A Legend of St. Patrick.

BY T. D. M'GEE.

Seven weary years in bondage the young St. Patrick pass'd,
Till the sudden hope came to him to break his bonds at last;
On the Antrim hills reposing, with the north star overhead,
As the gray dawn was disclosing, "I trust in God," he said—
"My sheep will find a shepherd, and my master find a slave,
But my mother has no other hope but me this side the grave."

Then girding close his mantle, and grasping fast his wand,
He sought the open ocean through the byways of the land;
The berries from the hedges on his solitary way,
And the cresses from the waters, were his only food by day;
The cold stone was his pillow, and the hard heath was his bed,
Till, looking from Benbulben, he saw the sea outspread.

He saw that ancient ocean, unfathom'd and unbound,
That breaks on Erin's beaches with so sorrowful a sound;
There lay a ship at Sligo bound up the Median sea—
"God save you, master mariner, will you give berth to me?
I have no gold to pay thee, but Christ will pay thee yet."
Loud laugh'd that foolish mariner, "nay, nay, *He* might forget!"

"Forget! Oh, not a favor done to the humblest one
Of all His human kindred can 'scape th' Eternal Son!"
In vain the Christian pleaded, the willing sail was spread,
His voice no more was heeded than the sea-birds overhead;
And as the vision faded of that ship against the sky,
On the briny rocks the captive pray'd to God to let him die.

But God, whose ear is open to catch the sparrow's fall,
At the sobbing of His servant frown'd along the waters all;
The billows rose in wonder and smote the churlish crew,
And around the ship the thunder like battle-arrows flew;
The screaming sea-fowl's clangor in Kishcorran's inner caves
Was hush'd before the anger of the tempest-trodden waves.

Like an eagle-hunted gannet, the ship drove back amain
To where the Christian captive sat in solitude and pain—
"Come in," they cried; "O Christian! we need your company,
For it was sure your angry God that met us out at sea."
Then smiled the gentle heavens, and doff'd their sable veil,
Then sunk to rest the breakers and died away the gale.

So, sitting by the pilot, the happy captive kept
On his rosary a reck'ning, while the seamen sung or slept
Before the winds propitious past Achill south by Ara,
The good ship gliding left behind Hiar-Connaught like an arrow—
From the southern bow of Erin they shoot the shore of Gaul,
And in holy Tours, Saint Patrick findeth freedom, friends, and all.

In holy Tours he findeth home and altars, friends and all;
There matins hail the morning, sweet bells to vespers call;
There's no lord to make him tremble, no magician to endure,
Nor need he to dissemble in the pious streets of Tours;
But ever, as he rises with the morning's early light,
And still erewhile he sleepeth, when the north star shines at night,
When he sees the angry Ocean by the tyrant Tempest trod,
He murmurs in devotion, "Fear nothing! trust in God!"

FATHER BURKE.

GREAT SERMON AND SPEECH IN LIVERPOOL.

Father Thomas Burke O. P., preached on Sunday morning at St. Anthony's Church, Liverpool, on behalf of the schools, and in the afternoon was presented with an address by the clergy and people of the mission. Although he has been ailing seriously for some time past, his appearance would seem to indicate that he is in the enjoyment of vigorous health. The enthusiasm which had to a certain extent been pent up during the previous part of the day found vent at the presentation which took place in the schools connected with the church. Notwithstanding that a charge was made for entrance, there was a crowded attendance, and Father Burke on his arrival was hailed with most lively demonstrations of joy. A brass band, whose services had been secured, struck up an inspiriting Irish national air, and the music was followed by ringing cheers and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The address, which bears the impress of Father Murphy's poetical imagination, was replied to by Father Burke in a speech racy and forcible. Its effect on the audience was marvellous, as shown by the vehement cheers with which it was received.

