

by men whose impartiality cannot be questioned, whose judgment was not biased by national or religious prejudice. Those who, from prejudice or ignorance, deny that Ireland played a conspicuous part in the accomplishment of the American Revolution, or that she manifested deep sympathy for the American patriots in their heroic struggle for the freedom of their country, will scarcely have the courage to question the authenticity, or underestimate the importance of the following testimony, which I consider too valuable and precious to be omitted. When General Washington was raised to the Presidency, he received an address of congratulation from the Catholics of the United States. The address was signed by Archbishop Carroll in behalf of the clergy, and by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Daniel Carroll, Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch in behalf of the Catholic laity. It is a remarkable fact that these five names are all Irish, and that Ireland is the only European nation mentioned in the address. It would seem that even more than three-fourths of the Catholics of the United States were Irish by birth or descent. Let not Irishmen forget that Charles Carroll of Carrollton—no I have already stated—was the grandson of Irish parents, that the father of Archbishop Carroll and Daniel Carroll was an Irishman, and that Thomas Fitzsimmons and Dominick Lynch were born and educated in Ireland. In his reply to the address presented by those five representatives of the Catholic population of the young Republic, Washington used the memorable words: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution, and the establishment of their government; or the important assistance which the received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

Of the ninety-three Philadelphia merchants who in 1780 established a bank to furnish the American army with an adequate supply of provisions, twenty of Irish origin subscribed nearly half a million of dollars. These twenty self-sacrificing men were members of the patriotic society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, whose devotion to the cause of American independence was gratefully acknowledged by the mighty leader whom countless generations will revere as the Father of his country. In 1781 Washington was elected a member of this society, and gave expression to his gratitude for the honor conferred upon him in these words: "I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick, in this city (Philadelphia), a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked."

The ranks of the famous Pennsylvania Line were chiefly filled with Irishmen, and the regiments composing this division of the army were on several trying occasions the chosen troops of Washington. The loyalty of these brave soldiers was tried by every test; by the terrors of the battlefield, by hunger, by the cold neglect of those whose cause they had espoused, by the tempting offers of the English General, Lord Howe; but it was proof against everything that was calculated to shake constancy and weaken fidelity to a noble cause. Matthew Carey, whose name is inseparably associated with the history of Philadelphia, thus speaks of the Irish heroes who formed the majority of the Pennsylvania Line: "During the American Revolution a band of Irishmen were embodied in the defence of the country of their adoption against the country of their birth; they formed the major part of the celebrated Pennsylvania Line; they bravely fought and bled for the United States; many of these sealed their attachment with their lives; their adopted country neglected them somewhat, the wealthy, luxurious, and the independent, for whom they fought, were now rioting in the superfluities of life, while the defenders were literally half-starved, half-naked; their shoes feet marked with blood their tracks upon the highways. They long bore their grievances patiently; they had long murmured; they remonstrated, imploring the necessities of life, but in vain; a deaf ear was turned to their complaints; they felt indignant at the cold neglect and ingratitude of the country for which thousands of their companions in arms had expired on the crimson field of battle; they held arms in their hands, and they mutinied." But, though they mutinied, though the English General Lord Howe, exerted every nerve to seduce them from the cause of the country of their adoption, and though gold was held out to them as a reward for returning to British allegiance, still they remained faithful to the American flag, still they scorned the gifts of the tools of despotism, and punished the miserable wretches who had endeavored to encourage treason among them. "We grate," says Mr. Carey, "about old Roman and Grecian patriotism. One-half of it is false, and in the other half there is nothing that excels these noble traits in our army, which are worthy of the pencil of a West or a Trumbull." One of the most eminent American statesmen America has ever seen was the late William H. Seward, the friend and admirer of the great Archbishop Hughes. The services which Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, rendered to the Union will not be soon forgotten, and his testimony in favor of Ireland will be always read with pride by the descendants of those Irishmen who fought for American freedom.

