

Reverence For Relics.

following verse
of Catholic re-
and things that
ely associated with
saints.

and some edifice
repeatedly reared,
ages gone,
so much revered.

opposition to a
for things made
tion has always
the Catholic mind.
unnatural. In the
life men respect,
e heroes, images
places where the
have lived, the
ted actions, their
profound respect.
Mt. Vernon, Ply-
cker Hill, are ob-
reverence. The por-
and revered ones,
souvenirs and re-
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Christian who be-
ces, touch with re-
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sick woman in the
andkerchief that re-
healing from the
stiles, or the bones
that restored the

eneration absolutely
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roots. It is only
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Man is a creature of
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ate the good and
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York Freeman's

Arguments Home Rule.

Home Rule for Ire-
tably take into con-
sidering arguments
ered by two great
an illustrious states-
her a renowned Ox-
and writer on art.
"Fall Mall Gazette"
n years ago, Ruskin

be well to take ac-
counting in our
Irish race in our
management?—
an artistic people and
tiful things and ex-
indefatigable indus-
try are a witty peo-
ple means be govern-
ance. Third, they are
people, and can by no
means be scientific
persons.

one of his famous
Home Rule used the fol-
lowing words:

re apply to Ireland
ence we have gained
Scotland, where a
tions has now taught
eam or a theory, but
practice and of life,
and surest foundation
build on is the found-
by the affections and
and the will of man;
thus, by the decree of
that, far more than
ethat, we may be en-
at once the social
power and the per-
Empire."

the
"True Witness"

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

"One day," said a priest whose la-
bors covered a period of more than
forty years, "I observed a strange
little lamb among my flock when I
came to hear the catechism. He was
not entirely unknown to me, how-
ever; I recognized him as the son of
a neighboring politician—a man not-
ed for his violent and extravagant
opinions, famous as a club orator, a
denouncer of priests and go on.
When I had finished with my class I
went over to the child, sitting alone
on one of the back benches. He arose
politely with cap in hand. His eyes
looked sad, his cheeks pale, his
clothes though of good quality and
well-made were put on carelessly and
were very much soiled. One could
see at once that this poor child
lacked a mother's care.

"You go to school?" I inquired.
"Yes, Father, I do."
"But not to the Sisters?"
"No, Father. Papa does not like
the Sisters or the Brothers."
"You have come here, I suppose,
to learn something of your religion?"
The child looked at me as though
not exactly understanding.

"You wish to hear about the good
God?"
He made a gesture of indifference.
"Why then do you come here?" I
asked, "if you are not desirous of
learning something of God and his
holy Mother—the Blessed Virgin?"
Suddenly his face became animat-
ed—the sad eyes sparkled.
"Yes, Father," he said almost in
a whisper. "Some one told me that
the catechism children all had a mo-
ther—the Holy Virgin. That whether
they had one at home or not, it
made no difference, they would find
one here. I was glad when I heard
that, and so I came. I've large
tears rolled down his cheeks as he
added:

"Oh Father, I need a mother so
very, very much."
The cry of that sorrowful young
heart touched me deeply. "Wait till
the other children have been dismiss-
ed and then I will speak with you
again," I said. When they had gone
I returned to the little stranger.

"Come," I said, "I am going to
take you to your mother." He gazed
at me again as though not compre-
hending. "To her," I continued,
"who will take the place of your
mother." I conducted him to the
chapel which the children of Mary
had but that morning adorned for
the feast of her Nativity. When the
boy raised his eyes to the beautiful
white marble statue crowned by a
diadem of gold, and standing in the
midst of the loveliest offerings of the
garden he exclaimed:

"Oh, how grand! how beautiful!
Do you think she will really take me
for her little boy? She has one al-
ready in her arms—a dear little ba-
by! Perhaps she does not need me;
but oh, I have so longed for a mo-
ther, and now that I am ill, I want
one more than ever."

"You are ill, then?" I said. "I re-
marked that your face was very
pale."
"Oh yes, I am ill," he replied. "I
have something here in my side
which hurts me very much. The doc-
tor says I may not go to school any
more."

"How old are you?" I inquired.
"I am nearly nine," he said.
"And you can read?"
"Oh yes, I can read very well. I
have gone to school since I was five.
Papa thought it was better, so that
I should not be so lonely at home.
The cook told me that if papa would
only let me come here I should find
a kind mother. So I ran away this
afternoon and came here."

"My child," I said, "you should
not have done that, 'your father
may be displeased.'"
"If you think so, I shall not tell
him. He might not let me come
again."

