

HEALING THE AFFLICTED.

THOUSANDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN VISIT A CHURCH WHERE SOME OF THE BONES OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA REST.

Troy Hill, Allegheny City, Pa., was Thursday, June 13, the shrine to which thousands of the faithful journeyed. This is the day of St. Anthony of Padua, the patron saint of Father Mullinger's church, in which some of the bones of the saint, and it is on this day that Father Mullinger begins one of his almost miraculous cures.

From every direction in the morning came the multitudes of believers, among them being many Protestants. The lame, the halt, and the blind were there; puny, sickly children, hither and thither, and disordered and afflicted eyes. Cripples hobbled up the long flight of steps to the church. Sick persons slowly climbed the hill, resting now and again, but suffering without a murmur, and were happy and hopeful when the church was reached. They came on crutches, in carriages, carried on pillows and beds, a suffering and pitiful but hoping and faithful multitude.

Almost every city in the country was represented and all believed they would go away benefited if not entirely cured. By six o'clock the church was crowded with devout and diseased people. By eight o'clock the yard was full and by noon it was almost impossible to pass along the street in front of the church. The perfect faith of the entire crowd was wonderful. As each cripple or sick person passed you could hear on all sides: "Oh, wait till Father Mullinger sees you. He will help you and make you well."

The reverence and love with which the Rev. Father was greeted by the multitude was wonderful. Every time he appeared at the door of the church to speak a comforting word to the waiting crowd every head was uncovered and every voice blessed him. The scene in and around the church was solemn and impressive. People knelt on bare ground and asked his blessing. There were tears and smiles, hopes, but no fears, and perfect faith in the hands of all.

From early morning until Mass at ten o'clock Father Mullinger ministered to the faithful, and the results in some cases were almost miraculous. His method is different with the various cases. Sometimes he uses no medicine, but rubs the deformed limb. In other cases he uses medicine alone, and in some cases both. He does not claim to do miracles. He simply finds out the malady and, having a wonderful knowledge of medicine and human life, prescribes and invokes God's aid and the saints' all healing powers to aid them. He will treat none who have no faith, and does not pretend to make a complete cure without a reasonable time. In some cases months must elapse and in others the cures are almost instantaneous.

Among the many wonderful things witnessed was the complete curing of a Miss Parks of Philadelphia of epilepsy. Father Mullinger told her that in three days she would be entirely cured. When she entered the church she was a twitching, helpless woman, who had to be carried; she walked from the church with scarcely any perceptible evidence of her trouble.

A lady from New York, so blind as to be unable to walk without being led, walked from the church alone unaided, and said she could distinguish many objects, while before she was totally blind.

A woman who had been boarding with Mrs. Buch on Troy hill for some time has been unable to speak a word for two years. Father Mullinger gave her some medicine, talked to her for a time, and she finally called him by name.

A girl who had been called to use crutches went in. Father Mullinger, after perceiving for a while working with her, said: "Put down your crutches and come with me." She hesitated a moment, laid down her crutches, and with feeble steps made her way toward him. He said she would be entirely well in a short time.

A Mrs. Winston, who was last year cured of cancer, and with her a mother and her little boy, were present to receive his blessing. Last year he had cured the boy of a hip disease, which had afflicted him for years.

At ten o'clock Mass was said, and the hundreds in the church and the thousands outside received the blessing after the Mass. Each one in the crowd had a bottle which was filled with holy water and taken home.

Every house near the church is filled with the sick, who will remain there three days of the feast. While there were many distressing cases and sights the happy look of supreme faith on each face was inspiring and thrilling.

A Mrs. Robinson, of Philadelphia, who last year was cured of hip disease, was in church in charge of a Protestant friend afflicted in the same way and said she would take her home well. Such is only one of the thousands of cases of hip disease.

It is safe to say 6,000 people were in and around the church, and a more devout and faith-inspiring assembly has rarely been seen. People knelt on the hard benches or the bare ground to receive a blessing, and while weeping tears of pain would smile and bless the priest as he passed among them.

All sorts and conditions of people were there, the richly-dressed lavishly knelt by the side of the beggarly cripple. The suffering, diseased, victims clasped the hand of a helping friend and all the multitude was filled with the one absorbing belief that Father Mullinger could and would cure all his.

THE SAINT GIVEN IN EARLY BOHOOD TO THE CHARGE OF THE CANONS OF LISBON.

IN ORDER TO INSURE HIM THE BEST RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR EDUCATION OF THE TIME.

