AT STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

A Citizen of Boston Cured of a Dangerous Disease.

His Vow to Walk from the Hub to the Sacred Shrine.

A Strangely Interesting Incident with a Moral, Showing the Miraculous Intercession of Ste Anne --The Case of an American Woman who was Restored the Use of her Limbs--Other Striking Cures.

QUEBEC, Aug. 5

In connection with my visits to Ste. Anne's, I learned a thrilling incident of a Boston man who was cured of a mortal malady, and, according to the terms of his vow, made his pilgrimage on foot from Boston to Ste. Anne's shrine.

The authentic facts in this remarkable case establish that the young Bostonian had suffered for years from a corroding malady that made his life perfectly useless and miserable, and that as far as his means went he had availed of all the skill that surgical and medical science could afford. But to his cost and bitter disappointment he found no benefit at all from their treatment. He was young and vigorous in mind and intellect, although sadly decrepid and feeble in body, and he stood aghast at the prospect of enduring a life of suffering and helplessness, and seeing the utter futility of all human reccurse he naturally turned his thoughts heavenward and sought supernatural help. And under the influence, no doubt, of some good spiritual prompting he made a solemn interior vow and resolution that if he should be cured in his own home and native city he would make a pilgrimage on foot to the sacred shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

That vow was made in good faith and sincerity and was so registered in the records of his own heart and mind. And according to his desire and request his perfect cure was effected. But alas! for the waywardness of youth and the instability of human resolves. For instead of using his restored health and strength in journeying to Ste. Anne's he travelled westward to St. Louis and Chicago at the invitation of a former boon companion, and dissipated his regained vigor in riotous living in the cities named, and continued in the same vile practice until stricken down by a worse return of his former malady. It was then that he began to realize his serious plight and his spiritual default in his broken vow, and yet he was not without hope in the eternal mercies that are ever offered to the truly changed and repentant. He had a depressing sense of his own unworthiness and the enormity of his guilt in making a sacred vow and then shamefully violating it, but for all that he had some of the promptings that inspired the Breton sailors, in the centuries long ago, not to despair even in the midst of impending disaster and shipwreck in the St. Lawrence. He, like them, turned hopefully to Ste. Anne, to implore her intercession a second time to be delivered from his awful relapse and predicament. His petition was heard and granted once more, and in his reaffirmed strength he forthwith set out upon his pilgrimage, on foot, to Ste. Anne's, bearing the terrible fatigue of the long journey with perfect calm and resignation, and withal expressing soul-inspired thanks for his miraculous cure vouchsafed to him a second time after the aggravation of his criminal relapse.

In his own personality he exhibits a living proof of the forgiving mercy of God and the intercessory power of Bonne Ste. Anne, and his example may well be held up as a guide and beacon light to all those who are sorely afflicted either in body or mind, to lift up their hearts to seek relief from the great source so far above the mere human agency.

This young man who has had this thrilling experience called a few days ago, on his way to the Sacred Shrine, at the railway station of L'Ange Gardien, a few miles below Quebec, to get water to quench his thirst and to snatch a brief repose. He spoke freely of his case, as one, perchance, commissioned to make known the touching story of his life and adventures, convinced that its recital will bring cheer and life to the most depressed and unfortunate. He has nothing to conceal; nor does he blush at his fall or wish to extenuate his errors. His is a palpable, living evidence of the inherent weakness of humanity on the one hand, and equally reassuring proof of the goodness of the Creator on the other hand. He may not have had the disposition or inspiration to tell his story so plainly at every stopping place along the route, which spent two months' time, but on coming so near to Ste. Anne's Shrine, the end of his weary pilgrimage, he felt, as it seems, impelled to relate his trials, struggles and spiritual combats and his final triumph through Ste. Anne's assistance. He had his belongings strapped upon his back, as soldiers carry their knapsacks on a long march, and, I think, he was self-sustaining and independent on his journey, although wherever his pathetic story was known he received the hospitality and courtesy of the people. Names are withheld as far as concerns the actual hero of the story, but Mr. Joseph J. Demers, the respected agent of the Station at L'Ange Gardien, can be applied to for a confirmation of the facts as stated, and the same can be affirmed by an old and respected ex-editor and literary man of Quebec City.

