways in which the chief officer of a large ship can give his inferiors; and Sheridan every day felt the subtle malice of his enemy. But these persecutions he did not heed. He knew that underneath these symptoms lay a more dangerous rancor that, sooner or later, would try to do him a deadly injury.

What the form of the attack might be, he knew not. But he prepared himself for emergencies. Will Sheridan was not only a brave and straightforward young fellow, but he had a clever head on his shoulders.

"Why should I let this cunning scoundrel injure me?" he asked himself. "His villainy is easily seen through, and I'm going to watch him closely."

He did watch him, and it served him well. Every secret and dangerous move he saw and disarranged. A trumped-up plan of nauty among the men—which would have excited bloodshed, and the shooting of an officer, perhaps, by accident—was nipped in the bud, and almost exposed the machinations of him who hatched it.

Draper soon understood that he was playing with his master, and changed his method. He began to wait for an opportunity instead of making one.

This will be the case almost invariably; when honest men are fighting cowards and slanders, the surest way to defeat them is by constant watchfulness. Evil-minded people are generally shallow, and easily countermined. Only, when they are countermined, they should be blown up, and never spared.

The Canton touched at Singapore for orders, and was detained a week. Will Sheridan resolved that on the night before she sailed he would leave his purpose, and watched him like a figure. But Will's constant attention to duty, and his equable temper, deceived the watcher.

The night before the Canton was to sail, Will dropped a bundle into a dingy under the bow, swung himself after it, and went ashore. A close search was made for him next day by the police, headed by Draper, the law in those ports being rigid against deserters. But he could not be found, and the Canton sailed without her second officer.

The first thing Will Sheridan did when he was out of danger was to write to Mr. Walmley, warning her of Draper's marriage in India. This done, he set about getting some sort of employment. He was in a strange place, and he knew no business except that of the sea. In a few days he shipped as mate on a bark bound for Western Australia, in the sandalwood trade.

A large and lucrative trade in sandalwood is carried on between China, India, and the Pacific Colony. Vast districts of West Australia are covered with this precious wood, which is cut by ticket of lease men, and shipped to China and India, where it is used in the burning of incense in the Joss-houses or temples, and in the delicate cabinet and marquetry work which is so plentiful in oriental countries.

This was a life that suited Sheridan's vigorous temperament. He found his occupation pleasant, and would have quite forgotten the enmity of Draper; but he still feared that his influence over Alice Walmley had not been broken.

He spent a year in the sandalwood trade, and was thinking of taking a trip to England, when he received a package through the post office at Shanghai, containing all his letters, and a brief unfriendly message in Alice Walmley's handwriting, informing him that she was Captain Draper's wife, and that she scorned the cowardly nature that sought to destroy an honorable man's good name by malicious falsehood.

Will Sheridan was dumfounded and grieved to the heart. In all he had previously borne, in his efforts to crush out of his heart a hopeless passion almost as strong as his life, he had, he thought, sounded the depths of his love for Alice Walmley. But now, when he knew her utterly beyond his reach, and saw opening before her a desert life of misery and despair, the pity in his heart almost killed him. He would have given his life that his enemy might be an honorable man. Her letter did not wound him because he knew she had been deceived.

At first, he knew not what to do. He feared he had been hasty—he did not actually know that Draper was a villain, his own accusing words were not enough, perhaps, or it might bear an explanation. Should he write to Alice and take back his cruel charges? Or should he remain silent, and let time unravel the trouble?

To do the first would be wrong—to do the second might be woefully unjust. The true course was to find out the truth; to go to Calcutta and learn for himself, and if he was wrong, to publicly make acknowledgment. If he were right, he could remain silent if it were for the best.

Two months afterward, Will Sheridan returned from Calcutta to Shanghai. He had set the truth. He proceeded at once to Western Australia to join his ship, and from that time he wrote no more to England. One part of his life, the sweet and tender part, without fault of his, had suffered woefully, and had died before his eyes. It was shrouded in his memory and buried in his heart. Like a brave man, he would not sit and moan over the loss. He set his face to his duty, hoping and praying that time would take the gnawing pain from his heart.

