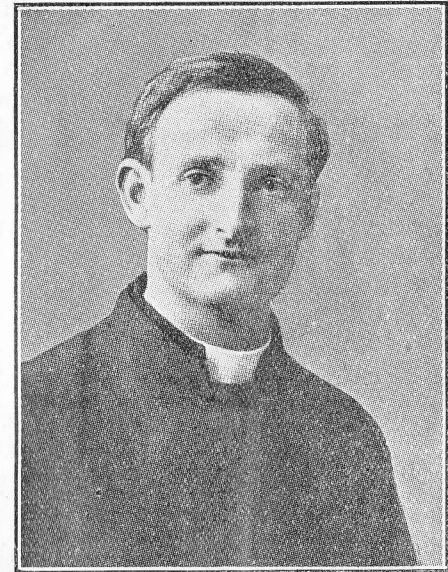


"FATHER WILLIE"

(FATHER WILLIAM DOYLE, S.J.)

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FAVOURS ATTRIBUTED TO HIS
INTERCESSION



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“FATHER WILLIE”

(FATHER WILLIAM DOYLE, S.J.)

THIS booklet is not a biography. Those who wish to know the Life-story of Father Willie may read it in Professor O’Rahilly’s splendid work, *Father William Doyle, S.J.*, from which much in this pamphlet is taken. The following pages are merely an attempt to give some characteristics of a striking personality; they will also record impressions of Father Willie from many lands, and set forth, somewhat in detail, a few from thousands of notifications of cures and favours attributed to his intercession.

The title of the booklet may, perhaps, call for a word of explanation. “Father Willie” is a term of endearment used in the many thousands of letters written about him. To his friends he is known by no other name. It would seem that the joyous spirit and engaging manner that at once attracted those who met Father Doyle and made him a friend and delightful companion have found their way into his biography, and its readers have in turn fallen under the spell of his personality and regard him almost as a brother, one to be addressed in familiar and affectionate fashion.

In a very true sense Father Willie was a Peter Pan—he never grew up. To the end he remained a boy. The simplicity, the high ideals and enthusiasm of a boy never left him. He had a boy’s love of fun, and many are the stories told of the pranks he played.

Gaiety of
Heart.
His gay, light-hearted ways, the zest and energy with which he threw himself into everything, his utter unselfishness, made him a welcome and delightful comrade in work or play. His brother-in-law’s summing up of him as a lad, “The nicest schoolboy I ever met,” had for Father Willie its truth all through his life. A boy’s candour and artlessness, the high spirits, dash and generosity, of a noble young nature, were characteristics that endeared him even to those who missed the current of deep faith and piety that flowed beneath the

surface sparkle. The gaiety of youth stood him in good stead over the rough bits and under the dark skies of life. Ten years after his entrance into the Society of Jesus he wrote to his parents: "I remember well my arrival at Tullabeg (the novitiate) and the way I astonished the Father Socius (as he told me afterwards) by running up to the halldoor three steps at a time. He was not accustomed, he said, to see novices coming in such a merry mood, evidently enjoying the whole thing; and, though I did not know it then, it was the best of signs of a real vocation. Since then I have gone on from day to day, and year to year, with the same cheerful spirits, making the best of difficulties and always trying to look at the bright side of things." Even when suffering from ill-health, as he did most of his life, he never complained and was always bright and cheerful. He wished others to have this gaiety of heart. "There are three D's which you ought to avoid," he would say, "the Doctor, the Devil and the Dumps. You can cheat the Doctor and run from the Devil, but the Dumps are the *devil!*" "Cheerfulness is a help to holiness," was another of his maxims. His own cheeriness was infectious. "When Father Willie came into a room," writes one who knew him well, "it was like the entrance of a ray of sunshine." As chaplain at the Front his unfailing cheerfulness was the encouragement and comfort of many. When the men stood ready to raid an enemy's trench, Father Willie's cheery word and loved presence would relax the drawn tense look on their faces. When a fierce bombardment was beginning to demoralise the ranks, as often happens to the best troops who have to remain inactive under heavy shelling, their chaplain would pass along without gas mask or tin hat, with a smile on his face and a joke on his lips, and next moment the men would be chatting and laughing as if danger was miles away. "Father Doyle," wrote a Protestant officer, "was known and loved throughout the whole Division for unexampled bravery and equal kindliness. His quiet humour and pleasant conversation, which often contained some canard, such as that the French were going to give in next month, all made him a very pleasant man to meet at any time and most of all in a bad time. Is it any wonder that he was welcome in every mess, that the men worshipped the ground he trod on, and that he was worth several officers in any hot spot where endurance was tested to its limit."

Courage is needed to become a saint. Father Willie had

early made up his mind to be a saint, and the high courage necessary to sanctify himself stands out clearly in the records of his heroic strivings after perfection. Perhaps never so clearly as when, unfaithful to his heroic resolutions, he stumbled or fell. Instead of lying, discouraged, where he had fallen, he would rise with an act of humility and sorrow and set out bravely once more. "The more falls, the better (that is if you don't mind the bumps)," he once wrote to a soul in distress, "for every fall means that we have begun again, have made another effort, and so have made progress. I recently read in the life of a holy person who had promised to give our Lord all: 'Three times to-day I *deliberately* avoided a humiliation and a little act of self-denial.' Hurrah, boys! I say; if the saints are like that, there is some hope for you and me." This was the courageous spirit with which Father Willie met the inevitable failures of human nature in its search after holiness. But such a courage is hidden unless to the observant. Unlike physical courage, moral courage does not usually meet the eye and thrill. Moreover, it is quite possible for one with high moral courage to be an abject coward when face to face with death or danger; just as a man who would calmly advance on a machine-gun spitting bullets might quail before the opinion of the world or the difficulties of life. In other words, moral and physical courage are not always found in the same individual. They were found united in Father Willie. Many are the testimonies to his bravery when chaplain at the Front. "He didn't know the meaning of fear" (Belfast Orangeman). "Everybody says that he has earned the V.C. many times over, and I can vouch for it myself from what I have seen him do many a time" (Sergeant, Dublin Fusiliers). "He was utterly fearless, ever ready to go and attend the wounded and dying under the heaviest fire" (O. C., 8th Dublins). "This is a Division of brave men, yet even among these Father Doyle stood out" (General Sir William Hickey). Yet this was not the courage of a dull, blunted nature, unsusceptible to outer influences, slow to realise danger. Father Willie had a highly strung nature, keenly sensitive to impressions. He realised and understood the perils amidst which he moved. He felt fear deeply. "An officer said to me at the Somme, 'I have often envied you your cheerfulness and coolness in hot corners'! I rather surprised him by saying that my real feeling was abject fear and that I often shook

like a leaf. Thank God, I have been able to conceal my feelings, and so help others to despise the danger when I was just longing to take to my heels." But is not that the finest type of courage which strength of will and noble motives can create?

God's poor had a warm place in Father Willie's heart, even from childhood. He was quite a little fellow when he got his first shilling. A whole shilling! It seemed a fortune that would buy unlimited sweet things. In high glee he set out on

Love of
the Poor.

a double errand, to visit a pastry shop at the corner of Dalkey Avenue and an uncle who had lately returned from his travels. Half way down the avenue Willie met a beggar, and, as he often did, he stopped to say a word to the poor man, who happened to have a long story that day. Willie's kind heart was touched with the tale of woe. Would not a shilling buy the bit of baccy, the ounce of tea, the many other necessaries this poor old man had not? But the pastry shop was in sight, its windows filled with tempting cakes and sweets. There was a sharp struggle between nature and grace, but grace carried the day. The shilling was passed from a hot little fist to the willing palm of the beggar, and Willie went his way with the tears in his eyes; and as he said, describing the incident years later, "I howled all the way to uncle's." But this was a case of casting one's bread on the waters with the hundred-fold return, or at least, a ten-fold return. For as Willie wished his uncle good-bye that evening, he felt a new half-sovereign being slipped into his pocket. Doubtless most of this money went the way of his shilling into the pockets of the poor, for he was often among them and knew how many and real were their wants.

On Dalkey Hill, at whose foot "Melrose" stood, a colony of poor had made their home. Here "Master Willie" was well known, and wan and withered faces would light up and eyes would follow him affectionately as he passed from cottage to cottage with a word of sympathy or a cheery joke. But he was not content with mere sympathy or encouragement. He begged for his poor; he coaxed his mother to let the cook give him soup and jelly for the sick; he collected clothes for those without them. Once he ordered several large bottles of cod-liver oil from the family apothecary for a consumptive girl, and then presented the bill to his father! Much of his pocket money was spent on the poor. He had a store of tea and sugar kept under

lock and key, and packets of these precious commodities would be brought to poor creatures without the means to buy them. One old woman who lived all alone was very fond of a pinch of snuff, nor did she disdain a whiff from a battered clay pipe when she thought no one was looking! Willie soon discovered these little weaknesses, and saw that a supply of tobacco and snuff was always at hand for her. This old woman was very infirm and could do little to keep her house clean and tidy. Willie noticed its dirty, neglected condition, and went off and bought lime and a brush, and whitewashed the whole house from top to bottom. Then he went down on his knees and scrubbed the floors amid the old lady's mingled protestations and benedictions.

Willie loved his joke even when doing good. At the foot of the stone pavement that led to Dalkey Hill an old blind man used to sit selling bootlaces and sugarsticks. Up this pavement and over the Hill Willie and his brother passed almost daily in summer on their way to Vico bathing-place. Willie would often stop to give a kind word and his patronage to the blind man. The conversation always began in the same way. "Do you sell sugarsticks?" "I do." "Will you give me a penny-worth?" "I will." Never did the same answer fail to come, and always did Willie chuckle and enjoy it.

His grandmother had a weakness for insisting that cinders should not go waste but should be placed on the top of the fire. Willie knew this, and lest the maids should forget and be scolded, he would sift the cinders and pile them carefully in the grates. Then he would accompany his grandmother on her tour of inspection and always enjoy her remark, "Oh, how nicely Kate and Anne have the cinders riddled!"

