

FATHER DOMINIC.

"God takes the intention for the deed. He searches our hearts and judges us by what He finds therein."

It was the message of comfort, the gospel of sweet assurance he had taught his people for forty years. They needed this consolation. It was all that was left them—their faith in a benign Providence.

They were a poor people, a people of long memories and proud traditions, rich only in the love of God. There was a time when their Catholic fathers had lorded it over the hills and valleys of the West. They could point with pride to the crumbling keeps and ivied abbeys they had planted deep in the kindly Irish earth—deep as the faith, whereof fruitful soil and cross-crowned turret were but the visible manifestation. But their fortunes, like their castles, had long been in ruin, and an alien aristocracy of Cromwell's creation had supplanted their ancient chiefs. Yet the faith, thank God, was left them, immutable as their hills, vivid and green as the ivy of Ireland; like the ivy fondly clinging to their fallen sanctuaries.

They had but just emerged from the grinding mills of the Penal Code. Old men still lived among them who remembered Ninety Eight; older yet who had seen the flight of the Wild Geese, when Continental battlefields were ringing with the prowess of Ireland's Catholic exiles. Theirs was a legacy of loss and sorrow; but in their darkest days, in good repute or ill, God had left them their priests. Many priests they had had; many were in holy memory among them; but never a one like Father Dominic. Many tribulations they had endured, but never a one like this of "Black Forty-seven." Want they had known and hunger, but their blackest fasts had been feasts compared to this bitter, bitter famine. In their own terrible image "they were dying like sheep"—dying daily of starvation in hut and hovel. But faith robbed death of its terrors, and Father Dominic with words of hope pointed the trembling souls heavenward; sent them forth on the road to eternity strengthened with the Holy Viatrum.

It was a dark night, and the old priest was tired—tired in body and soul, weary with years and sore in spirit for his people's afflictions. It had been snowing all day. The stars went out, and hill and hollow were clothed in immaculate purity. Here and there, under the hedges and in the ditches, the snow had drifted into fantastic heaps. A brisk wind swept the hills, powdering man and beast with a searching crystal, fine as dust. All that week the priest had been in the saddle, making his rounds from sheeping to sheeling. All that day, since early dawn, he had been among the glens, and now he was tired—so tired—as he rode back to Balmoy.

Long and faithfully had he served the Lord; well had he loved his people, loved them in joy and in grief. They were a good people, a faithful, pure, affectionate people, repaying love with love—a people to serve, ay, if need be, to die for. But why had the Lord visited them thus heavily? What had they done to merit this chastisement? Had they not for him lost land and liberty and life? Had they not poured out their blood upon his altars in defense of his word? Had they not for him become a byword among the peoples of the earth? Did not the nations clap their hands at them, hissing and wagging their heads, and saying, "This is the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth."

"O Lord!" he groaned, the tears trickling down his face, "if it be possible let this chalice pass away. The children and the sucklings faint away in the streets of the city. They said to their mothers: Where is corn and wine? when they fainted away as the wounded in the streets of the city; when they breathed out their souls in the bosoms of their mothers!"

No wonder he was tired—tired unto death—sick and sore in heart and spirit for the destruction of his people. Rory, too, was tired—Rory, the old horse that had been the faithful companion of his ministry in all these years. There was a beautiful sympathy between man and beast. The poor brute's lot might have been cast in happier places, places with no weary midnight calls from warm stable and soft bed of straw, in bitter winter sleet and rain. But in its own lowly way the poor brute was doing the work of the Lord—the divine work of comfort and consolation to the sick and dying. Happier places he might have had, but kinder master never. Whip or spur had never tortured his sensitive flanks; nothing more cruel than coaxing voice and patting hand and terms of tender endowment.

