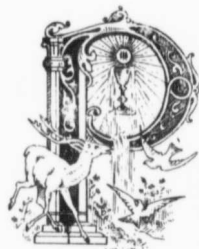


## The Apostle of His Family



PERCY BROWN, without doubt, is in Heaven with the angels and saints. Indeed, his short career was so unusual that he deserves a place among God's apostles.

When a little fellow of five years he was a frequent visitor at a neighbor's house next door to his own Protestant home. And for this reason, in one of the rooms of this good Catholic family there hung a large and beautiful picture of the crucifixion of Our Lord. It was something new and strange to Percy, and the very first time he saw it he demanded an explanation, which was given with due deference to the supposed infantile intelligence of the inquirer. He was awed and impressed and constantly spoke about it at home. He was not understood, of course, and no attention was paid to his prattling. His visits to the picture continued, however, and the good mother of the Catholic home instinctively felt that there was something unusual about Percy. His two brothers took him to the public school when he was a little over six years old. But he was not satisfied there, and left after a few days, and, without the knowledge of his parents, went to the parochial school with a little Catholic friend of his own age. His brothers mentioned the matter at home, but when Percy seemed so happy his parents said it "made no difference," and permitted him to continue.

The next year, during the Ember Days of September, the younger children of Saint Mary's School were prepared for first confession. Percy, who had learned his Catechism and the method of confessing, marched to the church with the rest and took his place near the box.

A lady who was making a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the church had her attention attracted to the children and was surprised to see the little "Protestant