Willie's thoughtful consideration for the maids at home was only another instance of his love for the poor and lowly. He would baste the joint for the cook as it spun round before the fire on a clockwork arrangement. He would volunteer to do the parlour-maid's work if he thought her looking tired or unwell. He would bring them coal and water and take messages to the shops for them. Sometimes, after a big dinner in "Melrose," the kitchen would be left in an untidy state at night by the tired maids, but when they entered it next morning, with the unpleasant prospect of an hour's work of washing and sweeping, they found the fire lighted and everything clean and in its place. A fairy's wand had been waved, and Willie was the fairy!

This love of the humble classes remained with him to the end. During his years in Clongowes Father Willie always had a kind word and a helpful hand for the servants and workmen of the place. He was a great favourite with them, and they would do anything to please or oblige him. Later on, when Minister in Belvedere, he soon became known to all the beggars of the neighbourhood, and he had a busy time listening to their stories and attending to their many wants. "I often have to laugh," he wrote while at Belvedere, "for when I settle down for a bit of work, my whistle at the speaking tube never seems to stop. The strangest collection of queer characters come here, impostors, beggars and sad cases of all kinds. I am glad of it, for here again much good can be done, and somehow God keeps sending me a few shillings now and then, and this wins their hearts."

It was during his five years on the mission staff that Father Willie came most in contact with the poor. As a "slummer" he had few equals. He loved to seek out the most destitute and neglected and to win their souls for God by first winning their hearts through sympathy and kindness. Very readily did the poor respond to his kindly ways and genuine sympathy, and crowded to his sermons and confessional. There were few places where he did not leave behind him in the hearts of the poor an impression of Christ-like charity and grateful and loving memories. Sometimes in his rounds he would come across those most deserving of the poor, the once comfortable or well-off, now living in poverty, too proud to beg, too nice-minded or gentle to join in the rough scramble for the charity that is sometimes thrown to the poor. Such were always the object of his special solicitude and care, and his kind heart was ingenious in finding ways of helping them. He would beg for them, send them little comforts, write them cheery letters, even sometimes succeed in getting them type-writing, needlework, or other employment.

One poor fellow, who had once been well-to-do, but was now quite penniless, and whom Father Willie had taken in charge and looked after, retained at least one possession in the days of his misfortune. This was a First Class Pass on any of the routes of the old Dublin and South Eastern Railway. The Company had given him this as compensation for shock received in an accident on their line. Father Willie knew of this Pass, and whenever he was giving a retreat in a part of the country

served by the Dublin and South Eastern, he would ask the Rev. Mother of the convent where he was giving the retreat if he might have a friend to dinner. When permission was gladly given, Father Willie would send an invitation to dinner to Mr. X, telling him to come down early. Then, having spent a pleasant day in new surroundings, and after a good dinner in the company of one whom he had reason to love, Mr. X would return to Dublin, happy and refreshed.

An old man lay dying on Dalkey Hill. He had been one of "Master Willie's" hard cases. For years he had been a drunkard whom Willie had often in vain tried to reform. Often indeed had the old fellow promised to give up drink, and for a time he would keep steady for "Master Willie's" sake. But the habit of drink would always in the end get the better of him. Now he lay dying and could not be induced to see a priest. Willie hastened to his bedside, and for eight hours he stayed praying by the half-conscious dying sinner. Shortly before the end he came to himself, asked for a priest and made his peace with God.

This is only one instance of Willie's zeal for souls as a boy. On his visits to his friends on Dalkey Hill, he would skilfully contrive to bring the talk round to religion, remind them of prayer and the sacraments, lend them good books and papers. With the maids at home he would often speak of holy things, would jokingly describe to them what their duties would be when they became Lay Sisters! Perhaps it was these talks that led one of them later on to try her vocation in a convent.

When Willie became a Jesuit, his love of souls found full scope; first in the long years of preparation, after the example of his Master, and then as a priest in the active work of the ministry. In 1910, two years after his ordination, Father Willie was appointed to the mission staff, of which he remained a member until he became military chaplain in November, 1915. "He had many of the natural gifts which go to make a successful missionary," writes his biographer, "an impressive appearance, a clear, vibrant voice, considerable fluency, great earnestness, painstaking preparation and indomitable energy." Add to these, untiring patience, kindly sympathy and a blazing zeal for the souls of men. "My intense desire and longing," he once wrote, "is to make others love Jesus and to draw them

to His Sacred Heart. Recently, at Mass, I have found myself at the *Dominus Vobiscum* opening my arms wide, with the intention of embracing every soul present, and drawing them, in spite of themselves, into the Heart which longs for their love. 'Compel them to come in,' Jesus said. Yes, compel them to dive into that abyss of love. Sometimes, I might say nearly always, when speaking to people, I am seized with an extraordinary desire to draw their hearts to God. I could go down on my knees before them and beg them to be pure and holy, so strong do I feel the longing of Jesus for sanctity in everyone; and since I may not do this, I try to do what I find hard to describe in words—to pour out of my heart any grace or love of God there may be in it, and then, with all the force of my will, to draw their hearts into that of Jesus."

Testimonies to his success are numerous. His fellow-missioners speak of the wonderful influence he exercised over others. He seemed to hold the hearts of men in his hand. God's grace appeared to pour down upon sinners at his prayer. "The results of your mission," wrote a parish priest, "have exceeded my anticipations, and all previous expectations; indeed the people speak of it with awe, as of a miraculous manifestation and veritable outpouring of grace." "Your retreat here has been a wonderful success," says another letter, "it has completely changed many. People are still talking about it, and better still, living up to its lessons." "Father," said a man at the end of a mission, "it was the holiest mission we ever had."

Fr. Willie himself speaks of his success in humble fashion. "My success here has far surpassed anything I looked for. It is, of course, all the work of God's grace. I don't think I could possibly find food for vain-glory in anything I have done, no more than an organ-grinder prides himself on the beautiful music he produces by turning a handle. God knows I only wish and seek His greater glory, and to make others love Him if I cannot love Him myself. All through the mission I felt I was just a mere instrument in His hands, an old bucket full of holes which broke the poor Lord's Heart as He tried to carry His precious grace into the hearts of His children."

Though Father Willie found full scope for his zeal for souls in his work on the missions, yet his real gifts and taste lay as

a director of souls. "You have guessed rightly," he wrote to a friend, "the longing of my heart, namely, to help others to realise the words of Scripture, 'He that is holy, let him be sanctified still.'"

There were many waiting to be helped. Lonely souls groping in the darkness, souls struggling to rise to a higher level, chosen souls of God, all turned eagerly to one whom they felt to be qualified to help them. Nor were they disappointed. They found in Father Willie all they had looked for, a sympathetic understanding, a firm tenderness, and wise and bold leading along eminently sane and Catholic lines. Much of this direction was carried on by correspondence, which rapidly assumed proportions that would have dismayed anyone less filled with love of souls, and that seemed to leave time for little else.

Yet Father Willie found time for much other work for souls. He organized the "Black Baby Crusade" in aid of pagan children abandoned by their parents, and by ingenious methods raised a large sum of money. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of spreading the devotion of the "Holy Hour," and it was mainly by his efforts that this practice is so widespread in Ireland to-day. He was greatly interested in the League of Priestly Sanctity, of which he was a member, and he had several schemes for its spread and improvement in hand when he was appointed military chaplain. He employed the weapons of the pen and press in his fight for souls. Meeting many in search of information about the priesthood or religious life, and finding no handy treatise on these subjects, he wrote two pamphlets, *Vocations* and *Shall I be a Priest?* which had an astonishing success, and which developed or decided many a vocation.

But there was one work for souls that Father Willie had very much at heart, viz., the establishing of Retreat Houses for workmen. During a visit to the Continent he had seen the immense good effected by retreats given to workers in houses set apart for that purpose, and in a pamphlet which he wrote, *Retreats for Workingmen: Why not in Ireland?* he described what he had seen, and urged the establishment of similar houses at home. But the forces of opposition were strong. Apathy, a dislike for innovation, criticism, met him on every side. But Father Willie refused to be disheartened by indifference, or dismayed by difficulties. His persistence, his energy, his

enthusiasm, above all, the secret influence of his many prayers and penances, gradually won their way and gained for him many supporters. He did not live to see his dream realised. Yet soon after his death the plan he had conceived of building a Retreat House attached to Rathfarnham Castle was carried out. It is reasonable and right to think that the success and many blessings that have resulted from the retreats to workers at Rathfarnham, and in other parts of the country, are due in large measure to the inspiration and efforts, to the prayers and penances of Father Willie while on earth, and to his intercession now in heaven.

"In mother's room," writes Father Willie's brother, "a large statue of Our Lady had an honoured place. It represented

Devotion to
Mother Mary.

Mary in sweet and modest attitude, with eyes cast down and hands folded over her breast. This statue had been given to mother when a child and was very dear to her. It was a great favourite with us children, too, and many a prayer was said before it, either at mother's bidding or on our own initiative. Willie loved it. I have often seen him as a boy kneeling before it. Later on, as a Jesuit, whenever he paid a visit to Melrose, he never failed to go up to mother's room and pray before Mary's statue there."

Father Willie's love of Mary was deep and tender. As a boy he always went straight to Our Lady's altar when making a visit in Dalkey Church, and on Sundays it was kneeling before his heavenly Mother that he received her Son. At Ratcliffe he belonged to the Sodality of Our Lady, and as a priest he gave many addresses and retreats to her Sodality up and down the country. He may be said to have begun his religious life with a compact with Mary, for a few months before he took the three vows of religion on her feast of the Assumption, he wrote out this heroic offering :

" A.M.D.G. ac B.V.M.

" My Martyrdom for Mary's Sake.