The old horse knew the glens by heart. Not a road or a *barren*, a ford or a *toigher*, but he could find in the gloom of the darkest night. Well it was for the priest he had so faithful, so tried a comrade; for presently, as he rode along, his head bobbing on his breast from sleep that he bravely tried to combat, his hand relaxed its hold, the reins slackened on Rory's neck, and the old man was fast asleep in the saddle. With wondrous instinct, lest he might awaken his master, Rory dropped from a trot to a walk and presently he halted at a well-known ford and whinnied long and loud to arouse Father Dominic.

"So we're home at last, Rory," murmured the old man, rubbing his eyes and scrambling to his feet. "Home at last, my boy, after our long day. Bless you for a good old horse! What should I do without you?"

And for eloquent answer Rory put his nose into the priest's hand.

"Come now, boy," went on the priest, lighting the lantern which lay ready to hand at his door, and leading Rory over the cobbled yard to the stable. "A bite to eat won't hurt either of us; and then, my boy, to bed. Ah, Rory, like your old master you don't get much of the bed these times, and you're tired, no doubt—tired like me. Well, well, Rory, there'll be rest for us some time, boy. The night cometh on wherein no man can labor; and then—God night, my boy; you've earned your oats, and there's an extra armful of straw to keep you snug and warm."

And, having replenished the manger and littered the stall, Father Dominic took the lantern, hopped the stable door and stumbled across the yard to his cottage.

It was a long, thatched house of one story, whitewashed and covered with ivy to the chimneys. A hall in the center divided it into two parts, one sacred to Maurya, the priest's old housekeeper, who had grown gray in his service; the other given up to Father Dominic's sleeping room and the study that held his books and writing desk. Maurya had considerably left the teapot simmering by the hob, and a cup and saucer on the kitchen table.

With heavy eyelids, blinking much at the light, the old man set the lantern on the table, tottered feebly to the hearth, poured out a cup of tea, munched a crumb of bread, and then, while the cup was yet poised in his hand, fell face forward on the table, sound asleep.

It seemed but a second to the priest, till he was conscious of a prolonged knocking on the door. Like one in a dream he heard the insistent rattle-tat-tat, and from a stern and long disciplined sense of duty, was promptly awake and on his feet.

"Who's there?" he called, going to the door and fumbling for the bolt.

"Me, Father Dominic," came the answer from without. "Ma, Meehul Dowd. For God's sake come as quick as ever you can. Brigid is in her agony and wants you badly."

"Poor Meehul!" he moaned. "And you've walked all this way, three miles in the snow? But go, Meehul; don't wait for me, and I'll be after you at once."

"God bless yer reverence; it's you that's the friend of the poor in their need. What would we do at all without you? May the heavens be yer bed this blessed night."

And Meehul strode off, his heart breaking for the wife he had left dying in Glen More!

"Quousque, Domine?" groaned the priest. "Quousque?" But even as he turned from the door, he tottered on his feet, swayed a moment unsteadily, and then sank limp and unconscious to the floor. There he lay, utterly exhausted, body and will completely conquered by overpowering sleep.

Presently he was awake again, rubbing his eyes, the rattle-tat-tat of the iron knocker ringing in his ears.

"O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" he sobbed, as his conscience reproached him for a grave dereliction of duty. "Misere mei secundum magnam misericordiam tuam. For the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

"For God's sake, Father, come at once," called the voice outside. "She's 'gin' fast, an' you haven't a minute to lose."

"Ah, Meehul, my poor fellow," he called, "forgive an old man, as I hope God will forgive me. Run ahead, my poor boy, run ahead. Don't wait for me. I'll be with Brigid as fast as Rory can carry me."

How tired he was to night! Never before had he felt like this. His eyelids seemed weighted with lead, and his feet dragged heavily over the ground. But presently, lantern in hand, he was saddling Rory in the stable—poor, faithful old Rory, that rose from his straw with a whinny of welcome at the well-known voice.