III.

THE SANDLEWOOD AGENCY.

About a year after his trip to Calcutta, while his ship lay in Shanghai, Sheridan received an invitation to dinner from the chief owner, a wealthy and acute old Scotchman, whose palatial residence and beautiful grounds overlooked the town. He was surprised at the courtesy, and showed the invitation to the captain, a kind old sailor, who had formed an affection for Will from the first.

"Go, go, my lad," said Captain Mathews. "It's a piece of luck, no doubt. I've heard that the old man has a daughter, or a niece, though I believe she's rather tough; but what's that, when she has a shipload of money? You're in luck, youngster; of course you'll go, and in your best rig, too. I'll lend you my old claw-hammer coat."

"Thank you, Captain," said Will, smiling inwardly, as his eye took in the short but portly dimensions of his old friend; "but I think I'll go as a plain sailor, without any pretence at society dress."

"Well, I don't know but what you're right, Sheridan," responded the captain; "a sailor's jacket is fit for any man or any place, lad, when he wears it loves his profession, and is worthy of it."

That evening saw Will Sheridan enter Mr. Mackay's drawing room, as hands me and gentlemanly a fellow as ever gave an order through a trumpet.

"Mr. Sheridan," said the kind old merchant, coming forward to meet him, "you are welcome, for your own sake, and that of a dear old friend. You are not aware, I think, that your father and I were almost shipmates together forty years ago."

Will was surprised, but gratified. He had half expected to be patronized, and indeed was more than half prepared to resent such treatment.

Mr. Mackay presented Will to his family—Mrs. Mackay, an invalid, and his step-daughter, Miss Gifford, a handsome, buxom, good-natured maiden lady of a certain age.

They were all very kind, and they treated Will as an old and privileged friend. He forgot all about the patronage, and enjoyed himself immensely. Such an evening of home life, after years of rugged seafaring, was delightfully restful.

A dinner Mr. Mackay recalled story after story of the time when he and Will's father were careless youngsters on His Majesty's ship Cumberland. Will was still more surprised to find that Mr. Mackay had recently been in communication with his father.

"I saw your papers, Mr. Sheridan," explained Mr. Mackay; "and, knowing that my old friend was in the Coastguard Service in England, I wrote to him. I found I was right in my conclusion; but I thought I would say nothing about the matter for some time. You will pardon me when I tell you that I have been observing you closely since you entered the service of our Company."

This was the first reference to their relative positions which had been made. Will did not know what to answer.

"You have seen a good deal of our sandalwood trade," said Mr. Mackay, changing the subject; "what do you think of its prospects, Mr. Sheridan?"

This was too extensive a question for Will, and he faltered in his reply. He had, he said, only considered his own duties in the trade, and they offered a limited scope for observation.

The old merchant, however, returned to the point.

"Captain Mathews tells me that you have expressed to him your dissatisfaction at the management of our affairs in Western Australia."

"No, sir," answered Will with a smile, "not with the management, but with the mismanagement."

"Ah, just so," said Mr. Mackay; "we will talk more about this by-and-by."

When the ladies had retired, Mr. Mackay again took up the subject.

"You see the current affairs in Australia are mismanaged, then?"

"Well, sir, it appears to me there is no system whatever on the other side, so far as the Company's interests are concerned."

"How is that?" asked the keen business man, opening his eyes. "Does not our agent purchase and ship the sandalwood?"

"Yes, he certainly does, and that's all he does; and that's nothing," said blunt Will, "at least for the Company's benefit."

"Please explain," said Mr. Mackay, nervously.

"Well," said Will, in his earnest way when interested, "as you know, the south coast is a hundred miles from the shipping-station at Banbury. It is cut by ticket of leave men. From them it is bought by speculators, who team it to Banbury; and from these fellows, who manage to control the wood, your agent buys it at the wharf, paying whatever price is asked."