While some pains have been taken to give brief detail of the remarkable case stated above, hundreds resembling it in some feature or degree could be recited as having become notorious at Ste. Anne's Shrine. Thousands who cannot get rid of their troubles by mere impotent human means, irresistibly turn to this great saint and implore her help. All of them are not relieved, but many hundreds of them have been partially or wholly cured every year. And while many are denied cures it is generally conceded that no well-disposed visitor ever leaves Ste. Anne's Shrine without some measure of benefit, whether it be in mind or body. Nor is ever grumblings heard by the disappointed ones, for they seem to have a sort of supernatural persuasion that they have not deserved the cure expected, and they go away more penitent than they came, but with firm resolve to try again.

A peculiar case was reported the other day at the Shrine; it was that of an unfortunate man, who perhaps, through his own indulgences and abuses, had reduced himself to a pitiful condition, and when his power to do further evil had ceased in some sense, he came, apparently contrite, to offer the human wreck at the foot of the Shrine, and to implore relief. His case was examined into, and it was told him that he never could obtain assistance through his own efforts or merits; hence his visit to the Franciscan Convent to beg for the prayers and pious help of the community of nuns at Ste. Anne's village. In Scriptural text it is written that when one's cup of transgressions becomes full the unfortunate offender must call a halt, for no more offences will be forgiven him. But in the eventful history of Ste Anne's hundreds of cases have been attested wherein cures were deferred, and the expectant sufferers came again and again in resigned and penitential spirit and at last received the relief so patiently prayed for, while in many instances cures have been granted almost instantly.

One of marvellous significance occurred about three years ago, and was actually witnessed by a vast congregation. The cured woman was the Catholic wife of a very rich American Protestant, who had spent thousands in the purchase of the highest surgical and medical skill, but all to no purpose. Ste. Anne's shrine was the last resort, and to clinch the matter the Protestant husband openly declared in the midst of the fervent multitude that if his wife were cured he would instantly become a Catholic. When the prostrate lady had made all her pious devotions, communicating and venerating the blessed relic, the priest bade her walk. 'I cannot' was the reply. The second command met the same reply, but the third had better success, for she walked one single step and halted. Ste. Anne was implored to grant another step and again another: these were weakly taken, but on the 5th, 6th and 7th steps, strength had returned to those paralyzed limbs, and in a moment the cured woman was on her knees returning thanks and praises.

It was the most affecting religious scene perhaps ever witnessed at the Shrine. Men and women cried, and the more emotional ones sobbed aloud, giving vent to tears and exclamations of gratitude and thanksgiving. Each one who saw the miracle returned home with an impression that will last as long as their lives. The cured woman's Catholic relatives were around her and so were her husband's in large numbers; the effect was touching and never to be forgotten. The husband fulfilled his promise in entering the bosom of the one saving fold, and went away bearing twofold blessings, in which the members of both families shared. Mere descriptive words are far too cold to depict the realistic scene of emotion and joy, but so moving was it, that even to-day, when it is recalled by those who saw it, tears gather in the eye, and the whole frame shakes with emotional feelings. No doubt it was the piety and strong faith of the devoted woman herself that procured the double favor and blessing for herself and husband.

WM. ELLISON.

THE COMING PARIS EXPOSITION.

The committee of the Paris exhibition of 1900 has decided on the construction of a railway and also of a rolling platform, for the conveyance of visitors round the exhibition. By these two means of transport it will be possible to take round more than 30,000 persons an hour.

The railway will be similar to that in use in 1889, while the moving platform will be the reproduction on a much larger scale of one which was worked with excellent results at Chicago. It will be between three and four yards in width, furnished with seats and standing places and will follow the Quai d'Orsay, the avenues of La Bourdonnaye and La Metté Piquet and the Rue Fabert.

