

called his server, the Brother was so heavy with sleep he could not rouse himself. However, he rose after a short time and ran to the church. To his amazement Blessed John was at the altar with a server clothed in a Franciscan habit, but having the face and appearance of no mortal man the Brother had ever seen before. Later in the day, Blessed John said to the young religious, who, as he thought, had served his Mass: "My son, I bless you from my heart. You served me this morning with so much reverence and devotion that, through you, Our Lord gave me very great consolation." The Brother was filled with confusion, and confessed that sleepiness had deprived him of the privilege of serving Mass that morning, and that when he came to the church he saw that his place had been taken by a stranger. Yet he was sure no visitor had arrived that day, and that none of the other brethren had served the Father's Mass. "Well," said Blessed John, "whoever he may be, I bless him. And blessed be the good God in all His gifts."

'Beautiful!' exclaimed Father Riley. 'Just the scene for a picture. Why don't some of these artists read the lives of the Saints to some good purpose? Imagine the dark church in the very early morning, the dawn stealing in through the altar window and struggling with the light of the tapers—the venerable Franciscan in the act of saying Mass, and then—the angel server, full of adoring reverence, and enveloped, maybe in a soft luminosity that appears to be a part of the religious habit he is wearing.'

'Well, Canon,' said Father Wood, 'it is a delightful story; but I should not be at all surprised to find an angel serving your—'

'Please, please, my dear Father, broke in the Canon, with evident distress, 'please do not say that! That is just what I do not want you to say. Whoever my server may have been, I am positive he was not an angel.'

'In this instance I don't think he was,' Father Wood answered laughingly. 'In fact, I am pretty sure of it. He may be a very good boy, but he is much too substantial-looking—I was going to say too dark-looking—to be mistaken for an angel. And now I come to think of it—yes; I am almost certain 'tis the same lad. He is an Italian, Canon, and—don't be shocked—takes his turn at organ-grinding with an unpleasant-looking man, possibly his father.'

'Well, well, well,' ejaculated the Canon, throwing up his hands. 'I must really be getting exceedingly short-sighted! But really I feel greatly interested in this poor lad. I hope you have not forgotten all your Italian,' he added, turning to Father Wood. The latter reassured him.

'Then would you be so kind as to see this boy, or make some inquiries about him?'

'I will certainly do so, Canon,' said Father Wood. And he did.

III.

'A tonsured cleric!' exclaimed the Canon, looking from Father Wood to the dark-eyed boy, who stood in the presbytery parlor, and who had just risen from his knees with the Canon's most fervent blessing.

'Nothing less,' said Father Wood; 'but while I tell you his story, shall we send him to the kitchen? I fancy he is hungry.'

'Certainly, certainly,' said the Canon quickly. 'Well, well! What a very interesting occurrence! Yes, my dear, go with Father Wood and have something to eat.'

'It is a sad enough story,' Father Wood began, when he returned to the parlor, 'though I hope it may have a happy ending. The boy—his name is Andrea Tavilari—was being educated for the Church, when his mother, a good, holy woman, died. The father, a free-thinker, and, I fear, a bad character all round, took the lad away from his seminary about six months ago and brought him to England. Andrea had just received his first tonsure. Imagine the child's misery at being forced away from everything he loved! The wretched man forbade him ever to enter a Catholic church, or even to keep any article of a religious character about his person. In spite of this the child has managed to secrete his mother's rosary beads, and has contrived to say them every day since he left the seminary. This morning he got up very early, and stole away to hear Mass while his father was sleeping. He has done the same several times before, and always with the same result—a brutal whipping. The marks of the cords with which he had been tied up were upon his wrists and ankles when I first saw him this morning. What the marks on his body may be I dare not think. They are living in some wretched rooms in Barley lane, together with several other Italians. When I called this afternoon the lad was helping one or two of them in the making of plaster images. For reasons of his own the father had left the boy at home for the day. In fact, I strongly suspect that the child was too feeble, or too giddy to walk when his father set out with the organ. One of the image-makers expressed great sympathy with Andrea, and admitted the brutal character of the scourging.'

'Only an hour ago I called again. The father was at home, and my knowledge of Italian stood me in good stead, for I succeeded in frightening him very thoroughly. He is, doubtless, at this moment awaiting the arrival of the police. He admits that the boy is as good as gold—but, my dear Canon, I have distressed you too much already. (The Canon was in tears.) Perhaps, I am premature, but I have brought the boy away, and if you think anything can be done—'

'Something must be done—shall be done!' exclaimed the Canon with decision.

'They have not waited for the police,' Father Wood said to the Canon, a few hours later. 'Dread of the English law has driven them back to Italy.'

'Andrea will be happy enough on the English Mission,' said the Canon simply.

But the entire credit of everything was claimed by Nora, whose fears, however, for Andrea's success were not wholly dissipated until 10 years later, after assisting at his first Mass, she heard him preach—in English.—Exchange.

The Catholic World.

