

WONDERS OF LOURDES.

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pers, lighted beneath the overhanging brow of the cliff, will honor with their fires, the spotless purity of Mary. In countless processions of magnificent proportions, entire populations will march to the grotto, and in one grand voice, proclaim to the listening earth the glories of the Immaculate Conception. The very stones, that are to be imbedded in the sacred walls of the future temple will lift up their voices in endless hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the Immaculate Conception. Bernadette retained in all its vividness, the picture of Mary glorifying Herself in Her Immaculate Conception. This is perhaps the most lasting souvenir impressed on her memory. It has been frequently requested to reproduce the august scene. The child recalling her faculties from all external objects, would, as it were, elevate her soul to Heaven. "She did this" head, and hands, and her look would be modelled on the Virgin's attitude. In that simple act of lifting and folding her hands upon her breast, there appeared such majesty and gracefulness, on her face shone such gravity and sweetness; in her look, directed towards heaven, they beamed so celestial an expression, that an uncontrollable thrill of admiration and religious reverence ran through the crowd of beholders. Tears started to many an eye, so well and faithfully did she depict this last moment of the apparition. One day, a man of the world was so mastered by the emotion which seized upon him at the spectacle, that he exclaimed aloud: "This suffices me. I believe. The child has seen. Of herself, she could never invent such a posture. What she has seen is not of this world."

