

have received, all of which have taken place during this present year. It will no doubt help to an increase of faith and veneration in many hearts towards the saintly Curé of Ars, and also keep up that zeal and warmth already enkindled within them.

1. A sudden and complete cure obtained at the tomb of the Venerable Curé d'Ars, through the fervent prayers of Madame Ch—who was afflicted with a diseased bone in one of her hips accompanied by an enlarged abscess. For 18 months she had been under medical care without any improvement, and the doctors at length decided that the only hope of a cure was an operation in which the bone could be extracted. Madame Ch—refused to undergo this operation. Suffering great pain she journeyed to Ars and prayed for her cure upon the tomb of the Venerable Curé with the result of a complete and immediate cure.

2. Cure of a cancer in the breast which caused such intense agony to the lady affected that she could neither walk nor leave her bed. Mdlle. F. P., invoked the help of the Curé d'Ars, and whilst applying a piece of the "Soutane" of the Venerable Curé to the cancer, it disappeared and the cure was complete.

3. Madame V. L., by praying to the Curé d'Ars and vowing that if she was cured she would go to Ars to return thanks, was healed of two serious diseases, one of which for two years had affected the whole of her left side and was accompanied by such severe inflammation that she had often to keep her bed. The other was a running sore spreading over her leg from knee to ankle. This she had endured for three months, and the medical opinion was that the disease had penetrated to the interior of the bone and was incurable.

4. Complete cure of a child, Mdlle. M. F., aged seven, upon the third day of a Novena, made to the Venerable Curé d'Ars. The child was hopelessly deformed in the neck, shoulders, and hips.

5. Miraculous recovery of the child L. M., aged five, after an attack of measles and bronchitis. The child was dying, the doctor had seen him the day before and had left saying, "all had been done that science could do, and there was no hope." The child's grandfather, moved by the sobs and grief of the relations around him, induced them to go into another room. Left alone with the dying child, he suddenly raised his hands to heaven and exclaimed: "John Baptiste Vianney, if you will you can cure my grandchild, God will never refuse you." Immediately the child, who had been lying insensible to all around, turned towards him, opened his eyes, and asked for something to drink in a voice loud enough to be heard by the relations in the adjoining room. The next day the child was up and walking about the house perfectly well. I am informed by the promoter of the cause that the supernatural powers of graces increase instead of diminish each year! This confirms in just measure the beautiful expression of veneration for this holy servant of God given to us by his biographer. "The apostleship of Saints," he says, "does not finish with their earthly life, their relics also have a mission. The glance of the world continues to turn towards this little church of Ars, where so many mysteries of love and pity have been accomplished. Everywhere men are expecting marvels, which must render the tomb of this holy priest glorious. During his life he so fled from glory, that after death it must be the recompense of his humility. Already we note that extraordinary graces have been obtained by his intercession. Greater prodigies are hoped for. God has His own time, we must wait for it in humble peace. When it shall please God to call this new star to shine in the firmament of His Church, it will say, 'Behold me!' Ah, that will be the hour of the divine might, and miracles upon miracles will come."

The appeal, then, which we make to you from the Bishop of Belley is to hasten forward this welcome day of joy to the whole Church, and we feel that it is not in vain that we continue to knock at the hearts of English Catholics; and we confidently trust that the portrait of the holy Curé which heads this letter will in its sweet and kind expression speak more powerfully to you than any words of mine. I have now had a large supply of relics of the Venerable J. B. Vianney sent to me from Ars to meet the demands of the faithful; but although I am commissioned by Canon Ball to send the authentic portrait with a relic to subscribers of at least 10s., I do hope that very many of the more affluent will not make that the limit of their support to the cause.

I remain yours sincerely in Christ,
R. J. C. WOLSELEY, O.P.

LADY HERBERT SPEAKS OUT.

WE (*Weekly Register*), have never thought it necessary or nice to justify our own journalistic existence by decrying our fellow-Catholic journals. What may be amusing or merely vulgar in the *Edinburgh Gazette* comes near to being disedifying in a paper of which the first aim in existing is to promote charity, concord, and the spread of Catholic truth. Not that we are unaware of differences, vivid and vital, between ourselves and contemporaries—differences only less fundamental than those of faith. We refer, of course, to the attitude of the *Tablet* towards Catholic Ireland. But we have been content to take our own contrary course strenuously, without any bandying of personalities, or breaches of the recognised journalistic etiquette among even the Gentiles. A meeting of the Catholic Truth Society seems hardly a suitable occasion for recriminations which even antagonists, in the weekly battle of newspaper life, are careful to avoid. Yet we read in a report of the proceedings at the half-yearly meeting of the society, that Lady Herbert of Lea proclaimed in her speech to those assembled that the *Tablet* is of no use, and that no good thing comes out of it. One person, at least, we gather had a hearty "hear, hear," and a laugh of ready approval. Now, the Bishop of Salford, who is the president of the Truth Society, is also the owner of the *Tablet*. Had he been in London, instead of in Rome, on Wednesday, 5th November, the situation might, one imagines, have been a little strained. There used to be a wild story that Lady Herbert herself had a sort of censorship over what appeared in the *Tablet*, especially the theology! Her assault of Wednesday will, at least, dispel a myth which is said to have taken deep root in great cities such as Manchester.