Father Burke took his text from the Gospel of the day. "To whom He said, To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God." The parable is this: the seed is the word of God. In the course of his sermon, after explaining his text, Father Burke said he had, in the course of his life, read and studied many things; had read statements that surprised him—things that he knew to be false or exaggerated—but he never read anything so false as the strange assertion that the Catholic Church was not an intellectual religion—that the Catholic Church liked to keep her people in ignorance—that the Catholic Church knew that it was only whilst her children were in ignorance they would be faithful to her, and that therefore she hated knowledge, which would promote incontancy and rebellion in their hearts. There never was an assertion so essentially or necessarily false as that, for the Catholic religion was essentially an intellectual religion. Firstly, it was intellectual in the subject matter of its doctrines; secondly, it was essentially intellectual, whilst spiritual, in the duties and obligations and practices which it imposed upon its children. Let them reflect briefly upon these two considerations. Let them take only two or three of her fundamental doctrines and consider them, and they would see how eminently intellectual they were; what an effort the mind must make to realize them, what an effort the intelligence must make even faintly to understand them. First of all there was the existence of God. Now in order to master this simple truth the mind must abstract from all idea of time, because God was eternity; must put away all notion of beginning or of end, for God never had a beginning, and He never would have an end; must put away all idea of space or limit; for God was infinite; must abstract entirely from every idea of anything material or substantial, because God was a pure spirit. Every operation of this kind, which was necessary in order to make an act of faith in the existence of God, demanded an exercise of the intellect so great that the greatest philosopher of ancient times was unable to accomplish it, for

THE GREATEST MINDS THAT GOD EVER CREATED

were unable, until Christ came with the light of God, to conceive of what was a pure spirit. Again the preacher took the mystery of the Trinity, and the Incarnation and birth of our Saviour, and asked if a religion founded on such mysteries as these, and appealing to man by its very doctrines to raise himself up to the contemplation of these high and holy things, was not pre-eminently an intellectual faith. And if (said the preacher) they passed from the doctrines to the practices and obligations of the Catholic Church, they found here again emphatically the necessity of intellectual cultivation. He would take three of the ordinary duties that belonged to Catholics all the world over, and mark clearly the distinction between them and all other sects calling themselves religious—the duty of daily prayer, the duty of hearing Mass on Sunday, and the duty of periodical Confession and Communion. Prayer was an exercise of the very highest intelligence, an intellectual act of the very highest sublimity, for in order to pray a man must realize his own obligations to God, must know that in God there is justice to be propitiated and mercy to be appealed to—must know what are his own wants, what are the requirements of his nature, and what are his individual failings, that he may beseech Almighty God for the grace necessary to remedy them. In one word, prayer was a succession of intellectual acts, so grand, so sublime, that, if the Catholic Church had no other claim to intellectuality, but that she enforced prayer, it ought in itself be

SUFFICIENT TO CONVINCE ALL MEN

that she was essentially an intellectual religion. Again, what did the hearing of Mass mean? You went into the church, you knelt down, and you joined with the priest in the act of sacrifice, for the priesthood that was in him by anointing was in you by participation. In order to do that you must realize the transubstantial change which was effected by the words of consecration. Where, in all the requirements of philosophy—where, in all the teachings of any pretended religion—where, in all the calls that ever society made upon man, was there a demand for so tremendous an intellectual act, as the realizing of one substance under the appearance and species of another? And this you must realize when you assist at Mass. You must join not only with the priest sacrificing, but with the greater Priest who was there, the true High Priest and Sacrifice. Let them pass from this to the next ordinary duty of Catholics, a duty with which they were all most familiar, namely, preparation for Confession and Communion. To this they had all been trained; and they regarded it as one of the great consolations of their lives. If you wanted to see Catholics together, without distinction of rank or class, you would

FIND THEM AROUND THE CONFESSIONAL.

Well, what did this mean? A man, in order to go to Confession, must know the whole cycle of God's holy law, because he must examine him self in everything in which he might transgress against that law, and how could a man thus examine himself unless he knew the law? Again, in order to go to Confession a man must know himself, and this the philosophers of old declared to be the greatest end of knowledge. He must sound himself; he must know his own weakness and depravity; must know his misery: must bring himself face to face with a soiled conscience; must drag his faults and vices from their dark recesses into the light, and with lips, no matter how unwilling, confess them repentently to the priest, the representative of God. Were not all these grand intellectual acts? Surely the religion that told a man that amongst the ordinary duties of his life there was one that involved such a knowledge of God's law that he must lay his hands upon his own transgressions of it, that he must, as it were, turn himself inside out, behold himself as God saw him, tear from his eyes the veil of self-love, and go, penetrated with a sorrow that in its highest forms must come from God, and, with tears, pour forth his self-accusation at the feet of the priest—surely such religion as that was intellectual? Therefore it was that when our Lord selected the twelve apostles to go forth and propagate His religion, the very first thing that He did was to flood their souls with light. "I am the light of the world," He said, "and you are

