

My Experience with St. Anthony of Padua.

SOME years ago I was one day in a cozy little parlor in Washington city. It was in the house of a Catholic family. Three or four lively young ladies were making a passing call. One was bewailing the loss of some little trinket which she particularly valued. Another, one of the brightest and most vivacious of the lot, one whose amiability and goodness I shall ever affectionately remember, exclaimed, in a light, airy way: "Say a prayer to St. Anthony, my dear!" I waited till the lively troop moved on, and then asked the lady of the house what our young friend meant by her remark about St. Anthony.

She looked at me in surprise, and said:

"You don't mean to say you never heard of that before!"

"Heard of what?" I replied.

"Why," said she, "don't you know about St. Anthony?"

I did know something about one St. Anthony, but feeling sure it could have no reference to this matter, I said: "No; I don't understand this."

Then she laughed, exclaiming: "You Western Catholics are half heathens, I do believe!"

This was not the first time she had made that remark to me. I was then fresh from the Pacific coast, very "fresh" in some things.

My friend thereupon kindly explained to me that St. Anthony had a singular power of enabling people to recover things that were lost, which, when it pleased him, he exercised in behalf of his particular clients. I resolved then and there to become one of these as soon as possible. I went to a priest soon afterwards, and asked him how one should manage to get on the good side of any particular saint. He said it was a very simple matter. You show the saint some particular devotion, and he will be grateful for it, and will have thenceforth a special interest in your welfare. I therefore set to