"You would have him do more?" asked Mackay.

"I would change the whole plan, sir, if it were my concern. First, I would lease all, or as much as I could, of the sandalwood land direct from the Government, then I would set my hired cutters to work, and then carry the wood in my own teams to the wharf. The original cost can be decreased at least fifty per cent. And, besides this, there are other valuable substances, such as gum, tannin, and skins, that could be carried and shipped at the same time."

The merchant listened attentively to the broad outline of Will's plans, which he spoke about quite freely as one outside the matter, but familiar with it.

"Mr. Sheridan," said Mr. Mackay at length, "our Company has decided to change our agent in Western Australia, and it gives me great pleasure to offer you the position. I will see," he added,

interrupting Will's surprised exclamation, "that you shall have sufficient power at your disposal to carry out your ideas with regard to the extension of the trade."

Will hardly heard another word for the rest of the evening. His mind scarcely took in the change—from the poor and unknown sailor, at one step, to a man of large influence and position for such would be the Australian agent of so wealthy a Company.

When he returned to the ship his face flamed with excitement, as he related the wonderful story to his old friend Captain Mathews, who became even more excited than Will—and declared many times over his glass of "Old Tom," that "they were beginning to see things right at last," and that "no man could do land business so well as him who was trained at sea," and diverse other sentences filled with wisdom drawn from personal pride and marine philosophy.

IV.

THE TEAMSTERS' TAVERN.

"Curse that fellow!" bled Lame Scotty through his clenched teeth, "I hate him!" The word was emphasized by a blow on the rickety table that made the glasses jump.

The scene was a public house in the little mahogany town of Banbury, Western Australia. The time, six months after Will Sheridan had assumed the sandalwood agency. The speaker was a ticket of leave man, a wiry eyed fellow of middle age, whose face had the cunning ferocity of a ferret. His auditors were a shaggy crowd of woodcutters and ex-convict teamsters, the latter group sitting with him at a long table.

"I must talk to you, Scotty," said a rough-looking man of immense stature, with an axe strapped on his back, who least smothering against the fireplace; "don't shut so, my friend, or Agent Sheridan will hear it, and kick you out of the team he gave you for charity."

"Kek me out!" retorted Scotty, with an oath; "he daren't touch me. Curse his charity! He gave me a team for his own interest."

"Bah!" said the big woodcutter, without moving, "you were always a brag. He gave you work and wages to you and a lot of your ugly gang there, for downright charity; and, like the hounds you always were, you have no thanks in you."

Though the gang so broadly referred to were at the table with Scotty, no one resented the woodcutter's epithet, though dark looks were flung at him.

"This agent has ruined the sandalwood trade," said Scotty, addressing himself to the aroused woodcutters. "Before he came here, a poor man could earn a few pounds; but now we ain't any better than chain-gang men, that's true; and the brawny beaver of the axe, still quietly smoking; 'noble you talk more. There's where the who's bolting lot of you ought to be still. You talk of rufing poor men,' he continued, slightly shifting his position so as to face Scotty, "you daren't fix I know you—and these men know you," pointing to the group of woodcutters.

"Before this new system came with this new agent, you and your ruffians had the whole trade in your hands. You bought from the cutters at your own price, and you paid them in rum. You cheated the woodcutters and swindled the dealers, till the wonder was that some day you weren't found chopped to pieces for your villainy."

"That's true as Gospel," said one of the woodcutters, who had lately applauded Scotty. "You're an infernal set of wamples, you are!"

Scotty and his ill-looking crew realized that the woodcutter "had got the drop on them, dead sure."

A stamping and tramping in the outer room or store suggested new arrivals, as the place was a kind of inn. All eyes were turned to the door, where entered, one after another, about a dozen powerful fellows, in the picturesque garb of stock-riders, who noisily but good humoredly sat them down to the large central table, and called for something to eat and drink.