APPARITION OF EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 5TH—THE MIRACLE OF THE BURNING TAPER. Ten days afterwards, on Easter Monday, Bernadette was kneeling in front of the grotto in the midst of a numerous assemblage. She was again favored with an Apparition of the Immaculate Virgin. On this occasion, a circumstance occurred which caused greater astonishment than all preceding wonders. It served also as a conclusive proof of the heavenly character of the Vision. The child was on her knees. She held in her hand a lighted taper; the lower extremity rested on the ground. Absorbed in the contemplation of the heavenly Vision, she drew her hands together. Without paying attention to what she was doing, she slightly raised them and held them clasped on the end of the taper. The flame found a passage between her half-opened fingers and rose above her hands, flickering and wavering with every passing breath of wind. Great anxiety was manifested by the spectators. "She is burning herself." The child, fixed in a statue-like immobility, was smiling sweetly and serenely. "Let her be," was said to some one who wished to take the candle. "She evidently does not feel the fire. Let us see what will happen." A physician happened to be standing close to the child. Astonished at what struck his sight, he drew out his watch. The flame continued to envelop the clasped fingers; the hands remained, without a quivering, in its folds over a quarter of an hour. Every eye that could reach Bernadette beheld the flame rising above her fingers. Low whisperings passed around, "a miracle! a miracle!" Greater wonder had never yet been excited at the grotto. Finally the hands separated. The doctor examined them immediately. Not the slightest mark of the action of the flame was apparent. After the ecstasy, when Bernadette relapsed into her usual state, one of the bystanders brought the flame of the still burning candle in contact with her hand. "Oh, you burn me," cried she, turning herself hastily. So visible a prodigy left a deep impression. This was the seventeenth Apparition, the fifteenth in the series of those to which Mary had invited the multitudes as witnesses of her familiar interviews with the child, of which the mystery was at one and the same time, so imperceptibly veiled and so admirably perceptible. On this day more than nine thousand persons were gathered around Bernadette. This was the last time that the heavenly spectacle was destined to meet the gaze of the public: for the last time, in presence of assembled multitudes, did the Queen of Heaven shed upon the angelic countenance of the transfigured child a reflection of her incomparable glory, and show the power of her superhuman beauty, in the ecstasy of this soul transported beyond the sphere of mortality, by the mere contemplation of Her loveliness. Mary wished on this day to give unto Herself a grand testimony. She came again to stamp upon her work the ineffaceable seal of heaven, and insure the glory of her name, and confirm the faith of her clients by the inimitable signature of a miracle. Wonderful sight! The little girl contemplates, prays, smiles. She offers her tender hands to the flames. The flames lick them, caress them, play around them, but injure them not. This burning candle, consuming itself like the praying soul, respects even the child, whilst she is in the company of the Immaculate Conception. For more than a quarter of an hour is the flame seen to circle round her fingers, and her face in the meantime is wreathed with happy smiles. Thus did Bernadette appear to the crowds during this last public apparition, and such was the last public souvenir left of her presence by the white-clothed Lady of the wild-brier, the Virgin of the grotto, of the miraculous spring, of the Rosary, of the heavenly splendor, of the golden roses, of the smiles, of the Immaculate Conception.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF HENRY BUSQUET. Whenever the miraculous water spread itself there sprang up miracles, like flowers called into life by the refreshing dews of spring. They were no longer counted as isolated facts: a miracle began to be looked upon as an usual occurrence. I choose one among hundreds. Its authenticity has been attested by physicians and sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority. In the village of Nay, in the lower Pyrenees, laid a boy of fifteen, whose blood was vitiated and whose health was completely ruined from the effects of typhoid fever, which, two years previously, had brought him to death's door. A frightful abscess, of the most malignant scrofulous type, had broken out on the right side of his neck, and had, step by step, spread over the lower part of his cheek and the upper part of his breast. At the end of four months, after an operation deemed indispensable, a horrid, open sore, that emitted an abundance of purulent matter, disfigured the diseased part. Moreover congestion of the glands had manifested itself in two places near the ulcer. All modes of treatment had proved powerless. The waters of Canterets had done more harm than good. The state of the poor child grew worse every day. Henry was very pious. He heard of the marvels of Lourdes and of the miraculous water. Unable himself to perform the journey, he begged of an obliging neighbor, who was on the point of setting out for the place, to bring him a little of the water. He felt convinced that the Blessed Virgin would cure him: a usual feeling in those upon whom the grace of a miracle is about to fall. On the evening of the twenty-eighth of April the much desired water was handed to him. He fell on his knees; beside him knelt father, mother, brothers and sisters, all full of faith and fervor. After his prayer, he placed himself on his bed, that the lotions might be more conveniently applied. One of the special recommendations of the Doctor was, that cold water should at no time be allowed to come in contact with the sore: serious complications, said he, would inevitably result from any negligence on this point. But in the thoughts of the pious boy the Blessed Virgin took precedence of the doctor, and the water of the grotto was not "cold water." Henry unties the bandages and throws aside the lint that covered the ulcer and the tumor; then, with a piece of cloth wetted with the miraculous water, he bathed the festering sore. "It is impossible that the Blessed Virgin should not cure me," thinks he. Thereupon he fell quietly asleep. The next morning, on awakening, he found himself cured, completely cured. No ulcer, no sore, no swelling, no pain. A long scar alone remained, to be as a constant monitor, reminding him of his debt to the Blessed Virgin of the Grotto; but the scar was firm and consistent; as solid as if the hand of time had slowly closed it. The cure was radical, sudden and without convalescence. Furthermore, the constitution of the boy, although seriously undermined since a long time by scrofulous affections, was by the same stroke restored to its normal condition. Since that day Henry Busquet has effectively enjoyed the most excellent health. He has grown up to be a young man, full of life and vigor. "He is to-day," says one who saw him, "a fine young man of twenty-eight years, engaged, like his father, in the profession of plasterer. He sings from morning till night, not light, obscene, meaningless trash, but gay, lively glees, or canticles, in honor of his Immaculate Conception." The account of the physicians has established beyond a cavil the purely supernatural character of this cure. "We rank this fact among those which bear the unmistakable impress of superhuman intervention." The doctor who had attended the young client of Mary declared with no less frankness that this sudden cure was due to a marvelous interposition of heavenly power. [To be Continued.]

Propagation of the Faith. Collection in the Diocese of Natchez, taken up on Rosary Sunday, October 3d, 1875: Natchez \$8 20 Greenville 3 00 Holy Springs 102 05 Vidalia 102 05 Columbus 3 25 Aberdeen 5 25 Canton and Shipyard 17 00 Pass Christian 15 18 Woodville 5 00 Lakeville 6 00 Brookville 2 50 Ocean Springs 3 00 Yazoo 3 00 Canton 3 00 Meridian 7 80 Paulding, Subbia and Enterprise 5 35 Bay St. Louis 6 40 Total \$228 80 Received last year too late for acknowledgment 24 13 \$252 93 Collections for the orphans in the Diocese of Natchez, taken up on Christmas day, 1875: Natchez \$67 65 Louisville 7 00 Meridian 5 00 Ocean Springs 3 00 Woodville 10 00 Holy Springs 12 00 Jackson 130 00 Paulding 5 00 Yazoo 41 45 Canton 14 50 Slatfield 5 25 Aberdeen 21 28 Water Valley 2 50 Canton 2 50 Bay St. Louis 30 50 O'Roark's 5 00 Vidalia 150 00 Brookville 5 50 Brookhaven 5 50 Total \$619 49

