

body and mind, heart and soul, with his powers, to the service of his Master. Afterwards, he went to call on his brother, Father Wilfred, in his presbytery, hidden away in an evil-smelling, hopeless-looking East End slum. Here, amid squalor, misery, drunkenness, crime and poverty, his favorite brother,—scholar, musician, daintily nurtured, sensitive, not over-strong,—had spent the ten years that had passed since his ordination as a "Romish priest." It was, as the bishop felt convinced, only one more instance of what grace can effect. He, of course, would have added, "in spite of his errors." At least, he would have done so, at that time. Later, he might have cause to think and feel differently.

"Thank you for your enclosure," were his first words, after shaking hands warmly with his brother. Then, without waiting for any reply, he asked, with evident interest, "Where did you get it?"

"I copied it out of my Breviary," the priest answered, smiling. "Did you approve of it?"

"Of every word," returned the bishop emphatically. "Who wrote it?" he added, anxious, possibly, to know whether the date assigned by him to the author, were correct. More anxious, I doubt not, to know the name of one to whom he felt so deeply indebted.

The priest told him. "Date?" It was a scholar's question. Also, I think, a characteristic one. His deeper feelings he kept to himself, then and always.

"Alban Butler says he died in 636," said Father Wilfred.

"Early seventh century, I thought so!" exclaimed his brother, delighted to find that he had been so nearly right. "Country?" he enquired, after a moment's interval.

"Spain."

"Ah! that I couldn't guess," was the bishop's rejoinder. "Western, of course, I knew he must be. Where can I read about him?" he asked, with increasing interest.