

A RELIC OF ST. ANN, MARVELLOUS CURES.

FROM THE *New York World* MAY 19, 1892.

This is the last day that the precious relic of St. Ann, the Mother of the Virgin, will be exposed at the little Church of St. John Baptiste in East 76th street. Yesterday it was roughly estimated that 25,000 people flocked to the sanctuary to kiss the glass which covers the casket. To-morrow Monsignor Marquis will take the sacred fragment to Quebec where it will be exhibited to the faithful during the consecration of Monsignor Labrecque's Bishop. After that it will be placed in its shrine in the Church of Beauport.

The *World* from day to day has told of many of the cures the blessed fragment is said to have brought about. Here is another. John Farley lives at 59 East 95th street. He is 28 years of age and a plumber. Seven years ago he was stricken by an acute spinal disease. Since then he has been almost helpless. No doctors he claims, have been able to put him on his feet again. The day before yesterday his two brothers took him to kiss the relic. They had to carry him from the corner to the steps of the church. When he reached the altar the sacred relic was rubbed against his forehead and his spine and was placed to his lips. Remarkable as it may seem, young Farley was able to leave the church with almost no aid from his brothers and was able to walk home without assistance.

Policeman George F. Thomas of Captain Schmittberger's precinct knows Farley. He saw the invalid carried to the church and saw him leave it alone fifteen minutes later, without help. This story is vouched for by all Farley's other friends.

About 2 p.m. when the crowd was the densest in front of the little church, a hack drawn by two milk-white horses dashed through the crowd up to the curb in front of the church. Willing hands opened the coach-door and three well-dressed ladies, two young and fair and one middle aged woman, who seemed to be their mother, alighted. One of the young ladies was on crutches and appeared to be labouring under a most painful lameness of the legs. As she alighted the crowd parted and made way for the young women. As she painfully toiled up the few steps in front of the church she turned and looked at the crowd, which was watching her in respected silence. Her face showed traces of suffering. As she disappeared through the doorway one old woman said, "Poor dear, I hope she may be cured."

"Who is she?" was asked by fifty voices at once from the hackman.

He did not know, further than that he had brought the three women from the Troy boat.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the side door of the church, and in a moment the young woman who had gone in one crutches a few moments before came out without them, walking with apparent ease, and leaning upon the arm of her companion. Behind them came the elder woman, carrying the crutches.

As she, who had been halt and lame, but whose faith had saved her, stepped upon the sidewalk the crowd surged about her, strong men and weak women struggling to touch her with the tips of their fingers. She turned about first from one side and then to another, her face beautiful and fair fairly transfigured, and spoke kindly words to all, after which she stepped into the carriage with her companions and was driven away.

The young woman was a Mary Nelson of Troy. Her lameness came from an injury which had caused a white swelling on one of her legs several years before.

Ida Sheehan of 186 South fourth Street, Brooklyn, is said to have been almost instantly cured by touching the relic. Miss Sheehan is 17 years of age. According to her story, seven years ago she began to be troubled by a rumbling in her left ear, which as she characterizes it, "sounded like the thumping of a hammer on a boiler." For fourteen months the young girl suffered terrible agony. The pains in her ear at that time ceased, but she was left completely deaf. The portion of her neck from the lower part of the ear to the throat had become badly swollen. Specialists called in could not understand the case and at the ear clinic in 85th street Miss Sheehan was told that an operation would have to be performed before a correct diagnosis could be made.

A few days ago she read about the wonderful cures that were reported through a touching of the relic of St. Ann. Yesterday she went to the church herself and had it applied to her ears.

"No sooner was this done," said Miss Sheehan, "than I was conscious of hearing the whispering of the women about me. When I came out of the church I felt dazed. I heard plainly the rumble of the wagons and the voice of people about me distinctly. When I got home my parents were amazed when they found I could hear all they said. A strange thing, too, was the fact that the swelling has entirely disappeared. I can attribute my cure only to the divine power of the relic."

Right Rev. Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn took his place in the file on Thursday among the lame, the halt, and the blind, and kissed the relic.

Perhaps the most remarkable cure reported to have been effected through the veneration of the relic is that of Mrs. Rhoda Elizabeth White, of No. 878 St. Nicholas avenue.