SPLendid INVESTMENT. OFFICE CRESCENT CITY RAILROAD COMPANY, No. 163 Canal Street, New Orleans, January 11, 1876. The stockholders of this Company having voted to extend their road to Carrollton, and for its equipment, to make a loan of \$100,000 for the purpose, the directors, in pursuance of the same, now offer to the public bonds of the company, secured upon its entire line and real estate connected therewith, upon which there are no encumbrances, and which cost over \$750,000. The bonds will be issued in sums of \$100, \$500 and \$1000 each, to suit every class of investors, and interest will be at the rate of eight per cent per annum, payable semi-annually in New York or this city, at the option of the subscriber, at the time of issue. The bonds will be coupon, and will be registered or made payable to bearer, as desired. Ten per cent will be payable at the time of subscription, fifteen on the first of February, twenty-five on the first of March twenty-five on the first of April, and twenty-five on the first of May next, when the bonds will be issued and dated. Interest on the payments from time of subscription to May 1st will be paid on delivery of the bonds, at the rate of eight per cent per annum. JOHN R. JUDEN, Secretary.

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...the close of the miraculous fortnight, Bernadette had not discontinued her daily visits to the grotto. She there recited her rosary like the other pilgrims. Her gaze was fixed upon the cavity of the rock, but no vision appeared no more. The time of the promises had passed. Bernadette herself still entertained the hope of beholding anew the wonderful ecstasy. Bernadette was seen weeping her face towards the Massabielle rocks, crowded with her who were going to meet the Blessed Virgin. Such a hope, however, she did not find much place in the child's heart. An interior voice which had so softly called upon her during the period of the Apparitions, longer whispered in the silent depths of her soul. On the 5th of March, feast of the Annunciation, Bernadette felt herself irresistibly drawn to the grotto by the well known attraction, she obeyed the inspiration with joyful alacrity. The solemn character of the day, the expectation that filled all minds of an appearance of the Vision, had brought together a considerable concourse. Bernadette, on her arrival, was greatly astonished to find so large a multitude collected around. As usual she took herself to prayer; the beads were in her hand. After a short interval, a sudden light, and the instantaneous transformation of countenance proclaimed the presence of the Apparition. This was to be a marked day in the history of these wonders. Bernadette had repeatedly requested of the Virgin to disclose Her name. She had been answered only by smiles. During this new ecstasy she recalled to mind the constant instructions of the parish priest to inquire of the Virgin what Her name was. "Oh my Lady, be so kind as to tell me who you are, and what is your name." The Vision seemed to glow with a more dazzling radiance; a more gracious smile over her amiable features; this was Her answer: "My Lady, will you tell me who you are?" Still another lingering smile beamed from the mute lips of the heavenly Vision. "Oh my Lady, I entreat of you to tell me your name. You ought to tell me who you are." A more vivid radiance rolls over the child. From the midst of this surpassing wonder, the virginal countenance greets the child with a last smile, and doubtless the most transcending. The Lady then diverts her eyes from Bernadette, separates her hands, and steps upon her arm the rosary that she held clasped between her fingers. She then lifts up and hands together, and folds the outstretched hands lengthwise upon her bosom. Her head becomes motionless, the eyes drink the glories of Paradise. "I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION." She had revealed her name. Without another look towards the child, she turned another smile, without the usual farewell, without changing Her attitude, She bowed, leaving in the soul of Bernadette this image and this name. Bernadette, flooded with joyful emotion, went to announce to her pastor the name of the Lady. Yet, she knew not the meaning of the words "Immaculate Conception." A month ago, in the splendors of the Apparition, she heard them for the first time in her life, these unknown words could not teach her the name of the Lady. She feared that she would not be able to tell the name; on her road she constantly repeated, "I am the Immaculate Conception, I am the Immaculate Conception." The parish understood, the church understood, the Christian family understood. No one was mistaken; it was indeed She, the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. It was no one expected this name from her lips. She imagined that in this grotto She would reveal to the work of Mary at the grotto. She looked the secret meaning of her fifteen visits. The Lady had indeed allowed a pre-announcement of Her name to spread among the people. After the artless recital of the child, multitudes, with pious intuition, murmured the name of Mary. But all cherished a longing to hear the sweet word from Her own mouth. She deigned to gratify this yearning. She came again, and gave her chosen name; "I am the Immaculate Conception." Never had She so styled Herself. Mary, by an unexpected word, conferred upon the child of Lourdes a singular glory, shared by no other shrine: that of being the special sanctuary, marked out by Heaven, of the Immaculate Conception. She thus manifested the designs of Providence upon the nascent pilgrimage. The Immaculate Conception is the origin of its existence: it will be the source of its riches. This one word contains the prayer of every pilgrim, it conveys the secret of their hopes. The marvels of Lourdes, Heaven prepared a glorification of the Immaculate Conception. In honor of the Immaculate Conception, health and life, in limpid streams, will flow from the spring, and in the graces of the Immaculate Conception, the erring prodigal will find the golden path to his Father's home. The ta-

