

the visit he presented him with a delicious draught out of a magnificent goblet the beauty of which he extolled, saying : " I prize this cup more than anything else in the world." Next day as they were leaving this hospitable roof, the angel purloined the goblet so greatly prized by his host.

This spectacle enraged the hermit. "What," thought he, " does one of God's angels ever steal ? " The misguided man spoke thus forgetting that the Master of Creation owns everything. With greater reason the ants were indignant over their expulsion from their hill ; they looked on the garden as their property, since God had given it to them as well as to man.

In the meantime, the hermit remembering the ill rewarded kindness of their host, murmured secretly saying : " certainly this is not one of God's angels."

Next night the angel led him to a miser's hut. Here the reception was of the chilliest kind and the food and bed were wretched.

" Where has he brought me," thought the hermit ; and, in very bad humor, he made preparations to depart.

" Yes," said the angel, " we will go ; and while speaking, he presented the stolen cup to this miser who greedily seized it. " Well," thought the hermit, " is that angelic justice ! This spirit plunders the good to enrich the wicked." His suspicions were growing stronger.

The third night the hermit who was still gloomy and morose, was conducted to the house of a kind hearted man who received him gladly. This good host ordered his servant to kill a pair of fowls and treat the stranger well. This gracious reception restored the hermit's good humor. " For once," said he to himself, " the guide is showing wisdom, and I am grateful to him."

In the morning the host who was charity itself, sent his valet to accompany the stranger a part of the way and to protect him.

During the journey while crossing a bridge built over a raging torrent, the valet desiring to show the hermit at what a distance the water foamed below, leaned over.