

# Our Boys And Girls.

## A LITTLE GERMAN STORY.

There lived one time a poor widow who had seven children, and all must eat; so the poor mother had to go out to work all day, and only in winter evenings could she spin and weave shirts for her children that they might not go naked. Each child had but one shirt, and when the largest had outgrown his, it went to the next in size. So it happened that the shirt that came to the youngest was always so thin that the sun shone through it.

The child was a happy little fellow, four years old, who had a wondrous love for animals and flowers. Whenever he saw a lamb he ran to find fragrant leaves to feed it; when he found a young bird that had fallen from the nest, he carried it home and fed it till it was grown, then let it fly away. He was fond of the spiders, too, and when he found one in the house he would carry it outdoors, saying: "This little creature shall also live." But one time his shirt had become so thin and old that it fell from his body, and as it was summer his mother had to go to her day's work, and she could not make him another. So he ran about just as the dear God had made him.

One day as he was hunting for berries in the forest he met a Lamb, which looked so kindly at him and said: "Where is your little shirt?" The little boy answered, sadly: "I have none and my mother cannot make me one till next winter. But no, the new one will be for my oldest sisters and mine will be the old one. Oh, if I only once could have a new shirt!" Then the Lamb said: "I am sorry for you; I will give you my wool and you can have a new shirt made of it." So the Lamb pulled all his wool off and gave it to the little boy.

As he now passed by a thorn bush with his wool the Bush called: "What are you carrying there?" "Wool," said the little one, "to make me a shirt." "Give it to me," said the Bush; "I will card it for you." The boy gave his wool to the Bush, which passed its thorny branches to and fro and carded the wool most beautifully. "Carry it carefully," cried the Bush, "so that you do not spoil it."

So he carried the soft rolls along till he saw the web of a Spider, and the Spider sat in the middle of it and cried to him: "Give me your wool, little one. I will spin the threads and weave them, so see already how it is." Then the Spider began and worked busily with his little feet and spun and wove the finest piece of cloth you ever saw and gave it to the child, who trotted merrily along until he came to the brook, and there sat a Crab, who called out: "Where so fast? What are you carrying there?" "Cloth," said the little boy, "for a new shirt." "Then you came to the right one," said the Crab. "Let me take your cloth." And he took it and with his great shears cut out a little shirt very nicely. "There, little one," he said, "all that remains is to have it sewn."

Then the boy took it and went on, sadly, for he was afraid that even then he could not have his new shirt till next winter, when his mother would have time to sew. But pretty soon he saw a little bird sitting on a bush, and the Bird twittered: "Wait, little one, let me make your shirt." So the bird took a long thread, flew back and forth, working with his little beak, till the shirt was sewn together. "Now," said the Bird, "you have as nice a shirt as one could have."

And the little boy put it on and ran happily home to show it to his sisters and brothers, and they all said they had never seen a nicer one.

**IRISH GIANTS.**—Did you ever hear of Fin MacCoul, the giant who lived in the North of Ireland many long years ago? If you have not, this story may illustrate what kind of a man he was. He was the greatest warrior in all Ireland and it was he and his gigantic relatives who built the Giant's Causeway. The story goes that when engaged in the building of the Causeway, Fin went home to see how his wife Oonagh was getting along without him. When there she told him that she heard that another giant—a terrible fellow named Cucullin, who had whipped all the other giants in Ireland—was coming to beat him. Now this Cucullin was so powerful and so big that when he walked the stamp of his foot shook the country for miles around. Once, it was said, that he had flattened a thunderbolt

with a blow of his fist and that he carried this flattened thunderbolt about with him in his pocket.

Fin really was afraid of Cucullin, but Oonagh told him to be easy in mind for she would find a way to help him to get the best of the fight—if there had to be one. So Oonagh borrowed from the neighbors a lot of iron griddles, which she baked in the middle of as many loaves of bread.

The very next day she heard the noise of Cucullin's footsteps and she made Fin lie down in the cradle, cover himself up and make believe to be asleep.

"You must pass for your own child, Fin," said Oonagh, "just lie there snug, say nothing and leave the rest to me."

In a minute in walked Cucullin. "God save all here," said he. "Is this where Fin MacCoul lives?"

"God save you kindly, but this is the place, good man," said Oonagh. "You're Fin's wife, I suppose?"

"I am that," was Oonagh's response. "And no reason I have to be ashamed of my husband."

