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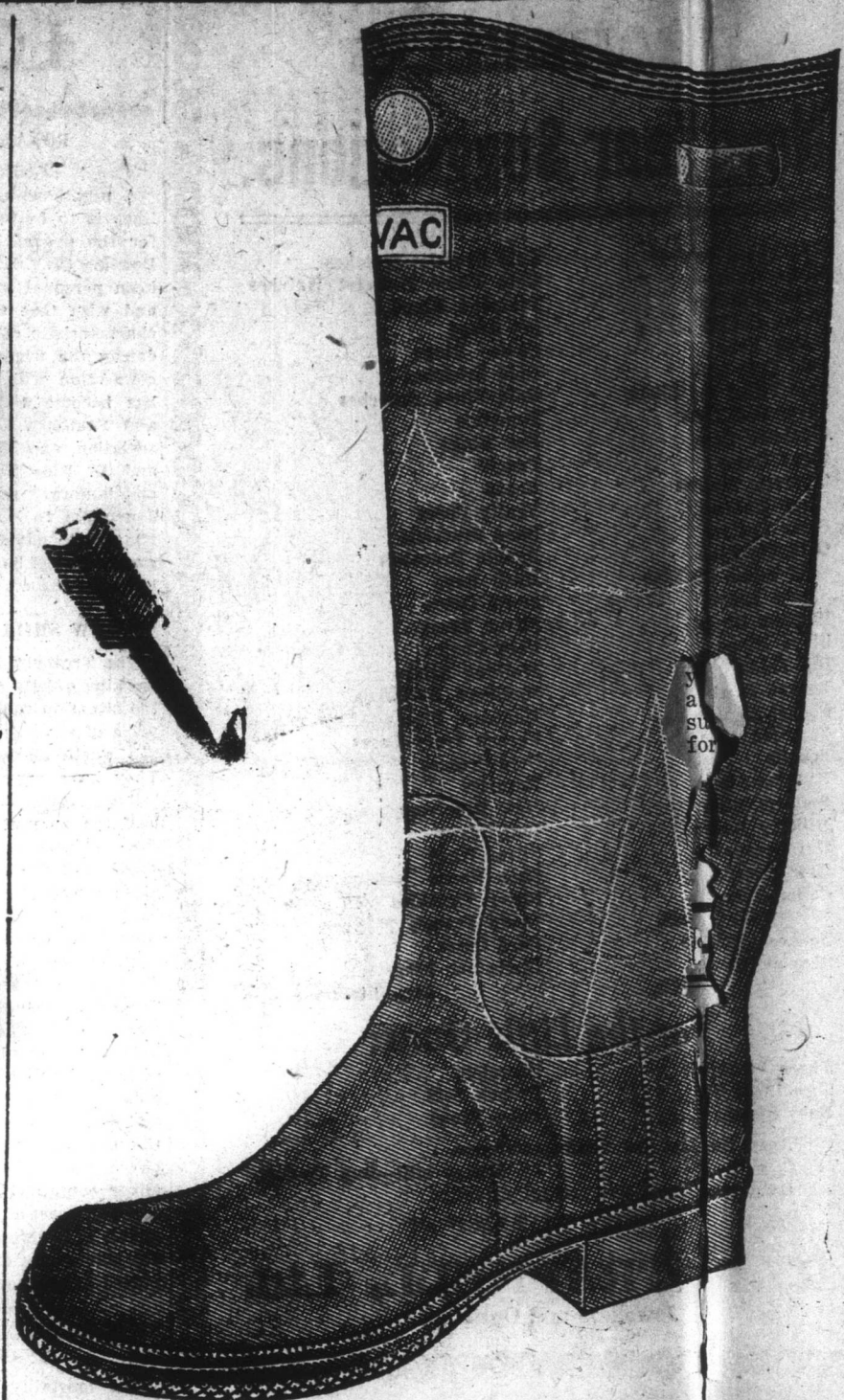
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St. Gerasimus and the Lion.

St. Gerasimus lived at Aleppo, an ancient city which throughout its history has borne a number of different names. According to ancient Egyptian records, Abraham is supposed to have lived there and to have distributed milk to all comers.