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"

—*vos estis lux mundi*. And in this Almighty God condescended to meet the wants and the natural requirements of man. If Christianity was to reform society—if it was to take man from under the dominion of sin and make him, as a child of light, avoid the works of darkness—then it must begin by knowledge and by education, for the source of all moral power, the source of all action for good or for evil in man lay in his free will. He was freely a sinner, freely rejecting the graces of God; he was freely a just man and a saint, freely accepting the grace of God and allowing it to operate in his life and action. "Before man" says the Holy Ghost, "is life or death: whichever he choose he may take." Now to get at that will—to lay hold of that moral power—to strengthen it so that it may choose life and not death—to purify it—to make it love and choose that which was right and good and holy—this was the great fundamental principle of Christianity. Now, unless the will of man was influenced, guided, and directed by Divine grace, it fell under the control of the passions, and therefore it was necessary not only that the mind should receive knowledge by education, that it might have its legitimate influence over the will, but also that that very knowledge that was infused into the mind and intelligence by education should in itself be sanctified by the grace of God, in order that the heart as well as the intelligence might be wrought upon, and the whole power of man's nature brought to bear upon the soul, so as to make it act purely for that which is good. Let them take away either of these two—remove the grace of God or deny the intelligence the benefit of education, and

THEY CREATED A CRIMINAL

The preacher went on to draw a picture of the utterly uneducated man, overcome by his passions, recognizing no law—for what knowledge has he of law?—turning upon the society that neglected him, and repaying it by his criminal acts for its culpable negligence. What wonder, then, he continued, that our Divine Lord commanded His postles to go and teach the world, to give men knowledge, and also to take care that in every element of knowledge which they imparted there should be the superior light of Divine faith? Therefore it was, that in the schools of the nuns and Christian Brothers, wherein every branch of knowledge was taught as efficiently as in purely secular schools, the great truth was recognized that no amount of knowledge that ever came into the mind of man could save him, or exalt him, or purify his heart unless that knowledge was permeated by the agency of God's love and His holy grace; and therefore it was that Catholic priests and pastors were constantly raising up their voices in the cause of Christian education. In conclusion, Father Burke made a vigorous appeal to his hearers for contributions to the school fund. He appealed to them with a greater confidence because he believed they were the children of a race that had been persecuted, and had gone throughout the world, scattering the seed of God's word.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS.

Amongst those present at the presentation of the address to Father Burke, were Dr. A. M. Bligh, who was moved to the chair, the Very Rev. Canon Clifford, the Rev. P. Murphy, &c.

After a few appropriate words from the chairman, Father Murphy read the address (which was in album form and was handsomely illuminated), prefacing it by some remarks on Father Burke's distinguished faculties as a preacher. The following is the text of the address:—

TO THE VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.

We, the priests and parishioners of St. Anthony's, are flattered and honored by your presence in our midst to-day, and we extend to you a real, cordial *cead mille failthe*.

We feel proud of you on many grounds. You belong to that distinguished Order which, from time to time, has bequeathed to the Church so many luminous names; but its white-robed founder had no braver sons, wrestling for the grand inheritance of religion, than those whose names stand out in bold relief on the gloomy pages of Irish history. The memory of St. Dominic's children clings to many a desolate Irish ruin, which preaches silently but eloquently to-day the bitter story of bygone struggles.

We welcome you as the unrivalled pulpit orator of the Irish Church. To no other has been given in our day that matchless eloquence, "as clear as the brook's stone of lustre," which gathers round whatever pulpit you occupy, those vast audiences who admiringly listen, and who retire electrified and enlightened.

We hail you as a great and distinguished Irishman, to be for ever classed in the ranks of those chieftains whose voices thundered for Ireland's liberties, and who fearlessly faced the foe that would strike her down and wind heavy chains around her neck. May we not recall the time when none else but you could shield her wounded heart: when your mighty voice rang out on the shores of America to uphold and sustain that Irish nation which you have always loved and honored, and which has the privilege to-day of claiming you as her most brilliant son?

We ask you, dear Father Tom, to accept this address, illuminated with memorials of your Order and your country, representing and expressing, however inadequately, all that we owe you as the greatest of pulpit orators and the most distinguished of living Irishmen.

