

Ignorant of English, the habitant beggar bowed gratefully, evidently thinking something had been added to the stock of pennies in the old hat.

It was no pale-faced æsthetic, no visionary recluse, who stood at the door-way to guide pilgrims through the sacred edifice and to apply the healing relic to the afflicted. A broad-shouldered, ruddy Irish priest beamed on the new comers and laughed welcomes right and left.

He was not of the stuff that begets morbid dreams to work on the emotions of religious enthusiasts and plots dramatic effects to set fanatical imaginations in a flame. Here was a downright sort of a man, with a deal of practical common sense, with no humbug about him, and no nonsense but the kind that finds vent in a hearty laugh.

These are the characteristics that have endeared Fr. Holland to all pilgrims. Impartial observers could confidently expect sincere and unembellished statements from this man.

« Those, » said the priest, tersely pointing to two great piles of crutches that reached from the floor to ceiling on each side of the center door, « those things speak for themselves. » Crutches — not in hundreds but in tens of hundreds — crutches with the cross bar worn and the arm-pad frayed from long usage by the lame, steel frames for limbs crippled from thigh to ankle, iron boots for misshapen feet, steel corset and band for spinal deformity, knee rests, pillows, bandages, ear trumpets — in fact all kinds of mechanical contrivances for human sufferers, were heaped in pyramids from tiled floor to vaulted roof.

Especial interest was attached to the history of a pair of crutches, recently left in the church. Anthony O'Donnell, a pilgrim from a well-known place in one of the Eastern States, had been brought to Ste Anne's, suffering from paralysis of one side.

He was placed before the altar rail of the rear chapel, where he knelt in earnest prayer. Meanwhile service was proceeding in the main church. The afflicted man pressed his lips reverently to the relic and the officiating priest applied it to head, shoulder and side.

Confidently believing that only lack of faith could prevent his cure and wrought to highest pitch of agonized expectation, the sufferer awaited answer to his prayer. The relic was again applied,

« How do you feel? » asks the priest.

« A little better, father, comes the low response. Was imagination beginning to work, or was a miracle about to take place? There were