The interrupted discussion was not resumed, but a whispered and earnest comment on the new comers began among Scotty's gang.

"Where do you fellows hail from?" asked the big woodcutter, after waiting a while, and in a friendly tone.

"From Dardanup," said one of the stockriders. The whispering between Scotty and his friends ceased, the last word passed round being strongly emphatic—"There was a colony of Irish settlers at Dardanup, free men, who had emigrated there forty years before, when the Western Colony was free from the criminal taint. The families were all related to each other by inter marriage; and the men of the whole settlement, who had been born and reared in the bush, were famous throughout the colony for strength, horsemanship, good-fellowship, and hard fighting qualities."

"From Dardanup—eh?" said the big woodcutter, with a mischievous smile at Scotty's group. "Then you be Agent Sheridan's new teamsters, maybe?"

"Ay, we're going to take those teams up to-morrow," said a strong fellow; and then, to call the water, he hammered the table with his enormous fist.

"Why," said the woodcutter in his bland way; "it might be as you're Maguire boys from Dardanup?"

"Only eight Maguires in this crowd," said the table-hammerer, with a pleasant look round the circle.

Scotty and one or two of his friends here gently left their seats, and sauntered toward the door.

"Don't go," said the woodcutter pressing; "Don't be a hurry, Scotty, man; why it isn't ten minutes ago since you wanted to chaw up that d— Sheridan and his teamsters."

Scotty scowled at the woodcutter. "A man comes and goes as he pleases, can't he?" he would.

"O, ay; but don't leave the friends as you wanted to meet, just now. Here, you Dardanup fellows, this is your ganger in the team; this is your 'boss,' as Yankee Sullivan says. This is the fellow that says Agent Sheridan daren't order him, and

that the agent went down on his knees and begged him to drive his black ox team."

"He'll never drive it again," said one of the Dardanup men.

"Why won't he?" demanded one of Scotty's friends.

"Because he's going to drive that team," said the six-foot Australian, wheeling his seat with an ominous velocity.

"Ho, ho! ha, ha!" roared the big woodcutter, enjoying the fallen crest of the braggart; "but you can't have that team, Maguire; Scotty will make ribbons of you."

And the man with the axe heavily stamped on the floor in his bolsters and enjoyment of Scotty's discomfiture.

The Dardanup man rose and walked toward Scotty, who sank back with a sudden dismay that he stumbled and fell headlong, while a water, entering with a tray of plates and glasses, tumbled across the prostrate bully.

At this there was a loud laugh, and the six-footer from Dardanup sat down again. Scotty, too, was wise enough to profit by the hilarity. He picked himself up, laughing with the rest.

"C'me," he cried in a jolly tone, but with a humiliated aspect, as if he feared his offer would be refused, "let us have a drink and shake hands, no matter who has the teams."

"Bravo!" cried the Dardanup men, who were just as ready to drink as to fight.

The bottle was passed round, and every man drank with Scotty, except the big woodcutter.

Scotty handed him the bottle and a glass, noting that he had not tasted.

"No, thank you," said the big man, with a shake of the head, "none of that for me."

A few moments afterward one of the Dardanup men held up his glass to the big man of the axe. "Drink with me," he said.

"Ay, lad," said the woodcutter, "pass your bottle. I'll drink with you all night."

Scotty pretended not to have noted nor heard; but as soon as he could he escaped from the room with his associates. The Dardanup men ate a mighty supper, and afterwards had a wild time, in which the woodcutter was a partaker.

Powerful and hearty fellows, full of good nature, but dangerous men to rouse, these young Australians, and their strong blood was excited by the new enterprise they had undertaken.

A combination had been made among the ticket of leave teamsters and buyers against the new agent of the sandalwood trade, who had revolutionized the old system. It had come to a serious pass with the business, and Agent Sheridan, knowing that a weak front would invite ruin, had resolved to test the opposition at once rather than wait for its bursting.