"Ireland," says Mr. Seward, "not only sympathized profoundly with the transatlantic colonists in their complaint of usurpation, under which she suffered more sorely than they; but with inherent benevolence and ardor, she yielded at once to the sway of the great American idea of universal emancipation. The bitter memory of a stream of ages lifted up her thoughts, and she was ready to follow to the war for the rights of human nature the propitious God who seemed to lead the way." George Washington Parke Custis, who was the adopted son of the great George Washington, and who braved the terrors of death in defence of his country's rights, more than once bore generous testimony to the services which Ireland rendered to America. During their struggle for Catholic emancipation, Irish Catholics appealed for sympathy to America, and one of the true and patriotic Americans who promptly, and with enthusiasm, responded to their appeal, was the adopted son of Washington. His words are worthy of being written in golden letters. "And why," said Mr. Custis, "this imposing appeal made to our sympathies? It is an appeal from that very Ireland whose generous sons alike in the days of our gloom and of our glory shared in our misfortunes and joined in our success; who, with undaunted courage, breast the storm which once, threatening to overwhelm us, howled with fearful and desolating fury through this now happy land; who, with aspirations deep and fervent for our cause, whether under the walls of the castle of Dublin, in the shock of our liberty's battles, or in the feeble and expiring accents of famine and misery, amidst the horrors of the prison-ship, cried from their hearts: God save America! Tell me not of the aid which we received from another European nation in the struggle for independence; that aid was most, nay, all-essential to our ultimate success; but, remember, years of the conflict had rolled away. Of the operatives in war—I mean the soldiers—up to the coming of the French, Ireland had furnished in the ratio of one hundred for one of any foreign nation whatever."

"Then honored be the old good service of the sons of Erin in the War of Independence. Let the shamrock be entwined with the laurels of the Revolution; and truth and justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance eternal gratitude to Irishmen! Americans, recall to your minds the recollections of the heroic time when Irishmen were our friends, and when in the whole world we had had not a friend besides. Look to the period that tried men's souls, and you will find that the sons of Erin rushed to our ranks, and amid the clash of steel, on many a memorable day, many a John Byrne was not idle."

The story of John Byrne may be told again. Though brief, it will be always read with fresh delight by the soldiers of American Liberty. John Byrne was an Irishman who fought in the ranks of the American army, and who, when taken prisoner by the English, was placed on board a prison-ship, and subjected to all the brutal treatment which the wicked ingenuity of his captors could devise. The calm courage with which he bore his sufferings astonished the English commander, who offered him life, liberty and money, if he would only consent to fight under the British flag. The humble but heroic Irish soldier was not to be seduced from the cause of liberty by bribes, threats, or promises; he raised his hand, and cried out: "Hurrah for America!"

Such heroism is worthy of a Regulus. Arthur Lee, who was an eloquent advocate of the cause of the American people, and who, in conjunction with Franklin and Deane, negotiated a treaty with the French in 1777, uses, in a letter to Washington, the following words: "The resources of our enemy, that is to say, England, are almost annihilated in Germany, and their last resort is to the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and they have already exhorted their unwillingness to go, every man of a regiment raised there last year having obliged them to ship him off tied and bound. And most certainly the Irish Catholics will desert more than any other troops whatsoever." These words of the American patriot are confirmed by those of two eminent Englishmen. "Attempts have been made," said the Duke of Richmond, "in the House of Lords, in 1775, to enlist the Irish Roman Catholics, but the minister knows well that these attempts have been proved unsuccessful." When the war had commenced, Lord Howe, the English commander, in a letter to the British ministry, made use of these remarkable and significant words: "Send me out German troops; I dislike and cannot depend upon Irish Catholic soldiers."

What more convincing proof of Ireland's sympathy for America in her gallant resistance to tyranny can be supplied than those memorable words of the English general? "One of the offences charged upon the Irish," said Dr. MacNevin, "in 1809, and amongst the many pretences for refusing redress to the Catholics of Ireland, was that sixteen thousand of them fought on the side of America. But many more thousands are ready to maintain the Declaration of Independence, and that will be their second offence." It is scarcely necessary to remind the Irish reader that Dr. MacNevin was one of the most distinguished of the brave men who endeavored to free their country from misgovernment in 1798, that for nearly half a century he was numbered among the most enlightened and honored citizens of New York, and that he sleeps his last sleep with his countryman and gifted friend, William Sampson, a few miles distant from the empire City, in a small graveyard, overlooking the waters of the Sound.

