

recompense him in this world for the small amount of good he has done, since he will have no reward in Paradise."

"I understand," said the hermit but what about the poor valet whom I still see flying through the air and meeting such an unforeseen death?"

"Ah! know that in the evening of that same day, the valet, had he lived would have assassinated his kind master. I thus delivered him from a horrible death, and the valet from the crime of homicide. The bridge being very high, he had, while falling, time to renounce his project, repent and obtain pardon.

"But the weeping babe was not going to assassinate anyone, yet thou didst strangle it without pity."

"Listen once more! before that child was born thy last host was completely devoted to good works, giving his wealth to the poor for the love of God. Since then he did not give even of his superfluity, but kept everything for his son whom he wished to see surrounded by opulence and honor.

By God's special command, I removed the occasion of avarice and placed the innocent child in Paradise."

While the hermit listened, light dawned on his soul. He understood that, in the words of the Prophet, God's judgments are an immense and *deep abyss*, and he returned thanks for all he had learned through his angelic guide.

"OREMUS.

WE knew that his name was Catel, but in the regiment, we never called him anything but "Sergeant Oremus." He was an old soldier, plenty of stripes, for our tale dates back to the remote time when conscriptions did not extend to all, when medals of Italy, China and the Crimea glistened on the same blue coat.

Brave, kindhearted and brusque, our sergeant had