"No," replied Cucullin, "he is a brave, strong man, but for all that I am here to take a shake out of him. Is he at home?"

"Isn't it too bad," said Oonagh, "but he went off in a fury to find a big bathoon of a fellow they call Cucullin who some one told him was boasting of being a better man. I am sorry for the poor fellow, for if Fin meets him, he'll make paste of him sure enough."

"Indeed," exclaimed the visitor, "I am Cucullin and I've been seeking Fin MacCoul for twelve months past."

"Did you ever see him?" inquired Oonagh.

"No, I never did," said Cucullin. "You poor man," said Oonagh, "take my advice and pray day and night that you never may see him, for it will be the black day for you when you do."

Then Oonagh said that as no one was at home but the baby and herself, she would like Cucullin to go to the rocks on the hill nearby, which Fin told her he was going to tear apart to find a spring that was there, and get her a bucket of water.

She pointed out the place and Cucullin pulled the middle finger of his right hand until it cracked nine times. Then he tore the rocks for four hundred feet deep and a quarter of a mile long. Poor Fin, in the cradle, heard the rending of the rocks and the cold sweat started from every part in his body, but Oonagh kept her wits about her. "Come in now," said she, "and eat a bit of the humble fare I can give you, even if you are Fin's enemy, I am sure he would have me treat you decently."

She set before him a half dozen of the loaves she had baked with the iron griddles in them, a side of bacon and a stack of cabbage. The giant took a huge bite out of one of the loaves but this teeth jarred on the gridiron. "Blood and thunder," he cried, "what kind of bread is this you gave me?"

"Why," replied Oonagh, quite surprised like, "that's Fin bread—the only kind he'll eat, the baby there in the cradle. Take another one that may be a bit softer."

The giant took the second loaf and as he was hungry bit right into the middle, breaking some of his teeth.

"Well," commented Oonagh, "if you're not able to eat the bread, say so quietly and don't wake the child with your noise." Just then Fin gave a howl and Oonagh quickly said, "Arrah now, the boy's hungry," and she put in Fin's hand a soft loaf she had baked without the griddle. It soon disappeared, much to Cucullin's astonishment, who secretly thanked his stars that he had missed seeing the father of a child who could eat such bread as that.

"I'd like to look at the child in the cradle there," said Cucullin, "for I can tell you the infant who can manage that kind of food is no joke. Sure, may I feel the boy's teeth, ma'am, before I go?"

"With all the pleasure in the world," Oonagh responded, "but the boy's best teeth are far back in his head and you had better put your fingers a good ways in."

Here was Fin's opportunity, for no sooner were Cucullin's fingers in his mouth than he bit off the middle finger of the right hand, which in some mysterious manner held all the giant's strength, just as Sampson's strength was in his hair. Then Fin leaped out of the cradle and in a minute Cucullin lay before him helpless and begging for mercy. To his dying day Cucullin declared that Fin MacCoul must be the greatest man in the world.

## ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REPORT.

Report for week ending Sunday, 29th March, 1903.—Males 243, females 49, Irish 198, French 65, English 29, Scotch and other nationalities 5. Total 292.

# Sectaries Reunited To Rome

A piece of intelligence of momentous import has just been received from the East. A correspondent in Mossoul sends word that the famous Nestorian sect, have accepted the proposals sent from Rome and are to be received into communion with the Holy See.

The bishops and the principal partisans of the union recently assembled at Mossoul to receive absolute ab haerese, and to hear the instructions from Rome on the subject. These brave men have been advocating union with Rome during the past four years and have been compelled to face cruel persecution on the part of the enemies of this project. During this time every possible obstacle has been put in their way; intimidation, pillage, imprisonment; finally bribery, temporal bribes, and even honorable and advantageous marriage alliances, with the ruling classes. The Anglicans in particular having offered strenuous resistance to the project, proposed as a last resort, a marriage between the niece of the Nestorian Patriarch, Mar Chinoun, and the son of the principal Meliks, the signatory of the profession of Catholic faith. By this marriage it was hoped to bring about a rapprochement between Mar Chinoun and the Catholics for the benefit of Anglicanism to which sect this patriarch is friendly.

To accomplish this Mar Chinoun pretended friendship, made some advances to the Catholic group, and sent his felicitations to the Patriarch Emmanuel on his return to Rome. The purpose of this was to conceal his real designs, and to gain time.