He rode to Dardanup, and called a meeting of the stockriders, who though everyone born in Australia, and bred to the bush from infancy, had a warm feeling for Sheridan, because of his Irish name. He laid the case before them without hiding the danger.

The ticket of leave teamsters were resolved to destroy the sandalwood teams of the company, by rolling great rocks on them as they passed through the Blackwood Gorge.

The Blackwood Gorge was the narrow part of a stream that wound among the Iron-stone Hills. In the rainy season it was filled with a violent flood; but for six months of the year it was quite dry, and was used as a road to reach the sandalwood districts. For more than thirty miles the patient oxen followed this rugged bridle path; and for the whole distance the way zigzagged between the feet of precipitous and steep mountains.

I would be an easy matter to block up or destroy a slow moving train in such a gully. And that the discharged ticket-of-leave teamsters had determined on this desperate revenge, the fullest proof was in the hands of Agent Sheridan.

He had considered the matter well, and he was resolved on a plan of action. He told the Dardanup bushmen that he wanted twenty-four men, twelve to act as teamsters, and twelve as a reserve. In a few minutes he had booked the names and settled the conditions with two dozen of the strongest and boldest men in Western Australia.

The meeting in the tavern was the first intimation the ticket of leave men had that their plan had been discovered. He next morning, the teams passed peacefully through the little town, while the discomfited Scotty and his friends looked on from their skulking places, and never stirred a finger.

That evening, in the tavern, Scotty and his men were moodily drinking, and at another table sat half a dozen Dardanup stockriders. The woodcutter with the axe was smoking, as he lounged against the fireplace.

"Why didn't you Dardanup boys go along with the others?" he asked the stockriders.

Scotty and his ill-looking group turned their heads to hear the reply.

"We stayed behind to watch the wind!" answered one, with a laugh.

"To watch the wind?" queried the big woodcutter.

"Ay," said the Dardanup man, very slowly, and looking squarely at the ticket-of-leave teamsters; "if the wind blows a stone as big as a turtle's egg down the Blackwood Gorge to-morrow, we'll put a swinging ornament on every one of those twenty gum trees on the square. The rope is ready, and some one ought to pray for fine weather: 'Just one stone,' continued the giant, who had risen to light his pipe; and as he passed he laid a heavy hand on Scotty's shoulder, as if by chance.

"Just one stone, as big as a turtle's egg; and we begin to reeve that rope."

"Ha, ha! ho, ho!" roared the woodcutter, and the shanty shook with his tremendous merriment. When his derision had exhausted itself, he sat with the Dardanup men, and drank and sang in great hilarity over the routing of Scotty's gang.

From that day, the new agent of the sandalwood trade was treated with marked respect by all classes in Western Australia.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For scrofula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures. Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

A COMMITTEE OF PHYSICIANS ON THE MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

The national pilgrimage of the French Catholics to Lourdes was this year attended with many circumstances which will deserve the attention of the Christian world, the attention in particular, of professed scientists. Hypnotism, advocated, supported, half explained, and half enveloped in mystery by its adepts, had its congress in Paris during the Exposition in 1889. Avowed unbelievers, materialists and medical practitioners of eminence met there to compare notes, to detail the results of their experiments, and observations, to proclaim what they judged to be unquestionable facts, and to confess, as well, that in the practice of hypnotism as an instrument of medical science and a curative method there should be rigorous rules and extraordinary precautions to prevent abuse.

Religion, morality, the very sanctity of the social order itself had been justly alarmed by the phenomena evolved in hypnotic experiments, by the whole series of facts recorded and by the new and terrible facts covered over by the scientific denunciations of suggestion and suggestibility.