Though the testimony already adduced in proof of Ireland's services to America during the Revolutionary War is sufficiently conclusive, a brief extract from a speech delivered by the eminent American scholar and author, Gulliver C. Verplanck, in 1829, may be read with interest in Ireland and the United States. When the joyous tidings first reached America that the British Parliament, the event was celebrated in New York by a banquet, at which Mr. Verplanck proposed the following toast: "The Penal Laws—repeal in pace—may they rest in peace." "And yet," said the distinguished speaker, "I have a good word to say for them. In the glorious struggle for our independence, and in our more recent contest for national rights, those laws gave the American flag the support of hundreds and thousands of brave hearts and strong arms, at the same time contributing an equal portion of intellectual and moral powers." This is certainly a noble tribute to Catholic Ireland.

The imperial testimony of the Marquis de Chastellux is equally worthy of lasting record. The Marquis de Chastellux was a brave soldier, an accomplished scholar, and an enthusiastic lover of freedom. His services in the Revolutionary War won for him the friendship of Washington, and his interesting work, *Voyages dans L'Amerique Septentrionale*, published in 1786, made him very popular among American readers. These are his words: "An Irishman, the instant he sets his foot on American soil, becomes ipso facto an American. While Englishmen and Scotchmen were treated with jealousy and distrust, even with the best recommendations of zeal and attachment to the cause, the native of Ireland stood in need of no other certificate than his dialect." "Indeed," says the French author and general, "the conduct of the Irish in the late war amply justified the favorable opinion entertained of them; for, while the Irish emigrant was fighting the battles of America, by sea and land, the Irish merchants, principally of Charleston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, labored with indefatigable zeal at all hazards to promote the spirit of enterprise, and increase the wealth and maintain the credit of the country. Their purses were always opened, and their persons devoted to the country's cause, and on more than one imminent occasion Congress itself and the very existence of America, probably, owed its preservation to the fidelity and firmness of the Irish."

The authorities quoted—unless I greatly deceive myself—are numerous, high and respectable enough to silence the London scribes, who are perpetually underrating the services of Ireland to America, and calumniating Irish emigrants, for the wicked purpose of lowering them in the estimation of honest and genuine Americans. Irish services, however, during the Revolutionary War, are not Ireland's sole claim to American gratitude and sympathy. If Irishmen fought bravely for national independence, they also fought with the enthusiasm of crusaders for the preservation of the Union. In the war of 1812 they nobly proved on land and sea their loyalty to the American flag. Though a proclamation signed by the Prince Regent (George IV) announced to the world, on the 27th of October, 1812, that all Irishmen in the United States, who might have the courage to humble the pride of England, would be treated as rebels still the unconquerable exiles, scorning the threats and cruelty of a despotic government, fought like heroes for the flag that protected, and the Constitution that shielded them from oppression and persecution. The war was carried on by land and sea, and both in the navy and the army Ireland was well represented.

Andrew Jackson, the victor of New Orleans, the decisive battle of the war, was the son of poor Irish parents; and among the gallant heroes of Irish birth and parentage, whose heroic deeds shed undying lustre upon the American name, Captain Ryle, Captain Blakely, and Commodore Shaw, McDonough, and Stewart, are entitled to the grateful recollection of the American people.

dent-Polk—let his memory be honored—acceded to their wishes by appointing two Catholic chaplains to minister to their religious wants amid the perils of war. Among the Catholic Irishmen in command in this third great war of the Union, the most distinguished were Major O'Brien, Major McReynolds, and General James Shields. At the battle of Buena Vista Major O'Brien extorted, by his bravery, the admiration and applause of the leading American officers. His treatise on military jurisprudence, which has been adopted by the American government for the use of courts-martial, gained for him honors as enduring as those which he won by the sword. The most brilliant deed of heroism achieved on the field of Churubusco was the daring charge of Major McReynolds's dragoons, whose fearless courage struck terror into the hearts of the bravest warriors in the Mexican army. General Shields, who was as distinguished for personal courage as for eminent dexterity in strategy, was breveted major-general for his gallant conduct at the battle of Cerro Gordo. It was the opinion of military men that he was a greater tactician than Taylor or Scott, and that, had he been appointed commander-in-chief of the American troops when hostilities commenced the flag of the Union would have been seen much sooner waving in triumph over the capital of Mexico. In the late civil war, he was the only Union general who defeated Stonewall Jackson. The battle of Winchester alone would be sufficient to make the name of Shields immortal. And who, during the terrible conflict that deluged the Republic with blood, were more devoted to the cause of the Union than the faithful and chivalrous sons of Erin? Who, either in command or in the ranks, fought more bravely for the integrity of the Republic? Was not Meagher, whose personal courage hostile factions never questioned, and whose electric eloquence kindled that fire of patriotism which sent armed legions to the battlefield to defend and uphold the honor and independence of a great nation, an Irishman? Was not General Corcoran, the bravest of the brave, the intrepid hero who always wished to be foremost in the charge, born in Connaught, the most Celtic province of Ireland? Is not the gallant General Sheridan the son of Irish parents? The number of the brave Irish soldiers who suffered and died for the Union in the late war can never be known till the last trumpet sounds.

