The friendship between Stefano and II Pietro Rosso may be said to have dated from the day when the former's father gave the boys of the town a golden piec to set the great bell in motion that all the country-side might know that the babe was a member of Holy Church.

Il Rosso, as it was generally called, bung in the north tower of the Cathedral, and was on, used on the greater Feetas, and on the occasions of public mourning or rejoicing.

When still quite a tiny child, Stefano had cried to be taken up into the belfry, and had caressed with his chubby fist the bell's smooth surface, peeped up at the mighty clapper hanging inside, and had made bis mother spell out to him the meaning of the inscription that ran round Il Rosso's crown: "Canto Christo; Mortuos Lamentor."

The bell hung alone in its tower, whilst in the other were the smaller cones used in the daily offices of the Cathedral. It had been cast by order of a Cardinal far back in the Middle Ages, and the Prince of the Church had himself blessed it, and given the words for its motto. Hence it was known as "The Red Peter," and was the pride of the town.

"I sing to Christ, and weep for the dead!" And it was true. In the dim dawn, before the sun had kissed even the distant Alps, the deep voice of Il Rosso would wake the slumbering town at its feet, and swing out the prayer to the Virgin Mother; its voice was thunderous, but very soft, penetrating to the villages that lay on the verge of the snews, yet so mellow in tone that the six boys who swung it, whilst unable to hear their own laughter, were conscious of no overbearing harshness in that of the great giant that swayed beneath them. For the voice of Il Rosso could laugh as well as weep, and was the perfection of music, thrillingly sympathetic to smiles or tears.

The old bell was rung by old methods, and was innocent of either

compared and light Condens.

And some is the next to force of the control of the who has brought song to me quicker than usual to-day!"

Time brought no change to the bell, but to Stefano came the consciousness that boyhood was giving place to manhood. He had just kept his fifteenth birthday, and was the chief of the privileged ringers, a position that brought no small pride with it, since he kept the key of the tower in which Il Rosso hung, and his presence was necessary belore the bell could be sounded.

To-day, hot with the exercise of ringing, he had run down the steps of the tower, and stretched himself at full length on a tomb in the Cathedral cloisters. The warm June sun was flooding everything, casting slickering lights through the pointed arches that were wreathed with vine leaves, and burnishing the stones under which dead and gone monks were reposing in blessed sleep. To-morrow would be the Festa of the Rody of God, and Il Rosso had already spoken, after a silence of some 10 days. The streets of the town were being hung with white, and garlands of roses, for the great procession would pass through them the next morning. There were strangers from the distant Apennines, and whole families who had travelled from the sult marshes bordering the Adriatic, besides many others through and the whole day would be given

tection.

A bag of tools was thrown down on the altar steps, and a violent hand wrenched the veil from off the tabernacle. Stefano wondered why the Santissimo did not strike the intruder dead on the spot! Would He suffer His home to be desecrated, the very ciborium that held the Host to be profamed? Surely, too, the angels had been driven away by the presence of violating sin, for the altar had lost its radiance, and no longer shone with the heavenly glory. A cloud had drifted over the moons but the boy comfounded the natural with the legendary explanation, and his brain, ever full of dreamings, chose the more poctical.

He only knew that upon him had been laid a great charge, and that he was responsible to God for the safety of the sacred vessels—and he did not shrink from his duty.

With noiseless feet he sprang up the altar steps.

"Stop!"

The boy's voice rang through the silent church, and might have been that of San Michele himself on vengeance intent.

The men threw down their glittering instruments, and with a common cry of fear fied from the altar, struck with horror at the apparition of whiteness that had hurled itself into their midst.

Stefano stood with his back to the tabernacle, his arms thrown behind him as if to protect his Master's shrine. The cloud passed from before the moon, and the clear rays batted his figure with a wondrous glory; they caught the white linen of his dress and turned it to purest silver; the dark waves of his hair were flung back, and the light blanched his face, transforming it so that to the frightened men it looked as the face of the outraged Christ Himself.

Stefano laughed a little to himself the angels had come back, and the glory of their wings covered him.

Presently the men took courage. It was only a boy, after all! They had been fools.

The chief of the band emerged from behind the closet pillar, and stepped up to the altar.

"You gave us a fright, youngster—we thought you the Christus Himself at the very least! But now you can stand aside, and let us go on with

superstitious fears. "It is past one o'clock and we have our work before us!"

"You're right!" replied the other. "Now, youngster, on one side, unless you wish for an inch of steel."

"I shall not move!"

The moonlight caught the glint of the knife as it descended. Stefano jerked himself aside, and the steel struck deep into his arm. The sting of pain aroused the fighting instinct in him, and as quick as light he saw how he could save the treasure. But it would have to be with his own weapons, not by force.

Evading the grasp of the nearest man, he sprang down the steps, and, heedless of the smart in his arm ran at the top of his speed towards the great west doors of the Cathedral.

For some moments there was no pursuit—the men had not guessed his decision.

Stefano reached the door leading to the south tower, and pushed it impatiently. If he could only ring one of the smaller hells it would rouse the town by its unusual summons. The door was locked.

With a gesture of despair he turned to the north tower entrance. That, too, was locked, but with a sudden thrill he remembered the key which lay in his pocket. He heard the steps of the men coming nearer to him—they had divined bis intentions.

The key was rusty and moved stiffly, but the nervous force of the boy prevailed and he sprang into the dark passage at the moment that his pursuers reached the door. With trembling hands he pushed it behind bim and re-locked it. The men etruck heavy blows on it and shoutly laughed back at them, leaning heavily against the wall; for a strange dizinem had come over him, and he could feel the throb of the blood as it pound from his arm.

his body, but Il Rosso hung motion-less.

