

never allow it to break in upon his spiritual exercises, or stand in the way of charity or obedience; for his soul never courted those actions in which there might be most sensible pleasure, but those in which was the most merit; and all this he did without ever looking to see where others did the same, or whether they did less; because this simple maxim, "nand thyself," was deeply rooted in his heart.

What injury is it now to the other apostles, that the unfortunate Judas is suffering torments in hell? all the misery falls to the lot of Judas. And if the venerable Berchmans is higher in heaven than so many who were his companions in the religious state, is not this superior happiness all his own?

### A TALE OF SUNDAY.

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

Continued.

When Hans reached his father's house, he stood for some time at the door, with his hand upon the latch, hesitating whether to advance. At length he entered. Little Wilhelm clapped his hands, and uttered a faint cry of joy at seeing him; but faint and subdued as it was, a glance from his stern father's eye choked it in his throat. Whatever Gottlob's feelings of anxiety might have been, they were at once allayed by Hans's appearance; but not so his wrath. Every sermon of Dr. Grabs'imme's that day seemed directed personally to him, and intended to add fuel to his anger. He had preached among other subjects on eternal reprobation; had dwelt on its marks, so as minutely to describe Hans's character, and had offered consolation to parents who should have such children of wrath, because in them the justice of God, as much an attribute as mercy, would be manifested to men.

Hans had made up his mind to what he thought the worst that could happen. He had determined to bear all in silence, as he felt he must have given his father pain, and just offence, Gottlob proceeded at once to interrogate him. "Hans, why have you absented yourself from home all this day?" "Because, father," he answered, "I could no longer bear the austere and cheerless observance of the sabbath here. Whatever others may be, I feel that I, at least, am not made for such sabbaths as yours. "Then it was actually in contempt of this blessed day that you departed. Hans, your offence is far more grievous than I had thought. I had hoped it was only levity, I find it was irreligion." Seizing the first fit instrument that was at hand, he proceeded to inflict summary chastisement upon the boy. The child Wilhelm, rushed to his father's knees to interpose, and, unintentionally indeed, the first heavy blow fell upon him. He

was little able to bear it, and the poor little fellow shrunk writhing into a corner and wept, while Hans, unresisting, bore the weight of his father's indignation. When this was appeased, Gottlob told his son, that as he had escaped from the other duties of the sabbath, he should at least have full measure of the only one that remained—the evening lecture. After a long and extemporaneous prayer, in which all Hans's delinquencies were enumerated, the Bible was produced, and Hans ordered to read. He complied for a time, then suddenly paused—the next words seemed to perplex him. "Go on," exclaimed his father sternly. "The sabbath," continued Hans, "was made for man, and not man for the sabbath—Father, what do these words mean?" "Mean?" asked the father angrily, "what wouldst thou have them mean?" "That it should be spent in idleness? that it should be profaned by truant disobedience? that it should be defiled by dissipation and sin? in short, that it should be spent as thou hast spent this?" "God forbid," replied Hans, "save in the last respect. But if the sabbath was made for man, it surely was made for his happiness; and happiness consists in love. Yes, father. I have this day learnt this truth, that the Lord's day—yea, and man's too, beyond all others, may be sanctified by joy, consecrated by hymns, made holy by gladness of heart. I have seen, and, what is more, I have felt, that God may be loved as well as feared. Man is made for the sabbath when he is enslaved to it by fear: the sabbath is made for man when he freely enjoys it in love." "And where," asked Gottlob amazed, "where hast thou learnt all this new wisdom?" Hans paused for a moment; he foresaw the consequences; but never in his life had he soiled his lips with a lie, and he answered firmly but softly, "At Lichten: yes, and I will say all, in its church!"

The father tried to speak, but his voice failed him. A fearful struggle was going on within: his frame quivered with repressed passion. In a moment he was calm, and in a severe tone he addressed his son: "Hans, for this I have no chastisement—for thou art no longer my son. I disown thee from this moment forward. Go hence, and see my face no more." Hans stood for a moment uncertain; he embraced his little brother; then took his father's hand to kiss it, but it was drawn sharply from his grasp; and silently left the house.

Fritz hardly closed his eyes all night, and thought that morning would never come. It did come at last, however, and he rose with a heavier heart than he had ever known. He went, according to his daily custom, to the church, where during the early Mass he prayed most fer-