" Darling Mother Mary, in preparation for the glorious martyrdom which I feel assured thou art going to obtain for me, I, thy most unworthy child, on this the first day of thy month, solemnly commence my life of slow martyrdom by

earnest hard work and constant self-denial. *With my blood I promise thee to keep this resolution. Do thou, sweet Mother, assist me and obtain for me the one favour I wish and long for : To die a Jesuit Martyr.*

May 1st, 1893.

May God's Will, not mine, be done ! Amen."

The words here italicised are in the original written with the writer's own blood for ink ; and on each side of the word " martyr " is a smudge of blood, as if thus to seal his compact with our Lady.

It was to Mary Father Willie turned in all his wants and difficulties and dangers. " During a visit to — church, I felt urged to promise our Blessed Lady to give up meat on Saturdays in her honour, if she, in return, will bring about the starting of the Workmen's Retreats this summer." " Feast of Notre Dame Auxiliatrice, who helped Don Bosco so much in his work for young priests.—I formally to-day made Mary the Protectress of the work which I am beginning for her young priests."

" One of the results of the May Devotions has been the conversion of the only really black sheep in the regiment, a man many years away from the Sacraments, a hard, morose character, upon whom I had many times failed to make any impression. I saw it was useless to argue with him, so at the beginning of the month I handed him over to the Blessed Virgin as a hopeless case with which she alone could deal. Last evening I met him and thought I would try once more to make him see the danger he was running of losing his soul. It was all no use. Then a thought struck me. ' Look here,' I said, ' this is the month of May. You surely won't refuse our Lady ! ' The poor fellow fell on his knees and there and then made his confession. I gave him Holy Communion, and now he is a changed man, happy as a lark."

" With a scream and a roar, which made our hearts jump, a shell whizzed over our heads and crashed into the wall directly opposite, on the other side of the street, covering us with brick dust and dirt. Bits of shrapnel came thud, thud, on the ground and the wall around us, but neither the men nor I were touched. ' Begorra, Father, that was a near one, anyhow,' said one of them, as he brushed the dust off his tunic and

started to fill his pipe. 'It was well we had your Reverence with us when Jerry sent that one across.' 'You mustn't thank me, boys,' I said, 'don't you know it's our Lady's feast, that Mary had her mantle spread over us to save us from all harm?' 'True for you, Father,' came the answer. But I could see by their faces that they were by no means convinced that I had not worked the miracle. Though it was the 15th of August, I was taking no risks, especially with this reputation to maintain! So I bundled them down a cellar out of harm's way, and started off again. As I came round the corner of the church, I met four of my boys calmly strolling along in the middle of the street, as if they were walking on Kingstown Pier. I won't record what I said, but my words, helped by the opportune arrival of an unpleasantly near H.E. (high explosive), had the desired effect, and we all took cover in the church. It was only then that I realised my mistake, for it soon became evident that the Germans were firing at the church itself. One after another the shells came in rapid succession, first on one side, then on the other, dropping in front and behind the building, which was a target with its tall white tower. It was madness to go out, but I do not think that the men knew of their danger nor did I tell them. 'Man of little faith,' as I was, I cast anxious eyes at the roof and wished it was stronger, even though Mary's mantle was stretched over it; for I thought, perhaps, there might be a hole in the garment which she had forgotten to patch. All's well that ends well, they say. Not a shot hit the church, though the houses and road got it hot. Our fiery ordeal ended at last, safely and happily for all of us, and August 15th, 1916, went down on my list as another day of special grace and favour at Mary's hands."

A year later, to the day, there began for Father Willie another day of fiery ordeal, but far more awful. For on the following 15th of August his regiment was marched up and through and beyond Ypres. Here, along the line from St. Julien to the Roulers railway, south of Frezenberg, an attack was launched next day. All through the inferno of that day Father Willie moved over the battlefield like an angel of mercy, speaking words of cheer, absolving and anointing, ministering to soul and body with bullets whining round him, and shells screaming overhead, or bursting on every side, while Mary's mantle sheltered him from harm, as it had done so often all those long

months at the Front. Then, towards evening, "Darling Mother Mary" folded up her mantle and came, smiling, to fulfil her part of the compact made with her child twenty-four years before—and once more in blood!

"Others may travel by other roads, the road of pain is mine." So wrote Father Willie when a Jesuit priest, after years

The
Path of Pain.

of study of his soul. But long before he had felt the call to penance. At the beginning of Lent, when he was quite a little boy, an old Aunt, chancing to come into his Mother's bedroom, found him gesticulating and talking in front of the mirror. "You villian, you wretch," he kept saying to his reflection, "I'll starve you, I'll murder you! Not a sweet will you get, not a bit of cake will you get!" This generous gesture of boyhood became more all-embracing as years went on until it reached its fitting finish on the plains of Flanders. Father Willie waged a ceaseless and relentless war against himself, using the arms of the saints: fasts, hair-cloth, iron chains, nightly vigils, disciplines to blood. He developed an uncanny ingenuity in inventing ways of "crucifying" himself, as he loved to call it. "Let me tell You, my dear loving Jesus," he writes in his spiritual notes, "what I think You want from me... You want me to crucify myself in every way I can think of; never, if possible, to be without some pain or discomfort; to crucify my body by bearing heat, cold, little sufferings without relief, constantly, if possible always, wearing some instrument of penance; to crucify my appetite by trying to take as few delicacies as possible; to crucify my eyes by a vigilant guard over them; to crucify my will by submitting it to others; to give up all comfort, all self-indulgence; to sacrifice my love of ease; to work, to suffer, to pray always." This was no mere pious outpouring in a mood of fervour. Father Willie was intensely practical in his crucifixion of himself. He kept his Book of Victories and his Book of Defeats in which he set down his successes and failures as he walked his Path of Pain. Under twenty different headings were marked down with precision each day his mortifications. Here are a few extracts among many: "Severe discipline with thorns. Slept on floor. No fire. Mid-day discipline (not inclined). Got into pond at 2 a.m. Hair-shirt six hours. Wore waist-chain during motor drive. Discipline with chain. Hung on cross. Walked bare-foot on stones. Ditto on nettles."

This war against self did not impair his health or usefulness, or rob him of his joyous spirit. On the contrary any relaxation only seemed to sadden him and make him less fit for his work. "It seems to me that rest does not rest me . . . my health will not suffer (by mortification), as past experience has shown me that I am always better when giving Jesus all . . . every time I have indulged myself I have always had remorse and felt unhappy; but each generous victory, each additional act of penance, has been followed by peace of soul and contentment." Even among the appalling horrors and hardships of life at the Front there comes the inexorable entry in his diary: "Constant urging of Jesus to do hard things for Him, things which cost. I shrink from sacrifice, but I know well He wants it and I can never be happy or at peace otherwise."

Mortification is only a means to an end. For the saints the path of pain is the path that leads to union with God. They walked it, not for the mere sake of suffering, but because it fitted body and soul for a nearer approach to

Union with
God.

God. Father Willie's penances were thus acts of immolation which drew him closer to God, which emptied his heart of self and creatures and filled it with the love of God. His personal love of Jesus Christ was very tender and passionate. "I cannot deny," he once wrote, "that I love Jesus, love Him passionately, love Him with every fibre of my heart . . . Jesus has been 'hunting' me during these past days, trying to wound my heart with His arrows of love. He has been so gentle, so patient, tender, loving. I do not know at times where to turn. It is such a helpless feeling to be tossed about as it were on the waves of love, to feel the burning love of His Heart, to know He asks for love, and then to realise one human heart is so tiny . . . I dare not put on paper what I feel, even if I could; but at times Jesus seems to pour all the graces of His Sacred Heart upon me until I am almost intoxicated with His love and could cry out with the pain of that sweet wounding." Once happily he endeavoured to put on paper the love that burned within him in what has become a well-known prayer, "Jesus, My Friend." "I know not why I am writing this," he says, "except it be to ease my straining heart, for at times I feel half mad with the love of God."

His love of Jesus drew him to the Tabernacle with magnetic attraction. Most of his spare moments were spent in church

or chapel. But his busy life soon left him only too few of these spare moments. "Why does He make me realise so much His loneliness in the Tabernacle and His longing for 'one to console Him,' and at the same time fill my hands with so many things to do?" To supply his want of leisure during the day, he laid the hours of sleep under contribution. After a hard day's work he would often spend long hours in nocturnal adoration, or what was still more heroic, rise from his bed and creep down to the chapel.

Even when military chaplain his seemingly impossible surroundings did not prevent his nights of adoration. Here is an entry dated 25th October, 1916: "Last night I prayed in my dug-out at Kemmel from 9 till 5 (eight hours), most of the time on my knees. Though I had only two hours' sleep, I am not very tired or weary to-day. Jesus wants more of these nights of prayer, adoration and atonement."

"Thus this true follower of the Prince of Peace," says Professor O'Rahilly, "pursued his calm inner life amid the scenes and sounds of human strife, kneeling in his dug-out and adoring his Eucharistic Lord in the pyx as quietly and devotedly as if he were in the domestic chapel of Rathfarnham Castle."

Until recent times, writers of the lives of saints appeared reluctant to give the world any but a perfect portrait. Their

Faults.

men and women seemed ever to be cast in a celestial mould, which anything greater than an imperfection would spoil. Heroic virtue, ruthless penance, innocence unspotted, were painted in glowing colours, while human nature and its weaknesses found little space upon the canvas. Poor ordinary mortals derived small help and encouragement from the picture as they struggled with their passions and their failures. Yet the saints would have given a different picture of themselves had they written their own life-story. Certainly Father Willie does not draw a flattering portrait of himself as he looks into his soul. "I can say with all truth that only for the great mercy of God I should now have been in hell. I deserve it for my years of tepidity. . . . How often in the past have I done things when I did not know if they were sins or only deliberate imperfections—and how little I cared, my God . . . I could weep for my sinful, wasted past, the time I have squandered, the little good done, and the awful amount of harm by my bad example in every house in which I have been."