When he was barely fifteen years old he entered the house of the regular canons of St. Austro, near Lisbon; but there he found himself disturbed by the visits of his relatives who resided in the capital, and he removed to the convent of Holy Cross at Coimbra, over a hundred miles away. At Holy Cross we see him for eight years—eight years spent in the earnest application to study and meditation. His theological learning was vast; his power of argument was irresistible; his eloquence captured all who thronged to hear his discourses.

He was twenty-six years old when he joined the Order of St. Francis and was commissioned by St. Francis to teach theology; he assigned him to the convent of Arcella, a suburb of the city of Padua. In Padua there was yet no convent of his order. The duties of Anthony in the great church of Padua, the long hours in the confessional where thousands knelt around; the exhausting labors in the pulpit, whence his voice daily sounded to crowds of the holy and the repenting, rendered his residence at the convent impossible.

Throughout Italy the saint then preached. Catholics were thronged to hear his burning words. From church to church and chapel to chapel he progressed, but more frequently he spoke to thousands where no roof, no walls held in his voice. As his approach the loom and distaff were idle; the ring of the hammer was unheard, the plough rested in the furrow, the seaman and the reaper laid aside their toil. His hearers were not limited to the districts where he preached; numbers followed his course. His progress was genuine by miracle. Those who were epaethic saw their imperfections pass before them; the hard-hearted softened; the unjust turned from injustice; long-standing enmity gave way to peace. While he provided an antidote for the afflicted penitent, he, with a fiery zeal, denounced the proud, the heretic, the votary of sinful pleasure, the oppressor of the poor.

To this man of God were taken those who were stricken with physical ailments; who were not endowed with fullness of corporal gifts. They sought, in faith, intercession that they might be healed. He prayed on their behalf to God. The dumb were healed to speak; the blind saw in thankfulness the beauties of the Creator's works; those who long had lain prostrate, feeble and suffering regained strength as of old. But his preaching was not confined to Italy. His eloquence captured the learned at the Universities of Toulouse and Paris; countless numbers heard his heaven-guided utterances throughout the kingdom of France. Once he spoke at the funeral of one who was corrupted by wealth; in whom charity would no place; he exclaimed in words of fire: "His heart is buried in his treasure chest; go seek it there and you will find it."

The friends of the deceased sped to the money chest, they broke it open, the heart of the dead man was there; they exhumed his corpse; they examined it; it contained no heart. By his intercession the dead was restored to life. He was designated the "Hammer of Heretics." He was styled by Pope Gregory IX, before whom he preached "The Ark of the Covenant."

Some time before his death he rested in solitude at Mt. Alverno; it was to him as a Hermit; it was where the stigmata was impressed on the illustrious founder of the pulpit during Lent in Padua. After the feast of Easter his health was failing; he had a premonition of death. He was in a rural convent at San Pietro; he begged to be carried to his cell in his convent in Padua, for there now a great convent flourished, he wished to be brought there to die.

Sadly and slowly, on a litter his brethren conveyed his sinking frame. The city went out on mass to greet the approach of him they loved; who was, they realized, soon to be taken away. He was not to reach Padua. On the way lay a little convent; his brethren placed him there. That night he slept; in the early morning he confessed, he received the Body and Blood of his Saviour; a brightness, not of earth, shone from his eyes, his brethren questioned him as to his joy. He answered: "I behold my God."

He was anointed. He joined in the recital of the psalms. His devotion to the Virgin Mother was most ardent throughout his life; if possible, he prayed more brightly at its close. Holding his eyes he chanted with unctious words of his favorite hymn to Mary: "O Gloiosa Domini" and with its ending strains he passed away to heaven. This was on June 13, 1221.

In Padua, some thirty-two years after he had gone to his reward, a noble church was raised under his invocation; his relics were removed and there enshrined. The flag had been torn from the bones; the tongue, that God had cleansed with a burning coal, remained uncorrupted.

As the finder of things lost there is no people which does not to this hour implore his assistance before God. There is no land, there is no people who will not at this hour testify to the benefits they have and are daily experiencing from such resources.

Miraculous graces are obtained through the intercession of St. Anthony. Largely his intercession is sought for the following ends: 1st, For the restoration of things lost or stolen; 2nd for the recovery of health; 3rd, for a knowledge of the will of God relative to the choice of occupation or vocation; 4th, for the happy issue of our undertakings, whether in relation to our spiritual or temporal good.

