

## With Both Hands.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

FATHER Lemoile looked and felt discouraged. His kindly face had lost its usual brightness,—but then, what would you have? He was a young priest and found Endicott a hard town to handle. His Hibernian sheep and those of French Canadian birth had small influence in the community,—which was overwhelmingly Protestant,—and worse than all, disturbed the fold with energetic attacks on one another. The effort to quell dissension had been too great for him,—his last spark of enthusiasm seemed dead within him, as if only its funeral remained; so he now brought his great bundle of trouble to the palace and flung it desperately at the Bishop's feet.

That genial prelate did not fail to sympathize. He had seen similar bundles,—many of them! In fact a shadow of perturbation bedimmed his own placidity, as he listened. "Yes, my son!" he murmured softly, answering the last worry in Fr. Lemoile's catalogue. "The woes of the poor! I know them! I do understand! They come surging up in endless waves at our feet day by day, and they do wear on our nerves and make us feel helpless. We are but human, ourselves. Our best efforts, save for the Christ-help, end in pure failure."

"Yet we must try," urged Father Lemoile, "and keep on trying! We can not 'go by on the other side' like the Levite in our Lord's story of the Good Samaritan."

"Yet the unlucky man who fell among thieves did get help at last" said the Bishop with one of his rare smiles. "The parable is cheering after all! The aid came, too, from a most unexpected quarter. The Spirit of God had been at work silently molding the heart of that poor Samaritan, we may reverent-

ly imagine, for many long years, perhaps, till it wrought in him that wondrous growth of Christian charity, which has breathed its sweetness through the parable for ages since. It may be working, now, silently, my son, somewhere in your own parish, though you wot not of it."

"It may be—God grant it!" murmured the young clergyman. "The help that is done upon earth, He doeth it, Himself."

Father Lemoile was brightening a little. The Bishop had an uncommon faculty for cheering the downhearted. His genial face held strength and help in every line of it.

A silence ensued during which the clouds before the young priest were imperceptibly growing thinner; he could feel the sun-glow behind them trying to struggle through.

Then the Bishop put a direct question. "In that parish of yours, my son, are you at work with both hands?"

Stephen Lemoile was puzzled. What could his Superior mean?

"I will explain," pursued the Bishop cordially, answering his look. "You are struggling with the needs of the poor and they overwhelm you. But are you not swimming with one hand? How about your well-to-do sheep? Are there none among them whom you could use, in this matter, to your own great relief and the salvation of their own souls? Are not the rich and cultured people your other hand? Try making all use of it—all that may be possible! Then, come back and see me again."

The Bishop rose and Father Lemoile saw the interview was over. He had it on the tip of his tongue to say that his little parish had no such element to lay hold of; but he remembered the Asquiths and the