Help is wanted when the nerves become weak and appetite fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla give help by making the blood rich and pure.

MODERN CHURCH APPLIANCES.

The Brooklyn Eagle had the following among its church notices for Saturday, July 16:

'Classon Ave. Presbyterian Church, rooms and bath; all outside and light; splendid Preaching by the Rev. Charles E. Robinson, D D., of Scranton.'

'What's a civilian?' 'A civilian is a man who stays at home and thinks up ways for the army commanders to run the war.'

Easy to Take
Easy to Operate
Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.
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The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

MISSIONARY WORK IN NEW ZEALAND.

Rev. Father Lightheart, Superior of the Maori Mission,

Makes An Appeal for Assistance--It is Sanctioned by Bishop Lenihan--An Outline of the Work Accomplished Under Many Difficulties.

Rev. Father Lightheart, Superior of the Maori Mission, writing to us from Whangaroa, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, refers to the missionary work which has been carried on under such great difficulties for some time past, and makes an appeal for help, which is sanctioned by His Lordship Bishop Lenihan. Rev. Father Lightheart says:—

To the majority of the Catholic people abroad, I dare say, the following lines will not create much interest. Not that they are indifferent to the great trials of the missionary priest in foreign countries planting the banner of Holy Faith on new soil which he redeemed from the dominion of Satan, but the objection of "having the heathen at their own doors" chills their sympathy with the millions of heathens who are not of their own country and nation. True, charity commences at home, but it should not be allowed to be chained down there forever. The heathen of the whole world are heathen. Whether at home or abroad they have a claim upon our charity, for true charity has no geographical lines to confine it to one particular nation or other. Even New Zealand, with her thinly scattered Catholic population, cheerfully contributes the widow's mite to charitable purposes in America and elsewhere. With this view I bring the religious condition of the Maori people in New Zealand entrusted to my care before the mind of the Catholics who may feel disposed to take an interest in my work. I have long felt the necessity of enlisting the sympathy of Catholics at large with my mission, but have deferred doing so until a more acceptable time.

During the few years that the responsibility of the Maori Mission has been placed upon my shoulders I have travelled over an immense area, some parts of which are inhabited exclusively by Maoris. Before making bold to communicate my views to the press I thought fit to identify myself with the spiritual and to a great extent with the temporal interests of the Maoris, that I might study their disposition and convince myself of their needs.

Of the temporal condition of the Maori I shall not speak at present, the spiritual condition being the more important, and by consolidating the latter the temporal, or first, will flourish. A good Christian makes a good citizen and a good husbandman; happiness and plenty, or at least sufficiency, will smile upon his home.