Situated on the plain lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris Rivers, the north-west corner of the Syrian plain Aleppo was the depot for trade between India, the regions

along the Tigris and the Euphrates. Even to this day, although it has lost much of its importance, it still sends the products of Diarbekir, Mossoul and Bagdad to Alexandria. Aleppo is noted for its beautiful gardens and an unusually salubrious climate. Of all its ancient splendor only the ruins of a Roman aqueduct and the beautiful mosque of the Seljukid remain.

The monastery over which St. Gerasimus ruled was set in a very beautiful garden where at eventide he was wont to sit, surrounded by the Brothers, enjoying the balmy air and dis-

cussing some pious theme.

One evening as they sat there together, a large and fearsome looking lion with tawny mane, approached. The Brothers with one accord, fled to a place of shelter within. But not so Gerasimus. He remained to greet the visitor and perceiving that the animal was limping along with very evident signs of distress, he hastened forth to meet the beast saying: "How now Brother what ails thee?"

The lion raised his right front paw. "Alas! but this is most grievous my friend! exclaimed the Saint, and very gently and carefully, he removed a thorn, from the soft pad of one of the animal's huge toes.

"There—'tis better now? It shall be bandaged with healing ointment so that it will be well soon, but until then thou shalt dwell with me and share my cell."

The great beast expressing gratitude and friendliness, as best he could, followed Gerasimus into the monastery where the Saint, good as his word, bathed and dressed the wounded paw.

The paw was soon healed, but the lion showing no desire to return to its native lair in the jungle remained at the monastery, following St. Gerasimus about like a dog.

The Saint loved the lion, but not so the Brothers who could not overcome their fear of the king of beasts. Presently voicing their fears, they complained to the Saint that the lion was at best a useless creature, and Gerasimus fond of his large pet, therefore devised an "office" for him.

"Thou knowest," he said to the lion one day, "that our excellent ass, the faithful friend who brings us firewood from the distant forest, browses unguarded, perforce, wherever he can find food. Do thou then stand as his guardian. Look to it that no harm befalls him, either from thieves, wild beasts, or aught else, and remember thou fail not in thy trust," he said raising a warning finger.

The lion holding up the once wounded but now healed paw set himself to his new task, with a will. Never was precious treasure more tirelessly guarded, than that ass. Day in and day out he browsed comfortably wherever his fancy led him, the lion watched in the distance. In the long hot hours of the day, during the still watches of the night, the lion's ments of the ass.

But alas! there came one night when the mightiest of animals found that however willing the spirit may be the weakness of the flesh is sometimes overpowering. As he sat guarding the ass who lay comfortably sleeping, drowsiness became too solicitous gaze followed the movement for him and closing his tired eyes for one moment he lost control and slept. Awakening at dawn he discovered that the ass was missing. Rushing madly about in every direction, he realized that his charge had disappeared completely.

He spent the day in fruitless search, then hungry, thirsty and hopeless,

he reluctantly turned his steps homeward.

St. Gerasimus peering from the gate saw his pet coming towards him, "tears in his aspect, dejection in his attitude."

Grief and shame consuming him, the lion crouched at the feet of the Saint, not so much as daring to raise his eyes. There he lay, as one who should say, "I have sinned; deal with me as thou wilt!"

There followed a conclave of Saint and Brothers and it was unanimously decided that the lion had slain, and eaten the ass. The evidence against him was only circumstantial it is true, but it certainly seemed conclusive. The Brothers with one accord turned on the culprit. "Turn him away," said some; "Let him die of hunger," said others. "Since he hath slain and devoured our ass," cried yet others, "Let him in turn be slain!"

But "Nay," said Gerasimus, "he has devoured our poor friend, this there can be no gainsaying, but we should remember, my Brothers, that it is indeed a lion with whom we have to deal, and no dog; and nature in the heart of the wild beast and of man is difficult to subdue. Moreover, if we slay him, then truly are we bereft of our carrier, and how shall our firewood be brought? A dead lion does not make a live ass. Since he has lost our ass, let him himself replace him. Let him carry the firewood and perform all those honest tasks by which the ass was able to assist us."