He had drawn the bride over the horse's head, adjusted the girth, and was looking to the stirrups, when he fell in the straw—fell under Rory's feet—once more overcome by the exceeding weariness that had been accumulating for a week of sleepless nights and toilsome days. Ay, the spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak. Nature had at last capitulated. The virile will had succumbed.

But, at length, with imperative rest came strength, and anon he opened his eyes in the first faint glimmer of dawn. Rory was standing over him, nosing his shoulder affectionately, his breath warm in the old man's hair. Then again came conscience, stinging him with keen reproach; and now, with every sense alert, loobly gaining his feet, he led Rory from the stable, got to saddle, and was off at a gallop over the snow mulled road to Glen More.

With a burning sense of shame he dismounted at Meehul's cabin, feeling as if pocketed for the holy oils of Extreme Unction. They were safe with his stole and breviary, where they had lain for a week, save when he had replenished the oil and cotton.

A low sobbing came from within the house, the sobbing of a man made desolate. He knocked at the door, and Meehul opened it, red-eyed from weeping, his voice stifled with tears.

"Ah, then, it's welcome ye are again, Father Dominic," he said, "welcome an' welcome. But you can't do any more than you have done for my poor girl—God rest her soul! It's kind ye wor to come an' give her the happy death."

"Am I, then, too late, Meehul?" whispered the priest, sympathetically wringing the poor man's hand and

gazing at the face of his young wife, white and calm in death.

"Late is it, Father? Sure I don't understand ye. Ye'll pardon me, I know. Sure I hardly know what I'm sayin'. It's ramblin' I am, maybe. She was all I had in the world, my poor little Brigid, *Baun*," he said, kissing her cold lips. "But you won't late, Father *avie*. Didn't you come an' hour ago and anoint her, just after I went for you the second time? Didn't I go to your door meel and let you in, when you knocked? And didn't ye take the light out of my two eyes, ye wor that bright an' shinin' and transfigured, for all the world," he said, crossing himself reverently, "as if an angel from heaven came in yer place. And my poor little girl lyin' there—oh, vo, vo!—so cold an' still, smilin' when she saw you comin', an' all the little cabin was shinin' like the sun from the glory of yer face as ye stood by the bed, for all it was dark night—yes, Father, the dark, dark night for me."

And, kneeling by the bed, the poor fellow hid his tears on his dead wife's heart, calling her tenderest names of love in the tender Gaelic tongue.

"Meehul," she whispered to me, after yer reverence had anointed her an' given her the Holy Communion, 'Meehul,' she said very solemn-like, 'it's an angel that came, an' not Father Dominic at all. The poor man is tired an' God sent His angel in his place.' Be sure the poor creature was ravin' and I knew it was yoursell, Father—yoursell and no other. But I couldn't help noticin' when you went away that ye left no thracks in the snow; not the sign of a thrack. An' all down the Glen I could follow ye by the light that went with ye. The hill-side glistened where ye passed, and the snow on the pines sparkled like diamonds, and all the Glen was all blaze of light, for all the world as if the sun was shinin'. But priests are not like other men, so ye're not; and what wonder if the glory of God goes with them to light their way by night?"

Then was the priest mute with awe, and he left the house, glorifying God, who had sent His angel in his place. And within him was born a voice, whispering to him the message of comfort for himself had preached and for the children, and as to obeying them, they scarcely think of such a thing. Does not such conduct as this—conduct diametrically opposed to the teaching of Holy Scripture and of the Church—spring from that being wise in their own conceits which is condemned by the Apostle?

But why does the Apostle condemn this false wisdom, and why does he teach us, on the contrary, to aim at the attainment of humility and lowliness of mind? It would take too long fully to answer this question; but to give a sufficient answer is quite easy. If the faults of which I have been speaking were the only evils which spring from self-conceit, it would be enough to justify its condemnation and to render it hateful and odious. But there is a more fatal consequence to which it may lead. "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent [that is to say, from the wise and prudent in their own conceits], and hast revealed them to the little ones. Yea, Father, for so it hath seemed good in thine eyes."