"Oh no, you must not do that. It
would not be right to deceive him.
Tell him that you have been here,
and before you go I will give you a
little catechism, and a lesson to
study. If you wish the Holy Virgin
to be your mother you must learn
all about her and the Infant Jesus."
"Who is the Infant Jesus?" he asked.

"The child you see in her arms. He
is God."
"Oh well, give me the book, if you
please, and I will learn it."
I gave him the catechism. He came
back next day. His father was a-
way from home he said; he had not
been able to tell him. He knew the
three questions I had given him to
learn very well. The next day, I
gave him four, the next five. On the
following afternoon he did not come.
Every time I had seen him he ap-
peared paler, more exhausted, and
had a perceptible difficulty in breath-
ing. So a week passed and he came
no more. At the risk of incurring
the displeasure of his father, I re-

solved to pay a visit to my little
friend, who, I felt certain, must be
ill.

The servant ushered me into his
room immediately. He was lying on
a couch near the open window, look-
ing very ill.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come,
Father," he said, extending both his
thin little hands. His catechism was
lying on the pillow beside him. "Now
you can hear my lesson," he said.
"I have taken a new one every day
and papa has helped me with it."

"Is it possible, dear child," I said.
"How did that happen?"
"I am so weak, you know, I can
hardly see any more. The day be-
fore yesterday I could not read at
all. And then papa came home and
I told him about it. He was not
cross at all. He said he wanted to
do everything that pleased me, and
I told him you said that if I wanted
to have the Blessed Virgin for my
mother I must learn about God and
religion."

"What did your father say to
that, my boy?"
"He said that was right—if I liked
it. He took the book then and re-
peated the words over and over for
me until I knew them by heart."

"I am pleased to hear that, my
boy," said I.
"Father," said the child, "I know
now what religion means, and I
know, too, that my father does not
believe in it. That is why my mam-
ma was so unhappy, before she died
—two years ago. And I know that
I am going to die; I shall have two
mothers in heaven—my own, and the
Blessed Virgin."

I heard a heavy sigh behind us.
The father had entered quietly, and
now stood looking down at the sick
boy. He received me very politely.
When I left he accompanied me to
the door and asked me to come a-
gain.

"The child is dying," he said.
"There is no hope for him—let him
have what consolation he wishes.
His mother would have liked it."
I went to see him daily after that.
In a month he was ready for his
First Communion—and death for him
was ready also.

The day before he received his
Lord for the first and last time his
father said:
"Edmund, yours is a good inno-
cent soul; you have faith. Ask the
Blessed Virgin in whom you believe
to cure you and I promise that I
too will become a Christian."

The boy looked at him intently.
"No, papa," he answered, "I do
not want to be cured. I do not like
to leave you, but I am longing to
see my two mothers in heaven. If I
lived I might grow up to be a bad
man."

"Like your father," said the sor-
rowing parent, bitterly.
"No, papa," answered the child.
"I do not think you are a bad man,
but you have told me that once you
were a little boy like me, saying
your prayers every night and morn-
ing and loving the Blessed Virgin.
How can I tell that I would not do
the same if I should grow up to be
a man?"

"You are right, Edmund. It might
all happen, as you say."
"But papa," the boy went on, "I
will do this: I will ask the Blessed
Virgin when I get to heaven to
change your heart and make it like
a little boy's again. And I am so
sure she will do that, papa, that I
am in a hurry to die, so that it may
come to pass."

The father said nothing, but as he
turned away from the couch I could
see how hard and unyielding was the
look that overspread his counte-
nance.

When the final hour came the child
passed quietly away in his sleep. The
grief of the father was intense.
Throwing himself upon the dead
body of his son he uttered the most
awful imprecations, defying a God,
whom he declared did not exist, and
obdurate in the most outrageous
manner the Mother whom his dead
boy had so tenderly loved.

At the end of a fortnight he came
to me—transformed. Something had
impelled him, he said. He had
fought against it, but vainly, and
now, with the deepest sentiments of
penitence, he asked to be reconciled
to the God he had so long aban-
doned.

"The little boy in heaven has not
been idle," he said. "Nor his mo-
ther, since he went."
His conversion was complete; he
became as eloquent and influential
for the good cause as he had been
for the bad, and from that time till
the day of his death was an in-
strument for the spiritual and temporal
benefit of his fellow-parishioners. To
what can such a change be attribut-
ed? save to Mary. Immaculate,
through the prayers of an innocent
child?—Rosary Magazine.

