

Mechanically he took the tongs from his wife and moved toward the back door. On the threshold he stopped and stammered, "So, he got it?"

"No, I killed it myself."

Mr. Gil didn't move. He turned the tongs around and around.

"You see, dear, I just couldn't have PoPo sent out of the house. He's lots of company. I feel less alone, since he's here. Besides, he's

something to fuss over."

Mr. Gil looked at the dead Hobo and then back at his wife. Suddenly his face creased and he began to laugh aloud. The next minute his wife was laughing too. He put his arm around her and both laughed till they had tears in their eyes.

"Lily" said he, "it's just like I always thought, a cat around the house brings good luck."

LOST LOVE

Gracia C. Queaño

*The pale, vagabond moon kept its vigil
On her being, frail and small,
As she begged the heavens for vigor—
To suffer, to toil, live on—
While the winds seemed to whisper
Words she feared to hear—
"He's gone... gone... he's gone..."
And the leaves of the trees seemed
Unpitifully echo—
"Never, never to return..."*

As a general rule people, even the wicked, are much more naive and simple-hearted than we suppose. And we, ourselves, are too.

Catholic Digest

The story is told of a Russian girl who took a government examination. After it was over she feared she might have failed, and worried particularly over one question: "What is the inscription on the Sarmian wall?" She had written down the answer: "Religion is the opiate of the people." So she walked seven miles from Leningrad to the Sarmian wall to make sure. Yes, there it was: "Religion is the opiate of the people." Falling upon her knees, she crossed herself and said, "Thank God!"

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