These are the words of our Lord Him self, and they show clearly the awful consequences of pride. They show us that it was pride which blinded the eyes of the Jews of old to that divine message of truth and love which our Lord came in order to bring them, and which, by binding them, closed to them the way of salvation. And as it has closed to them, so it will also to us if we should fall into this dangerous self-conceit. Strive then, my brethren, after true humility of heart, that you may not be cut off from the grace of God, which is given only to the humble.

Unostentatious Courage.

An example of unpretentious bravery has been furnished in this city, says the Memphis Commercial Appeal, during the existence of the yellow fever, which is worth more than a passing mention.

When the fever first appeared the Dominican Sisters of St. Agnes' Academy took their pupils to St. Catherine's, Springfield, Ky., and having made the necessary arrangements there to continue their studies, the Sisters returned to Memphis and announced that they were ready to nurse any persons who might be stricken with the yellow fever. St. Joseph's Hospital was closed temporarily, and the Franciscan Sisters of Charity of that institution were summoned to nurse the sick. The Sisters of both these institutions placed their services at the call of the stricken one free of charge. Circumstances made it necessary to close the hospital for a few days, but these noble women have, without any hope of substantial reward, freely risked their lives. The good Sisters of St. Mary likewise volunteered their services and stood ready to respond to any call of duty. While they would be very last persons to desire any public commendation of their course, it seems only fair that attention should be called to this incident. In this age of money getting and place hunting, such deeds as these confirm our faith in the beauty of self-sacrifice and humanity. It too often happens that as we hurry along the pathway of life we forget those who perish by the wayside, our ears are deaf to the cries of suffering, and our eyes see nothing but the goal of selfishness in the far distance. It has been said that as the little candle sheds its beams afar, so shines a good deed in a wicked world. The action of these humble but earnest Sisters is the shining incident in this season of misfortune and distress.

Worldly Good Fortune.

It is the fashion of a certain sort of controversialists to contrast the happy, prosperous condition of Protestant nations with the "degraded, stagnant state of Catholic countries."

Assuming that the contrast is true—which it is very far from being—it was sufficiently contradicted by Cardinal Vaughan in a recent address. Nowhere in the New Testament, he says, is worldly good fortune promised as a reward of virtue, except in one instance, and that our dissenting brethren will not care to quote as an argument. It was when the devil showed Our Lord all the kingdoms of the earth and the riches thereof, adding: "All these will I give Thee if, falling down, Thou wilt adore me."

The Baby Boy Covered with Eczema Cured by Dr. Chase.

Mrs. Jas. Brown of Malesworth, Ont., tells how her boy (eight months old) was cured of torturing Eczema. Mothers whose children are afflicted can write her regarding the great cure, Dr. Chase's Ointment. Her child was afflicted from birth with three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured him.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday After Epiphany.

PRIDE.

The advice given by St. Paul to the Christians who lived in Rome eighteen hundred years ago, "Be not wise in your own conceits," well deserves the attention of those who are living in our own days. Great progress has indeed been made in many things, but our greatest admirers will scarcely say that we are remarkable for having too low an opinion of ourselves—that we have grown in modesty and humility. In fact, I do not think I should be very far wrong if I said that, however much men differ in other respects, every one has a very good opinion of himself, places himself before every one else, is, in short, exceedingly wise in his own conceits, and that this is one of the most striking characteristics of our times.

Look at our young men. Consider the want of respect and even decent regard so many show to those older than themselves. "Old age is a crown of dignity," Holy Scripture tells us. It is true that this is made conditional upon its being found "in the ways of justice." But now whether it is found in the ways of justice or not, and too often because it is not found in the ways of justice, old age is far from being looked upon as a crown of dignity; it is rather made the target and mark for derision, ridicule, and even contempt, and advice and counsel are often rejected and despised simply because they are given by the more aged and experienced.

