

"What do you intend to do with the hammer?"

"Maggie wishes to put a nail in the wall to hang up a picture."

"A picture!"

"Yes, I bought her a birthday present. It's a picture of Our Lord visiting Martha and Mary Magdalene, and Maggie wants to hang it in her room."

"Has she no hatchet to drive nails with?"

"I don't know that. But I must hurry, or she will think I am never going to come back." Saying this Paul started off, but Harry stayed him again.

"Leave that hammer here. She can use a hatchet and you go and tell her I said so."

"No I will not! Take your hammer. I'll get John's hammer from the stable. Spoil Maggie's birthday pleasure? No, I will not."

In a moment Harry was again alone. Baffled, chagrined at the failure of his attempt to revenge himself, his humor became anything but better. Time and sleep seemed to have had no effect in his case. He was sullen and irritable the next morning. At the breakfast table he spoke little and avoided Maggie, who was very much mortified for her behavior. Mrs. Nollet, to whom Maggie had related the happenings of the day, said to her: "Well, Maggie, I never would refuse ever so small, or even inappropriate, a present if I were certain of the good intentions of the giver. Now Harry's gift was not at all to be despised. I for my part think that you are foolish to believe such a thing as 'A knife or fork or anything sharp is sure to cut our friendship apart.'"

These words explain Maggie's feelings of mortification and embarrassment.

After breakfast Harry repaired to the library to read away his bad humor. He felt and knew that he was faulty in his behavior. The first book he selected had no pleasure in it for him. He began to look for another, and while he was thus engaged Paul entered the library. He also was on a search for a book to pass his promised hour at study. Latin grammar had no charms. The day was too hot, as he argued. He picked up a book he found on the table. It was Longfellow's "Outre-Mere." Harry had kept his eyes on Paul since he had come in. As soon as he picked up the book

Harry said: "Drop that book, Paul. You shall not read it."

"Who said so?"

"I say so."

"You have nothing to say about it and I mean to read it. This seems a good thing, 'Martin Franc and the Monk of Saint Anthony.'"

Having read this title, Paul started away. Harry, who was on a stool to get a book beyond his reach, stepped down, saying "Drop that book."

Paul, however, did not listen. He proceeded to leave when he saw Harry coming down to follow him. Then he began to run. Passing through the sitting room he came to the parlor and tried to escape through the hall. Harry was enraged. In passing the sitting room he had picked up a toy bucket and when he came to the parlor he hurled it at Paul with all the force at his command. Paul dodged and the bucket went crashing through one of the large parlor windows.

"Now you have done it," cried Paul.

"Yes, I did it, and I'll not take a word from anyone about it, you young scamp. Take that book back! Father said I dare not read it and then you are not allowed to read it either."

"Why didn't you say that sooner?" were Paul's parting words as he left to return the book.

Harry hurried from the room. He heard footsteps coming hastily in the direction of the parlor. He feared reproofs and punishment. In a few moments he was out of the house with his First Communion souvenir in his pocket. It was a five dollar gold piece. He had received it from his Aunt Mary on that day of days. His memories of the occasion returned. How Aunt Mary had kissed him after High Mass and said: "Here, my dear Harry, is my little gift. It is gold. Oh! how I do wish your heart would remain ever as incorruptible as this small piece of gold. May you be like it in another respect. Polished in virtue and all good things that should adorn a good, noble boy and a good Catholic. Do not give it away. Cherish it as a remembrance from me."

The thought was extremely painful, but he had not enough of other money to pay for the window pane. He sacrificed the gold coin to his pride and anger. In a short