

not even sit in a chair for long, nor stoop, nor use her arm without great pain. Such was the state she had been brought to when she began using the water. Kneeling first, with her arms in the form of a cross, she said an Our Father and a Hail Mary in honor of St. Benedict; then asked God in her own words to hear the intercession of His servant in her behalf, if it would be for His own greater glory.

She wrote to the Trappists that she had begun the novena, and received a consoling reply, with the promise that they would all go to Communion for her twice, besides offering several Masses.

III. Thursday, the 21st, though my friend had used the water but one day, *there was a perceptible decrease in the tumor*. So that when her daughter arrived from Nazareth to stay with her the Sister was greeted with very unexpected good news.

Next day our patient's friend, the doctor whom she had first consulted, himself a distinguished man in his profession, arrived from Cincinnati and examined the tumor. The pain and tenderness had ceased, and the skin was no longer drawn tightly over the swelling. She asked the doctor to tell her the size of the tumor, and he said, "About that of a fair-sized apple."

This doctor being a Catholic my friend told him what she was doing for a cure, and with what results. "Then you must put off the operation," he said. She replied that she did not know how to manage the surgeon who was to perform it. "Leave that to me," said her friend.

The Cincinnati physician then held a consultation with the surgeon. On returning to the patient the Louisville surgeon said: "You will be ready, then, on Monday, Mrs. —." "Well, doctor," she began, but her Cincinnati friend took up the unfinished sentence and informed his colleague that she wished to postpone the operation for three or four days more.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that!" said the operator; "it ought to be out now." "Well, doctor," said the other, "give her four days. She wants to see the result of a certain matter first." "Very well," was the rejoinder; "but I wouldn't postpone it long." "No, doctor," said the patient; "I will telephone you when I'm ready."

She continued taking the water each day, and each day the tumor grew smaller and smaller. Friday, the 29th, brought the novena to a close. This was the fourth day after the one first fixed upon for the operation. The tumor had now decreased to the size of a silver dollar, and sank so far from the skin as to be quite buried in the flesh. Moreover, instead of being round, like an apple or a lemon, it was quite flat, like a dollar.

The eminent operator arrived that morning. The four days of grace were over. A Sister brought him to the room. "Well, when will you be ready for the operation, Mrs. —?" My friend saw that now she could conceal her secret no longer.

"Doctor," she said, "we Catholics believe a great many things you don't. I have a medal of

St. Benedict, sent me by the Trappists—" Here the Sister interrupted with "Have you ever been out to their monastery, doctor?" "No," he said; "but tell me if they have cured that" (pointing to the patient's breast) "I will go and see them." He then made an examination of the tumor. For a minute or two he did not speak. Then said abruptly: "The root's there, anyway, and will have to come out. But we'll postpone the operation till the Fall. The weather will be cooler then, and you will be better able to bear it."

IV. My friend now began a second novena, taking the water daily as before. The tumor went on decreasing: from the size of a dollar to that of a half-dollar, and then to that of a quarter, until, by the end of the second novena, it was gone—completely gone!

She then took two of the Sisters with her to the doctor's office. As soon as he saw her the surgeon exclaimed: "Well, is it gone?" She asked him to examine and see. He did so, and said: "It's gone—sure!"

Of course she enquired how the doctor accounted for the disappearance of the tumor. He replied that he didn't believe in miracles, but that he was quite unable to account for the singular fact which he had witnessed. Then, at his patient's request, he wrote a statement to the effect that he had found a hard tumor nearing the skin, and had advised operation, but that the tumor had *spontaneously* disappeared. He was mistaken, he said, in his diagnosis of it as malignant.

"But, tell me, doctor," rejoined my friend; "allowing you were mistaken in your diagnosis, did you ever know a tumor of the kind you now claim mine to have been to disappear in that length of time?" "Never," he replied. "Is there anything on record in medical science to account for it?" "Nothing." "Then, why is it not a miracle?" "I do not believe in miracles." "Then, how do you account for this extraordinary cure?" "I cannot account for it."

My friend, however, got the doctor to promise that he would wear a medal of St. Benedict on his watch chain, and sent him one blessed by the Trappists at Gethsemane. She has heard from the Sisters that he still wears it, and tells everyone that that medal cured a lady patient of his of a tumor, and that she gave it to him. That he is thrown out of his buggy and all manner of misfortunes happen to him, and that he has never been hurt since he has been wearing that little medal. One day he came into the hospital holding up the medal, and said: "Look, Sister! the wheel came off my buggy, and I didn't get a scratch!"

Let us hope that St. Benedict will soon work a greater miracle than the cure of the tumor—by obtaining for the soul of this eminent surgeon the grace of conversion to the Faith.

August, 1894.

EDMUND HILL, C.P.