Consider, too, the manner in which parents are so often treated by their children. I do not refer to these sons and daughters specially who are utterly bad and depraved, those who, by their vicious lives and their cruel treatment, are bringing the gray hairs of their parents in sorrow to the grave, but I refer to those who may be looked upon as fairly good and virtuous. How little respect even these fairly good children show their parents! In their way of speaking to them how imperious and dictatorial they often are, and if not that, how rude and uncivil would seem from their ways of acting, as if the Lord commanded the parents to honor the children, and not the children the parents. And as to obeying them, they scarcely think of such a thing. Does not such conduct as this—conduct diametrically opposed to the teaching of Holy Scripture and of the Church—spring from that being wise in their own conceits which is condemned by the Apostle?

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Reflections.

It is better to be obliged to account to God for too much gentleness than too much severity.

Life is an inn in which we must always keep our knapsack packed.

Night is as brilliant as day when God is in our hearts, and day is dark as night when He is absent from us.

Nothing can equal in merit the offering of our sorrows to Him who saved us by His own.

Meekness, gentleness of heart, and evenness of temper, like the oil of a lamp, feed the flame of good example, for there is nothing so pleasing to others as charitable kindness.

We shall soon be in eternity, and then we shall see how unimportant were all the concerns of this world, and how little it mattered whether they were accomplished or not. Yet we are as anxious about them now as if they were things of great importance.—Voice of the Precious Blood.

"Only the Best"

Should be your motto when you need a medicine. Do not be induced to take any substitute when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Experience has proved it to be the best. It is an honest medicine, possessing equal and unequalled merit. Be wise and profit by the experience of other people.

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AN OVERFOND FATHER.

In the third decade of this century an elderly widower determined to make over his house and farm, with all his other belongings, to his six grown up children, in the firm conviction that they would need dutifully and lovingly care for him, and that in their midst he could comfortably end his days in peace and quiet.

It was arranged that he should take up his abode with his eldest son, and in order that he might suffer no inconvenience or change quarters, this son, whom we will call Henry, came with his wife to reside in the old family homestead. But after some months the young man said: "Father, a little son was born to me last night. The house is after all small, and the cradle, to be out of the draught, will have to be placed just where your arm-chairs stand. I am sure your future will be much more comfortable with brother John, whose parlor is bigger than mine."

The father tried hard to believe in Henry's method of reasoning. He had his armchair removed for his grand-son's cradle and went off with it to his second son. Then John, to be kind to his father, said: "You must sit in a warm room, but so much heat causes me headache, then why not go and live with brother Joseph, whose baker's oven would suit you to a nicety?"

So, the old man went with his armchair to his third son, the baker's, and was ensconced in the shop parlor. This arrangement did not last very long, for Joseph felt it his duty to say to his parent:

"Father there is such a perpetual coming and going in the shop all day long, that it is quite impossible for you to enjoy your forty winks. The back parlor is no place for you. You had much better live with sister Kitty in her quiet house on the town wall."

The old man saw how the wind blew. "Well, I will not burden Joseph," thought he. "Women have soft hearts; and Kitty will be sorry for her dear old father."

Again the armchair was moved and placed in the eldest daughter's dwelling and the resigned ex-farmer quietly settled himself in it. But Kitty, a widow, grew impatient of a man, though it was her father, perpetually occupying her parlor; and she hinted

to him her anxiety lest he should stumble and fall down the steep flight of stone stairs leading from the ramparts to the lower town, whither he went daily to Mass.

"It quite worries me, father. What should I do if you met with an accident. I am sure sister Elizabeth would be delighted to have you, and she lives on the level, where there would be no danger in your going to Church."