Irishmen shared the dangers of the conflict, but often carried off the rich prizes. Selfish knaves often appropriate the rewards of the brave. Base ingratitude is frequently the only recompense of Irish valor. But, despite selfishness, despite ingratitude, despite cold neglect and frequent persecution, the Irishman is always faithful to the cause of truth and justice; always true, as the needle to the pole, to the cause of freedom.

If Irish valor has done much to found and preserve the Union, Irish labor has done more to increase its wealth and extend its commerce. America wanted labor, and Ireland supplied it.

Cultivation is necessary to make land productive. The Indians once possessed the entire continent, but it afforded them only a precarious and miserable existence. Its wealth was hidden in the bowels of the earth, and its teeming harvests were reserved for the brave emigrants, who armed with the implements of labor, made the wilderness blossom as the rose. America required men with stalwart arms to dig her canals, construct her railroads, build her cities, clear her marshes, reclaim her neglected fields from barrenness, work her mines, and increase the fertility and varied produce of her soil. Ireland supplied this want by sending annually to the United States armies of laborers, more numerous than the hosts of mailed warriors sent by Europe to the crusaders. Let not ignorance, then, or ingratitude, sneer at the humble Irish laborer. He was as necessary to the wealth and prosperity of the Union as the soldiers who fought under Washington, Jackson, and Grant, were to its existence and preservation.

Irish emigration, however did not entirely consist of the hardy sons of toil. The thousands of humble emigrants were sometimes accompanied by scholars, engineers, poets, statesmen, lawyers, physicians, artists, architects, and glorious missionaries, whose miracles of zeal, self-denial, and labor renewed the days of the apostles. It may be safely affirmed that there are few colleges or universities in the United States in which some of the principal chairs are not filled by Irishmen. From the very foundation of the Republic down to the present time, Ireland has been well represented in the highest seats of learning in several States. One of the first offsprings of American independence was Pennsylvania College, and its first president was an Irishman, the celebrated Dr. Allison, the great master of many of the heroes of the Revolution. His pupil and countryman, Charles Thomson, won celebrity by his version of the Septuagint, and his generous patronage of learning and learned men. The trade and commerce of the nation have been wonderfully increased and promoted by her canals and steamboats. Those who acknowledge how much these agencies of national wealth have contributed to the greatness and prosperity of the Republic, ought to gratefully remember that an Irishman, Christopher Colles, was the principal projector of the canals, and that the son of poor Irish parents, Robert Fulton, launched the first boat ever propelled by steam power.

Irish services to education, to letters and science in the United States would be a theme worthy of the graphic pen of a Chateaubriand or a Montaigne. I can only mention the subject in this article with the hope of devoting more time to it on some future occasion.

The greatest service, however, which Ireland has rendered to the Union, is the propagation of the Catholic faith—the firm establishment of the Catholic Church within its boundaries. Bigots and fanatics may grow pale when the name of Pio Nono or of St. Patrick, is mentioned in their presence; but no matter what pharisaical divines or political knaves may say to the contrary, truth is the most durable foundation of freedom, and the Catholic Church is the pillar and the ground of truth. Labor is profitable, valor is powerful, genius is glorious, education is one of the mightiest influences that affect or control the destinies of mankind, but truth is greater than any of these characteristics of a free and flourishing nation. Religion ennobles labor, consecrates valor, gives its noblest inspirations to genius, and hallows and purifies education. Such is the miraculous power of the Catholic religion, and this religion is Ireland's greatest gift to the United States. True, the Catholic Church in the Republic is not the work of the Irish alone, but I am bold to say that the faithful sons of St. Patrick have done more in making that Church what it is than all other nations collectively. The majestic temples of worship which they have founded, the convents, colleges, and schools which they have built to foster piety and diffuse the blessings of education, are the wonder and admiration of the American people. Such are the miracles of Celtic piety and self-sacrifice, that Protestants use the words Irish and Catholic as synonymous terms. Catholics of Irish birth and descent, in the United States, ought to number over seven millions. Ireland has the glory of giving America her first Cardinal, for Cardinal McCloskey is the son of Irish parents who cherished the faith of their forefathers.

