

the oratory, for we cannot afford to buy another if this gets broken," she added as she turned back to the house, musing over the failure of her household gods.

"I told husband about what great things St. Antonio can do, but I didn't remind him of the stories I know when he proved of no use at all. He is near enough now to being a heretic without that. If the truth were told, even Our Blessed Lady cannot be always trusted. When Alfredo Pinto vowed to her and St. Joseph that he would name all the sons that were born to him Joseph, and all the daughters Mary, if only his wife could be cured, it did no good, and the women died. And there is Cousin Maricota who says that she has never prayed to the Virgin since she took her out to the field so that the fire, where they were burning off the woods for planting, should not pass a certain point, and instead of stopping the fire, the Virgin nearly let her get burned, not even helping her to make her way through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I wouldn't confess it to husband, but I wonder sometimes if Maricota isn't right after all in listening to what those Protestants say about not trusting to the Saints."

While the wife was thinking these thoughts to herself, as she picked over the beans and hulled the rice for breakfast, her husband was chasing the unruly pigs, muttering all kinds of threats at them and the Saints. Through the day the pigs got little of his corn, for he proved a better guard than the images, and at night these were left hanging from the tree with the hope that the discomfort of their position would bring them to do what was desired of them.

The next morning, Mother Lucia took good care to be busy when her husband went out to the field, and when at breakfast she asked if the pigs got into the corn again, it was not in a very hopeful tone of voice.

"Yes," said the angry husband, "and I'll only give those Saints one more trial, and then if they fail, I'll throw the whole crowd away. I've buried them all under

a heavy log to-day, and pounded it down well. Now if that doesn't bring them to terms, nothing will."

"Pedro, you should not talk in that irreverent way about the Saints," mildly reproved the wife, betraying, however, in her tone, her own failing faith.

On the following morning Pedro Ramos once more went out to his field, only to find the pigs grunting their satisfaction over the broken-down stalks of corn, while the Saints still quietly reposed in their underground prison. Out of all patience with the continued loss, he hastily dug up the images, and throwing them one by one to the ground, broke them to fragments. He then gathered up a few of the pieces and carrying them to his wife, said: "You need not expect me to keep my faith in such things as these. If all the Saints put together cannot manage a few pigs, I'll not trust my soul to their keeping."

"I am afraid that you are right," agreed the wife, "and for my part, I begin to think that I would like to know more about what those Protestants teach. Cousin Maricota says that they always speak of Jesus Christ as if He were a friend always ready to help and to save, and if that is so, we do not need the Saints."

"Well, sighed the farmer, "I don't see any remedy now but to mend the fence, and I wish that I had done so at first and saved my corn, instead of looking to those clay images for help."

A USEFUL RULE.

There is a little rule by which we can measure everything we do. When we use it every one loves us, and we are very happy. Kings and queens sometimes use it, and it is so easy that the little children can know all about it.

When we don't use it we take the reddest apple, the largest cake, and sit in the best chair, and do just as we please. Then folks say: "What a selfish child!"

It is called the Golden Rule.