

across the commons to visit a Catholic servant-girl to whose bedside he had been called. He entered a store, and asked the aged proprietor :

“ Can you tell me whether a servant girl in your family attends the Catholic Church ? ”

“ What do you want with her,” inquired the man.

“ I want to speak to her,” answered the priest. “ I was told that she is very ill and wants to receive the Sacraments.”

“ The girl does not live here,” replied the man, “ but you are the very man I wish to see. Take a seat, for I have something important to say to you.”

“ I am at your service,” replied the priest, and they withdrew to an adjoining room.”

“ Do you remember one morning last winter, Reverend Father, when the boys threw a lot of snowballs at you ? ”

“ Yes, I have an indistinct recollection of the sport the lads had at my expense. I had almost forgotten it.”

“ But not I,” rejoined the storekeeper. “ That scene still lingers in my mind, for it made me think. ‘ Why is it,’ I said to myself, ‘ that Catholic priests are persecuted, while no one bothers about our ministers ? What is it that gives them that wonderful calmness under provocation which would make other men lose their temper and seek reprisal ? ’ The result of that occurrence was that I made inquiries about the Roman Catholic Church and her priests, bought Catholic books, and began to study them. I prayed for light, and I am now ready to become a Catholic myself. Will you accept me, Father, and give me instructions ! I long to become a member of that Church which has been persecuted since her birth, but which flourishes in spite of all persecutions.”

The good priest was overjoyed, and the instructions began at once. The neophyte was an apt scholar, and he soon had the happiness of being received into the Church. God’s ways are truly wonderful ! The mischief of thoughtless children and the patient forbearance of the object of their pranks, gained for Mother Church an acceptable son.

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