

was done, and every thing else would follow of itself; and that when once the true love of God had taken possession of the heart, all that which is not God would soon appear but as nothing. It was thus also that S. Philip Neri directed his penitents; he was not wont to exaggerate too much certain vanities in dress, but he winked at them for a time, in order to attain more easily his great object, the reformation of the heart. On a certain occasion a young lady asked him if it was a sin to wear high-heeled shoes; his only reply was, "Take care you do not throw yourself down:" and a certain young nobleman, who used to visit him, wore very large ruffles round his neck;" after some time, the saint said to him, tapping him on the collar, "I should caress you more often if your ruffles did not hurt my hands so much:" and with these hints they both corrected their failings. A certain ecclesiastic also, of noble family, who was in the habit of wearing coloured dresses, with all the vanity of a worldling, for fifteen days resorted to him for his spiritual advice, but the saint never said a word all that time about his dress, but only endeavoured to make him penitent for his sins; after which, the man began to grow ashamed of his vain dress, and laid it aside; and after a good general confession, gave himself up entirely to the direction of the saint, and became one of his most intimate and familiar friends.

HOSPITAL OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY AT LESSINES, BELGIUM.

I was so fortunate as to have the guidance and company of one of the principal directors of this noble institution. We entered through a well enclosed farm-yard, with all suitable farm buildings, and above all, an immense barn piled to the very roof with prime wheat. In the farm-yard was a very old man making mortar. I asked him if he belonged to the establishment, and if the inmates were obliged to work? The question rather created astonishment; and the answer was:—"No, no; he is doing that for his own amusement." One of the grand features of this farm-yard was an immense tank for keeping the urine of the animals until required for use. There was also good stabling, cow-houses, store-houses, washing and drying-houses, and every requisite. And now for the manner of its support. There is grazing land enough for fifteen cows belonging to the institution, and about fourteen acres of arable land—that is, land that can be cultivated. There are 150 old and sick persons in the hospital; and as you enter by a spacious door, and through a spacious passage, the very fragrance of the place hints as to what you are to expect. As you enter

you are received by one or more "Sisters of Charity," whose holy, and whose only, work of care is attendance on the poor sick, and old and infirm. The whole is managed by 21 "Sisters of Charity," and 4 "novices." Two of those sisters sit up every night to attend to the slightest want, or even whim, of a patient: and the manner in which they administer to the wants of the sick is most angelic. Let me give you an instance as I go on. Outside of the hospital, for the old men is a splendid terrace, where they smoke, and from which they may descend into a beautiful lawn to walk. When the sisters brought us out to see the old men smoking and amusing themselves, one poor old blind man got up to go into the hospital, and in crossing the threshold of the door his foot slipped, when one of the sisters ran to his aid, not as though he was a "burthen" but as if he were an object of love. One of them helped him by the arm to the chair near his bedside. Oh, how my heart jumped with joy at this act of religious kindness; and how "Andover," and "the bones," and the "deadstone," where living paupers are "laid out" in England, flashed across my mind. It appeared to be the delight of those angelic women to hear the old men prattle. One of them asked a very old man how old he was; and he commenced with a laugh, "I am 90, and I have a wife yet: and you see," putting his hand on his head, "I have a good wig of my own too." The sisters all looked cheerfully and approvingly at the old man, and laughed heartily together. There was a bolster and pillow to each bed, with covers as white as snow, and sheets equally white: every thing, in short, delightful. At the foot of each bed was each patient's tea-pot, cup, saucer, plate, knife, fork, soup-basin, cream-jug, and spoons: indeed, every thing that could be required. An arm-chair stood beside each bed. The sisters were washing the floors, off all of which you could have eaten, they were so clean. Vines were encircling every window. The working room was actually a conservatory.—*Northern Star.*

There is a thread in our thoughts, as there is a pulse in our hearts; he who can hold the one knows how to think, and he who can move the other knows how to feel.

Neither do our wishes, nor the great stir that we make, forward in a single degree the arrangements of providence.

The true Christian is a sincere man, solitary, little in his own eyes, which he always keeps open and attentive to his weaknesses, as much as he closes them to the weaknesses of others.