

my goose, that the like of them weren't to be seen in the parish.

"And how could I foresee—"

"Yes, sir, but you did, though; you knew in your heart and soul he was a thief, and especially when he got drunk, that nothing was too hot or heavy for him."

"You knew that well, sir. And what's more, Mr. Guirkie, you encourage the villain in his thievery, to my own knowledge."

"I encourage him?"

"Yes, sir, you. When Captain Petersham sent him that wet day last week for his coat to Castle Gregory, with a token to his sister, it was six bottles of brandy he asked for, instead of the coat, and you gave him a shilling of your own very fingers, for playing the trick."

"I declare!" exclaimed Uncle Jerry again, after a moment's reflection; "I believe I must admit—"

"O, admit—you're very good at admissions, but where's the use of them? As't you just as bad as ever, after all your promises and admissions? God help me, anyway; my heart's broke with you; so it is."

"Indeed," replied Uncle Jerry, tapping his lips with the bit of his riding whip, and looking as crestfallen as a boy caught stealing apples, "indeed, it's nothing but the truth; I'm very troublesome, I suppose, to everybody I have any dealings with. But you'll excuse me, Mrs. Motherly; it's time I was gone, if I mean to go at all; and he began to slide off towards the hall door."

"Stop," cried Mrs. Motherly, as he lifted the latch; "you're not going out that way, are you?"

"Why, look at your leggings!"

"My leggings!"

"Yes, don't you see you've buttoned them on the wrong legs!"

"That's nonsense!—the wrong legs!"

"Nonsense or not, it's the fact, nevertheless; and tongues are both on the inside, and the buttons too."

"Well, I declare," said Uncle Jerry, turning his little leg round and round, as if seeking for some pretext on which to justify the blunder; "I declare," he repeated, "I declare upon my word and honor, it's very strange, but surely I must have been asleep, when I put them on."

"O, you needn't be trying to make any excuses about it—it's just of a piece with all the rest," said Mrs. Motherly, handing him a chair to sit on, while she knelt down to adjust the difficulty; "that's the first time you buttoned your own leggings these five years," she continued, "and you buttoned them wrong. It ought to be a lesson to you, Mr. Guirkie; it ought to teach you that you can do nothing right."

"Well," replied Mr. Guirkie, with a little more irritation in the tone of his voice than usual, "I'm not so particular about the buttons, perhaps, as I ought to be; but it's only a small matter after all—like your best of it."

"Small matter, indeed! I would like to know what part of your dress you're particular about, large or small?"

"Hush, Mrs. Motherly, hush, I say, or you'll wake the doctor."

"I'll not hush, sir; I can't hush; I'm responsible for you, and I must speak."

"Ain't nuttin' much to tell," Hans began haltingly; "jus' 'bout a lil boy five year ole wad got strayed off from hees mudder when we work up at Gran' Reebber where no more people lives. He wades pooty hungry dat year, foh de deer all been gone sout' t'ward Gran' Prix, where de moss ain't all been covered wid freeze. It been so col' de trees snap lak glass w'en de w'ol' strike doom hard."

"Nobody couldn't see de babby's tracks, foh de snow been freeze hard, but hee been so lil dey tink he been easy to fin' heem, foh he not walk fas'. Me'n fader wot lik darik an' w'en de job been done I wan' go look foh de babby, t'oh all de time I tink I hear lil voice callin' way up de divide, an' once I tol' fader listen; but hee l'ugh an' say I been crazy, foh no lil boy couldn't cross dat greet snowbank. Fader hee not let me go. He say I been too young, an' direct from Almighty God, but from the Church of Jesus Christ, actually existing in the world. The Church is like a person—a person who never dies—a living witness who was present when Christ went up to heaven, and is here to be seen and heard at this very day in which we are now living. There has been no interruption either of her existence or of the adherence of her members. * * * As each generation of men has appeared in the world, she has been found ready to receive them and to instruct them in the name of Christ. And it is clear that, except the Incarnation itself, no fact of history or of human life could be more momentous for every generation than this uninterrupted living presence, this wonderful moral personality, whose shadow looms gigantic over all the course of these twenty Christian centuries. No man has any right to ignore her or to deny her. She is in the world, and a part of the world's great scheme. She stands for Christ's will, Christ's redeeming love and Christ's undying solicitude. To each individual soul of man and woman she is of essential concern. Happy are those who, from their tender years, have peacefully and thoroughly imbibed her teaching and learned their faith as from a mother's lips! Happy are those who, as life goes on, learn more and more—who, whilst they ever find fresh illumination in her daily utterances, appreciate her for what she is, and realize how significant an interference of God in earthly affairs is this creation of a visible organ of His Holy Spirit.

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"An' so I fin' heem, a lil black heep in de snow, cryin' foh hees mudder, an' mos' freeze. I jus' grab heem in mah arms an' run been so glad hee not freeze dead. But bym-by I mek heem walk foh to save hees life, foh hee been 'most stiff, an' de pore lil t'ing cry an' cry till mah heart ache. But bym-by, w'en he gin to git warm, I sit down an' feed heem mah supper, an' he eat an' stop cryin' an' feel good."