P. M. Markwell, West Jeddore, N. S. writes: I wish to inform you of the wonderful qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I had a horse so lame that he could scarcely walk; the trouble was in the knee; and two or three applications completely cured him.

Safe and Reliable. I highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for curing cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery and all summer complaints. It is safe and reliable for children and older persons.

MISS HILEY ENCKENRIDGE, Herworth, Que.

A TRADITION OF TADOUSSAC.

BY KATHLEEN.

In the Springtime of his manhood and his young life's first romance, He left his home in the pleasant land of France; And with the hope of conquest filling the heart within his bosom; And never a backward glance, he sat into the West. His mail the black robe of the priest, his cross the sword, His conquest—the soul's he led captive to the Lord.

More than a hundred years ago, a striking event occurred at the lonely mission and trading post of Tadoussac, where the river Saguenay enters the Lower St. Lawrence. It made so profound an impression on the people that, after a lapse of all these years, the name of Pere de la Brosse has but to be mentioned to some old habitant, and—whether he be from L'Isle Aux Oudres, Bas St. Paul, or Tadoussac itself—you will be told the story of the death of that well-beloved priest and missionary, with a simple faith as refreshing as it is rare in this skeptical century of ours.

It was the 11th of April, 1782, and the loneliness of the long winter months had given way to the stir and traffic which the breaking up of the ice brought to the trading stations along the coast. A long line of bark canoes drew up on the beach, and a village of wigwags on the hillside, told that the Indians had arrived with their spoils from the winter hunting grounds. Here came the busy traders and agents of the great fur companies, and here too came the Pere de la Brosse. He was an old-time missionary of the Society of Jesus, keeping up the work of other days though his order had now been suppressed for several years, and he and his comrades could look for no long continuance of their work.

It was his harvest time for God, and all that April day he was seen in the chapel, praying, confessing, and here too came the little Indian children, as though no shadow of approaching death lay heavy on his soul. When evening came, he went as usual to pass a couple of hours with some friends. They noticed no change in his usual cheerful manner, until he arose to leave them. Then, indeed, the solemnity of his manner filled them with a sudden dread, even before he had time farewell in a touching word.

"I am bidding you adieu, my friends, adieu for eternity. You will see me no more on this earth. To-night at midnight you will hear my chapel bell; it will announce my death. If you do not believe me, come and see for yourselves, but do not, I beg of you, touch my body. Go to L'Isle Aux Oudres to-morrow and bring M. Compain (the priest) here to bury me. You will find him waiting at the end of the island. No matter how stormy the weather is, have no fear; I answer for the safety of those who make this voyage."

Awe-struck at his words, in such apparent contradiction to his hale and hearty appearance, his friends refused to believe him. But with an air of authority he again said that, before the dawn of another day, they would know the truth of his words; and so he left them.

Anxious and wondering, hoping against hope, they sat awaiting the midnight hour. Ten o'clock came—eleven—midnight, and loud and clear the chapel bell, tolled by no mortal hand, rang the funeral peal.

All eyes were turned, and men towards the chapel. They entered, and by the dim light of the Sanctuary lamp saw the black-robed figure of their "good Father." His white head was bowed between his clasped hands; he lay dead upon the altar step.

Soon the news spread through the settlement, all business was suspended, and from every dawn, whites and Indians flocked to the chapel. The tears and sobs of the ones, and the deepest grief of the others, showed how well they loved him.

The day was ushered in with such a terrific storm that no man dared to launch a boat. At last, one of the officers of the post called for three good men to accompany him, and to take them to the last words of the dead priest. Fail of faith they bravely embarked and, so quickly was the stormy passage made, that about eleven o'clock the same morning the Cap Au Oies was rounded and in an incredibly short time they came in sight of the island and of the man they sought.

From afar off M. Compain saw them, and as soon as his voice could reach them he called out: "Pere de la Brosse is dead. You have come to seek me for his burial." He too had heard, as he sat reading the previous midnight, the tolling of his own church bell. Filled with astonishment, he hastened to ascertain the cause; but though the solemn peal rang out in the silence of the night, no finger's hand was on the rope.

Then, distinctly to his ear, came these words: "Pere de la Brosse has just died at Tadoussac—with the tolling of the bell his soul passed away. Go to-morrow to the end of the island; a boat will bring you to perform the burial rites."

And mean-while, at Chateaufort, Ile Verte, Trois Piques, Bas de Chateaufort, and Rimouski—all missions founded by the good Father—the bells rang out his funeral knell at the very hour that he gave up his soul to God.