CHINA.—Affairs in the Southern Provinces.—Father Clere Renaud, a Chinese missionary, fears that Southern China will soon witness the terrible scenes of carnage which last year took place in the North. Secret societies, for the extermination of Christians, are being recruited in the South.

Deaths among the Hierarchy.—The Church in China has lost by death eight of its bishops within the short space of seven months. Five of these were martyred.

ENGLAND.—Death of a Jesuit.—Brother Edward Frederick Barraud, S.J., died at Stonyhurst College on March 1. He had for 33 years acted as accountant at Stonyhurst. The Barraud family came to England from France at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Brother Barraud himself was admitted into the Catholic Church in 1860.

The London St. Vincent de Paul Society.—The Marquis of Ripon, K.G., Count de Torre Diaz, and Mr. William Field, M.P., took part in the quarterly meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, London, held recently at St. Anthony's Monastery, Forest Gate.

Opening of a new Church at Bradford.—On Sunday, March 3, the Bishop of Salford solemnly opened the new church of St. Bridget, Bradford, Manchester.

A Memorial Window.—A beautiful stained glass window in memory of the late Miss Belinda de Trafford, aunt to Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bart., has been placed in All Saints' Church, Barton.

A Venerable Prelate.—The Right Rev. Monsignor Nugent left Liverpool in the early part of March for Paris. He will remain on the Continent for some time. Though in the 80th year of his age, the venerable prelate retains in a remarkable degree his accustomed vigor and energy.

Catholicism in Salford.—Speaking at the opening of a new church at Bradford, in the diocese of Salford, Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., said: 'I heartily congratulate you on raising this fair church in this important district of Manchester. May God help you to grow stronger spiritually and larger in your numbers. Twenty years ago you started out with a population of scarcely more than 600, and to-day you number something like 5000.' What a comfort it must be, he thought, to their beloved Bishop, who saw their churches and their numbers steadily increasing. Twenty years ago there were only 200,000 Catholics in the Salford diocese; to-day there were 262,000. During the past eight years his Lordship had opened 36 new churches, and as many as 72 new schools.

The Bishop of Salford and the Pope.—The Right Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow has returned to Salford after a visit to Rome. During his sojourn in the Eternal City his Lordship had had private audience with his Holiness on three occasions, and was surprised to find the Holy Father so vigorous and full of energy. Their conversations were conducted in Latin. His Lordship had other opportunities of seeing the Pope in the Sistine chapel, where he gave Benediction, and his voice then was full and strong. Pope Leo spoke to Bishop Bilsborrow especially about the late Queen Victoria and the English people generally, and was most keenly interested in all that concerned the welfare of England.

FRANCE.—Mass for King Edward.—A Solemn Mass to invoke the Divine blessing on the reign of King Edward VII. was celebrated on March 1 at the church for English-speaking Catholics in Paris. Among those present were Sir E. Monson and staff of the British Embassy, MM. Delcasse, Waldeck Rousseau, and the Ministers of War and Marine.

A Fold for Black Sheep.—The latest big lie born in France (writes a Paris correspondent), and which has already gone far beyond, is the one which says that French priests are going over to Protestantism in numbers. No statement could be further from the truth. It is true the few black sheep in the shape of renegade priests, who are to be found here as in other countries, as a rule take refuge in Protestantism. But this is just what similar black sheep in Great Britain do. But the 'brebis galenses' in France who flirt with Calvin and Luther are so few that they could be counted on one's fingers. Witness what the *Chrétien Français*, the organ of the body that receives them, says on the subject. In this oracle we read: 'Because about ten priests at most have entered the Reformed Church, this exodus is being looked upon as a conversion of French priests en masse to Protestantism.' It goes on to say that such an idea is as ridiculous as it is false. We think so too. It seems by this, however, that the French Protestant Church is not in a hurry to receive into its bosom the unfrocked priests. The fold that receives the black sheep in the shape of a few faithless priests is a sort of fungus movement growing out of French Protestantism. It proclaims its aim to be that of evangelising and reforming Catholicism. It is easy to see the meaning of this hybrid movement.

More Prohibitions.—In addition to prohibiting the camcock, some of the Radical French Municipalities have distinguished themselves by removing crosses from roadside 'Calvaries' and from cemeteries, and by prohibiting processions. These petty annoyances have become so intolerable that questions were put to the Prime Minister as to the powers of the Home Secretary to put a stop to such abuses. M. Waldeck Rousseau established a rather subtle distinction between the prohibition of the camcock or of the top-hat and the removal of crosses, and stated that whilst he was prepared

By Special
Appointment.

PURVEYORS
of the
CELEBRATED

HONDAI-LANKA

CEYLON
PACKED
SEALED TEA.

To the Elite and also to the "Plain People"—None too high
and or too low to appreciate its unblended goodness. Blended Tea
Drinkers try Unblended Hondai-Lanka Maharajah

First Award Paris Exhibition.

No. 1.