"Meester, I been so glad to see dat lil boy I forget to watch de road, an' bym-by I got fraid we been los' in de greet white forest. De lil boy been so ve'y sleepy he cry an' beg me let heem lie down, an' w'en we foun' two greet pile lumber where de col' win' don't come, we creep in between 'em an' cuddle up foh lil prays; an' de babby hee say hees lil prays, an' go fas' sleep till mornin'."

"Dere been only jus' a scrap of bread let' foh day lil boy an' hee been so hungry he cry foh more. But hee good child. He stop cryin' w'en I tole heem hees mudder been waitin' for heem wit' nice good t'ings an' big fire foh heem warm heessel, so we start out, which way I

CROOKED HANS.

A SIMPLE STORY BY WHICH ONE HERO RECOGNIZES ANOTHER.

By Helen F. Huntington.

Not all heroes are on the rolls of the Legion of Honor.

"Ten days more of this!" grumbled the Hero, looking about at the bare rough walls of his prison. "And ten nights!"

It was the first time he had complained of anything. The three men smoking by the stove looked over at him collectively.

"Got misery?" demanded the man in the leather shooys.

"Tig wounded man nodded mutely and put his hand to his breast. He sat bolt upright in the stiff little stretcher, his head swathed in bandages, and a frieze greataot loosely buttoned over his shoulders, for the room was draughty in spite of the roaring fire. He was a hero in the hearts of his rough companions because he had risked life and limb by standing at his post when all others deserted; but the men of Murdoch were a silent lot; their deepest thoughts seldom passed their lips, wherefore no one had told him how he stood with them.

The door opened suddenly letting in a driving gust of wind and a big, gaunt lad, who shuffled into the room with a lurch that emphasized his awkwardness of figure and carriage. His big hat's were crooked and stiff, and several fingers were bent almost double. But for all that he could swing an axe at the lumber camp as well as the best of his fellows. Every night since the stranger's advent, Crooked Hans had appeared at the shack at the same hour and taken his seat behind the rusty stove, always hoping to hear something of the great world beyond the silent, snow-bound forests of his home.

"Well, Hans, what news?" asked the Hero, unenthusiastically, knowing very well that Hans had no news to tell.

"News don't come this way between seasons," remarked the man of the leather jacket.

"Then tell him a yarn, one of you, to speed the time along."

"We don't have much use for story books, neither."

"I don't care about made-up stories. Give me something true. Things happen even out here, I suppose, don't they? Come, talk up, the youngest first. I'll do my part when my turn comes. Hans, tell us a story."

"Hans great very red de face, and turn his great feet further under the stove. 'I dunno none, meester,' he stammered apologetically.

"Tell 'im 'bout the Norris kid you found in the snow the winter you got your crooked hands and feet," commanded the man in the leather coat, whom nature and habit had made spokesman.

"Oh, heem jus' a lil babby," said Hans awkwardly, "an' I not fetch heem home. Th' half-breed do dat."

"Tell him how you found 'im," the other man admonished austere.

To the Hero he added, soberly, "Twas then he got his crookedness, savin' a widdler's son from freezin' to death."

"Yes, tell me about it," urged the Hero, drawing his coat closely about his shoulders and looking intently at the stolid, homely face of the young Dane.

"Ain't nuttin' much to tell," Hans began haltingly; "jus' 'bout a lil boy five year ole wad got strayed off from hees mudder when we work up at Gran' Reebber where no more people lives. He wades pooty hungry dat year, foh de deer all been gone sout' t'ward Gran' Prix, where de moss ain't all been covered wid freeze. It been so col' de trees snap lak glass w'en de w'ol' strike doom hard."

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THE WORST PITFALL.

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "good bye" to papa and papa's friend, the General.

The young man, the father, was General Phil, Sheridan—'Fighting Phil,' as he was called in those days. The General, the old friend, said:

"Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?"

"Don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out. Their little mother is a wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of soldiers. I often think what pitfalls are in waiting for my small brave soldiers, all through life. I wish I could always help them over."

"Phil, if you could choose for your little son from all the temptations which will beset him the one most to be feared, what would it be?"

General Sheridan, leaned his head against the doorway, and said soberly:

"It would be the curse of strong drink. Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, maybe full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe to the man or boy who becomes a slave of liquor! One of my brave soldier boys on the field, when he gave me his message to his mother, he should be killed, said: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one drink have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to the mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"

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THE PRIEST-EDITOR.

The priest-editor is the typical editor. He is a teacher in a dual capacity, accredited both by God and man. Because he is amenable to higher power and because he is never a mere hireling, he is far less liable to make a false step than is the layman and far more likely to recover himself if he do. Because he is in relationship so intimate with the mystic Sacrifice of the New Law he is incomparably more ready to comprehend and act up to the lesson of the Cross which is of the very essence of Christianity. Were the priest-editor to represent what should not be, he would be a disgrace to the Catholic Church, with so called religious liberalism, so much time-serving worship of the supremacy of the State. But it is the old, old fashion: the harvest is most ample: the laborers are few. We cannot have all our Catholic papers directly under the control of the Church. We cannot legislate for the greatest good but only for the least.—John Francis Waters, M. A., in Champlain Educator.

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