Stefano struck the wall with im-potent fury, and cried out in his de-spair:

"Pietro! Pietro! It is I, little Ste-fano, who is trying to swing you!"

Again and yet again he pushed with all his strength, using the rough wall as a lever. The sweat ran off his face, and he knew that the blood had burst afresh from his agm.

ran off his face, and he knew that the blood had burst afresh from his arm.

There!—the peam had moved. II Rosso had heard him, and was awakening. By infinitesimal degrees the swaying of the great beam increased, and Stefano knew that it was only a question of time before the bell began to sing. He jerked himself along the beam, holding on with one hand and gripping the wood with his knees, till he reached the bell's crown, and felt the flowers which he had entwined among the iron bolts. Then he fearlessly stood up, and with a foot firmly planted on either side of Il Rosso's crown, swayed himself to a fro. He tried to believe that he was not growing weaker every moment, and set his teeth to try and forget the pain in his arm.

He seemed to have been swaying himself for long hours before the great voice of the bell thundered out. The beam rocked more violently and the mighty notes of Il Rosso grew in volume. Wave upon wave of deepest melody filled the tower, and still the boy rocked his lithe body in mechanical obedience to the swinging of the bell.

Upon the night's stillness the alarm rang out, till men in their dreams began first ta mutter an Ave and then to wonder what was amiss. Returning consciousness told then that Il Rosso spoke for no idle purpose.

Almost without warning the boy's

the angles had come back, and the by by the men took courage, had been fools. Presently the men took courage, had been fools. The chief of the band emerged from behind the closet pillar, and stepped the up to the altar.

"You gave us a fright, youngsterwe thought you the Christus Himself and aside, and let us go on with the very least! But now you can stand aside, and let us go on with was our work."

"You shall not touch the tabernacle!" said Stefano defiantly. "Hot ho! Do you think yourself strong enough to fight four of us?" laughed the man, grimly. "Therewe want no more of this folly! Stand aside, I tell you!"

An angry light showed in the man's eyes, and his hand stole to the knife at his side.

"I will not!"

Stefano stood with his arms outstretched. The moonlight, shining on his young face, gave it the beauty of one whom the saints expected to join them with the palm of martyrdom in this mand. The men gazed at him, awed by his calmess, and wondering within their coward hearts whether indeed this young thing with white-clad limbs was human.

"Come, Bruno—give the fool a taste of your knife!" cried one of the braver, who had conquered his superstitious fears. "It is past one o'clock and we have our work before indeed this young thing with white-clad limbs was human.

"Come, Bruno—give the fool a taste of your knife!" cried one of the braver, who had conquered his superstitious fears. "It is past one o'clock and we have our work before in the monilight caught the glint of the knife as it descended. Stefano steed himself asside, and the struck deen into his arm. The steel struck deen

sive for the safety of the church's treasure.

"We have them under lock and key! They will not have the chance of thieving again for many a long day," replied the Bishop reassuringly. He looked at the men standing ly. He looked at the men standing round—

"Come, we must carry the lad to his home. There is no harm done, thank God."

As they pussed out of the cathedral door with their light-burden the great bell began to thunder out its summons to those who would keep with due solemnity the Festa of the Corpus Domini.

Stefano gazed up into Paula's face as she walked beside him holding his hand.

"Tisten"

Stefano gazer up into a stefano gazer up into a she walked beside him holding his a she walked beside him holding his and.

"Listen," he said dreamily, as the eep notes throbbed through the tillness of the day's dawn. "Surely he voice of God Himself could not se more beautiful.

Paula's lips quivered as she leaned yer the hoy and kissed him. "I think you are right, dear," she whispered.

And Il Pietro swayed wildly in his tower of grey stone, singing the ong of the passing centuries: "Canto Christo: Mortuos Lamnettor,"—Catholic Fireside.

ADJES' AUXILIARY to the An-LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St, Patrick's Hall, 92 St, Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.80 p. m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of every month, President, Miss Annie Donovan, Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Loyle; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brier; Recording Secretary, Nora Kayanaugh, 155 Inspector street, Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.— Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie-streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording-Secretary. Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed: Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary. E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League — J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rcc.-Secretary, 1528F Ontario street, L. Brophy. Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial, Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

T. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE-T. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOGIE-TY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.SS.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray-Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SO-CIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH, 26,—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 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. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B. C.L., President, P. J. McDonarh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn. President, D. Gallery, 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 3,30 p.m.

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PROCRASTIN ways noticed of ler, while in the never allowed to pass when he heave an Amer word "procrast his lexicon. This ed into him call New England we science and char came home on academy, six micovered that he at school.

"William," sanot take off you not take off you and fetch that i "But, mother, "that's six miles all moving this shan't get a lift "Then walk," He trudged off brella, and made plication of this ences in the sam ness which filled

A BRAVE DE how the wind bid drifting snow i through the leafi great trees and n in the shelter of that could not q. In the gatherin late from school hard travelling, along down th road. They had the snow and co faces, when the Henderson, his bud hausted, walking fell in the driftin out, but his voic storm. Meanwhile George Pay, not the comrade's con They could not the bells that were and only the cry "Look out, theroder. They just be jump to one side up beside them. "Git in," he cri impatient voice, "John Fanning cla to the sleigh and buffalo robes. "Come. Come!" Goorge Day, his by was looking in the left in the sheligh and buffalo robes.

was looking in the tile friend.

"Ain't ye getting man John Fann of the rokes, now it was not present numen to jump out, himself was great tion to his young stayed in the sleig. The impatient he forward, the man reins," he cried, "ed his whip, and with a "ge lang!" the night and ste lone boy in the da are never alone, feevil spirits attend our acts.

It had happened George Day had no George Day had no setting a stay of the reind set in the set in