This, perhaps, is the language of a soul near to God, who saw the things of God through a glass less darkly than others. How did others view human nature in Father Willie? "His nature was very ardent, impulsive and decisive," writes one who at Father Willie's wish was his private admonitor for several years. "His first impulses were very strong; they were often expressed and acted upon before his free, deliberate, considered judgment could control his words or deeds." An ardent temperament was at the root of most of his faults. It made him impatient of slow and ponderous methods. It led him to infuse a vigour into games which opponents sometimes ruefully remembered. It was a constant enemy of interior strife as we know from his spiritual notes. Yet little of the irritation that consumed him appeared upon the surface. "Hot tempered by nature, I believe," wrote one who was a boy under him in Clongowes, "he never allowed himself to be carried into arbitrary action by the intemperate or unreasonable conduct of those in his charge." Once, when about to board the train at Cork, promising himself some hours of quiet prayer and meditation, Father Willie saw to his horror a lady acquaintance coming towards him. "Are you going to Dublin, Father? Won't you come into my carriage? My sister is with me, and we can travel up together." Father Willie muttered "Damn!" beneath his breath, but the next instant he was all smiles and amiability; he put his bag into the indicated compartment, and talked and joked as if he was having the pleasantest experience of his life. When his "genius of an orderly" at the Front, who would fry meat and pudding together, and use the water he had washed the Padre's socks in for tea, once cleaned his master's trench boots by dipping them in a cesspool, thereby imparting to them an unbearable odour, Father Willie's only remark to a friend who urged instant dismissal, was, "Oh, he's a decent poor fellow and he means well: and—well, I can perhaps gain something too."

Father Willie was inclined to be "bossy." Being a born leader, he felt the inclination to lead. When the efforts or methods of others were weak or ineffectual, he would suggest improvements, or offer to carry the business through himself. This was not always taken in good part, and so he got snubbed or rebuked at times. It was only after long effort that he schooled himself to look on quietly while others blundered, and to wait for the invitation to step in.

His exuberant spirits sometimes got on the nerves of sober souls, who found his pranks difficult to reconcile with their notions of religious decorum. Yet his practical jokes had nothing hurtful or unkind in them. They were an unfailing source of amusement to his friends, who were themselves oftentimes his victims. "These practical jokes," writes a contemporary, "were the overflowing of high spirits. They kept him human and lovable for us; they destroyed the incipient growth of priggishness." May it not be added that these harmless pranks helped to preserve in Father Willie that childlike simplicity that is of the Kingdom of Heaven?

THE WORLD-WIDE APPEAL OF FATHER WILLIE.

If you can see your way to send me a relic, you will cheer up a heart given long ago to Father Willie in France.—*Belfast Soldier of the 16th Division.*

After reading his "Life," I just felt as if some one had picked me up bodily and given me a push in the spiritual life.—*Blockland, D.C., U.S.A.*

It is remarkable to find an extraordinary love for Father Willie among all classes of people in England, Protestant as well as Catholic. His life has quite amazed the Protestant world. These hard-headed Lancashire business men often speak to me of him. They are most interested when I tell them that he was high spirited and gay, thoroughly enjoying a joke, with nothing hard about him.—*Liverpool Priest.*

Although I am only half way through Father Willie's "Life," I feel that it is going to change my whole spiritual life.—*Cape Town, South Africa.*

Whether Father Willie be canonized or not, to me he will ever be a saint.—*Seminarist, India.*

Father Willie is well-known and loved here in Australia. One would really think he had lived and worked out here.—*Australia.*

I express the mind of the whole Community in saying that the Life of your holy Brother has edified us all deeply and renewed our fervour.—*Matagne-la Petite, France.*

I love and revere Father Willie. His life-story is a beautiful romance, the romance of a great and noble soul, completely captive to the love of Christ and inspiring Christ-like ideals.—*Portugal.*

Every page of his Life seems to shout " Sursum Cor. "—*Palestine.*

Father Willie is a dear friend of Mother and mine, both of us converts. He has helped us in many ways. We are now asking him for the conversion of my boy to the True Faith. We are quite sure he will get us our request.—*Norway.*

You do not know how much I have learnt from that book (Father Willie's Life). I shall keep it near me. It will be a boon to my priestly life.—*American Secular Priest.*

His sentiments are wonderfully inspiring. His love of Jesus infectious, and his example magnetic. He forces one to love Our Lord and to be a hero in His service.—*Glasgow.*

What appeals to me most in his Life is his tender devotion and burning love of Jesus.—*Anglican, London.*

The sweet, holy Padre has done so much for me, above all for my soul.—*Aachen, Germany.*

I have never found any biography so enthralling nor sanctity of such an appealing type. His is a spirit that seems to stir one's soul to action.—*Switzerland.*

I can well believe that many wonders are worked through his intercession, for the transformation I am experiencing is akin to the miraculous. Our dear Lord has granted me a great grace in letting his Life fall into my hands. Please thank Him with me.—*Les Trois Rivières, Canada.*

When I first read Father Willie's Life, I was still a Protestant, a bitter, bigoted Protestant. How I used to quarrel with him! Why should there be such a Life that made me feel so deeply that there was an almost awful reality about Catholicism? Yet though I quarrelled with him, I was attracted to him. I could not resist that simplicity of his that loved our Lord with a kind of fire. I began to speak more gently to him and ther

to ask his advice. I can't possibly tell you how great a help he was to me while I was making my way—a very dreary way—to that dear Church I once hated so sincerely. He never once failed me. Nor does he now. I turn to him in all my difficulties. One of my favourite ejaculations is, " Willie dear, do your best," and his best is often very good indeed.

Do you know many German confessors will understand you if you ask, " Do let me ' doyle ' it a little (etwas doylen), Father." Isn't it a nice verb?—*A German Princess.*

During the reading of his Life Father Willie had so worked himself into my heart that, hardened man of the world that I am, I actually cried when I read the account of his death.—*U.S.A.*

I have a great devotion to your holy brother, for he always answers my prayers.—*Polish Countess.*

I have read Father Willie's Life three times. What a life! So generous, so loving! I love this dear saint!—*Bilbao, Spain.*

Dear Father Willie, I love him, and always shall!—*Indian Boy.*

Father Willie does help me in so many ways. He was always such a " sport " in his spiritual life. That appeals to me enormously.—*Bruges, Belgium.*

Though I have read the lives of scores of saints, not one of them has brought me closer to God than the life of Father Willie. I really love this saint. I go to sleep thinking of him and awake in the morning strengthened by the thought of him to be generous in God's service.—*American Pastor.*

Yes, we love Father Willie! We hope that he, too, will feel kindly towards us, that he will send us his blessing from heaven, and help us, so that we also may follow Christ and become holy.—*Two Austrian University Students.*

Your letter with the precious enclosures came in the middle of a tea party, wholly English, and the relics were handed round and reverently kissed by all present. I shall pray every day for

Father Willie's canonization, and hope he will not turn down my petitions because I happen to be English. I don't fancy politics or nationalities exist in heaven, but should answers to prayers be long delayed, I shall gently remind dear Father Willie that I had an Irish great-grandmother!—*Bournemouth, England.*

Father Doyle's Life has "bitten" me. I am not much given to hero-worship, yet I feel I should dearly like to have a relic of the Padre. I have no particular claim for asking such a favour except that I knew Father Willie from 1899-1901 at Stonyhurst. What I best remember about him is that he was very kind, very cheerful, that he was a keen footballer, and that after Sir Redvers Buller's Tugela adventure he came shouting down our corridor, "Hurrah! The British have lost six guns!" Yet such was his popularity, and he had such a way with him, that the most patriotic Englishman took no offence.

I have often wondered what a real flesh-and-blood saint would be like, and though the Church has decided nothing yet, still with my personal knowledge of Father Willie and with the intimate notes left by him I have got a better insight into the meaning of sanctity than I ever had before.—*Dutch Jesuit.*

Fr. Willie is so very human. He helps one to start again when one has been naughty. Some saints are so depressingly good that they dishearten, but one feels that Fr. Willie will understand one's most earthly desires and that he makes allowance for human frailty.—*Italy.*

"What is it that makes Fr. Doyle so different from the rest of you priests? You R.C. Padres are streets above our fellows, but Fr. Doyle is as far above the rest of you as you are above them."—*Adjutant, Dublin Fusiliers (a Protestant), to Fr. F. M. Browne, S.J.*

FATHER WILLIE AS WONDER-WORKER.

It would be quite impossible, within the limits of this pamphlet, to give even a short account of the thousands of cures and favours, spiritual and temporal, attributed to the intercession of Father Willie. The following list, however,

is typical of the rest. It contains notifications of cures and favours from all the Continents of the world, from all the chief countries of Europe, from three-fourths of the shires in England, from every county of Ireland, and from every State of the United States of America. Where the communication has been received in a foreign language an English translation is given.

Though, presumably, these notifications are genuine, and the actual experience of the writers, no guarantee of this is given here. Much less is any judgment passed upon the miraculous nature of the occurrences.

JAPAN.

I am a Japanese maid—a convert. I wanted so much a situation. I tried and tried so long, and there was nothing. Then the Sisters of Tokyo lent me the Life of Father William, and I love him. Why not ask my saint to get me a place? I ask, and at once the American Trading Co. give me a very good place.—*C. Noda.*

CHINA.

I, Sing, Chinese boy, wanted to be Christian. Parents say no, no. They say no, no, many times. Then the nuns give me picture and prayer of Father William Doyle, S.J. I ask him hard to let parents say yes, yes. Again I try, and parents say yes. Now I ask him that father, mother, may be good Catholic like me.—*Sing, Chinese boy.*

AUSTRALIA.

This is the centre of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver for the African Missions. Funds were very low in January, so I named your holy brother "Business Manager," and put a picture of him in an empty money-box, telling him how much he loved the negroes while on earth, and asking him to take the Australian Branch under his protection. From that day the box has never been empty: his picture is wrapped in cheques, notes, postal orders, etc. In a few weeks I was able to send £120 to Rome for Africa, and still the box was well filled.—*E. F.*

One hundred other notifications of cures and favours.

