

father's calling him next morning; he was up with the lark, and soon in the field.

Another week passed like the preceding, and the friendship of the two boys every day grew stronger. Another melancholy sabbath came for poor Hans, then another joyful week, and so time wore on. The friends did not talk much on very deep, certainly not on theological subjects; but the oppression which every Sunday, as it came, seemed to cause on Hans's spirits, puzzled greatly his kind friend. 'It cannot be right, it cannot be right,' said poor Fritz to himself one Saturday evening as they parted, and he shook his little head most gravely. 'The religion which can make God's own day gloomy and cheerless comes not from *there*;' and he looked, and pointed with his finger, towards the golden heavens, in which the sun had just set, steeping every mountain in light, while the flood of rays that still rose from him dashed against the clouds and seemed to break into waves of glory. 'God,' he continued 'who made the produce of His six work-days so gorgeous, so lovely, so gladsome, cannot have intended the counterpart of His festival day of rest to be mean, and hateful, and sad.'

That evening Hans received a serious lecture from his father, upon the duty of being up betimes next morning, and not beginning the Lord's day himself with an act of laziness, and obliging him to begin it by anger and reproof. The lesson was not thrown away, when Gottlob went to rouse him from his bed, he found it empty: Hans was already gone out. At first he was pleased; but when the hour of prayer came, and no Hans appeared, he became more than ever angry. The day went on, it was church time, still no tidings of him. To look for him was out of the question—it was the sabbath-day, and nobody could be sent out on so profane an errand. The father began to feel alarmed as well as angry, but nothing could be done.

What, then, had become of Hans? Why the poor boy's head had long been working at the problem, of how it was possible to make Sunday cheerful and happy, and finding no solution, had been working himself up to the resolution to go some Sunday, and see how Fritz managed it. His father's lecture settled the matter: he determined to run any risk to escape from one wretched Sunday at least. So he arose before any one was stirring, and darting out of the village, tripped up the mountain's side briskly towards Lichten. He had never been in the fields before on a Sunday. 'Why,' he mused with himself, 'the birds are singing as gaily as on a week-day, and the sky looks as bright, and the turf as green, and the dew as brilliant. Will God be offended with me because I listen and look with the same pleasure as on other days? Is man to be the only, sad

thing on such a glorious morning? Hark, there is the bell of Lichten? Does not its joyous voice seem to claim a right to be heard in such a scene, and speak a language intelligible to the glad creatures around?'

Many, he could see, were already answering it; for from all sides people were directing their steps towards the little church. But imagining that there was always some risk in what he was about to do, he determined to reserve himself for the second, which he knew from his friend was the solemn service. He employed his time, therefore, as well as he could till nine, when the bell again gave forth its cheerful note, and then directed his steps towards the village. From every cottage around, along every path, family parties were streaming towards it: he was startled to see them so joyful. The people in their gay Sunday attire, so particular and beautiful in Switzerland, with their little ones tripping before or frisking around them, and plucking wild flowers as they went along to make themselves a nosegay, or to place before some altar, or on the grave of some dear brother or sister, chirping more merrily than the birds themselves, could it be Sunday he asked himself, or was each of these a bridal party going upon a special errand of joy? But as they reached the door of the sacred building a feeling of reverence, though not of gloominess, seemed to come over every heart. Silently yet freely they took their places, the men on one side, the women on the other. Hans felt a certain misgiving as he paused for a moment on the threshold: his heart beat, his flesh crept with a certain horror, as all rushed to his mind that he had heard of the idolatries and dark superstitions practised in Catholic churches—was it possible that he was on the point of witnessing these? But he had made up his mind to see and judge for himself, so forward he went, and did not halt till he found himself not far from the chancel or sanctuary: for he was determined to see every thing.

Poor Hans's ideas of the inside of a church were very simple: walls and pillars scrupulously clean, but as plain as whitewash could make them; its only furniture a pulpit; its only minister a clergyman in a black gown. He was, therefore, perfectly bewildered as he looked cautiously around him. Every thing to his eyes was rich and splendid; the gilded altars with their pictures and silver ornaments (for such one may yet see in the mountain churches of the Alps) seemed quite magnificent. But the high altar, decked out in splendour for the solemn function perfectly dazzled him. He had never seen a picture in his life before, nothing beyond a penny print, or a grim old portrait. Over the altar was the beautiful picture to which Fritz had alluded: of a lady majes-