Am I far from the truth in saying that, according to modern one organ of the anti-Christian spirit in France and all over the European continent, the results, agencies and tendencies of hypnotism, as recorded in the proceedings of this congress amounted to a denial of the Bible miracles, and of the existence of any supernatural power able to work a real miracle? Last year's congress of hypnotists was, the unbelieving press declared, a challenge to the French Catholics to produce at Lourdes or elsewhere any well authenticated miraculous cures which could in any way surpass those which hypnotism had wrought in the hospitals of Paris and Germany.

My letter of September 8, 1890, described in part the answer given to this challenge by Christian France. The religious press found it easy to pass over in silence the wonderful cures effected at Lourdes during the month of August, or to pooh pooh the proceedings of the national pilgrimage as things unworthy of attention.

Nevertheless, the sudden cures, effected then at Lourdes, in presence of more than ten thousand persons, were subjected to the careful scrutiny of a large body of physicians, and certified to by them when no possible room for doubt had been left. One man among those thus cured last year, whose case attracted universal attention, is Pierre Delanoy, at present a gardener in the employ of Count de Villeneuve-Bargemont, in the Department of the Var.

This man, after serving his term in the army, was gradually deprived of the use of his legs, until he became hopelessly crippled. After passing from the best hospitals in the provinces to those of Paris, he spent five entire years under the care of the best medical men in all France, and finally was discharged as incurable. The last certificate, attesting the poor fellow's desperate condition, was that of the celebrated Dr. Charcot.

Well, he went to Lourdes last year; was carried like a log to the Grotto after the fatigue of the long journey from Paris, helping himself occasionally by using his crutches. During the first two days they plunged him into the icy cold spring morning and afternoon. On the third day, while the Blessed Sacrament was carried by in solemn procession, amid the chanting of psalms and the chorus of prayers for the hundreds of sick present, Pierre Delanoy was impelled by a voice or a force within to rise from his stretcher, to cast away his crutches, and to follow the procession to the basilica. He felt all the vigor and agility of his twentieth year come back upon him, he says. His cure was instantaneous and perfect. He had certificates from nearly all the hospitals of Paris bearing the names of the foremost physicians, all saying that his case was a hopeless one. And now! of a sudden he went back to them without a vestige of his former infirmity.

This man was only one among several miraculously and most certainly cured last year.

In August, 1890, the eyes of the entire medical faculty of France were fixed on the national pilgrimage to Lourdes, beginning on August 21st and concluding on August 25th. This time we have in the report of Dr. Boissarie the minutes of the results of the pilgrimage, examined under every one of their scientific aspects, especially that of "suggestiveness," so much dwelt on by hypnotists.

On the 21st of August "we had at Lourdes about one thousand sick persons," the doctor says, "and during four entire days twenty-eight or thirty physicians met in the investigating office to study and analyze all cures, improvements or changes for the better which took place under their eyes. We saw these tumors, wounds, organic affections of every description. Consumption and cancer were there in their last stages. These physicians came from all parts of France, without any previous concert, were unknown to each other. Convinced, or curious, or incredulous, we were determined to appreciate ourselves, with a perfect fullness of mental liberty, the facts about to be submitted to our observation. Every sick person was the bearer of a complete series of legal certificates. The physicians who had attended him described the nature of his disease, its progress, duration and the treatment he had undergone. The other documents attested the bearer's morality and previous conduct. We had in our hands all the elements necessary for a serious inquiry."

Dr. Boissarie then sums up the general results of their four days' investigations: "Four deaths and eighty cures or marked changes for the better. It is strange that among one thousand sick persons, excessively fatigued, after three or four days' journey on the railroad cars, subjected to most extraordinary excitement and plunged several times each day into a bath of ice-cold water, there should be in four days only four deaths. If the sick in the hospitals endured the extraordinary fatigues, the excitement and the treatment to which those at Lourdes voluntarily submitted, surely the percentage of deaths would be far larger. On the

contrary, the percentage of cures, the doctor affirms, surpasses that of any known hospital.