pers, lighted beneath the overhanging brow of the cliff, will honor with their fires, the spotless purity of Mary. In countless processions of magnificent proportions, entire populations will march to the grotto, and in one grand voice, proclaim to the listening earth the glories of the Immaculate Conception. The very stones, that are to be imbedded in the sacred walls of the future temple will lift up their voices in endless hymns of praise and thanksgiving to the Immaculate Conception. Bernadette retained in all its vividness, the picture of Mary glorifying Herself in Her Immaculate Conception. This is perhaps the most lasting souvenir impressed on her memory. It has been frequently requested to reproduce the august scene. The child recalling her faculties from all external objects, would, as it were, elevate her soul to Heaven. "She did this" head, and hands, and her look would be modelled on the Virgin's attitude. In that simple act of lifting and folding her hands upon her breast, there appeared such majesty and gracefulness, on her face shone such gravity and sweetness; in her look, directed towards heaven, they beamed so celestial an expression, that an uncontrollable thrill of admiration and religious reverence ran through the crowd of beholders. Tears started to many an eye, so well and faithfully did she depict this last moment of the apparition. One day, a man of the world was so mastered by the emotion which seized upon him at the spectacle, that he exclaimed aloud: "This suffices me. I believe. The child has seen. Of herself, she could never invent such a posture. What she has seen is not of this world."

APPARITION OF EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 5TH—THE MIRACLE OF THE BURNING TAPER. Ten days afterwards, on Easter Monday, Bernadette was kneeling in front of the grotto in the midst of a numerous assemblage. She was again favored with an Apparition of the Immaculate Virgin. On this occasion, a circumstance occurred which caused greater astonishment than all preceding wonders. It served also as a conclusive proof of the heavenly character of the Vision. The child was on her knees. She held in her hand a lighted taper; the lower extremity rested on the ground. Absorbed in the contemplation of the heavenly Vision, she drew her hands together. Without paying attention to what she was doing, she slightly raised them and held them clasped on the end of the taper. The flame found a passage between her half-opened fingers and rose above her hands, flickering and wavering with every passing breath of wind. Great anxiety was manifested by the spectators. "She is burning herself." The child, fixed in a statue-like immobility, was smiling sweetly and serenely. "Let her be," was said to some one who wished to take the candle. "She evidently does not feel the fire. Let us see what will happen." A physician happened to be standing close to the child. Astonished at what struck his sight, he drew out his watch. The flame continued to envelop the clasped fingers; the hands remained, without a quivering, in its folds over a quarter of an hour. Every eye that could reach Bernadette beheld the flame rising above her fingers. Low whisperings passed around, "a miracle! a miracle!" Greater wonder had never yet been excited at the grotto. Finally the hands separated. The doctor examined them immediately. Not the slightest mark of the action of the flame was apparent. After the ecstasy, when Bernadette relapsed into her usual state, one of the bystanders brought the flame of the still burning candle in contact with her hand. "Oh, you burn me," cried she, turning herself hastily. So visible a prodigy left a deep impression. This was the seventeenth Apparition, the fifteenth in the series of those to which Mary had invited the multitudes as witnesses of her familiar interviews with the child, of which the mystery was at one and the same time, so imperceptibly veiled and so admirably perceptible. On this day more than nine thousand persons were gathered around Bernadette. This was the last time that the heavenly spectacle was destined to meet the gaze of the public: for the last time, in presence of assembled multitudes, did the Queen of Heaven shed upon the angelic countenance of the transfigured child a reflection of her incomparable glory, and show the power of her superhuman beauty, in the ecstasy of this soul transported beyond the sphere of mortality, by the mere contemplation of Her loveliness. Mary wished on this day to give unto Herself a grand testimony. She came again to stamp upon her work the ineffaceable seal of heaven, and insure the glory of her name, and confirm the faith of her clients by the inimitable signature of a miracle. Wonderful sight! The little girl contemplates, prays, smiles. She offers her tender hands to the flames. The flames lick them, caress them, play around them, but injure them not. This burning candle, consuming itself like the praying soul, respects even the child, whilst she is in the company of the Immaculate Conception. For more than a quarter of an hour is the flame seen to circle round her fingers, and her face in the meantime is wreathed with happy smiles. Thus did Bernadette appear to the crowds during this last public apparition, and such was the last public souvenir left of her presence by the white-clothed Lady of the wild-brier, the Virgin of the grotto, of the miraculous spring, of the Rosary, of the heavenly splendor, of the golden roses, of the smiles, of the Immaculate Conception.