Signed, on behalf of the priests and parishioners of St. Anthony's, Liverpool, Feb 20th, 1881.

PATRICK MURPHY.

FATHER BURKE'S REPLY.

Father Burke, on rising to reply, was cheered vehemently. He said:—Mr. Chairman, rev. gentlemen, my friends, I have first of all to return to your respected pastor, the parish priest of St. Anthony's, to his helpers in this mission, and to you, the people of this parish, my most grateful thanks for this beautiful presentation with which you have honored me to-day. It opens by telling me that you are flattered and honored by my presence amongst you. No, my friends, it is I who am flattered and honored—flattered, pleased, delighted—to see around me a number of my countrymen and countrywomen, banded together by religious and social bonds, which will ensure for them the elements of progress and advancement in this world, whilst they ensure and realize for them all those advantages and blessings which their fathers won for them by keeping the faith. I feel honored to be in the midst of you, for next to the approbation of my superiors in the Church, and their blessing, next to the approval of a conscience telling me that my line of action is good and priestly—next to this, I say, the very highest honor that could be conferred upon me in this world is

THE APPROVAL AND APPLAUSE OF MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN

(hear, hear). If I have, however humbly and inadequately, laboured for you and spoken for you at home and abroad—if I have endeavoured to hold up before the eyes of the world—admiring, though reluctantly—the chain of Ireland's sorrows and of Ireland's glories—if I have done this, next to the reward that, as a priest and a Catholic, I look forward to from God, I have already received, in most abundant measure, the highest reward that even God could give me—the hearts and the love and the approving affection of my Irish fellow countrymen in every land (applause). And this I esteem the more, not from any personal feeling or motive—not, I hope, from any foolish vanity tickled or pleased by it—but because, whenever an eye brightens, or whenever an Irish heart throbs at the sound of my voice—whenever an Irish hand is lifted in acclamation of the conclusions I draw—deep in my heart I feel that it is a new link added to that golden chain which for centuries has bound the priest and the people of Ireland together (loud applause). It is a golden bond that has withstood the strain of persecution and broken not. It is a golden bond that has not rusted even under the insidious

SMILES OF ENEMIES CLAIMING TO BE FRIENDS.

It is a bond that has remained insoluble, and though the very flames of hell were laid upon it, it has never been broken and never shall (loud applause). Its first link was wrought on the day the Ard-Righ of Tara put his hand into the hand of Patrick, and that bond shall remain till the last Irishman bends his knee to receive a blessing for the last time (applause). Your address goes on to compliment me most kindly on a point on which I am most sensitive, namely, as a member of the Order of Preachers, the children of St. Dominick. Yes; it is 600 years since this good "habit" of mine was first seen, and since the Dominican tonsure was first revealed in Ireland. Three hundred of these have been spent in peaceful study in our magnificent cloisters, surrounded by a faithful and loyal people, cultivating all those sciences and arts in which they were in advance of their age, though, perhaps, far behind the progress of our wonderful nineteenth century, of which there is no deeper admirer than I. For three hundred years the Dominicans in Ireland represented all that their Order represented abroad. Dominican hands built those wonderful and venerable cloisters, whose crumbling ruins, leaning upon the ivy that once climbed parasitically around them, are still there,

THE ADMIRATION OF TRAVELLERS FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

Then came a change; and for 300 years St. Dominick had to bleed in his Irish children, under the last of the persecutors. Well, what is the record of these years? We are told by one of Ireland's greatest historians, Thomas de Burgo—Tom Burke, that was his name—(laughter and applause)—Bishop of Ossory, a Dominican, and the author of the celebrated *Hibernia Dominicana*. He was placed standing, attired in his habit, on the rock of Cashel; a pile of wood was placed beside him, and he was told that if he only threw off the habit his life would be spared. "No," he answered, "never; I am an Irish Dominican" (applause). They set fire to the wood, and there he remained in the midst of the flames, which, blessed be God, played around him without even singeing a hair of his head. Then an English soldier came with his bayonet and ran it through his heart. The martyr took his scapular and reddened it in his blood, and cried out:

