

help asking Him why He was forgetting me ; but only for a few moments. Then I knew God knew best, and as He would not cure me, He would probably end it all soon. It would be best so. So I gave up all hopes of help, asking instead for strength enough to bear patiently whatever pain was still in store for me, and deciding to leave St. Anne's on the following day, as my novena would then be over.

The men then came to carry me to the boarding-house, where they placed me in the dining-room. A heavy fur circular had been laid over me in the morning, as the weather was chilly, and, as I found it very heavy, I asked my sister to remove it. As she was doing so, a queer suffocating feeling came over me, and, at the same time, it seemed as though some unknown force compelled me to get up. I unconsciously pushed my sister aside, and, before I realized it, I was on my feet and half way across the room, there stopped by one of the men who had carried me in, crying: "My God! the girl is cured". And I knew then I was on my feet once more, without help and perfectly cured. The pain had all left me and has never returned—my back is as strong to day as it ever was. When I realized that I was really cured, we all knelt down and said nine *Ave Maria's* in thanksgiving.

Then I dressed and returned to church, waiting for High Mass, and kneeling, sitting, and standing, when the rest of the congregation did so. In the afternoon I again went to church, walking all around the edifice, and returning to my boarding-house without feeling more than ordinary fatigue. The next day I left for Levis, and in a few weeks again, returned to St. Anne's, this time to make a retreat of three days in thanksgiving.

When I first realized that I was cured, I thought only of my back and foot, and forget all about my arm, and, when I did remember to examine it, I found it too had been perfectly cured. Not the least