NEW ZEALAND.

My class last year was anything but promising, even right up to their examination. I placed the children in the hands of Father Doyle, and told him he must get them through. When the results of the examen came out, they were, contrary to all expectations, exceptionally good. I myself also sat for an examination, and through the same intercession obtained a good pass, though I had had very little time during the year for study.—*M. B.*

Twenty other notifications of cures and favours.

INDIA.

In April last, I was due for my holiday, but I was at a loss to know where to go . . . Most of my relatives and friends had their houses already full of visitors, and no invitation came to me. So one night I decided to ask Father Willie to get me an invitation somewhere. I had a picture of him on my table, and before it I placed a stone I had brought back with me after my last holiday, to serve as a paper weight and as a remembrance of the place where I had had a pleasant time. As I put the stone before the picture I said, laughingly, "Get me a good place, Father." Next morning when I returned from Mass, I found a telegram waiting me from my Aunt, inviting me to the very place where the stone had come from!—*A. S.*

Fifty-two other notifications of cures and favours.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

For over six months I suffered very much from severe pains in my legs. On 31st August, 1929, double phlebitis developed and I was ordered a complete rest. I at once began a novena to Father Willie. In a day or two the pain got less, and before the end of the novena it had ceased completely. On 6th September I was allowed up for an hour by the doctor, who was amazed at the sudden improvement. A Mass of thanksgiving was offered on 11th September, at which I assisted. On 16th September I was back at my work, and since then, nearly four months ago, there has been no pain.—*S. B.*

Six other notifications of favours and cures.

BRAZIL.

My mother being seriously ill at the time I received Father Doyle's leaflet. I prayed to him, making a promise to publish the cure if obtained. On the first night of the novena she slept soundly, the first time for many nights. The improvement continued each day of the novena, and she is now quite well again.—*P. S.*

Ten other notifications of favours and cures.

AFRICA.

At the end of the holidays two of our children brought me back some pieces of kauri for carving. I found that one of two large slabs given me was badly cracked, having two rents across it. However, there was enough wood for one table, and this I began to make for our *Maison Mère*. As it progressed, Rev. Mother remarked one day that it would be grand if we had one like it for the Fair, which we were organising for the benefit of the Mission. I thought regretfully of the broken slab, and even went to see if there was enough, whole and entire, to make anything out of it, but there was not. However, I decided to try the experiment of placing the broken wood in a tub of water, and after letting it soak for some days, getting the men to strap it up tightly, in the hopes that it might knit together again. I had never heard of such a thing succeeding, but there was no harm in trying. But I decided to pray well beforehand. Accordingly I began a novena to my friend, Father Willie, reminding him that he too once longed for the Missions, and so he ought still to take an interest in them and in Fairs to help them, and I begged him to obtain success for my coming experiment. On the third day of the novena, as I left the chapel, after thus praying, I felt strongly urged to go and look at the wood, but I put the thought away, and went to choir practice instead. At the end of the practice I felt again impelled to go. This time I went and took the slab from where I had put it and examined it. My feelings for the next few moments are not easily described. Astonishment, joy, awe, took possession of me in turn. I brought the wood to the window, but my eyes had not deceived me. There was my slab, without crack or scratch, whole and entire! I was so overcome that I could not speak of it that evening. Next morning I

took the wood to Rev. Mother. She too had seen the crack and was just as astonished as myself when she examined the now perfect slab.—*W. A.*

Seventy other notifications of cures and favours from East, West, and South Africa.

EGYPT.

After long and fervent prayer to Father Willie my son passed his final Medical Examination with Honours, though he had no hope of doing so without Father Willie's help.—*S. E.*

Two other notifications of favours.

PALESTINE.

I write to tell you of a great favour obtained after praying to your brother, Father Willie. Unfortunately it is a personal and family matter and I cannot give details, but if you knew all the circumstances, you would certainly say, "A miracle!" You may make use of these general facts, if you wish.—*C. W.*

HOLLAND.

"For more than two years," writes a Dutch lay sister, "I had a pain in my leg. It became so bad that it was almost impossible for me to walk. The whole knee got affected and swollen, and it had to be bandaged by the infirmarian. Then one day the leaflet of Father Doyle came into my hands. When I had read it, the thought came to ask his intercession for a cure. I made a novena to him and my leg was worse! I started a second novena. On St. Stephen's Day I was half way through it. That night we had all-night Adoration and I resolved to stay in the chapel, since the pain made it impossible to get any sleep. At one o'clock, however, I had to go to bed out of obedience. I could hardly get upstairs. Next morning I made up my mind to tell the Superior that I could no longer walk. When Mass began, the pain became so great that I almost fainted. I kept saying, 'Oh, Father, do help me!' There was Benediction after Mass, and as the priest was giving the blessing, I became as cold as a stone and the pain went out through my toes. After a moment's thanksgiving I walked down the chapel to my Superior and told her that I was cured. I had no more pain. Rev. Mother did not believe me at first.

Then I removed the bandage from my leg and all the swelling had disappeared. Since then, more than three months ago, my leg has been perfectly well. Now all must believe it."—*S. M. J.*

Fifty-six other notifications of cures and favours.

BELGIUM.

Madame C. had had no news for almost seven years of her son who had gone to America. After so many years of silence the leaflet of Father Doyle fell into her hands, and she felt inspired to make a novena to him for news of her son. The novena was hardly ended when a letter arrived to say that he was returning home. He is now living near his mother and is a devoted and affectionate son.—*J. K.*

Twenty other notifications of cures and favours.

FRANCE.

This is just to tell you that I have received three very special favours after invoking the aid of Father W. Doyle, in one case a sign being given to show it was through him.—*I. O.*

Ten other notifications of cures and favours.

ITALY.

Our Rev. Mother Abbess was lately in great need of money to repair the roof of our sacristy, which was badly leaking. We were near the anniversary of the death of the saintly Father and the thought came to me to make a little altar with his picture on it. I wrote on a slip of paper, "Father, please, send Rev. Mother at least 5,000 lire." Two days later a person sent us double the sum I had asked.—*M. X.*

Thirteen other notifications of favours and cures.

SPAIN.

My two sisters have received two great graces through the intercession of Father Doyle. They made a novena in his honour and before it was ended they obtained what they were praying for, though humanly speaking their request seemed impossible.—*J. N.*

Six other notifications of favours and cures.

PORTUGAL.

When suffering from a severe attack of pleurisy, which had lasted for four months, I invoked the aid of dear Father Willie. At once I got relief and grew daily better, and in a little time I was completely well again.—*A. Z.*

Two other notifications of favours.

MALTA.

Through the intercession of Father W. Doyle I passed very successfully in a difficult London examination. I had prayed to him earnestly for success and I really felt he was helping me during the examen.—*A. C.*

Eight other notifications of cures and favours.

SWITZERLAND.

Father Doyle helped me wonderfully in a very dark hour. Indeed I was nearly in utter despair and thinking of doing away with myself, when he flashed into my mind and gave me courage to hold on.—*W. M.*

GERMANY.

I owe the cure of my foot to Father Willie. Every evening, almost at the same hour the flesh at the joint of the big toe used to swell up, so that it was impossible to keep on either boot or sock. The only relief from considerable pain was to keep the foot in a basin of warm water, when by degrees the swelling subsided until next day. This strange malady continued for some weeks and various remedies that were tried brought no cure. Then I was given a relic of Father Willie and was told to place it on the swelling and to pray. I did so, and with wonderful results. The swelling went down almost at once, and has not reappeared.—*C. C.*

Thirty-two other notifications of cures and favours.

AUSTRIA.

On the third day of a novena made to Father William Doyle, S.J., to obtain employment, my brother, who had been out of work for over two years, was given a good permanent post in a large firm here.

Six other notifications of cures and favours.

POLAND.

I beg to inform you that through the intercession of Rev. W. Doyle I have been completely cured of rheumatism, from which I had suffered much for many years. Having heard of this holy priest I began to invoke him, asking for a cure, and before a week was out the pains left me, and there has been no return of them during the last eight months.—*A. F.*

Fourteen other notifications of favours and cures.

HUNGARY.

Some weeks ago one of our pupils developed high fever. The doctor declared his condition was serious. All the Sisters and children began to pray to Father Willie, and in the evening a relic of his was laid on the little boy's head. Almost at once he fell asleep and slept the whole night through. In the morning the doctor found the fever gone and no trace of any other sickness, and the boy is as well and lively as ever.—*M. D.*

Four other notifications of cures and favours.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Grateful thanks to Rev. W. Doyle, S.J., for wonderful spiritual favour lately received.—*I. Z.*

JUGOSLAVIA.

I want to let you know that I have received many favours through the intercession of Father Doyle. The last two are a promise from my employer of permanency in my position and an adequate increase of salary.—*P. G.*

Two other notifications.

NORWAY.

I honestly believe that I was greatly helped by Father Willie in overcoming the many difficulties that stood in my way in joining the Catholic Church.—*L. B.*

DENMARK.

I attribute to the intercession of Father William Doyle, S.J., the happy reconciliation of certain members of my family who for many years had been estranged from one another.—*B. V.*

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Maine.—With sincere gratitude I write to acknowledge a favour received through the intercession of Father William Doyle. The request was granted after three days' prayer to him.—A. I.

New Hampshire.—I want to make thanksgiving for a great favour received through the intercession of Father Doyle, S.J.—T. H.

Vermont.—An operation averted after praying to Father Willie.—N. A.

Massachusetts.—One of the nuns here, on visit, suffered from a virulent form of goitre. She asked the community to join her in a novena to Father Doyle for her cure. At once the swelling began to go down, and on the ninth day of the novena all trace of it had disappeared.—H. M.

Rhode Island.—A week ago I told a man who had been out of work for over a year to pray to Father Doyle and he would surely get him employment. Yesterday the man came to tell me that he had been sent for by a firm of builders and given the post of overseer on a very big contract. He was only half way through a novena to Father Willie when this happened.—A. C.