'O GOD, IF THIS BLOOD CAN SPEAK, SAVE IRELAND

and her faith" (loud applause). Need I remind you of O'Brien, the Bishop of Emly, who, at the siege of Limerick by Ireton, was on the ramparts when even the bravest men lost courage? He was tried for his life and condemned to death, and as he was being led out to execution the venerable man turned to the commander and said, "I call upon you, in the name of God, to meet me before the judgment-seat of God within sixty days," and ere that time had passed away Ireton was no more. Wherefore as a friar, a begging friar from Ireland, a Dominican, I say that I have a nobler pedigree in Ireland than the Duke of Leinster or any other nobleman (applause). When the Emancipation Act was passed the friars were persecuted. They were the only body in Catholic Ireland whose existence the emancipating law refused to acknowledge; and

I STAND BEFORE YOU AS A FELON BECAUSE OF THE HABIT I WEAR,

but my title-deeds to stand upon Irish soil are written in martyrs' blood, the best that ever flowed in Irish veins (loud applause). The address goes on to allude to the affair in America. Well, as to that I have nothing to say. I was in America, and I was frightened out of my life (laughter). A celebrated English historian, a very learned man, up to his eyes in the knowledge of history (laughter), comes out and attacks me in a rough-and-tumble kind of style. Who got the better in the encounter I leave to others to say. The Americans thought that I had the best of it. If it was so, it was because Mr. Froude had nothing to put forward but a bundle of lies, and I had nothing to do but to prove them (laughter and applause). My friends, I am most happy to receive this beautiful gift from the hands of your most respected pastor. I am all the more happy to receive it at your hands, because I believe that you are banded together, my fellow-countrymen, resolved by sobriety, industry, and the exercise of your holy religion, and the virtues that it teaches, to raise the Irish name in this land, as in every other land, and to put the average Irishman in that position in which the Lord God intended him to be when He gave him an Irish breast and an Irish heart (loud applause).

Mr. E. R. Russell proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. It was seconded by Mr. P. D. Garton, and passed amidst applause.

THE NATIONAL IDOL.

The old system of apprenticeship has been much abused by progressive people. The apprentice of a past time is invariably represented as a white slave moved at the whim of a cruel taskmaster; but this picture is as exaggerated as that other one of the ever-faithful and virtuous and black slave flogged by a ferocious master. There have been virtuous and persecuted apprentices and virtuous slaves; but they have been the exception rather than the rule.

The introduction of machinery, the selfishness of the trades unions, and public school "education" helped to destroy the apprentice system, which, whatever were the faults so disproportionately exaggerated by sentimentalists, has never been replaced by an efficient substitute; consequently there are few artisans willing to receive boys into their shops, "with no guarantee, when they do receive them, that they will remain until they have thoroughly mastered the theory and practice of their trades." Skilled workmen are rare in America. The artisan of American birth and education who can do a complete work requiring a trained mind and a trained hand is rarer than any other American product—say an honest politician, or an Ohio man without office. There are numbers of young men who can heat a rivet or splash solder over a leak in a pipe, but push them much beyond these rudimentary processes and the average mechanic is confused; he is well satisfied to half perform his work, because he has never been taught to do it thoroughly. He belongs to that class of Americans who look with envy at the white shirts of clerks, and bewail the short-sightedness of their parents in giving them a "trade." It does not occur to these grumblers, who are generally chronically "out of work," that the world to-day is as willing as it ever was to pay for thorough and solid, practical work, and that the failure which they lament so piteously is due rather to their lack of thoroughness than to any lapse on the part of their parents. An advertisement will bring, at an hour's notice, a hundred careless and unintelligent compositors, as many half-trained mechanics, and myriads of young men who can do "anything"—who have worked "everywhere," and who now feel that their constitutions and mental bent require something "light and genteel." Among all these will scarcely be found one that can do more than make a shiftless effort to justify his claims to the possession of skill of any kind.

The white shirt has done more harm than the bloody shirt; it is the emblem of that gentility which has come to be regarded as the birthright of the American citizen. The theory of our Government is that each man is free and equal; but the practice of our people is that no citizen is "free and equal" who performs servile work or manual labor; and this, too, is the teaching of the public schools. The boy who passes through the different grades of these schools, (all *pauper schools*, supported by other people,) to a senior class, and then perhaps enters a high school, is too old to learn a trade in any shop, even if he were not too useless. He can write, spell, less or more correctly, cipher, and read, he knows the Greek Alphabet and some Latin roots; he has dipped into Mensuration, and he has had a prize for an essay on Conic Sections; but he is impracticable, for he feels that "education" has given him a certain social standing which he will not barter even for the daily mess of pottage which he, being only human in spite of his acquirements, requires. He enters the glorious army of clerks, if his father be not rich enough or foolish enough to set him to the study of the law, and he keenly feels the injustice of a system which, having "educated" him at public expense, fails to supply him with a sinecure, or at least, a free legal or medical course. With some reason, he thinks, that the system of public education having led him into a *cul de sac* should open some "light and genteel" way for him into the life beyond the portals of the school.

