into a chapel corner and, during our chat, found out that he belonged to this parish and, with other poor men, a number of them united, -had built this sumptuous church for the rich.

This luxury—so revolting to me a moment before

was then the poor man's alms to the rich!

From this day-laborer I learned many things which, though often read, had never been understood by me before. His voice was mild and his kindness of heart ingenuous while he explained that, since the kingdom of heaven belonged to the poor, they were obliged to be generous and give a share of it to the rich. "This is why we built them this church," said he with a smile; "because the church is a gate to heaven."

"And then," he added "to be poor is nothing; but "the love of poverty—Oh! that is the poor man's trea"sure. Envy is the vice of slaves, those who crawl to bite the rich man.'s heel. A bad mendicant equals a bad rich man.

"I've often thought it must be hard to be envied and hated as the rich always are, and to feel one's own heart steeled by enjoyment and the possession of everything. I've pitied the young man in the Gospel who went away sad because he had not courage to leave his gold and follow Christ. Many times I've wept thinking that my wife might know black misery and my little ones cry of hunger; but when, after giving them the last morsel of bread, I myself felt the pinchings of star-

"I'm afraid there is no song in the rich man's heart while his eyes weep over his pitiful life and the kingdom he will never own"......

Never before had I known a poor person to pity the rich of earth. I found it sublime. I took his hands and as both of us were weeping, kneeling a moment in that remote corner, we—both poor, he the more humble—sent up a prayer for the rich—and that it might be easier for them to enter God's kingdom.

Confronted with that soul so elevated, so noble in its pure faith, I realised that here was a case in which Christ would repeat His saying to the Jews: "I say to you I