The first priest raised to the Episcopal dignity in the United States, was, as I have already stated, the son of a true Catholic Celt. Archbishop Carroll will be ever honored as the founder of the American hierarchy. The primordial See of the Republic is called after the small but historic town of Baltimore in South Munster—that Baltimore which the stirring muse of Davis made as immortal as the shambrock on the green hills of Ireland. In the bright catalogue of illustrious Irish prelates who have ruled the Church in the United States, there

are three names stamped with imperishable renown: Bishop England, Archbishop Hughes, and the late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. Who among our American missionaries rivalled Bishop England in eloquence, Archbishop Kenrick in learning, and Archbishop Hughes in courage? Future generations will honor these great prelates as the fathers and legislators of the infant Church of the Republic.

The Irish heroes and heroines who in the different religious orders consecrate their lives to the noble work of charity and education, are the glory of the nation. One of the most popular religious orders in the United States is the renowned Order of the Christian Brothers. Of the seven hundred Brothers in the Union, five hundred are Irish—by birth or parentage. The presidents of their seven leading colleges are Irishmen. Brother Paulin, the Provincial of New York, and Brother Justin, the Provincial of San Francisco, are both true sons of Ireland. Brother Patrick, the Superior of the Order in America, is an Irishman whose name as an educator will be as eminently historical as that of Archbishop Hughes or Archbishop Kenrick. The services which the Christian Brothers have rendered to the United States would be sufficient to entitle Ireland to the gratitude of the American people. In truth, no nation upon the face of the globe has such strong claims to grateful recognition at the Centennial as Ireland. England has been always the enemy, and Ireland always the friend of America; yet Ireland will not be numbered among the nations at the Philadelphia Exhibition. Her claims however, to justice cannot be always ignored. Her cause commands the sympathy of Christendom. She is still the victim of British intolerance, but the number of her friends is constantly increasing. England may triumph for the present, but it is not necessary to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, to predict that Ireland will be duly honored at the next Centennial Celebration of American Independence.—*Professor Patrick Mulrean in the Catholic Record.*

**MIRACLES WROUGHT BY RELICS.**  
STRANGE SCENES WITNESSED AT THE WEST HOBOKEN MONASTERY—THE SICK RESTORED—LITTLE CHILDREN RECOVERING HEALTH AND STRENGTH—A CRIPPLE'S CRUTCHES HEALED.

We clip the following from the New York *Sunday Mercury* a secular journal. The testimony which it gives is the more valuable, coming from a non-Catholic source:

In West Hoboken the Passionist Fathers have built a handsome monastery, with a fine church attached to it, and they have labored with much success in gathering a large congregation. For 11 years they have occupied their commanding site, planning, raising funds and building, and in that short space of time their fame has spread through this city and vicinity, so that every Catholic knows who they are and what they are doing. This is due to the fact that

MANY STARTLING MIRACLES are said to have been wrought by the relics in possession of the Fathers. Not a day passes but sick persons, cripples and infirm are brought there for the healing touch, and they come from all parts of the State of New York and New Jersey, and some from even more distant States. Some come but once, others find it necessary to go oftener, and as the number of those who seek the "grace of healing" increases, so does also the fame of the life-saving power grow and spread.

A representative of the *Mercury*, desirous of investigating the wonderful stories he had heard concerning the miracles wrought by the hands of the Passionist Fathers, visited West Hoboken, and was courteously received by the Superior and brethren. There are 12 or 14 priests in the community, some 20 theological students, and half a dozen lay brethren. Fr. Vitalian, a handsome, scholarly gentleman, of Italian birth, and thoroughly pious and genial with inquiring strangers, is parish priest of the Church of St. Michael, attached to the monastery, and he very willingly answered the questions that were put to him. The good Father said it was true that

**MANY MIRACULOUS CURES HAD BEEN WROUGHT**

by the relics in the hands of the priests. It occurred through faith and by the gift of God. Healing did not follow in all cases; it was not expected that it would. Nor was it always instantaneous. People sometimes came two or three times before they experienced relief. It was unquestionable that such a power resided in the Church. It had been so in the beginning, and would so continue to the end. The very shadow of the Apostles wrought miracles, and handkerchiefs that had touched them had the same effect; and why not the relics of good and holy men who had succeeded them? It was not, of course, the relics in themselves, but God using them as a means in the hands of his appointed minister. We must always have some outward and visible sign in spiritual things as in nature.