England has the reputation of being a nation of shopkeepers, and the United States is rapidly acquiring whatever prestige attaches to a country of clerks. The farmer's son is no longer content to bide his time, as Jacob did, for the rewards which the fields yield to labor. The white shirt and hands of the factory clerk—the diamond pin of the magnificent being who condescends to preside at the hotel-desk—fill the rustic lad's mind with longings for city life. It is perhaps natural that the country boy should yearn for that far-off spot which his imagination endows with all the splendors of Aladdin's cave; but this natural yearning discontent is intensified by the American Gospel, the chief text of which is that every man must climb higher than his father—that is, that each step made away from the lot of which manual labor is a part, is a step gained. Contentment has come to be unknown. "Push" is the quality that has taken its place, and, unfortunately, the end to which our young men push is not a high or a noble end. "Push" and "cheek" are the attributes which Americans regard with the greatest admiration. Who, educated as the average young American is educated, by the daily paper and the public school, believes that the words "nobility" and "principle" mean anything more than the platitudes about patriotism in the Fourth of July orations? The typical American takes things lightly and humorously. He is sublimely earnest only in the pursuit of money; and as necessary to this end, "check" and "push" are as the apple of his eye. They are the Lares and Penates of many of our homes to-day—and Jim Fisk was their prophet.

But the day of magical transformations has passed away, at least in the older States. The rich are rich and the poor are poor. Even cheek and push can no longer cast a sudden bridge across the chasm that divides the classes. The cities are growing more crowded every year; and we are brought face to face with the same difficulties that vex older countries. Every man must earn his living; every man must produce something that the community wants or he goes to the wall. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and the ornamental "training" with which the "glorious institution" equips the young American, are of little use to-day, when "educated" men present themselves by thousands to fill any gap which shows a vista of "gentility." When too late many of these men find out the hollowness of a social sentiment and institution which brought them only to repinings, discontent, often despair.

False sentiment, like a cancer, has eaten deep into the bone of the country. Men seek as eagerly to avert the "degradation" of labor from their sons, as women the pangs of child-birth from themselves. And the worst is, that falsity passes for truth—that the public mind has become so utterly callous, that it has ceased to be struck with the viciousness of its thoughts. An American boy born in this year of Our Lord, unless his parents have kept his Catholic Faith and sentiment unperverted, has every opportunity of becoming a most useless and worthless man. Public opinion is against his acquiring anything thoroughly. The public schools are against him. The trade unions are against him. Unless he has some remarkable talent which will force him to the front rank of the over-crowded professions, he has a hundred chances to one of toiling, worried, discontented, envious behind a desk a living sacrifice to that national idol which, next to money, we, as a people, worship. In the meantime, the thrifty immigrant, ready to do what he finds, and troubled by no "genteel" scruples, prospers in contentment; and the skilled mechanic coming from lands not burdened with a public school system like ours, finds among us ample reward for his skill. But we are true to our god. Dying, we salute him.—*Freeman's Journal.*

A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines.—*Concord, N. H., Patriot.*

AN ASTONISHING MIRACLE.

A WOMAN SAID TO HAVE BEEN RAISED FROM DEATH BY A PRIEST.

We publish below, says the Erie, Pa., *Despatch*, one of the most extraordinary statements that ever came to this office. A letter requesting the publication of the alleged miracle, says:

The undersigned being cognizant of the facts, respectfully solicit you to find space in the columns of the *Despatch* for the information of your readers for the following statement made by us, and to which we cordially invite you or any of your readers to investigate. We were eye-witnesses of the whole of this marvellous and stupendous miracle, and we can substantiate the same by affidavit if required:

SUMMIT, Feb. 7, 1881.

Terence McQuillian, Patrick Moore, Michael Moore, Bridget McQuillian, Mary Moore, William Cummins, Thomas McQuillian, Thomas Moore, Bridget Maher.