This formal return of the Nestorians to the Faith is now regarded as certain, and all that is awaited by the chiefs of the movement is the conditions which be laid down to the Holy See. Mgr. Mar Curaha, nephew of the Patriarch, his other nephew, Memroud, as well as numerous Meliks, or chiefs of the nation, continue to direct the movement; and everything points to final success, in spite of the fierce opposition and intrigues of Russians, English and Americans, who are well supplied with money, and are able to offer temporal inducements against the proposed conversion.

The conditions of the union will be arranged at a meeting which will take place shortly at Mossoul, between the Chaldean Catholic Patriarch delegated by the Holy See and the delegates of the Nestorian tribes represented by the Patriarch, Mar Chinoun, Mgr. Ouraha and Melik Nemroud, accompanied by other Meliks whose tribes are in favor of the union.

Meanwhile the adversaries of this movement towards Catholicism are opposing it with all the arts of diplomacy. The Russian Consul at Van has called to his aid two Russian priests whom he has installed at Sarai, the Nestorian village nearest Van, and that to the great displeasure of the governor of this province who distrusts Russian influence far more than that of the Catholic Church. The Anglicans have heaped up presents and money before the old Nestorian Patriarch, Mar Chinoun, with a view of gaining his influence, to prevent the return of his nation to Catholicism. The old man receives these presents in silence, listens to and approves all that is said to him, but gives no reply; for it is well known that he has far more reasons to fear Russia and England than the Holy See.

The English Consul, disappointed and disgusted, has betaken himself to Mossoul, under the pretext of visiting the Yzidiens (worshippers of the devil) but in reality to see if it is not possible by new intrigues to prevent at the last moment the return of the Nestorians, an event that as an Englishman and a Protestant he would grudge to France and the Church.

The King of Italy is making strenuous efforts to pass the Divorce Law, in spite of the fact that it is execrated by the great majority of his subjects. The efforts that are being made by all good Catholics to prevent the passage of this shameful and iniquitous law are apparently without effect on the government. The unpopularity of the contemplated law may be appreciated by the fact that it is opposed by many Liberals who have been startled by the statistics of other parts of Europe in which divorce has been given free rein.

The enormous statue of antiquity dedicated to the glory of the immortal Theban hero who fell to the last man in the cause of Greek freedom upon the battlefield of Cher-

onesus, is to be restored and placed upon its pedestal. The ruins of the famous statue have lain in the desert for more than a thousand years, covering the dust of the heroes of the Sacred Heart.—Paris correspondence, I. C. T. S., the New Century.

# The Irish in Rome.

There appears in the current issue of the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record" an interesting article from the pen of a scholarly Irishman and priest, the Rev. D. F. M'Crea, M.R.I.A. Father M'Crea discusses learnedly, and with the unique advantage that comes of long residence and intimate acquaintanceship, the many halloved associations and hoary institutions connecting Irish life and history with the Eternal City. The article is, indeed, a valuable contribution to a subject that has been frequently dealt with in a discursive way.

It, says the writer, "the Irish are to be found so universally in the world, whether by tendency or necessity, we are not to be surprised to find them in Rome, to which we are bound by a thousand ties. It has been calculated that Ireland is represented in no fewer than fifty ecclesiastical institutions of the city; and not only in the Church, but the medical, literary, and social departments are fully and adequately represented; and so, I might go on grade by grade, to find an Irish cabman in the streets of Rome." After dealing at some length with the Irish College and its foundation, there is an interesting reference to the Irish Franciscans and the Rev. Luke Wadding, the friend of the Confederated Catholics, together with a notice of Father Hugh MacCaghwell, Father Colgan, and others. Father Wadding was born in Waterford, 1588, and died in 1658. He was the author of many learned and interesting works. "His bones have been transferred from the church, and placed in a little oratory by themselves, in a carved wooden sarcophagus, and are regarded with great reverence by the community." Father MacCaghwell was born at Saul, County Down, in 1572. He belonged to the Scotist school of theology. He wrote several theological works, and was appointed to the See of Armagh by Urban VIII. on the feast of St. Patrick, March, 1626. He was consecrated in Rome, 7th June of the same year, but died of fever shortly afterwards, and never reached Ireland. The name of Father John Colgan must not be omitted, who was also associated with St. Isidore's. Father Colgan was born at Carnadonagh, in Inishowen, County Donegal, in 1592. He was the author of several works, including the "Acta SS. Hib.," published in Louvain, in 1645, and the "Trias Thaumaturga," in 1647. His death occurred at Louvain in 1658. The present guardian of St. Isidore's is Father Patrick Cahill, and the vicar the Rev. Francis Walsh. This church contains relics of great national and historical importance, which the good Fathers are always pleased to exhibit to their visitors. Amongst these is the sword of Hugh O'Neill, and a beautiful original portrait of his son, the Baron of Dungannon, who died on the 24th September, 1609, while yet in his twenty-fourth year. Hugh himself sleeps in the company of the Tyrconnell Princes in the Church of San Pietro, in Montorio. Father M'Crea says:—"The church, which is now in the hands of the Spanish Franciscans, is on the Vatican side of the Tiber, near the gigantic monument of Garibaldi, and overlooking the entire city. The tombs are side by side, half way up the nave of the church, and except the arms of the