Connecticut.—The mother of a friend of mine was very ill with pneumonia and pleurisy, and the two doctors attending her had given up hope. Meanwhile a novena had been started to Father Willie for a cure. On the last day of the novena a sudden improvement in the patient took place, and this continued steadily until now she is quite well.—M. S.

New York.—My brother underwent three operations, and then developed all manner of complications, facial paralysis, pleurisy, septic pneumonia, and hic-coughing for five days and five nights. The strain of a terrible cough caused the abdominal incision to open. This had to be restitched without an anaesthetic, as by this time his heart was so bad that the doctors said that it might snap at any moment. Each time the doctor inserted the needle to make a stitch the flesh came away like tissue paper, and, in desperation, they had to wrap his body

in adhesive tape as tightly as he could bear it. His arms and legs were so perforated from the administration of opiates, heart stimulants and blood restoratives, that it became necessary to administer them through his mouth. Even though a dozen doctors told me that the end was only a question of time, I did not give up hope. A nun, a German by birth, and a convert, pinned a relic of Father Willie on my brother. She told me of her ardent devotion to Father Doyle, and that he had never failed her yet, and she assured me that all would be well. And so it turned out. My brother took a wonderful change for the better, and he is at home now with his wife and four small children. He is a member of the police force in Hoboken, and he will soon be able to take up his duties again.—H. K.

New Jersey.—I was out of work, and tired walking around in search of something to do. I told this to the late Father William Doyle, and asked him to get me employment. Before a week was out my prayer was answered.—M. W.

Pennsylvania.—For nearly three months I was suffering from my wrist. I could not move my hand without acute pain. I was reading the *Life of Father William Doyle, S.J.*, and felt great confidence in him. I made a novena to him, and having no relic of him—to my great regret—I placed my wrist upon his picture in the book I was reading, saying, "Holy Father Doyle, cure my wrist." During the novena I felt some relief now and then, but when I woke on the morning of the eighth day all pain was gone. To ascertain if the cure was a real one, I used my hand in a way that would have caused a pain even in a sound wrist that had not been exercised for some time. To my great joy I experienced no pain or difficulty in the least. Now thanks to the good God and His servant, Father William, I have the use of my two hands once more.—G. C.

Maryland.—A man in the hospital here, a black, bitter Protestant, was dying. Sister J. asked him if she could do anything for his soul. His answer was a surly "no." This happened several times. Nothing daunted, she began to talk to him of Father Willie, and told him many things about him, to all of which the sick man listened with growing interest. When Sister asked him if he would allow her to pin a relic of

Father Willie to his shirt he consented. Next day, when a Sister visited him, he asked her to pray with him. Then he said he would like to see the priest. The chaplain came, and the dying man asked to be received into the Catholic Church. He was instructed, baptised, received Holy Communion, and died the same evening.—*J. L.*

Delaware.—My father and mother lived apart for many years, hopelessly estranged. Having lately read the *Life of Father Doyle*, I felt inspired to invoke his aid. I made two novenas to him. Before the second was ended a letter came from home saying father and mother were perfectly reconciled and were living happily together again.—*O. P.*

Virginia.—I am enclosing an offering for a Mass of thanksgiving for success in a difficult examination through the intercession of your dear brother.—*V. G.*

West Virginia.—A house long vacant, let on good terms.—*K. S.*

Columbia.—A friend of mine went through a form of marriage with a Protestant in a Protestant church, with the promise, however, that the union would be blessed by a priest later on. But each time the poor girl mentioned the priest the man became angry. Finally she left him and sought a divorce. Though she was sorry for the past, she could not bring herself to go to Confession. For more than three years I kept urging her to see a priest. She would promise, but could never summon up courage to do so. About the middle of November last I was given a leaflet of Father Doyle, and I asked him to obtain for my friend the grace and courage to go to confession. I told him he could do this thing if he wished, and that I wanted her to receive the Sacraments at Christmas, or at least before the end of the year. "Now," I said, "let me have an answer to this before New Year's Day." On the 30th of December I got a letter from my friend, telling me she had been to Communion on Christmas Day, and again on Sunday, the 26th.—*C. S.*

North Carolina.—I firmly believe that through the intercession of Father Doyle I succeeded in a very difficult task, when failure would have meant considerable financial loss.—*A. A.*

South Carolina.—My eyes were in a serious condition. I applied a relic of Father Doyle to them and they became much improved.—*T. T.*

Georgia.—When worried by a number of debts which I was unable to pay I prayed to Father W. Doyle, and a few days later an unknown benefactor paid them all.—*O. M.*

Florida.—I was in doubt which of two girls to marry. I made a novena to Father Willie for light to make a good choice—and got the best wife in the world.—*P. P.*

Alabama.—I asked Father Doyle to take care of a law suit, the success of which meant very much to me. This morning I received a letter saying that the case had been settled out of court, and in a very satisfactory manner.—*R. F.*

Mississippi.—I prayed to Father Willie for the cure of a dreadful pain in my back and, thanks be to God, he obtained a cure for me.—*W. M.*

Louisiana.—This is to acknowledge the cure, through the intercession of Father William Doyle, S.J., of a lady afflicted with mental trouble.—*C. S.*

Texas.—I asked Father W. Doyle that my son might get a position near home in exchange for a post which he held in a distant part of the country. When he was on a visit home he was offered a post in an establishment quite close to our home.—*W. W.*

Arkansas.—My brother was suffering from a severe pain, caused by an injury to a nerve. He got very little sleep at night for many weeks. I got him to put on a relic of Father Willie which had been given me, and that very night the pain left him and has not returned.—*O. P.*

Tennessee.—Most favourable terms in a building contract.—*S. R.*

Kentucky.—I asked Father Willie that a house might be rented within a week; and that I might get a position. Both the petitions were granted.—*R. E.*

Ohio.—I asked Father Willie to send us some subjects, and in order to make sure that he would get the credit if the prayers were answered, I asked him for three trained nurses! My superiors smiled very graciously when I told them my request, because, as we are a teaching Order, we do not get vocations amongst hospital nurses. They are, of course, very necessary as infirmarians. Well, I made my prayer to Father Willie and awaited events. Nurse number one entered the Congregation soon after the first novena. Another came last September, and a third trained nurse is expected to enter shortly.—*N. D.*

Indiana.—The cure of a leg pronounced hopeless by the doctors.—*V. B.*

Illinois.—My father met with a serious accident, in which one of his legs were broken. The leg soon began to give him acute pain, and the other leg also became affected. He could get no relief, and in a short time he was scarcely able to walk. I asked my sister, who is a nun, to join me in a novena to Father Doyle, and to ask him that father might not lose the use of his limbs. Before the novena was over, father was able to walk quite well, though he still suffered much. We then made a second novena that the pain would go. It left, and has never returned.—*C. F.*

Michigan.—I was sick and given up by some of the best doctors of this city. My relatives were around my bedside waiting for the end, when my mission superior pinned a relic of Father William Doyle on my gown, saying, "How many days will you give Father Doyle for a cure?" I answered, "Three days, in honour of the Blessed Trinity." For three days I continued to grow weaker. Then there was a sudden change for the better, and from that day my health steadily improved. I expect, God willing, to be able to resume work in the early part of 1930.—*M. L.*

Wisconsin.—About fifteen years ago, through no fault of ours, we got into debt. We were never able to pay it off, a fact which caused continual worry to my parents. A few months ago I began to pray to Father William Doyle to find us the means of paying back what we owed. I had prayed for three or four weeks, when we received a cable from "across the sea" that

an uncle had just died after making a Will in our favour. None of our relations can explain his generosity towards us, but I feel certain that Father Willie whispered our names in my uncle's ear when he was drawing up his Will. The debt is paid off with interest and we have, moreover, a tidy sum of money against a rainy day.—*M. K.*

Missouri.—A good wife and good post obtained through Father Doyle's intercession.—*C. M.*

Iowa.—The father of one of our novices had not been to the Sacraments for thirty-seven years. His wife, a Methodist, came to visit us at Christmas, and seemed very anxious that her husband should practise his religion. I asked the novice if her father would wear a relic of Father Willie. She thought that he would not refuse; and her mother undertook to bring home a small relic and to give it to him. He accepted it, and wore it, and on Easter morning he received Holy Communion.—*B. R.*

Minnesota.—Father Willie got us many pupils this year.—*M. L.*

Kansas.—For over three years I had suffered from my stomach. After food of any kind I used to vomit violently. All the remedies prescribed for me brought no improvement. After saying the prayer on the leaflet of Father W. Doyle, however, the vomiting has ceased, and my health is much improved.—*M. G.*

Nebraska.—After prayer to Father W. Doyle, S.J., a chronic headache, from which I had suffered for years, left me completely.—*N. N.*

N. Dakota.—This is to gratefully acknowledge that I have received a great temporal favour through the intercession of Father W. Doyle, S.J.