The latest census tells us of at least 40,000 Maoris in New Zeland. About three-fourths of these live in my district and about 4,000 of these are Catholics scattered over an immense area. They form but a remnant of the many thousands of Catholic Maoris who thronged the country churches before the war. Bishop Pompalier was the herald of the Gospel announcing the "glad tidings" to the aborigines of New Zealand. Great was the opposition his heroic endeavors met from the part of those who knew too well that the revered Prelate came armed with something more substantial than mere Bible tracts. But the Maori's keen intellect was soon attracted by the life and character of the Catholic priesthood. He observed the spirit of self-sacrifice in them and readily understood that two creeds equally true, yet so very different in articles of faith and constitution, was simply preposterous. He realized that he had been led from one delusion to another. Then the light of true faith flashed upon the northern tribes in Hokianga, Jan. 22, 1838, and travelled with astonishing rapidity over the North Island. However a severe trial soon succeeded this great grace. The thunder of the cannon reverberating through mountain and valley created a suspicion in the heart of the Maori, but recently unfettered from the sway of an ancestral superstitious region. Well might the Maori doubt. 'Is the white man his friend or his enemy?' At any rate many agitators from among themselves stirred up the masses to follow them, and pre-nailed upon the weaker ones to snap asunder the tender bonds which hitherto had held them within the pale of our Holy Mother the Church, and thus was shaped a new religion which still holds a strong footing among them. Still a worse trial awaited the Catholic Maori. Those priests with whom they had identified themselves as children do with their parents were, through some misunderstanding or other, severed from them, and the poor Catholic Maori, who had just tasted the sweetness of perfect freedom from barbarism and error, stood alone to fight his own battle in the most important duty of the salvation of his soul. Those from whose lips they had heard the words of eternal truth were ordered to work in other parts of the vineyard, and the Catholic Maoris were like sheep without a shepherd. In spite of great disadvantages and the immense obstacles that obstructed their way, some noble old chiefs and catechists have succeeded in holding their ground against the host of preachers of various creeds, and thus handed down to their people and children the knowledge of the only means of salvation which had previously been inculcated to them by Bishop Pompalier and his priests. True, once or twice a bright star appeared in the dark future for the Catholic Faith of the Maori, when, for instance, the never-to-be-forgotten Dr. MacDonald the deceased brother of Mgr. Walter MacDonald, of his own free will, gave up the high and responsible position he held in the diocese to "gather the scattered sheep of the tribes of Israel." But then these stars were extremely rare. It is not surprising that between Protestant ministers and their own fanatics many apostatised of those whose faith had not yet struck deep root at the moment that the troubles of war and the withdrawal of their shepherds fell suddenly like a thunderbolt upon them. Influenced by the aspect of the spiritual desolation that surrounded them, some of the Northern chiefs who had always clung faithfully to the banner of our holy Faith petitioned the Late Bishop of Auckland, the Rt. Rev. J. Luck; to send them priests, and it is due to the exertion of this much lamented prelate that the Fathers of St. Joseph's Society were sent out from England to devote their lives to the Maori Mission in New Zealand.

This is a brief sketch of the past and, though a faint one, will explain sufficiently the work that has been done. But considerations of greater importance stand before us. The past is beyond our reach, but the present and the future draw our attention. Owing to the great exertion and the spirit of self sacrifice wherewith the Fathers of St. Joseph's Society have worked on this mission, our efforts have been blessed with fruits, good and plentiful. There has been a 'new enkindling of fire of the Holy Spirit' in the hearts of those whose faith had almost yielded to indifferentism. In spite of the very small means of the mission a great number of chapels have sprung up in all parts of the diocese. But now, my Catholic friends, is the time to ask "What prospects are there for the future"? Are we simply to limit our efforts to the few thousands who have been brought over to the Catholic Church or must we stretch forth our hands to snatch others away from the precipice? One of the most glorious works is to be engaged in the vineyard of the Lord to save souls who will sing God's praises for all eternity in heaven. At home our eyes follow the zealous minister of God whether he wends his steps to the confessional to infuse new life in a soul dead with sin, or to the slums of a city to exhort those of his flock whose very surroundings breathe corruption. Abroad our minds accompany the weary ever mount and dale, through forest and wilderness in the discharge of his arduous duty, and when we hear of his arduous his sufferings and indefatigable zeal we are of sympathy with [illegible]

The missionary's career has [illegible] admiration, for we realize [illegible] on the cross of Master's work, and [illegible] disadvantage and difficulties under which the first seeds of truth spread [illegible] its pioneers. It is not [illegible] necessary to accompany them on their long and dreary journeys through dense forests and over bleak deserts, but we must also be brought in contact with the civilized and rude customs of their surroundings. Without mentioning [illegible] hearts, inspiring them with the great patience and fortitude which the missionary has to practise to eradicate from the heart of the poor savage his crude conception of worship and to replace it with sentiments capable of competing with those of his Catholic European fellow man. It is with the intention of alleviating the burden of such heralds of the Gospel that these words have been brought before the mind of the charitable Catholics. The Maori missionary is rebuilding upon old foundations and renewing the temples of God, but the poverty of my people and the scanty means of the mission compel me to trespass upon your charity and must be my apology for this appeal upon the liberality of charitably disposed persons. There is no other way open for me; the spiritual desolation of thousands of my people is an object of the deepest concern to me; it urges me on to extend my work but I am baffled in the effort for the want of means. May the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord inspire you to co operate with me by your charities in saving the souls of these poor people for the kingdom of heaven.