THE MIRACLE.

On Sunday morning, January 9th, 1881, Miss Ellen McQuillian, a young woman twenty years of age, and possessed of rare qualities, and residing with her parents and seven brothers and four sisters instantly became very ill. Next morning her father, thinking that she was on the verge of death, went to Father Maloney, and entreated him to come to the house and prepare his daughter for death. He went to see her, and desired the father to go at once to Greene for Father Hesse, as he alone had charge of the district. On the same evening Father Hesse came (Monday the tenth), but had to wait for a considerable time before she came to her senses. He then quickly gave her the sacraments, but scarcely had he finished when she fell back again quite unconscious. In this state she remained during day and night until the 14th. Her family and friends sent for Dr. Barton of Waterford. As soon as he arrived he carefully examined the patient, and pronounced the disease to be congestion of the brain. On Sunday, the 15th, she was instantly stricken from head to foot with paralysis, and then she became altogether in a most helpless condition. Her natural fair color became very dark, her lips became pink and closely compressed, her eyes became much larger and more glassy, staring wide open without the least item of sight in them, and immovable; her eyelids became as blue as indigo, and lost completely all their power and functions. The whole body down to her very toes became motionless and as cold as a corpse. Around the wrist of the left arm was a black circle, and from there to the tips of the fingers was as black as ink and as cold as ice, without the least particle of life in them. The fingers were firmly clutched around the thumb, and so tightly compressed or squeezed together that they appeared to be welded together and form one solid body without the least animation. Several attempts were made by constant rubbing, bathing, chafing with oil, and all to no purpose, for it was impossible to open or separate them or cause any circulation whatever in them. They could not be separated unless they were torn asunder, and then it was the opinion of everyone who saw them that if they were forced they would be sure to break in pieces like rotten branches. In this deplorable condition lay the prostrate form of this young lady. All the day and night and the next day, the 17th, they watched her closely, and not the least ray of life or hope was visible, and sometimes they thought that she was dead. Seeing that all hopes were gone, the broken-hearted father, as a last resource, went to Father Maloney, and besought him to come to the house and read an office for her. The priest at once consented. He had not seen her before since Monday, the 10th, which was eight days previous. At once he ordered a lighted candle, and opening his book, commenced to read. He continued so for about five minutes, then he went over to the bedside. Every eye in the house was fixed on the priest. Suddenly as if by divine inspiration, he raised his hands and eyes toward Heaven and fervently implored and besought the Eternal Son of the Living God and His Blessed Mother. He continued praying for about three minutes and then raising his right hand he made the sign of the cross three times over that prostrate, lifeless form, and at that very instant she resumed her natural color. The paralysis totally left her whole body; her eyes and eyelids resumed their natural course, and the sight returned to them; her full and entire senses returned; the disease altogether quitted the head and brain; the withered, dead hand and fingers were once more restored to life, and became as sound, as fresh, and as natural as ever they were. She that very instant sat up in her bed, and in less than two minutes afterwards she walked into the next room unaided by anyone, and then called for something to eat. The priest himself, as well as the rest, was so thunder-struck at what he saw that he shook like an aspen leaf and turned the color of death, then at once took up his hat and in a very low voice said "Be careful and say nothing of this to anyone," and then left the house. Each and everyone of us are prepared to make an affidavit that this stupendous miracle was performed before our eyes instantaneously, and in the middle of daylight, about four o'clock on Monday evening, January 17th, 1881, and from that moment to this Ellen McQuillian never enjoyed better health or spirits, and that no trace whatever of that fearful complication of diseases is to be found in her whole body.

There was no legerdemain, or slight-of-hand or priestcraft, as some may say, or call it, in connection with this. There was nothing said or done in private, no conspiracy formed to gull anyone, no intricacy whatever about the matter, but all in an instant the prayer of that priest was heard, and as true as the light shines or God is eternal and everlasting, so sure it is that this miracle was performed before our eyes, and is now well known by all denominations in this district.

The following names are given as belonging to persons who were present and cognizant of Miss McQuillian's condition; Rev. Father Hesse of Greene, Dr. Barton of Waterford, Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Cummins, Mrs. Meagher, Mrs. Lynch, Miss Murphy, Mrs. James Cummins; Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mary McQuilllan, and 30 others.