It was Mrs. White who, as the friend of President Lincoln, advised him to send Archbishop Hughes in the summer of 1861 as a secret ambassador to Napoleon III, and to the Supreme Pontiff. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, formerly domestic prelate to Leo XIII., gave me this recital of Mrs. White's cure;—

"For twenty years," said he, "my sister has suffered from constantly increasing deafness. I could not make her hear without shouting. In the early part of December last she had the grip, and all the winter she was too ill to leave her house. She was growing worse, and latterly she could not turn over in bed without the aid of two servants. She was afflicted with insomnia and we were afraid she would lose her reason. The relic was taken to her bedside on May 4, and the Sunday after she was taken to the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. That night she enjoyed sweet slumber. In the morning she arose perfectly well, her hearing being restored."

There are five sets of crutches stacked against the wall of the altar recess in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste which were discarded by persons who had kissed the relic and said they were cured of lameness; also several pairs of spectacles left at the altar by others whose sight had been strengthened.

Monsignor Marquis arrived in Quebec, Canada on the evening of the 21st inst, with the relic of St. Ann. Monsignor Marquis visited the shrine of St. Ann, twenty-six miles from Quebec, where there is great anxiety to see and venerate the relic. The date of its public reception has not yet been fixed. It may be postponed till July 26, St. Ann's day.

A LIFE LESSON,

Educated in a store, Mr. Elliotson had no ability for obtaining a support for his family beyond what such an education gave him. He was a good accountant, and had a clear, strong mind. To any one keeping a store, who needed assistance, he would have been invaluable. But no one in the village was in want of assistance.

With a family of four children, the situation of Mr. Elliotson was painful in the extreme. The rigor of the law had left him but a poor remnant of the household furniture, and with this he was about moving into a small cottage, at half the rent he was paying for the comfortable home in which he had lived for ten years.

Just at this crisis, intelligence was received that the Legislature of the State had approved an application that had been made to charter a banking institution, to be located in the village. Books for a subscription to the capital stock were immediately opened, and the amount required by the charter obtained in a few days.

As soon as it was known that the bank would go into operation, the friends of Mr. Elliotson made a movement to get him appointed cashier. He was looked upon as the very man, and some of the stockholders went so far as to say, that it was fortunate for the institution that he happened to be out of business. Twelve directors were chosen in due course, and then there came an election of officers and clerks, to conduct the regular business. There were many applicants for these situations. Prominent, for the office of cashier, stood the name of Mr. Elliotson. On the day that the directors met, this unfortunate individual had but five dollars left, and, beyond the hoped-for appointment, no apparent resource in the world. It is no matter of wonder that his mind was in a state of great anxiety and suspense. His friends had assured him that he would certainly get the appointment; but the necessities of his circumstances were too pressing to allow these assurances to give him full confidence in the result of the election. If, by any mishap, he should not be appointed, he knew not which way to turn to keep his family from want.

Among the directors chosen to represent the interests of the stockholders was Gage, the carpenter, who was a man of some property, and had subscribed quite liberally to the stock. When Mr. Elliotson was proposed to the meeting as cashier, Gage became restless.

"He is the very man," said one.

"We can't possibly do better," said another.

"There isn't a name on the list of applicants comparable to his," remarked a third.

And every man spoke in his favor except Gage, who remained silent. Just as they were about balloting, the carpenter said that he was sorry to be compelled to object to Mr. Elliotson, but duty constrained him to do so. And then he related the little circumstance already known to the reader. He ended by saying:

"This may seem a trifling matter, gentlemen. But it is in trifles that we see most clearly a man's real character. It shows that there is a lack of integrity in his heart. I feel pained in making this revelation, but duty compels me to do so. I would not be true to the trust that has been reposed in me, were I to withhold from this board a fact that may deeply affect the interests that they are bound to protect.

Surprise kept all silent for some moments.

"It is not possible that you may have been mistaken?" was at length asked by a member of the board.

"No sir. I saw the thing done as clearly I ever saw anything in my life. To make sure, however, I examined and found the lime in an out-house

(To be continued)