The following is the letter of approval and sanction from His Lordship Bishop Lenihan:—

DEAR FR. LIGHTHEART,—You have my fullest and best wishes for success in the appeal you are making on behalf of the Maori Mission. Dependent, as you are, on the annual offering from the Propagation of the Faith, and recognizing that the Maoris are not in a position to carry out the injunction of Scripture that "those who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel," I well understand that the limited allowance from the Propagation is insufficient to enable you to carry on the work amongst the flock to whom you and the good Fathers have devoted your lives with the success that your energy demands. Gladly, then, I learn, that you have determined to make your work known to the Catholics throughout New Zealand and elsewhere, and I feel assured that your modest account of the work to be done will enlist the sympathy and open the purse strings of the charitably disposed. May God bless you and keep you in his holy ways.

Yours ever affectionately in Christ,

† GEO. M. LENIHAN.

Bishop's House, June 20th, 1898.

WHAT TOMMY SAID.

Uncle John—Well, what do you mean to be when you get to be a man?

Little Tommy (promptly)—A doctor, like pa.

Uncle John—(quizzically)—Indeed; and which do you intend to be, an allopath or a homœopath?

Little Tommy—I don't know what them awful big words mean, Uncle John; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I ain't goin to be either of 'em, I'm just goin, to be a family doctor an' give all my patients Hood's Sarsaparilla, 'cause my pa says that if he is a doctor, he's 'bliged to own up that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever saw in his life.

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MISS ROSE BUSHMAN.

It has been proven by the grateful testimonials of women in Montreal and elsewhere, that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are the remedy that all sick women can safely depend on to make them well and strong again. Remember that you cannot compare Dr. Coderre's Red Pills with any other remedy recommended to cure everything. If you do not know it yet you will learn that Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are made for women's ills and do cure women's ills.

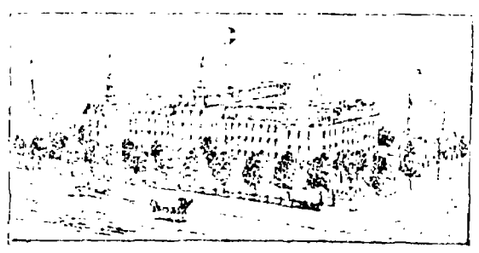
We are honest. We never publish the testimonial of a woman who has been cured without giving her full address. All our testimonials were genuine when we said so. We [illegible] today the portrait [illegible] testimonial and full address of Miss R[illegible] of Fall River, Mass. Miss R[illegible] says:

"For two years I [illegible]

If you have been [illegible] years; if your case is serious and your physician has failed to cure you do not expect that one or two boxes of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills can cure you. Take enough of this great remedy to give it a chance to act on your case. At the same time, we invite you to consult our physician; we invite you to write him a full description of your case; tell him everything; you have nothing to fear. By addressing your letters as follows: "Medical Department, Box 2306, Montreal, Can." our physician alone will open your letter and study your case. He will give you many advices that will help the action of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills in your case. Let this be [illegible] as often as you wish. Every one of your letters will receive its answer. [illegible] without trying our [illegible] treatment.

[illegible] is the greatest treatment [illegible] Physician [illegible] Pills for which you [illegible] that has your [illegible] Dr. Coderre's Red Pills [illegible] Dr. Coderre's Red Pills always sold in little round [illegible] 50 pills for 50c. [illegible] to stop repeated [illegible] just [illegible] giving full address [illegible] to avoid delays.

Address: THE FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO., Box 2306, Montreal, Can."



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P. W. LEEHY, Sec.-Treas.

4—2

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