"In one word," he says, "a very low death rate, numerous and extraordinary cures. During these pilgrimages from the entire territory of France, which are known as the 'great days at Lourdes,' we had also solemn assizes which pronounced very momentous judgments. The pilgrimage of 1890, even though it may not have been so striking in its results, has, nevertheless, a very instructive aim. We know what influence great popular excitement and 'suggestion' may have in procuring certain cures. But this year the cures did not take place when we expected them or among the class of patients where we looked for them. The pre-occupations of the human mind generally throw a false light on the significance and the bearing of the divine operation."

"Did we see miracles? This is the question repeatedly put to us all through these days of pilgrimage. After each session of our committee of investigation every one of the physicians would see himself beset by a crowd of inquirers, 'Tell us if you have witnessed any miracles?' was the constantly repeated question. We did not appear very favorably with our reserves, our distinctions."

"Well, we had firmly resolved from the beginning to speak of miracles, if there are none. We should take no account of nervous diseases. We should make full allowance for the incalculable power of 'suggestion,' especially amid the atmosphere of excitement around us. We wanted only to study tumors, wounds, material lesions. All functional troubles would be overlooked."

"Conviction came to us from a quarter to which we did not look at all. It is very easy in theory to speak of hypnotism and 'suggestion' without producing words to solve the most difficult problems. We must make very much less of certain extraordinary cures obtained (by hypnotists, etc.) by a word, by a sign, by a command. We shall have still long to deal with hysterical persons, with paralytics, with contracted and deformed members, and all that long cortege of nervous affections which so sadly afflict their victims through life."

The Doctor describes the powerful address made on the third day to the assembled sick, calculated to rouse their faith and enthusiastic hope in the divine power and goodness. Then he paints the extraordinary scenes which took place on the morning, the fourth and last day of the pilgrimage. From the Grotto, with its large basin of spring water, the great procession of the Blessed Sacrament extended all the way up to the new basilica of the Bary, pausing on its way, coming and going, at the middle church. Dr. Boissarie describes the scene which then occurred in order to prove one thing, that "suggestion" or the mere and manifold forces of religious enthusiasm, ardent faith and the prayerful supplications of a great multitude could have no seeming effect in producing cures which came under the scrutiny of the assembled physicians. When the processions and other services of the day were over not a single person, claiming to have been cured that day, appeared before them. The miracles, therefore, to which these experienced investigators were compelled to set their feet, their attention were not the result of "suggestion," even though the forces of this moral agency had been raised to the very highest pitch of tension.

What, then, was the nature of the diseases miraculously cured at Lourdes on the memorable pilgrimage of this year and attested by the board of physicians as genuine, unquestioned and unquestionable miracles? Let Dr. Boissarie himself answer:

"We were waiting to see the cures effected on persons with sores, wounds and external lesions. We only had consumptives, poor creatures who showed us certificates attesting that they were in the third degree of phthisis, who now only bore the traces of a slight congestion of the lungs. . . . To one of my brother physicians, who insisted on seeing cured a certain class of disease, which he had selected, I could only say: 'If I could bid, here on the spot, a cancer to disappear, or a wound to close up completely, I would be happy to comply with your wishes. But I am not a healing agent here any more than you are, must see, in the very order followed by the facts we attend, the seal of a power superior to us all.'"

"I say, then, that we saw consumptives cured; patients who were the bearers of the most explicit attestations from the medical men who had attended them. On these we could scarcely discover the traces of congestion all but perfectly obliterated. Lungs in which tuberculosis and bacilli had been in full evolution for months and years were not yet quite perfectly permeable to the air, and still gave out now and then a slight hissing sound. But all morbid action seemed arrested, and the patients declared that their organs were as well as ever, and that they felt as they had not felt for a very long time."

"Are these results to be lasting? We cannot reply in the affirmative at present. But such as they are they are surely most important. There can be no illusion in what has taken place. The facts are too numerous and too overwhelming. Such profound modifications as I have described are not the effect of nervous commotion or imagination."

"Try in