S. Dakota.—A relative was suffering from goitre and an operation was feared. A relic of Father Doyle was worn and his aid invoked. The swelling went down gradually, and no operation was deemed necessary.—*A. D.*

Colorado.—We were anxious to get a good Catholic doctor for our hospital. The Sisters wanted me to advertise for one,

but I said we would leave the matter to God and to Father Doyle, adding that if a good M.D. came, I would give the credit to Father Willie. In nine or ten days' time a clever young Catholic doctor and his wife came to live here, so our confidence and prayers were rewarded.—*M. D.*

Nevada.—Father Willie has got me many favours. He is my refuge in my troubles, and he never fails me.—*I. S.*

Wyoming.—Enclosed offering for the poor is in fulfilment of a promise made to Father William Doyle, that if he obtained for me my request I would remember the poor he loved so well. To my great joy Father Willie was very prompt in granting my request.—*T. S.*

Montana.—Being in great financial difficulties we prayed to Father Willie for help. We have just heard that a distant relation has left us a good share of his property.—*A. R.*

Utah.—Thanks be to God, and to Father William Doyle, to whom we prayed, for a recent temporal favour.—*M. N.*

Idaho.—I wish to record two favours received after prayer to Father W. Doyle. The first was the saving from amputation of a finger which the doctor said must come off. The second was the securing of a good position in the teeth of keen competition.—*S. L.*

California.—Work got when in sore need.—*P. S.*

Oregon.—Two doctors told me I had cancer of the liver and that nothing could be done. I told my friend, Father Willie, that I should like to work awhile yet, and to see about it. For the last three months all pain is gone, and I am able to do my work as formerly.—*M. W.*

Washington.—My husband was desperately ill with double pneumonia, and all seemed over for him, when I pinned a relic of Father Doyle to his shirt. A wonderful change for the better took place soon after, and he is now quite well again.—*L. G.*

Oklahoma.—I suffered tortures from scrupulosity until I asked Father Willie to cure me. I am no longer troubled that way in the least.—*P. O.*

Arizona.—I want to give my testimony to the benefit received from the use of a relic of Father William Doyle. I was suffering from a dreadful pain in my eye, but on putting the relic to it, the pain ceased and did not return.—*I. K.*

New Mexico.—I must tell you that my being in religion is a direct answer to a prayer to Father Doyle. Therefore, on the morning of my reception I asked for his name, and, to my great delight, was given it.—*M. W.*

Alaska.—I cannot put into words how much Father Willie has helped my spiritual life.—*W. N.*

One thousand eight hundred and twenty-two other notifications of cures and favours.

CANADA.

A woman was looking for a position which with her increasing years she found difficult to obtain. To add to her worries a rash broke out all over her face and hands. Clearly no one would employ her in that condition. In her distress she knelt down and prayed to Father Doyle, asking him to cure her. Next morning when she got up she found her face and hands quite clear, without a single spot to be seen anywhere.—*C. L.*

Twenty-eight other notifications of cures and favours.

ENGLAND.

Westmoreland.—Work obtained the first day Father Willie was petitioned.—*A. M.*

Durham.—Great financial success of a concert recommended to Father Willie.—*C. R.*

Yorkshire.—Being partially deaf I had to begin studying lip-reading last September. I found it weary work during the first four months and could make no progress. I was about to give it up when I got an inspiration to pray to Father Willie. I started saying the prayer on the leaflet. At once things began to get easier. I doubled my marks in two weeks, and now all is plain sailing.—*M. F.*

Lancashire.—About two years ago I broke my arm very badly. Not only was the bone broken but the socket was also shingled. Altogether five doctors examined it and treated me for it, and all reluctantly informed me that it could not possibly improve. My sister sent me a picture of Father Willie and asked me to make a novena to him for a cure. I did so, and within two weeks I was able to use my arm and do my work as before.—*A. D.*

Cheshire.—I asked Father Willie to help me to get a house. I heard of one, but found that there were thirty or forty applications for it before mine. I did not, however, lose confidence. I continued to pray hard and kept saying, "Oh, Father Willie, get me that house!" And I got it.—*B. T.*

Worcestershire.—I was picked to play for our first cricket eleven just after I had finished a novena to Father Willie that I might get on.—*G. L.*

Herefordshire.—We were badly in need of subjects. I suggested a novena to Fr. Willie. A few days after the novena ended we had two applications, and a couple of weeks later two more. We have three postulants now and another is entering next Friday. The strange thing is that all these girls had a devotion to Fr. Willie before entering. One of them told me that though she felt she had a religious vocation, she could not decide to what Order. Then one day when in a church she picked up from the Catholic Truth box "Vocations" by Fr. Willie. The book at once decided her to become a Poor Clare. I asked her the date of that day and found that it was during our novena to your dear brother.—*S. C.*

Gloucestershire.—I received a letter from a friend from whom I had not heard for a very long time on the fifth day of a novena made to Father Willie for this purpose.—*F. H.*

Dorsetshire.—Mother had received the Last Sacraments and her death was expected at any moment. A relic of Father Willie was pinned to her night-gown and almost at once there was a change for the better, and next day she was out of danger.—*D. M.*

Somersetshire.—Father Willie has worked no miracles for me—yet, perhaps, I am wrong to say so, for is it not a kind of miracle

to have learnt more self-discipline from his life than from all the books or sermons I have ever read or listened to?—*P. S.*

Devonshire.—I know I owe my brother's conversion to Father Willie.—*S. M.*

Surrey.—Great success in business after novena to Father Willie.—*J. H.*

Sussex.—Recovery of a sick child after application of relic of Father Willie.—*A. C.*

Hampshire.—I owe my vocation to the religious life (after God) to reading the Life of Father Willie and asking him to get me light to see and strength to do.—*V. P.*

Berkshire.—I was very much afraid when I got a position here that I would be a failure at my work. However, I went to my good friend, Father Willie Doyle, and told him he must come to my assistance now, when so much was at stake. He did not fail me, for I have been successful far beyond my hopes.—*F. G.*

Northamptonshire.—If there is one thing I am certain of, it is that Father Willie has kept me from many a sin. When I am tempted, I say, "Father Willie, help me," and at once strength seems to be given me to overcome the temptation, and there comes a great calm.—*X. Z.*

Oxfordshire.—My husband was returning home from the north of England and was due to arrive about seven o'clock. Towards evening a strange feeling of depression came over me. I felt something dreadful was going to happen. Was it to my dear husband? The feeling grew stronger, and just at six o'clock I was so miserable that I flung myself on my knees. As I did so, my eye caught a leaflet of Father Willie lying on the table and I felt inspired to pray to him. I begged him to avert all danger from my husband and to bring him home safely. I felt better after that prayer, but when seven o'clock came and my husband did not appear, I began to get uneasy again. My anxiety increased as the time went on, until by nine o'clock I was in a dreadful state of alarm. At last, to my intense relief, I heard his knock at the door. "What kept you so late, dear?"

I tried to say calmly. "I've had an adventure," was the answer. "The engine of our train ran off the line and took the first two carriages with it. Several of the people in them were badly smashed up. The strange thing is, I was in the front carriage when a friend at D— induced me to change and come to his lower down." "What time did you get to D—?" I asked. "At six o'clock," was the answer. And then I knew that Father Willie had not failed me.—*M. C.*

Buckinghamshire.—My sister-in-law who had been dangerously ill for some weeks was received into the Church on the last day of a novena to Father Willie. A novena was then begun for her recovery, which seemed impossible, humanly speaking. During this second novena she began to show signs of improvement and this improvement has continued steadily since.—*S. A.*

Bedfordshire.—Father Willie tried me well before he got me what I wanted. I made two novenas to him without success. I was going to give up in despair, when I felt impelled to start a third. I was only half way through it when I got my request.—*N. D.*

Hertfordshire.—I am a girl of fifteen and have prayed to Father Willie for many favours. He has answered them all except one, which I found out afterwards would not have been good for me.—*G. S.*

Middlesex.—I was dreadfully troubled with scruples, and as Father Willie seemed to have understood scrupulous people, I prayed to him to cure me, promising him I would tell you if he did. Thank God, he interceded for me, and now I have perfect peace of soul.—*G. O.*

Norfolk.—Father Willie has been wonderfully good to me. I turn to him even for trifles, and he never refuses my request. He has got me through a difficult examination, found me money to pay a debt, secured me comfortable "digs," cured me of sleeplessness, and obtained many more things for me.—*M. M.*

Nottinghamshire.—Being laid up from January to June last with very serious knee trouble, I prayed to Father Willie. I am glad to say that in a short time my infirmity entirely vanished, and I am able to attend to all my work in this heavy parish.—*M. P.*

Derbyshire.—Having to face an examination for which I was very ill-prepared, I said the prayer on Father Willie's leaflet for nine days before the examen with the result that I not only passed but secured a high place on the list.—*M. L.*

Warwickshire.—My manager was making things very difficult for me. I prayed long and earnestly to Father Willie about the matter. Then one day a strong impulse came, and I sent in my resignation. But now I was without a post! I told Father Willie that since he had made me resign, as I felt persuaded, he must find me another post. Next day, on looking through the advertisements in a newspaper, I came across the exact position I wanted. I wrote off at once in answer. Days went by and there was no reply. Then one evening the 'phone went in my room, and a trunk call came from London asking me to come next day for an interview. I was interviewed, and engaged there and then. Father Willie certainly must have come to my aid. I am no longer young, yet I was selected and given the position before younger and more capable people, and at a higher salary than I ever had before.—*A. P.*

Leicestershire.—Complete cure of loss of voice for sixteen months during novena to Father Willie.—*S. D.*

Rutlandshire.—I wish to inform you that a family feud of long-standing was amicably settled after a novena to Father William Doyle, S.J.—*W. E.*

Seven hundred and sixty-five other notifications of cures and favours.

WALES.

Last April a friend of mine became very ill. Several eminent physicians were consulted, but all gave the same verdict—her case was hopeless. On hearing this I began a novena to Father

Willie. On the fifth day there was a slight improvement in the patient. This continued steadily day by day, and as I write she is up and about.—G. C.

Twenty-five other notifications of cures and favours.

SCOTLAND.

My brother married a Protestant in a Sheriff's Office. Mother refused to receive the girl. Thinking I might be able to influence her and get her to be properly married, I called on her. I did not see her, but on the following Sunday she came to our house. She came prepared to quarrel. She declared that she would never put foot in "his church." Moreover, if there were any children, none of them would ever enter "his church." It was not a pleasant visit, but mother and I kept quiet and tried to be kind. Mother told her that she did not consider her my brother's wife, and until she was properly married, she could not welcome her as her daughter. Nothing happened for some months except an occasional visit from my brother and a couple of insolent letters from the girl. On 25th August I asked Father Willie to hunt up these two souls just as he would do were he giving a mission, get their marriage put right, and their newly born baby baptised. On 4th September, on coming home from work, I found the family waiting for me, the father and mother anxious to be married and to have baby baptised. Was it not wonderful! Grace withheld for all those months and then bestowed after eleven days' prayer. The marriage ceremony was performed on 9th September and the baby baptised on 12th, and given the name William along with the two he had already. I have told Father Willie he must complete the good work and bring the mother into the True Church. (Extract from letter of 12th December following) I have the good news to give you that my brother's wife was baptised—she had never been baptised before—on 12th November. Next day she made her First Communion and yesterday she was Confirmed. So Father Willie is a "Whole-hogger" in heaven as he was on earth!—G. K.