**RELICS WORKING MIRACLES.**

"What relics have you, Father?" asked the reporter. "Oh, they are various. Sometimes a piece of the bone, or a portion of a garment, or a lock of hair. You know how you are all now hunting up relics of Washington, and anything he ever touched, his plate, his clothes, his sword, everything has a sacred value in his countrymen's eyes, especially in the Centennial year. We have here many relics of St. Paul of the Passion, founder of our order, who died, at Rome, October 24, 1775. He was a wonderfully holy man, to whom the Lord gave many visions, showing him in a vision, at one time, while he was at prayer, that the Passionists should have their houses in England, and that the people of that country should return to the old faith. We believe that the relics of this holy man, who has been duly canonized, will have efficacy to work cures for those who have the proper faith and who come in the right spirit of penitence and prayer, and we know that many cases of healing have actually occurred."

**INSTANCES OF WONDERFUL CURES.**

"Can you mention any particular case?" "Yes we hear of a good many. Every day people come here to be blessed with the relics, and go away again. Then after a while they come back and tell us what it has done for them, but not always. Sometimes one priest administers the blessing and sometimes another; but we generally hear from each other all that occurs. We don't talk about it to outsiders or make any noise about it, for it is only part of God's work in His Church, and it does not go to publish it in the newspapers. Yes, there have been cases. There were two men in Poughkeepsie who were very ill and sent for the fathers to visit them. One had fits and he was cured. The other lay on the ground in strong convulsions and given over to die, and he got well and got up as soon as he was touched by the relic."

"Can you give us their names?" "We don't keep any record of these people. We never ask their names or anything about them. The priest gives them certain prayers to say, and usually directs them to come to confession and communion (if they have neglected it), but that is all. Our work goes right on all the time, and we could not stop to inquire into every detail. Sometimes they are Protestants, who come and ask the benefit of the relics."

**ONE PROTESTANT LADY.**

came and after receiving the blessing the father in charge said that she must repeat so many *Pater Nosters* and so many *Hail Marys* and then come to confession and communion. She said, "Why father, I can say the Lord's Prayer, but I don't know how to say the *Hail Mary*." "I'm a Protestant!" The priest then told her the blessing would do her

no good unless she did her part as she ought to. It finally ended in her being converted, and becoming a Catholic. So it was, too, with a lady from Orange, who came here with one side of her head enormously swollen. She was willing to learn and she was healed.

**A GOOD MANY CHILDREN** are brought here, too, by their parents' faith, and are healed. I saw a lady bring her little girl, who was about twelve years old, could hardly walk, and had no flesh on her bones. Soon after her mother brought her back to the church, as healthy and as strong as could be—with rosy cheeks and as different as a new child. "Have any cripples been healed?" "Certainly, but I do not know their names? One man came here on crutches, a permanent cripple, who could get no relief from the doctors." He received the blessing, and

**DROPPED HIS CRUTCHES**

at the altar and walked away. I saw him walking away as great and strong as a man could be—and he was such a horrible cripple before. He left his crutches and we have them here in the house. It was all done right away in his case. But usually it takes longer. It needs faith and prayer. We cannot promise anything—that rests with God. Sometimes He sends the cure at once, and sometimes not at all. Every day they come, and every day some of them come back, though, that the Lord has helped them. But don't make the mistake that some people do and say we think the relics does it in itself. We don't think so at all. It is God who does the miracles, working merely through this visible channel. This is just what the Lord promised to his Church."

**THE RELICS**

carried by the fathers are small and fragmentary, but they have just come into possession of some that are calculated to create a sensation in the church, when they are fairly installed in their appropriate altar. After showing the representative of the *Mercury* through the building, Fr. Vitalian opened the door of the plainly-furnished room which is kept for the Bishop's use, and leading the way to the inner bedroom said, "There is the greatest relic we have!"