The Story of a Brave Mountain Priest

Abbe Morice and myself were re-
turning from a visit to the ruins of
Gerville. We chatted as we climbed
up the steep path which zigzagged
along between rocks and brambles
up to the old church and parsonage
perched alone on the top of the cliff.
"You are very solitary up there,"
I remarked. "But as a compensa-
tion you are quiet. I suppose that
your parishioners, innocent souls that
they are, are model neigh-
bors."

"Hum! Hum!" coughed the priest.
This was partly an expression of
doubt as to the fervor and saintli-
ness of his people and partly a re-
sult of his breathlessness caused by
our ascent, although we had pro-
gressed very slowly.

I wondered at both, for I had al-
ways believed seagoing folks to be
very devout, and I also would have
thought that Abbe Morice, who was
barely thirty-three and large and
strong besides, could have mounted
the steep ascent even more easily
than I could.

He halted to take breath and turned
his rather pale, handsome face
toward me. Then, with a smile on
his fresh lips and in his blue eyes
that had taken their tints from the
sea at which he looked so often, he
replied:

"Innocent souls! Model neighbors!
They are far from it! I can assure
you that I have trouble enough to
save their souls for the Lord. My
two enemies are liquor and supersti-
tion. They expose me to rough as-
saults. Then, too, on nights of
shipwreck I cannot prevent men, wo-
men and children from rushing to
the reefs to look for plunder. A
sound from an alarm gun on a fog-
gy afternoon, a distress signal on a
snowy night, and the hereditary in-
stinct of the pirate springs to life
in an instant in the breasts of these
people."

The Abbe was silent for a mo-
ment, and his expression became
thoughtful at the remembrance of
cruel and barbarous scenes doubt-
less; then he continued:

"Ah, yes, I have much to contend
with, but I do not complain. I am
not one of those who become a
priest to accept easy places. If, af-
ter five years in Tonquin and six in
China, I took this charge, which no
one else wanted, it was because I
felt myself to be a true soldier of
the faith and because I love the
fight. Here, as there, I consider my-
self a missionary, as the perform-
ance of my duties is not without
real danger."

We now resumed our ascent. A few
yards further on the Abbe was ob-
liged to halt again to get his breath.
When he could speak his voice was
weak and whistling.

"But primitive and rough as my
people are," he said, "the worst among
them are many times better
than the rogues from your large
cities. I have occasion to know
something about them. There is a
State prison a few miles from here,
and it is a sorry lot of fellows that
come and go from it. When their
terms have expired the authorities
turn these beasts of prey loose on
the highway, and the first houses
they come to are my church and
home. They stop to tell me their
troubles and to rail at the injustice
of justice. I listen, for I am here
for that purpose, and I try to sift
out a grain of truth from the chaff
of falsehood. Finally they ask me
for charity, and I give it, for giving
is my profession. Certain of them
note the solitude of the place with
their practiced eyes, and while their
left hands are stretched out for
alms, their right clutch their sticks.
Those are dangerous moments, and
one has need of a solid foot, a firm
fist and a watchful eye."

"Have you no beadle, gardener or
servant?"
"My beadle is a cartman who
comes up on Sundays. I am my
own gardener, and my old house-
keeper would only embarrass me
with her fears and cries if there was
any danger. I have managed to
come out of it all pretty well."

"Were you ever attacked by the
jail-birds?"
"Three times only in two years.
That isn't so bad. The first one tried
to kill me with a club. He did not
know that I am an expert in boxing
and fencing. My ten years of mili-
tary service were not for nothing. I
used to floor the inspecting colonel;
I flogged my rogue now. I wrenched
his club from him and turned him
out-of-doors."

"The second was a one-eyed fel-
low, short and thick-set under his
blue blouse. He whined and sobbed
and feigned repentance so well that,
profiting by the absence of Tonin,
who had gone to the village, I gave
him something to eat and emptied
my purse into his pocket. He left

the house at nightfall. When I was
about to retire at 10 o'clock for
some reason or another the fellow
came into my mind. I had not liked
his sullen, hangdog expression, and
I thought at once of my mite-box in
the church. I took my cudgel, tip-
toed out so as not to waken Tonin
and crossed the cemetery to go to
the church. The front door was
fastened. I went around to the side
door; this I found open, and my
rogue was just about to cut into the
money box. If I had not had my
stick I should have been lost. As it
was, I used the cudgel, the alms box
and my shoes as well, I believe. I
forced the thief towards the door so
as not to wound him inside my
church. He saw that he had the
worst of it, so he ran out across the
cemetery. When he was at a safe
distance, knowing that he could run
if I chased him, he turned and howl-
ed out threats of vengeance, coupled
with oaths enough to make the
saints tremble."