Fifty-one other notifications of cures and favours.

IRELAND.

Dublin.—"This is what's brought me here, Father," said the man, holding up a neatly framed picture-relic of Father Doyle,

as the priest entered the presbytery parlour. "A girl gave me this a week ago, and since then Father Willie has given me no peace, night or day, till I came to confession. I'm a convert, an old soldier, who was in India for many years. I haven't been to confession for ages, so you see you are in for a job, Father! But with Father Willie's help I'm going through with it." The sincere confession that followed was the beginning of a new life for this old soldier, with frequent reception of the Sacraments, until some six months later he died a happy death.

Wicklow.—I was operated on for an abscess on the breast, but got no better. The doctor decided that another operation was necessary. The day before it the curate of the parish came to see me. On asking him to pray for me, he took a relic of Fr. Willie from his pocket and blessed me with it, and left it with me. I put it on my breast where the wound was, which began almost at once to drain. Next day when the doctor saw it, he said, "Why it has drained beautifully. An operation will not be necessary after all."—M. O'B.

Wexford.—I made a novena to dear Father Willie that my son who had been out of work for seven years might get employment. At the end of the novena, to our great joy, he got work.—B. L.

Carlow.—I was suffering for a considerable time from adenoids and an enlarged bone in my nose. I was told I should have to undergo an operation, but in the low state of my health an operation was impossible. I then obtained a relic of Father Willie and prayed to him, applying the relic to the affected part. A week later I had an X-Ray photograph taken of my nose, and, wonderful to relate, no trace of the adenoids or enlarged bone was found.—L. P.

Longford.—One of my fingers began to swell and to pain in a dreadful manner. In my agony I remembered a relic of Father Willie I had been given some time before. I got it and put it on my finger. On the moment the pain left me and I have never had it since.—T. M.

Offaly.—I have found Father Willie a wonderful advocate. I attribute my being still in my home to him. When overwhelmed with debts, I resolved to place my creditors in his hands

and begged him to soften their hearts. I took his picture with me and faced these creditors bravely. I found them very much changed and kindly disposed towards me. They took what little I had to give and gave me time for the rest.—*M. B.*

Leix.—I attribute the cure of a very sore throat to Father Willie.—*B. M.*

Meath.—A friend of mine was in a bicycle collision. I happened to come into his house shortly after the accident and found him rolling about in agony, with his head badly damaged apparently. His wife begged me to lend her a relic of Father Willie, which she knew I had. I got it and we knelt down and said three *Hail Marys* and applied the relic. The injured man got instant relief, and next day he was perfectly well.—*C. D.*

Westmeath.—A lady given forty-eight hours to live recovered after prayer to Father Doyle.—*S. E.*

Louth.—I developed a very sore throat a few days before starting for a Summer Irish Course. I tied a little relic of Father Willie on my throat and asked him to get me strength to reach —, to attend all the lectures and to get my certificate. In a day or two I was quite well, and I had not to lose a moment of class. The day of the oral examen I kept the little relic in my hand all the time I was being examined. When we came out of the room a friend turned to me and said, "In the name of goodness, where did you get all the Irish?" I smiled, knowing right well where I had got it; but, indeed, I was as much astonished as she was. During the written examen I could feel I was getting help in an extraordinary way; I felt forced to write things that I was not sure of, but which I now know were correct. I need hardly add that I got my certificate.—*M. M.*

Kildare.—I hasten to tell you that I was only a few days praying to Father Willie when I obtained my request, and my two farms, that I lost thirty-nine years ago, were returned to me.—*T. C.*

Kilkenny.—My brother got suddenly ill and was removed to the District Hospital, where he arrived unconscious. Next day he was worse and the doctor said he had only a few hours to live.

The priest came and anointed him, and after reciting the prayers for the dying, left. Father, mother, my sister and myself, remained at his bedside. He had all the appearance of death, and we were brokenhearted. Just then a Sister came in, put a relic of Father Doyle on the patient's head and told us that Father Doyle would cure him. We had never heard of Father Doyle before, but the Sister's confidence gave us great hope. My brother seemed to get easier but was still unconscious. Sister gave me a leaflet of Father Doyle and told me to go to the chapel and pray to him. While I was praying there, my brother became conscious. A few days later he was well and home.—*C. M.*

Tipperary.—Sudden cure of a lady seriously ill after short prayer to Father Willie.—*A. C.*

Clare.—Wonderful improvement in health, which has continued.—*N. V.*

Limerick.—For about a year and a half my hearing had been growing gradually worse until it became so bad that I could hardly hear a person speaking quite near. I started a novena to Father Willie, but my deafness got worse. Getting the new leaflet unexpectedly, I began a second novena. Towards the end of it my hearing returned, and I have not been troubled in the least since.—*M. T.*

Kerry.—I wanted Father Willie's help in the sale of an investment. I had such confidence in him that some time ago I fixed a certain price on this investment and told him I wanted it reached. In a week's time the shares suddenly soared to my figure. A member of my family, who has never since forgiven herself, implored me to wait till they went still higher. I did so, and the shares went down, and have remained down ever since!—*W. N.*

Cork.—A good post obtained after a novena to Father Willie.—*S. P.*

Waterford.—A favour has just been received through the intercession of Father Willie. The favour asked was for the transfer of a seaman from a temporary job, which was the occasion of his leading a careless and intemperate life, to one

that would safeguard him. On the last day of a novena made to Father Willie the man was put on the regular service.—*F. D.*

Leitrim.—My husband, a slave to drink for years, is now a sober man through Father William Doyle.—*T. M.*

Sligo.—Some time ago I met with a cycling accident, as a result of which I sustained a fractured knee. After two operations I was told that I should have to use crutches for the rest of my life. My aunt sent me a relic of Father Willie and bade me invoke his intercession. I began to improve rapidly. All traces of septic disappeared, and, finally, the plates which were inserted to keep the shattered bones in place were removed, as the bones were perfectly knit. I am now just as well as ever and am at work again.—*M. K.*

Mayo.—I had to stand a Civil Service examination of which the most important subject was my weakest. I was in fear and trembling as to the result. However, I determined to get Father Willie on my side and made a novena of Masses and Communion for his speedy canonization. I got first place in the examination.—*S. K.*

Roscommon.—The cure of a sore eye after prayer to Father Willie.—*M. M.*

Galway.—I had long been a martyr to rheumatism. I tried many remedies but got no relief. I had almost given up all hope of ever being cured when a friend gave me a leaflet of Father William Doyle and a relic of him. You will be glad to hear that I am completely cured and have had no return of pain for the last year.—*H. P.*

Donegal.—My little boy was cured of ringworm after praying to Father Willie.—*K. L.*

Cavan.—A pal of mine had been away from the Sacraments for a very long time. I had often tried to get him to go to Confession, but never succeeded. One day I gave his sister a relic of Father Willie, and asked her to sew it into his coat, and to beg this holy priest to bring her brother to his duty. A couple of weeks later she came to me and told me that her brother had been to Confession and Communion.—*R. T.*

Monaghan.—Some years ago I wrote to you concerning the mother of a helpless family, who was at death's door. The doctor told me she had one chance in four million. You kindly sent me a relic of Father Willie, which I gave to her and bade her apply it, and invoke his intercession. She did so, and in less than a week, when the doctor called, he found her, to his great astonishment, up and out feeding her hens! She is still alive and doing her work, and though I have not seen her for some time, her children tell me she is well.—*M. N.*

Derry.—After prayer to Father Willie Doyle I obtained the following favours: My character was cleared of an unjust slander; I got a very favourable assessment of income tax; I got cured of bronchial asthma, to which I had been a martyr for years.—*J. M.*

Antrim.—In November, 1923, I fell in the street and was unable to walk after it. In January, 1924, I was taken to hospital and was there for six weeks without any improvement. I returned home and lay in bed for five weeks, and then was brought to the Infirmary and kept there for thirteen weeks. At the end of that time my husband came to take me home and found me still helpless. The doctor told him that Providence might do something for me, but that the doctors could do no more. I came out of the Union on 4th July, 1924, and for the next three years I was able to get about only on crutches. Then, on 27th July, 1927, I began to pray to Father Willie for a cure, using his relic, until the following 8th August, when after nearly four years of helplessness I was able to walk without crutches.—*J. M.*

Tyrone.—For years I suffered from sleeplessness at night. It occurred to me to try rubbing a relic of Father Willie on my head as it used to burn like fire while I lay awake. I found to my joy that I fell asleep when I did so. Now I keep the relic tied to the top of my bed to have it at hand should occasion arise.—*M. P.*

Armagh.—I had been suffering from a bad chest since the War, the result of being gassed. I made a novena to Father Willie, the Soldiers' Friend, and had a relic applied to me. I am now cured of all pains in my chest, and wish to return thanks.—*K. P.*

Down.—My hand was all lumps, but after a novena to Father Willie Doyle they all disappeared. Then my jaw swelled up, and it too went down after praying to him. Lastly, an opening turned up for my brother when Father Willie's aid was invoked.—R. C.

Fermanagh.—Father Willie gets me all I ask him for, be it big or little. Here is a little thing he got me. I lost a ring and could find it nowhere. Then, after a prayer to Father Willie, I walked straight to the sink in the kitchen and found my ring in the hole of the sink. Here is a big thing—at least it is to me. I had been worried about a spiritual matter for a long time. One day, when more than usually tortured, I fell on my knees and cried, "Father Willie, do get me peace of mind!" At once I felt a great calm and all my doubts and fears left me.—A. J.

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