Stretched out on a velvet couch that was supported by a table standing at the foot of the bed lay in graceful attitude the waxen effigy of a young man with a cruel sword-wound in the throat. He was clad in a tunic of blue velvet, with the monogram I.H.S. on the breast, a crimson velvet jacket and sandals. One of his hands held the martyr's palm, and on his hand rested the crown of laurel. The face was that of a young man of puerile birth. It was the

**IMAGE OF ST. BENEDICT,**

one of the early Christian martyrs of the Catacombs. His bones were recently brought from Rome, and will be placed in their proper position in the interior of the effigy. On the 14th of May they will be solemnly transferred to the church, and placed in the chapel on the north side of the central altar. The bones of the body are complete. When the tomb was opened it was recognized not only by the inscription "S. Benedict, M." but his martyrdom was attested by the presence of a small vial containing his blood. This was done only in the case of martyrs slain for the faith. The vial of St. Benedict's blood accompanies the other relics, and will be exhibited in a gilt chalice open at the side, while the sacred effigy will be surrounded by *glans*, so that it may be seen by the faithful who go to worship in its presence. "Thus," says Fr. Vitalian, "it will act as a remembrance to stir up men to similar deeds. No intelligent man will believe that we worship this piece of wax or even the dust it will hold. But our faith will be quickened by the memory of the blessed martyr, just as yours is stirred by the sight of a sword or standard of '76."

It is believed that when these famous relics are transferred to St. Michael's Church, the members who through there to find healing for their bodies will be very largely increased.

**A CASE FOR INVESTIGATION.**

As the reporter passed out of the monastery into the church, he saw a lady with a delicate, sickly child advance to one of the side altars and kneel there. In a moment Fr. Victor entered inside the rail, and passing a stole over his shoulders, proceeded with prayer and blessing. He touched the child's forehead with a relic of St. Paul of the Passion, and besought the blessing for both soul and body. The priest dismissed the pair without asking name or residence. Not so did the newspaper man. The little girl's name, on inquiry, was found to be Mattie Trahay, and she lived with her mother at 141 Willoughby street, Brooklyn. All winter long the child had been sick—first with measles, then with whooping-cough and other complaints—and with the best care of doctor and mother she grew worse. For several days her symptoms had been strange, and that morning the mother had gone to the physician and asked him to tell her frankly what ailed the child. He told her that it was St. Vitus's Dance, and that confirmed the suspicious she had felt. At the same time it gave her a terrible fright. She lost her confidence in doctors at once, and determined to look for other help. She had heard of the miracles wrought by the Passionist Fathers, and had heard that they had cured children that were afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance.

"On close questioning, Mrs. Trahay did not personally know any parties who had been healed, but she had met a good many who told her of these cases and she had every reason to believe that it was all true. She had perfect faith in it, or she would not have brought her sick child so long a distance. And the little one only six years and five months old—was indeed sick. There was not an ounce of flesh on her limbs, apparently. Her hands were like claws and the poor little was face looked prematurely aged with disease. On her return to the city there were no symptoms of her peculiar malady, and as she stepped into a car at West street and Barclay, her eyes brightened up as if the healing power were at work in her veins. Children are not deceitful—they cannot be, if they try. Should the rich tide of health come immediately back to this poor little body, it will leave something for the skeptics to explain. As for the fathers of the Passion, in the words of Father Vitalian, "We have nothing to say about it. We do our part and leave the rest to God. It may please him to work the miracle, or He may see good reason to withhold His hand. In any case, we must be content and keep at work. It only happens now as it did in the days of the Apostles when they brought forth the sick into the street, and laid them on beds and couches, that at least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them, and again when God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought out the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the disease departed from them and the evil spirit went out of them." Some ridicule us for what they call our superstition, but you see, after all, we only believe what all Christians believed eighteen hundred years ago."

**A SHARP RETORT**—One of the cars of a western bound train contained, among other passengers, a clergyman, and five or six young ragamuffins, rascals who, to annoy the minister, kept scoffing at religion and telling disagreeable stories.

The good man endured it all, hearing everything but returning no answer, without being moved. Arrived at his journey's end, he got out, and only remarked:—"We shall meet again, my children." "Why shall we meet again?" said the leader of the band. "Because I am a prison chaplain," was the reply.