

Do not mention that, said Sophy ; what we are going to do for you is not dictated by self-interest, but by the love of our neighbour. On to-morrow we will call in a physician and see what he will recommend you.

Accordingly, the physician was sent for, next day, and this skillful gentleman having examined the old man, prescribed nothing but rest and wholesome strengthening nourishment. The patient soon recovered his strength ; the happiness and tranquillity which he enjoyed from his charitable hosts, restored him gradually to health. They treated him with all the attention which his situation required, and every day he found himself better.

Whilst the good man was thus improving, William wrote to the authorities of the country, and gave them every information necessary to the discovery of the son. His exertions were crowned with success. One day, as he and the old man were weighing some goods in the shop, a carriage drawn by two beautiful horses halted before the door, and a young man respectably dressed, got out—William raised his eyes in astonishment ; at the same moment, the old man cried out, “ great God ! here is my son !—Can it be possible ? Is it you my darling Hippolytus ? ” The father and son were in each others arms before William had time to recover from his astonishment. Only imagine the joy of this happy pair. Sophy hearing the noise of the coach came down from her room, followed by her daughter who was then fourteen years of age. She soon comprehended what had taken place, and congratulated the old man on the happy turn which his affairs had taken.

After the first moments of joy and delight were over, the old man said to his son, “ These are the excellent people, my son, who have saved your father and restored you to his arms. But for them, I would have died of hunger and misery on the road homeward. What shall we, or can we do for them ? ”

I beg of you, said William, who had now recovered from his astonishment, not to mention it. We performed only a Christian duty in receiving you into our house. Your presence has been a source of blessings to us ; for we not only have felt no diminution of our means in consequence of your being with us, but our affairs have prospered better than they did before. Do not then, I beseech you, speak of any remuneration, for you would pain us very much by alluding to such a thing. Sophy, said he, turning to his wife, go and prepare a good dinner for us, that we may entertain the good father who is blessed by the sight of his son, after so long a separation,” and he clasped the old man and Hippolytus in his arms.

Sophy soon had the dinner ready, and her

daughter, Julia, laid the table. William's son, who was then twelve, and had just come in from school, assisted his mother and sister.

Concluded in our next.

‘TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.’

O happy, maiden is thy choice ;
Thy youthful heart is given,
Not to those things which pass with time
Thy treasure is in heav'n.

Thy vestal wreath, which yesterday
Was placed around thy brow,
Is dearer far to thee than all
Earth's brightest jewels now.

The voice which calls thee from on high,
Was heard with joy by thee ;
That voice which said, ‘ Forsake the world,
Leave all and follow me.

‘ Thee I'll repay a hundred-fold,
Thou child give me thy heart ;
With Mary listen to my voice,
And choose the better part.’

And thou hast chosen it, sweet friend,
And left thy father's halls ;
Left wealth, left all ;—thy home is now
Within those peaceful walls.

The gems that once adorned thy hair
Are now all laid aside,
And, in their place, a snowy veil
Befitting Heaven's bride.

That voice, that we so loved to hear,
‘ Mid fashion's giddy throng,
Will whisper comfort to the sick,
Or swell the vesper song,

‘ Twill calm the sinners troubled soul,
And bid him not despair ;
But to his Saviour's wounds appeal—
Find peace and pardon there.

The widow's grief the orphan's tears,
Shall not unheded be ;
And they that pray that heav'n may shower
Its blessings down on thee.

When in yon chapel's calm retreat,
That place so lov'd by thee
Free from the world's distracting cares,
Sister Agnes, pray for me !

From the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy.

“ I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN.”

I am sorry to say, my dear countrymen, that the full force of these words of our blessed Lord are now partly lost upon you. I say, I am sorry ; because good as it may seem to you to have comfortable cot-