"And the third?" I asked, more
disturbed by what I had just heard
than the Abbe himself seemed to be.
"I had not told my old servant of
the attacks I had received for fear
she would take every beggar for a
thief. I was congratulating myself
on having escaped further annoy-
ance, for the end of autumn had now
come. One rainy afternoon in the
first week of December the twilight
fell so early on our deserted cliff
that Tonin went to lock the church
at 3 o'clock. She came running back
in a few moments and told me that
she had found a man, kneeling, pray-
ing in the church. He rose at once
on hearing footsteps and in a be-
seeeching tone asked her if the priest
would not come to listen to the con-
fession of a poor tormented soul. He
said that he was even tempted to
commit suicide in the his despair of
receiving the forgiveness. I at once
rose to go. "From his words he
must be very repentant," added
Tonin. "I didn't see his face, for
he kept in the shadow, but I think
he was one-eyed." At that word I
shivered."

"You certainly did not go after
that," I exclaimed.
"I will confess that I had a mo-
ment of hesitation," replied the Ab-
be, quietly. "Then I reasoned rap-
idly. There might be more than one
man of that sort. What reason was
there to think that a rogue would,
through pure vengeance, risk facing
a man who knew him? And what
man could be so perverted as to seek
revenge in the house of God? I final-
ly persuaded myself that my first im-
pulse of fear was only the result of
the depressing atmosphere of the
day. A soul in distress needed my
aid; it was my duty to give it, cost
what it might. The least delay
might provoke suicide. Then, too,
even if it proved to be my one-eyed
enemy, who could tell but that he
was truly and sincerely repentant?"

"You at least had Tonin accom-
pany you?"
"To a confession? What are you
thinking of? Besides, if there were
any danger to be run, would it be
right to expose a poor old woman
to it? I am in the habit of going
alone, and I went alone this time.
As I entered the church I heard the
plaintive voice from under the cur-
tain of the confessional. I opened
the wicket, and, sure enough, it was
my man. I had scarcely sat down
and leaned over when, without any
warning, I received a knife thrust in
my side. That is why I have to
stop to rest; since that time I get
out of breath easily."

The Abbe was now silent, as if
the rest of the story was without
special importance.

"Wasn't the rascal arrested?" I in-
quired.
"No; he escaped, but I did not
die, as you see."

He laughed as he spoke, then
pointing out to the sea, he added:
"Look over there at that point of
land emerging from the mist. Isn't
it superb?"

Before I could reply a noise above
us attracted our attention. Looking
up we saw a cowherd on the top of
the cliff. Making a trumpet of his
hands, he shouted:

"Monsieur Abbe, there is a man in
a blue blouse up here, and he wants
to confess to you."
The priest then pressed my hand in
a hasty farewell and at once began
to clamber up the steep ascent, call-
ing out in short, breathless accents:
"I'm coming! I'm coming! Here I
am!"—From an Exchange.

This, then, is the reason why we
need to pray, because we need to be
delivered from ourselves. This is
the reason why we may pray, be-
cause God is willing to deliver us

If the heart cannot have a truth
it will take a counterfeit of truth.
All the doubts of sceptics are as
nothing, or as very little, compared
with the great doubt which arises in
men's minds from the ways of Chris-
tians themselves—saying one thing
and doing another.

Our Boys And Girls.

SIMPLE JACK.—When the Irish
peasants meet by the turf-fires in
the winter evenings they tell strange
tales of luck and adventure. Some
of the peasants have great wisdom,
and I often heard them say that one
should never despise or look down
upon a simple country youth. It is
unwise to do so, and who knows but
he may attain to a position of great-
ness in after life? If you are still
doubtful upon this point they will
relate the strange story of Simple
Jack, the widow's son.

This is how they tell it:
If it is a day it a hundred years
since there lived at the heel end of
the Donegal Mountains a widow wo-
man and her son Jack. The woman
was fond of the lad, and thought
that it was upon his curly head that
the sun rose and set; and it used to
give her annoyance and pain when
the neighbors would address him as
"Simple Jack." So she said to
herself that come foul weather, come
fair she would teach him wisdom,
and make him as clever as the next.

With this object in view she sent
him to the village to purchase a
sewing needle. He bought the needle
well enough, for she had given him
all directions for doing so, but be-
ing a simple lad, he did not know
how he could carry it home.

Just then he saw a hay cart pass
by the way, and he said to himself
that it would be a wise plan to put
the needle in the middle of one of
the bundles. No sooner said than
done, and as he strode behind the
cart, he was very proud of his clever-
ness.

