

THE CURE OF A TUMOR BY THE MEDAL OF ST. BENEDICT.

Written for the Catholic Almanac of Ontario.

BEING well acquainted with the lady in whose favor this remarkable cure was wrought, I offer to your Almanac a brief history of the cure. I have the details from my friend herself.

I. In July last year, while I was residing at Sacred Heart Retreat, Louisville, I received a message from a friend to call and see her at SS. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital, whither she had come for treatment. I was surprised to find her in Louisville, having been away from there myself for several weeks, and not having heard from her the while.

When we met I was much pained to learn that she had been suffering from a tumor on the breast. She had first noticed it on the first of June, and had straightway written to her doctor in Cincinnati, who had given her in reply the consoling opinion that the tumor was nothing serious, and that the remedy he sent would soon disperse it. However, the swelling grew worse every day, and on the 14th of June this same doctor wrote advising my friend to see some good surgeon.

This counsel she delayed to follow, from sheer dislike of submitting to surgical treatment. And meanwhile the tumor kept increasing in size and became tender and painful.

On the 6th of July she began applying hot poultices, and continued this till the 10th. But, finding that only aggravated the tumor, she wisely gave it up. The Sisters of the hospital advised her to consult without further delay a celebrated surgeon in the city. Accordingly she went that very afternoon, in company with one of the Sisters, to the office of this eminent doctor. He examined the tumor, and said that "it must come out, and soon too."

"What do you mean by soon?" she asked.

"In three or four days," he replied.

"Why, you don't think it a cancer?"

"Yes, I do."

"But there's none in the family," she urged.

"That's nothing," he answered.

Then, enquiring into her general health, he decided that she needed medical treatment, and that before he could fix the date of the operation he must await the result of the treatment.

Next morning, July 12th, the surgeon came out to the hospital, and brought with him another distinguished member of his profession. The latter gentleman examined the patient's heart,

and then the tumor, remarking that the tumor was very near the skin and about the size of two lemons. It had been a hard tumor from the first.

II. Now comes in the supernatural. A priest who was staying with the Trappists at Gethsemane, and to whom my friend had written to secure the prayers of the monks, called to see her the next day (July 13th) and brought with him a medal of St. Benedict, telling her that the good Trappists had said she was to put the medal in water and to drink the water, a little every day, for nine days; and that they would go to Holy Communion for her. But she hesitated to pray for a miraculous cure, having made up her mind to offer the pain of the tumor, and even death itself, for a certain favor she had long been asking of God. The priest suggested that she should petition for the cure with entire submission to God's will; that perhaps it was not His will to accept her sacrifice. But she concluded to think the matter over first.

The following day she went into the city to ask the surgeon an important question. The jolting of the street cars caused her great pain, but she felt quite justified in taking the journey. She begged the doctor to tell her candidly what were her chances for life and what for death, after the operation, remarking that she was not afraid to die, not having lived for this world; but that, in case she would be likely to die, she wished to have her daughter with her—a Sister of Charity, then at Nazareth. The doctor replied: "Well, to be candid, you have ten chances to live and ten to die." "Why, then," she demanded, "undergo the operation?" "Because," replied the doctor, "you would suffer such agony you would have to be kept under the influence of morphia." She then requested him to postpone the operation till after the 19th, as the community where her daughter was were in retreat till that date. He assented; and they settled it between them that the operation should be performed on the 25th.

She now decided to try the novena, putting St. Benedict's medal in water and drinking a little of it daily. She asked Our Lord to cure her, only if it would be for His greater glory, and began to take the water at noon on Wednesday, July 20th.

Up to this time the pain of the tumor had gone on increasing. The poor lady could get very little sleep, and lie only on her back; could