So long as his body lay buried under that humble altar at Tadoussac, never an Indian passed up or down the broad river, but he drew up his bark canoe on the beach and went to tell the simple story of his joys and griefs to *le bon Pere* who had been their friend and father for more than thirty years.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

THE SALVE REGINA.

As an illustration of the benefit of daily prayer, though offered by even the most hardened, and its efficacy in drawing upon them the grace of conversion, the following incident was related from his experience by a holy Benedictine priest: He was one day passing along the street, deeply engrossed in thought, and with his eyes cast down, when he was stopped quite suddenly and in a most mysterious manner. Looking up to learn the cause of this unaccountable occurrence, he saw a woman making her way hastily towards him from one of the tenement houses before which he was standing. She seemed full of grief, and begged him breathlessly to come and see her husband who was dying, but would not allow her to send for any priestal assistance. She had seen the priest pass from the window above, and felt that he had been sent by the Almighty God for the salvation of the dying man. She besought the father, however, not to let her husband know that she had called him, or he would be very angry with her.

While ascending to the sick man's apartment, the priest gathered from the words of the woman that the life of her husband had been far from what it should have been. On entering the room, the man, who his wife had only just been told of his death, was lying on his back, his eyes closed, and his hands clasped in prayer. He had determined not to see; but the latter quietly told him of the mysterious manner in which he had been stopped in the street, and the man soon became calm. He even listened to the words of the priest, who tried to make him realize his precarious state. At first the dying man himself seemed deeply affected, that the heart was softened, and the poor fellow finally consented to make his confession, declaring, however, that it was impossible in his present extreme weakness to remember all his sins. But the information the priest had already obtained from the woman, joined with his great experience of human nature helped to bridge this difficulty. The man was the more anxious now to do so, as he believed that the priest was supernaturally stayed in the street in order to help him.

When absolution had been given, the priest heard the woman's confession also, and then married her to the man whom she had called her husband, and made them promise that their children should be taken to the parish church as soon as possible to be baptized. The good Father then left them, but soon returned with the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils necessary to administer Extreme Unction.

After all had been happily accomplished, the priest endeavored to raise the confidence of the dying man, and dwelt much on God's evident designs on his soul. He then added that he supposed the grace had been granted him in reward of some really good work of his past life, but the now really penitent man disclaimed anything on his part, and declared his life to have been a succession of profane sins. "And you can think of nothing," insisted the father, "that coupled with all the saving merits of the blood of Jesus Christ—without which nothing is meritorious—can have brought this grace to you when so many others have been eternally lost, with perhaps less on their souls."

"Well," said the dying man, brightening up after a pause, but speaking in a very low voice, "my mother—and a good mother she was—died when I was a lad. My brothers and sisters and myself were at her death-bed. After she had prepared herself to die, she gave us all her last good counsel. She called me close to her, and giving me her blessing placed the prayer book in my hands, and opening it at a certain page, asked me to promise I would say it every day. I had been a wild boy and but little comfort to her—'God rest her soul! Well, father, I promise—and I kept my word. Never a night have I lain down without saying that prayer, no matter how bad I have been.'"

"And what is the prayer?" asked the priest. "I cannot tell you the name," said the dying man, his voice growing feebler, "but it is a prayer to the Blessed Virgin; in your corner you will find the book in the old volume. The place is marked. The priest pointed to the well worn book, as the man had said, and taking it up he opened it at a deep yellow page, where his eye fell upon that beautiful prayer to "Mother of Mercy," to her who never turns a deaf ear to her children, and who loves to be invoked by this dearest of her titles:

"Hail, holy Queen! Mother of mercy, O how I love thee, and our hope; Deeply moved, the priest knelt down by the side of the dying man, and together with his wife, recited the prayer aloud; but before it had ended, the patient soul had taken its flight—'Messenger of the Sacred Heart'

It is sometimes called the sincere form of flattery. This may account for the number of imitations of the original and only positive corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extract. All such fail to possess equal merit, so when purchasing get the genuine "Putnam's." Safe, sure and genuine. All druggists.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache, Paralytic Vegetables Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont. writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

Worms derange the whole system, Mother Graves' Worm Expeller deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It will cost only five cents to try it and be convinced.

People who reside on borders in regions of country where fever and ague and bilious remittent fever are prevalent, should be particularly careful to regulate digestion, the liver and the bowels before the approach of the season of the periodic malarial. The timely use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure is a valuable safeguard against the malarial scourge. It is acknowledged to be the best blood purifier in the market.

