

perhaps I might become able to sit up. But after wearing a weight of thirty pounds from May until September, this too, like all other efforts, failed, leaving me worse than ever.

Over and over again, they thought it was but a question of a few hours or days, when death would come and relieve me; but God had other ends in view, as He would neither let me die nor get better. In Oct. 1886, an abscess formed under the arm, which resisted all the doctors' efforts to scatter, and grew larger every day, sometimes causing the arm to swell as far as the elbow. During all this time I had had masses offered, novenas made to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. Anne and St. Joseph, promising to make a pilgrimage to Ste Anne de Beaupré, as soon as I could walk a few steps. All were equally unsuccessful, for during twenty months, I had not even turned on my side in bed. At last, I decided to make the pilgrimage just as I was, asking God to either mercifully let me die or relieve me in some measure, to give me back the use of my limbs, if only enough to enable me to sit up a little and move my body myself in bed. I did not dream of asking for a perfect cure. People here said I should be dead ere I reached Montreal, if I attempted to go. But I knew my life was in God's hands, and He would do what was best. So, on Friday Sept. 23, 1887, I started. My friends tried to persuade me at least to leave on some other day than Friday, saying it was unlucky; but I deliberately chose it, knowing that I should have to make the journey in one of the baggage-cars, my bed being too wide to be placed in the other coaches; and, as the slightest motion caused me pain, the jolting of the cars would make me suffer greatly. And as our Lord suffered Himself on that day, I thought that perhaps He might take pity on me and end it all. But, Oh! I did not dream of the awful agony I did have to endure until we reached Montreal. Even at this late day it makes me shudder to think of it.