But when he tried to get the needle
out of the hay, he could not find it.
The carter said that nobody but a
fool would carry a needle in such a
way, and the boy was very angry
with himself.

His mother cried and scolded when
she heard what had happened, and
she said that he would never be
good for either king or country.

"And how would I carry it, Mo-
ther?" said the boy.
"Why, in the corner of your
coat," she replied.

The lad wondered why he had not
thought of that before, and promised
to be wiser for the future.

Next day she sent him to the vil-
lage to purchase a meskin of butter,
and she gave him so many direc-
tions that it was the wonder of the
parish when he made a mistake.

When he got the butter he was at
a loss to know how he could carry
it home; but remembering his mo-
ther's advice on the loss of the
needle, he decided that he would
carry it away in the corner of his
coat. It was a sultry day in sum-
mer, and with the heat of the sun
added to the warmth of Jack's body,
the butter quickly melted away, and
when he reached home he had nothing
to show but a coat very much
soiled where the butter rested.

The mother cried, and regretted
the day that she could be the mo-
ther of a lad so stupid.

"And how in the world could I
carry it?" said the boy.
"In a cabbage leaf," she replied,
"for the cabbage leaf would have
kept it clean and cool."

Jack wondered why he had never
thought of that, and promised to be
wiser for the future.

Next morning she sent him to the
well for water, and the errand being
such a simple one, she did not con-
sider it necessary to give him any
instructions.

He travelled on till he came to the
well, and then began to debate with
himself how he was to carry the
water away. Then the memory of
the pound of butter came to him,
and he filled the water in a cabbage
leaf.

fore, and he was a good-natured
lad.

He opened the little parcel that he
carried and took out his best coat.
Then, going over to the statue, he
gravely proceeded to clothe it.

In doing so he slipped, and had to
clutch at the figure to prevent him-
self falling. The statue was very old
and much worn by the rains, and
with the weight of Jack's body it
toppled over. The boy barely es-
caped being crushed by its fall, but
judge of his surprise when he found
embedded in a hollow, at the broken
part, as many gold sovereigns as
would buy a townland. They had
been hidden away there by an old
miser in other days.

Jack knew well enough the value
of his find, for his mother once had
a bright gold sovereign when she
sold the cow, and he said that the
wealth would come in mighty handy
for her now.

With that he turned back home,
and his mother was more than glad
to see him. That night they sat
long by the turf fire discussing how
they could best use the money, and
the woman said in her own mind
that the travelling had made Jack
a wiser man.

Jack and his mother became very
prosperous after that, and it was
observed by one and all that the
wealth and the traveling had
brought the lad great wisdom. Any-
how, it was Jack's simple good na-
ture that was responsible for all his
good luck.

And thus it came to be a byword
in the Donegal Mountains that no-
body knows the luck of a simple
country lad, and look at the for-
tune of "Simple Jack," the widow's
son.—Cahir Healy, Enniskillen, Ire-
land, in the Sunday Companion.

LET ME PRAY FIRST.—A sweet
and intelligent little girl was pass-
ing quietly through the streets of a
certain town a short time since when
she came to a spot where several
idle boys were amusing themselves
by the dangerous practise of throw-
ing stones. Not observing her, one
of the boys by accident threw a
stone toward her and struck her a
cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great ag-
ony. The doctor was sent for, and
a very painful operation was de-
clared necessary. When the time
came and the surgeon had taken out
his instruments, she lay in her fa-
ther's arms and he asked her if she
was ready to let the doctor do what
he could to cure her eye.

"No, father; not yet," she replied.
"What do you wish us to wait for,
my child?"
"I want to kneel on your lap and
pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then, kneeling, she prayed a
few minutes and afterward submit-
ted to the operation with the pa-
tience of a strong woman.

KEPT HIS PLEDGE.—Pasquale
Celpapa, a newsboy, 10 years old,
had been run over by a Second
avenue car and was dying on the side-
walk on the Park row side of the
postoffice, New York, with both legs
crushed and bleeding. He had been
found wedged between the rear
wheels a shapeless, inert form when
the car was stopped, and it was ne-
cessary to send to Bayard street for
a wrecking wagon before he could
be removed.

As they tenderly laid his little
form on the sidewalk his eyes opened
and a big, tender-hearted police-
man offered him a glass of whisky
that he had hastily brought from a
near-by saloon.

"No," said the boy. "I took the
pledge when I was confirmed, and
my mother'd be sore if I broke it
now. I'd be much obliged if you'd
get me a drink of water. I'm burning
up inside."

The boy's left leg was amputated
in the sight of the great crowd.
There is small hope that he will live.

FRANK J. CURRAN,

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