In order to procure peace the old man accepted Kitty's reasoning and meekly removed to Elizabeth's cottage in the lower part of the town. His second daughter resented the manoeuvre of her eldest sister and told her bosom friend that her dwelling built on the ground was far too damp for an old man already tormented with rheumatism; whereas her youngest sister Ellen, the wife of the gravedigger at St. John's, had an unusually dry house, on the outskirts of the town. The female friend considered it her bounden duty to repeat this information to the old man. And although he could not disguise his disappointment, he owned that there might be some truth in the statement as witnessed by the scourges of rheumatism. Bidding therefore adieu to Elizabeth, he went with a cheerful mien to his son-in-law's close to the church of St. John the Evangelist. Now at last he hoped for rest. This he did not attain, although not as he had fondly expected. He had been but a few days under his daughter Ellen's roofs when her little son said to him very confidently, "Grandfather; mother told Aunt Elizabeth yesterday that the best quarters for you would be such as my father digs!" On hearing these words the heart of the incipient parent was broken. He sank back in his armchair and speedily expired.

This true narrative has given rise to a proverb often quoted in those parts: "It is easier for a father to maintain six children than six children to maintain a father." The farmer's family is not the only one that has forgotten that there is a fourth commandment.—The Poor Souls' Friend.

Two Warnings.

Losing flesh is one and a hacking cough is another. If they come together the warning is a loud and hard one. Scott's Emulsion does some of its best work in just these cases. It prevents consumption.

THE FARRIER'S DOG AND HIS FELLOW.

IV.

THE DOG'S MESSAGE.

One morning the boy failed to come to the shop, although the sun shone and the south wind blew warm across the southern hills. From empty avenue farther glanced at the empty avenue, where his friend was accustomed to come, with Baydaw at his feet, and wondered that the place should seem so lonely. More than once he went to the door, and stood under the shed outside, smutty hand before his eyes, watching the street for his little friend and yellow dog. He even looked at the iron gate up the street to see if the re-maid's cap might be visible, as she stood watching the young

But, no; there was no sign of either friend or dog; and at noon Smith shut the shop door and went to doctor a sick horse, and did not return all the day.

The next morning the boy again failed to make his appearance. The glances at the empty avenue time again. More than once he turned back to the boy who "ought," he said, "to be there." Finally he left the shop, and jerking an old apron from a nail in the wall, threw it over the empty seat and went back to look after a horse shoe he left in the fire.

Somehow, to-day the hammer tried to suit him. He tried it the glowing shoe, then he tried in the anvil. Then suddenly he hit him with such force that he somersaulted through the door, where it had three times in the air, and fell in a soft sizzling squarely into the tub, and sank out of sight. The farrier did not notice. He not even remember that he had the little boy that it must be a very bad thing that would cause him to row away his hammer. He was taking off, or trying to take a rapron. He had resolved to go to the big house of the president

to have the matter. He gave the apron-strings a shadow fell across the doorway, something brushed the good legs. When he looked down, the yellow cur Baydaw, he upset that he jerked the apron-strings such a hopelessly hard at he had to cut them apart by

He rubbed his head against the legs and whined. The smith took from the dog's mouth a white paper which the boy's had folded into a note and there. The farrier wasn't a very sick, and had sent for some up to the house. He had to remove his apron, or to bathe from the nail, or to fasten up door. Indeed, there were said he even carried his

but how could he, with the at the bottom of the slack tub? However, at once, his big bowed up the hill by the dog's been sent to fetch him.

When the smith returned, the first thing he did was to empty anvil that had been sent, and to have it out of the door into a hole there, and over with leaves and earth, so couldn't see it again. Though he did see anything, graff told that he was, with the big

the boy had been very, very the father had sat by his bed all night, while his mother had the other side praying. He had a good deal to them; he was a little fellow, and very

all of faith in his parents. When he was in the morning the clock in the house, he called he called for.

"I said, and hearing this, he called out in his pretty, voice: 'I like to see my old friend if you please, papa.'"

The farrier was sent for at the boy's request they sent to fetch him, with the note the old written.

"Heed, burly figure of the aged in the white door, the boy in the little white hand and the friend."

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