

of carping—seems to be the silent prayer that they, too, may some day find their physical salvation in wheeling. Then every bone, even after collision with the, to the novice, inevitable ice wagon, will breathe fervent blessings on and gratitude for the bicycle.

Ride a wheel, my dear fellow-woman, even if you do without the new carpet for your parlor, the expensive new gown for yourself, or above all—for I do not doubt he needs some practice in unselfishness—if your husband sacrifice some pet luxury to obtain it for you!

There never was a fit of blues, a worryment eating into the heart, or nervous headache, that an hour's spin on a wheel would not cure.

Therefore, ride if possible, and unless you are a centenarian or an absolute invalid, let no one persuade you that you are too old

or too feeble for an exercise that is so supremely and universally beneficial.

Open air exercise of some sort we must have. It is as much our duty as it is to take care of our houses, feed our husbands and wash our children's dirty faces. All these and other as womanly duties will be performed more cheerfully and more thoroughly if we invigorate ourselves daily in God's fair sunshine.

Then, Browning's verse will become engraved on our memory—our soul will exclaim with his:

"I find earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue;
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy,
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."

Nature and nature's God will give us a broader, and kinder, and more cheerful spirit. Ourselves will be a less keen interest to us and our troubles least.

THE CORPORAL OF COMPANY "C."

A MAY STORY.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"O tell me, Sergeant of Battery B,
O hero of Sugar Pine!
Some glorious deed of the battle-field,
Some wonderful feat of thine."

—ANON.



IT was the last day of May, and the devotions that evening at the Franciscan Church were unusually solemn. There was a procession of little boys and girls, beautifully attired in white, who carried flowers and banners behind the sodality girls, who were bearing aloft the statue of Our Lady. Our Lady was to be crowned that evening as the Queen of May. The *Te Deum* was solemnly sung by the whole congregation, together with several of the familiar hymns in honor of the Holy Mother of God. When the acolyte commenced to extinguish the candles, the

choir was just singing the last verse of the *O Sanctissima*.

Of course there was a sermon. The preacher was a venerable-looking man, whose silvery hair showed that, for many a year, and, perhaps in many a clime, he had served in the grand army of the Lord. He was a Jesuit. His theme was "Constancy in devotion to the Holy Mother of God." "Mary protects those who honor her," he said, "and among the priests of God there are none, perhaps, who cannot relate one, or more instances in which the Blessed Virgin has shown her great love for her clients. I would, indeed, be an unworthy son of St. Ignatius, did I refrain from relating incidents, in my own experience, redounding to Mary's honor, and which should serve to move us to greater zeal in her service.

"When I was stationed at a mission beyond the Missouri," he continued, "my work was principally among the Indians. Those children of the plains are much