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O'Neills and O'Donnells, with the lengthened inscriptions in Latin, there is nothing to arrest the attention of the Irish visitor. They are placed horizontally, and form portion of the pavement, so that they are easily overlooked.

A brief reference is made to the brigandage organized against the Papal States by Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, which culminated in the campaign of 1870, wherein so many Irishmen distinguished themselves in defence of the rights and liberties of the Holy See. A piquant reference to the King of Italy is perhaps worth quoting here. We read—"It is stated the present King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III., was trained by an Irish governess, and from this source secured what English he has, which he is said to speak with something akin to a brogue. Let us hope he profited in other respects by the example of his teacher. I have heard him spoken of variously. One account referred to him as the most thoughtful and considerate of men, with a strong religious tendency; and, again, I have heard him spoken of as more anti-Catholic and hypocritical than Victor Emmanuel or Garibaldi. Personally, however, I am inclined to believe, without giving any reasons here, he would be very pleased to have the Italian difficulty with the Vatican settled." Father M'Crea's article contains much new and original information, and will repay perusal.—Irish Weekly, Belfast.

## Society Directory.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCarl, Vice-President; Percy J. Quinn, Recording Secretary; 981 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 3 meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Galloway, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; 1528F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 68 Young street; M. Fonnal, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Galloway, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; Vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President; Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. E., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Selma and Notre Dame streets, H. C. McCallum, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McKenna, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. F. Gunnung, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.E.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Treasurer, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Ad.-lers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. E. Merrill.



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# NOTES

EASTER.—"Reurrexerit." He is arisen according to promise; "He is not he angel to the holy women to lament and watch at the Saviour. Nor was I already had He been arisen. That same an with dawn, had broken the city, had rolled away from the entrance to the and the armed watcher sleep that they deemed of pallid in their armor and fell from their nerveless the fulfilment of the promise "temple" would be destroyed three days He would reb the fulfilment of all the the ages, in which it was that He would conquer come forth in glory from Such the consummation derous work of Redemption commenced on the day that gel visited the Holy Virgins would become the Mother siah and crowned on the morning when that Mess fulfilled his mission, brothers of death and came umph from the tomb.

Since that glorious evening through the ages, without link in the lengthy of the commemoration there one of the great annual mark the record of the C now, another year has co Easter has dawned, and throughout the great Christendom that same celebrated in a manner w Spouse of Christ.

While it is not our sphere a sermon on the glories we are nonetheless within limits of duty when we draw some lessons from sion.

Apart from the great r sion that is taught on E lesson of the necessary each soul from the grave the life of grace—there which are preached to us God's creation. Glancing universe and its wondero ism, we find the days grow warmer, more invigorated the icy grasp of winter and the snows have melt leaving the surface of e more ready to drink in the vernal sun. The str along in unusually swollen the carpet of green is slow ed over the fields; the venated force appear on th the flowers commence the sious work of developm bloomy; the birds chant a delight in the aisles of n ple; and all inanimate, animate, nature proclaims resurrection from the dre of winter. In all this th ble the working of the O Hand that guides the orb trols every atom of creati the most remote star in of space, to the most hum in the cottage of the indi the highest mountain-top smallest grain of sand on shore, each object, and all the universe, proclaim the God and the Resurrection of men.

Man, alone, made to H and the special object of a critics, has the hardhood this great event of Easter men are, in some cases, of it, we are happy in the cor ledge that two hundred millions of the human race accord with the occasion sired by the Catholic lat them, are prepared to ar

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