There was some common sense in that, so the Brothers acquiesced. And daily the lion did the ass's chores. The poor beast's heart was indeed bruised, but seeming to realize that service was thrice blessed, he was indefatigable in his labors.

And so the days passed, the lion performing his task so assiduously that his judges were forced to praise him. Then one blessed day as he was returning to the monastery, laden down with firewood, he espied in the distance, a caravan, and in the van of the caravan walked a wild ass.

After one long incredulous look, the lion, dropping his bundle and shaking his shaggy mane, plunged off toward the caravan, emitting a jubilant roar.

It was in very truth the ass who answered the friendly sound with a lusty clarion bray.

Naturally when the lion appeared upon the scene, confusion fell upon the caravan. He was, indeed, master of the situation. The ass set out in the direction of the monastery, followed by the camels and the now terrified merchants, the lion bringing up the rear.

St. Gerasimus, meeting this strange party at the gate, was greatly surprised and asked the meaning of the confusion. The merchants falling upon their faces, before him, confessed that it was they who had stolen the ass.

Great was the delight of the lion, who went from one Brother to the other, throughout the monastery, kneeling before each in turn, wagging his tail engagingly, begging to be forgiven for his past sin.

St. Gerasimus, not only forgave the merchants, but ordering the camels unloaded, he instructed the Brothers, to prepare a meal for the guests.

Even after that, so the old story continues, the lion was the constant companion of the Saint and when Gerasimus died, the lion stretching himself upon the grave of his master died of grief. And that is why all representations of this Saint contain also a representation of his lion friend.

ECZEMA

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Household Notes.

If you wish your bread to have a crisp, do not cover the bread when you take it from the oven.

A tablespoonful of vinegar heated with the butter for Lyonnaise potatoes gives them a nice flavor.

If milk toast is desired very soft, dip the slices in hot salted water before pouring the hot milk over them.

House plants should be sprayed at least once a week to prevent insects from breeding under the leaves.

Voices That Hurt.

You Should Be Careful How You Speak.

When we desire to please others we are careful in our toilet, dress and manners; moreover, we are tactful and good humored.

In spite of all our efforts, however, we don't always make the desired favourable impression, and we cannot understand why we fail to "get there." We do our best to be friendly, yet the people who don't know us don't want to know us.

In these cases, usually, we overlook what is probably the most important factor in our intercourse with our fellows—our voice. After all it is by our eyes and our voices that we attract or repel.

Our voices should be as carefully "groomed" as our persons. Folks are not drawn to us when some piercing, unpleasant quality in our voice grates on their nerves. To the sensitive, the conversations of some persons are virtually assaults. The man who would never dream of saying an unkind thing may, unconsciously, have the habit of speaking explosively; or his laugh may be strident and harsh.

This doesn't mean that you should strive to adopt "soid" in speech.

Voices that hurt are not confined to any one class. The educated, cultured man may be as big an offender as any. His tone may be smooth and modulated, yet he may spoil everything by being unduly emphatic in conversation, and addressing you as if you were a subject he was trying to hypnotize.

Your voice can be as pleasing as your dress and your smile, if always you keep in mind a few very simple rules.

Speak to—do not shout at—a person. Don't mumble so that you have to be asked to repeat your words—this is a very common fault. Speak directly and distinctly so that your meaning is clear; and speak naturally with your voice rather than let your eyes and hands do half your speaking.

Wished He Hadn't Bothered.

An amusing story was told recently by Mr. Frank Hodges, the miners' secretary, concerning an incident that happened in a certain post-office in a South Wales mining village.

A collier (said Mr. Hodges) came in and asked for a "money order to pay my income tax."

The order was supplied, and the man picked up the document and turned to go.

"Just a minute," said the postmaster; "you haven't paid me for it, have you?"

"Papa!" almost shrieked the man. "Have I got to pay for it? They told me if I came to any post office I could get an order free."

"Free of postage only," the postmaster explained; "I want the £2 11s. for the tax."

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"Aye, well, I might have known there was some trick about it somewhere," said the angry man. "I wish I hadn't bothered with it now."

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We eat too much.
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aids digestion, cleanses
the mouth and teeth,
sweetens the breath.



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