

Croquet start a fire and give them something to eat. With much good will he made every endeavor to make his guests comfortable, and invited them to sit upon the straw bed, or the log by the fire, which he proceeded to build with wood gathered and hewn by himself. He pleaded with them to allow him to go over and get food from the agent for them, but they insisted that he open up his own cupboard and "share his own food with them, as became a brother." He produced flour ground by his own hands by means of the primeval grist mill composed of two stones hewn for the purpose. Besides this he had only rice and some few potatoes.

He was so very humble that it was only by a strategy like this that his virtues became known. The Indians were the sole object of his solicitude; he lived among them as one of themselves, sharing their joys and their sorrows, not much better clad, and, of his own free choice, not much better sustained. Whatever he had above the most ordinary food and clothing was at their service, and, on more than one occasion, those friends who provided clothing and other articles for him were chagrined to learn that most of their presents found their way to his Indian children.

His funeral took place in the beautiful church at Braine l'Alleud in which he was baptized eighty-four years ago. It was attended by over twenty priests, the relatives of the deceased and a large concourse of friends. The funeral oration was delivered by the Abbe Kenard, who paid a warm and loving tribute to the beautiful life of self-sacrifice, the many lovable attributes and the hallowed memory of "the Saint of Oregon."—*Catholic Columbian*.

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"I AM selling a new cyclopedia," said the well-dressed man, who had been ushered into the reception-room on the strength of his make-up. "Would you care to look at it?" "Tain't no use," replied Mrs. Noser; "I'd break my neck if I ever attempted to ride one of them foolish things."