MIRACULOUS CURE OF HENRY BUSQUET. Whenever the miraculous water spread itself there sprang up miracles, like flowers called into life by the refreshing dews of spring. They were no longer counted as isolated facts: a miracle began to be looked upon as an usual occurrence. I choose one among hundreds. Its authenticity has been attested by physicians and sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority. In the village of Nay, in the lower Pyrenees, laid a boy of fifteen, whose blood was vitiated and whose health was completely ruined from the effects of typhoid fever, which, two years previously, had brought him to death's door. A frightful abscess, of the most malignant scrofulous type, had broken out on the right side of his neck, and had, step by step, spread over the lower part of his cheek and the upper part of his breast. At the end of four months, after an operation deemed indispensable, a horrid, open sore, that emitted an abundance of purulent matter, disfigured the diseased part. Moreover congestion of the glands had manifested itself in two places near the ulcer. All modes of treatment had proved powerless. The waters of Canterets had done more harm than good. The state of the poor child grew worse every day. Henry was very pious. He heard of the marvels of Lourdes and of the miraculous water. Unable himself to perform the journey, he begged of an obliging neighbor, who was on the point of setting out for the place, to bring him a little of the water. He felt convinced that the Blessed Virgin would cure him: a usual feeling in those upon whom the grace of a miracle is about to fall. On the evening of the twenty-eighth of April the much desired water was handed to him. He fell on his knees; beside him knelt father, mother, brothers and sisters, all full of faith and fervor. After his prayer, he placed himself on his bed, that the lotions might be more conveniently applied. One of the special recommendations of the Doctor was, that cold water should at no time be allowed to come in contact with the sore: serious complications, said he, would inevitably result from any negligence on this point. But in the thoughts of the pious boy the Blessed Virgin took precedence of the doctor, and the water of the grotto was not "cold water." Henry unties the bandages and throws aside the lint that covered the ulcer and the tumor; then, with a piece of cloth wetted with the miraculous water, he bathed the festering sore. "It is impossible that the Blessed Virgin should not cure me," thinks he. Thereupon he fell quietly asleep. The next morning, on awakening, he found himself cured, completely cured. No ulcer, no sore, no swelling, no pain. A long scar alone remained, to be as a constant monitor, reminding him of his debt to the Blessed Virgin of the Grotto; but the scar was firm and consistent; as solid as if the hand of time had slowly closed it. The cure was radical, sudden and without convalescence. Furthermore, the constitution of the boy, although seriously undermined since a long time by scrofulous affections, was by the same stroke restored to its normal condition. Since that day Henry Busquet has effectively enjoyed the most excellent health. He has grown up to be a young man, full of life and vigor. "He is to-day," says one who saw him, "a fine young man of twenty-eight years, engaged, like his father, in the profession of plasterer. He sings from morning till night, not light, obscene, meaningless trash, but gay, lively glees, or canticles, in honor of his Immaculate Conception." The account of the physicians has established beyond a cavil the purely supernatural character of this cure. "We rank this fact among those which bear the unmistakable impress of superhuman intervention." The doctor who had attended the young client of Mary declared with no less frankness that this sudden cure was due to a marvelous interposition of heavenly power. [To be Continued.]

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