

from their places; but the Archbishop and attendant priests came round, and administered the rite to each. The Archbishop delivered a most affectionate and paternal address.

The Bishops of Belgium meet every year at Mechlin to confer on the affairs of the Church, and remain there one week. They are received and entertained by the Primate; the days are taken up with alternate devotions and business, and the evenings passed in receiving the Clergy at dinner. The Archbishop exercises constant hospitality among his Clergy; he receives them at dinner, but his occupations are so numerous and constant that he is generally obliged to quit his table as soon as dinner is over, or even earlier, leaving his Chaplain to do the honours to his guests.

I cannot think of any thing else to tell you, but as you ask for my impressions, I gladly give them, with the grounds of them.

I remain, &c.

A TALE OF SUNDAY.

"The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."—ST. MARK II. 27.

How beautifully do these words of our blessed Saviour present to us the 'Lord's day,' as an institution for man's benefit; not as a hard law to which man must bend: as a day of rest, not one of weariness: as a cheerful day, not a gloomy one! It seems indeed to show forth the power and goodness of God united in one purpose, as much as does the appointment of sun, and moon, and stars, to direct and form times and seasons. For wherever the knowledge of the true God has been received, whether among Jews or Gentiles, in the old or in the new law, the seventh day seems as naturally to bring with it a period of rest, as the appearance of the stars gives hours of repose, or the change of position of the earth and sun restores summer or spring. That seventh day differs not in the calendar from the day which goes before it, or which comes after it, otherwise than any other day of the week may differ from that next to it; and yet every one feels that it is different from the rest. It seems as if the period of a week was exactly suited to our constitutions, and to man's nature. What would he do without his Sunday? Work, work, work, every day of the month, and of the year! a life without a holiday, without a day of repose! No, surely we should break down before long, and get tired of life, or we should be taking our day of rest just when it suited each of our fancies, one one day, another another, to the great inconvenience of all. But by having a stated period, a fixed day, coming at short intervals, when all rest together, we gain order and regularity in what is quite necessary for us, just as we do by all sleeping at night, and labouring by day. Even the very beasts of the field, that toil for man, seem to know the day, and to expect its rest

Truly, then, the sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath: that is, violence is not to be done to man's nature, and his real good is not to be sacrificed in the observance of the day. If he toils hard six days, it is a bad way of honouring the seventh, to toil harder still on it; it is a bad compliment to 'the day of rest,' for sabbath means thus, to turn it into a day of fatigue of mind, into a heavy, dull, dreary day. Yet in modern times this has been the case.

Formerly Sunday was a cheerful, happy day; every one went to church when the church was Catholic, in the morning and evening, and spent the leisure hours in rustic exercises, and sturdy games, and pleasant talk, or in walking out in the green lanes and fields in summer, or reading or conversing merrily by the fire in winter. But, then, there came what is called the Reformation, and a pretty reformation it made of poor Sunday! It turned it into the hardest and dullest day of all the seven: it took away all that used to draw men pleasantly to church, and make them fond of public worship; it divided the people into sects or various religions, and so made them more churlish and ill-tempered with one another on that day than any other, because on it they felt their differences more; it forbade all innocent pastimes and good-natured sport, and sent people gloomy to bed, unrefreshed by cheerful talk, or else drove them first, in sheer desperation, to the ale-house or beer-shop, to get stupified and dull, or quarrelsome and brawling. O for the good old Catholic Sundays again, the blithe, joyful, happy Sundays! O for the holidays of old England, merry England, once more! Shall we not try to get them back? Yes, to be sure we will: for the country never will be happy till they return. But it must be Catholic England before they come back. However, I am telling you I fear straightforward, what I intended to tell you by a Sunday tale.

The doctrine about keeping Sunday (or as those who spoil it would call it, the sabbath) gloomily and austere came from the disciples of Calvin, whose chief seat was Switzerland. There some of the reformers learnt it, and brought it into England and Scotland; and it soon acted in both, but more in the latter, like a poisonous breeze passing over fertile fields; for it blighted the good humour and natural gaiety of the people, and soured their tempers most frightfully. It never did any one good. On the contrary, there never were stricter sabbath-keepers than the brutal soldiers of Cromwell, who butchered the poor Irish, or English either, and then sat down to sing psalms. Well, it is in this country of Switzerland that the scene of my tale is laid. The country is divided into several states or cantons, some Catholic, some Protestant. These are often next to one another, as in the case with Lucerne and Berne. The first of these is Catholic, and the second Protestant. At the time when we suppose our story to have occurred, each was strict in its