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

What Protestants Have Said About the Pope. Roscoe, a Protestant writer, states that "almost all the Popes were superior to the age in which they lived, and were the protection of science, of letters and of art."

Referring to the beneficent influence of the Popes in the middle ages, Ancillon, a learned German Protestant divine, says: "In the ages when there was no social order, it was the influence and power of the Popes that alone saved Europe from a state of barbarism. They kept up the relations between distinct nations. They were the common centre and rallying point to all the isolated States. They formed a supreme tribunal, erected in the midst of universal anarchy, and their decrees were as respectable as they were respected. It was their power that prevented and stayed the despotism of the Emperors; that replaced the want of equilibrium and diminished the inconveniences of the feudal system."

THE REV. M. COQUEREL, EMPLOYS THE FOLLOWING LANGUAGE:

"The Papal power, by disposing of crowns, hindered despotism from becoming atrocious; thus it happened in times of darkness we do not meet with any example of tyranny like that of Domitian in ancient Rome. A Tyranny was impossible; the Pope would have crushed him, Great despots occur, when kings persuade themselves there is nothing above them; then intoxication of unlimited aggressions."

Southey, no friend of the Catholic Church, says: "If the Papal power had not been adapted to the conditions of Europe, it could not have subsisted. It was the remedy for some of the greatest evils. We have to look to the Abyssinians and Oriental Christians, to see what Europe would have become without the Papacy. It was morally and intellectually the conservative power of Christendom. Politically, it was the Saviour of Europe. For, in all probability, the West, like the East, must have been overrun by Mohammedanism, and sunk in irredeemable degradation if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to a united and prodigious effort, commensurate with the danger. In the frightful state of society which sometimes prevailed, the Church everywhere presented a controlling and remedial influence."

Robertson, a rigid Scotch Presbyterian, states: "The Pontifical monarchy taught the nations and kings to regard themselves mutually as compatriots, as being both equally subject to the divine sceptre of reason; and this country of religious unity has been throughout many ages, a real benefit for the human race."

The celebrated Swiss historian, Sismondi, thus exclaims: "In the midst of the conflicts of jurisdictions, the Pope alone proved to be the defender of the people, the only pacifier of great disturbances. The conduct of the Pontiff inspired respect as their beneficence merited gratitude."

John Muller, a learned German Protestant historian, expressed the opinion that "Without the Popes, Rome could not exist. George, Alexander and Luno could oppose a dike to the torrent which threatened the whole earth—their paternal hands elevated the hierarchy, and alongside of it the liberty of every state." Einheits says: "If all would become Catholics and believe in the infallibility of the Pope, there would not be required any other empire than that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, if the Popes resumed the authority which they had in the time of Nicholas the First or Gregory the Seventh, it would be the means of obtaining perpetual peace and conducting us back to the golden age."

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The following interesting particulars concerning the Imitation of Christ and its great author, St. Thomas Kempis, are from the Atherton. The Imitation of Christ, after Holy Scripture, probably the most exquisite and devotional book which has been written:

"The original volume is small, about four inches and a half by three and a half; with the exception of a few leaves on vellum the material is paper. The handwriting is good and practically clear; the character, that of a practically if not of a professional transcriber. Originally the manuscript belonged to the monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zolle, which Thomas a Kempis entered, as a novice, in his twenty-first year, and where he lived all his life. He was employed in the scriptorium, for other manuscripts are known to have been transcribed by him for the use of the community, some of which have been destroyed or lost sight of; among them, especially, a Bible and a Missal, to which are appended the same notes and end to the manuscript of the 'Imitation,' that they were 'finished by the hand of Brother Thomas a Kempis.' About the year 1570, during the troubles in the Netherlands, the monastery was destroyed, and many of the brethren took refuge at Louvain. Their Visitor-General, Peter Johannes Latomus, carried the precious MS. away with him to Antwerp, giving it, in 1578, to Jean Belliers, one of the chief printers in that city. This Belliers had two sons, who were members of the Society of Jesus, and, probably under their influence or advice, he gave it to their house at Antwerp, whence it passed on the suppression of the order, into the Burgundian Library, at Brussels, and thence used and preserved. The history of the manuscript of the 'Imitation of Christ' is, therefore, certain, and few books of the same date can show so good a pedigree."

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John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINCTUS.

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