OBITUARY.

ROSIE CARD died at Wellington January 7th, 1891.—R.I.P

Dear Rosie has left us sad and lonely
Ere the summer days were spent;
On her brow no sign of sorrow,
Rather smiles of sweet content.
"I am going," she said, "to Jesus,
To the land where all is fair;
Father, mother, brothers, sisters,
I shall hope you'll meet me there.

"From dear father, who so loved me,
And thought me in this world the best,
To where no thought of sin can enter,
And where all is perfect rest;
Where the Son, who gave His life-blood
All my load of sins to bear,
Dwells for ever with the ransomed—
I shall hope you'll meet me there.

"And from ev'ry eye our Lord shall
Wipe away the rising tear;
He shall bid His loved ones enter
Mansions which have no compeer;
He shall bid them dwell for ever
In those regions bright and fair.
Oh, my brothers! oh, my sisters!
Will you pray to meet me there?"

"Short shall be the separation;
And though thorny be the way
Leading up to life eternal
And the realms of endless day,
It shall end in joy for ever—
All shall there be bright and fair.
Darling father, mother, brothers, sisters,
Strive, oh strive to meet me there!"

Inserted by a Friend.

WE CAN ONLY SAY THAT HIS INITIALS ARE "J. D."

WHEN a woman travels ten miles merely to ask a few questions we may assume that her curiosity is excited.

In the year 1883, a story went forth from Leverstock Green, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, which aroused great interest in all the region thereabout. People came from various directions to enquire into the matter; what was alleged to have occurred had to do mostly with one man. If the story turned out to be true some good was likely to come of it; if false, it would only put the community more on their guard against all sorts of wild rumours. Among the women who were bound to get at the foundation of it was one from St. Albans and a cook from Langley.

How strangely things work out in this queer world. Seven years have passed and the facts are now to become generally public for the first time. It appears that about the first of January, 1883, an old resident of the place above named was said, and commonly believed, to be in a dying condition.

For five months an able and clever physician had been attending him constantly, no medical man could have done more. His ailment was decided to be gout and rheumatism, which are now held to be practically the same in a lady differently located.

Well, this began back in July, 1882. As time ran along the patient grew worse. The doctor's ability and experience didn't seem to count. The sufferer's ankles, feet, and hands, became badly swollen. We all know this must have been a scary symptom because that the fluids of his body (and the body is nearly all fluid anyway)—instead of being carried off as they naturally should be, were flowing over their channels and inundating the parts around them, just as a stream does after heavy rains.

The doctor said, the danger of this state of things lay in the fact, that when the water reached the heart or lungs it might end in sudden death. The cause of dropsy is the refusal of the kidneys to carry off the water; so much is plain. But what makes the kidneys strike work? We now know the reason of that. It is because they are partially paralysed by a poison in the blood, arising from undigested food in the stomach. In plain English, a chronic state of indigestion and dyspepsia was responsible for results which now threatened our unknown friend's life. It was reported—and of its truth there isn't a doubt—that his abdomen was blown like a bladder on account of the water which soaked all through his flesh. In a conversation a few weeks ago he said "All my friends now looked on me as a dying man."

About this time the patient's wife happened to be in the shop of a chemist at Hemel Hempstead, and he gave her a little book, a sort of small pamphlet, and said she might like to read it. She did read it, and found in it a full description of the very complaint that was fast sending her husband to the grave, and also the name of what was asserted to be a remedy for it. After some trouble she got him to consent to try it, and sent for a bottle. He began, and kept it up for four months, taking twenty-six bottles altogether. At the end of that time he was a well, sound man, and is so to-day. The whole neighbourhood was amazed.—His recovery, when he had been looked upon as no better than a dead man, set tongues wagging all around the country. He now says "I should not have been here now, if it had not been for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup."

Our friend requests us not to publish his full name, but says we may print his initials, which are "J. D." Address: Leverstock Green, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. He will answer letters.