

proceeded, the chaunt burst forth again; but there was a worship going on within, there was a music in his breast, which made him almost blind and deaf to all that passed without. At the conclusion of the service, when all were leaving the church, Hans was still kneeling with his face buried in his hands, and the tears streaming through his fingers. He was roused by a gentle tap on his shoulder. The good old man whom he had seen near him stood beside him, and kindly addressed him, saying, 'My child, you are a stranger here, what is your name?' 'Hans!' he replied. 'Then I know you,' said the good man, 'come to my house, and you will see Fritz.' He followed silently, and the two young friends were soon in one another's arms, shedding tears of joy.

Hans was made welcome by all: could Catholic hearts have made him otherwise? The tears were soon dried up by all (for others wept as well as they), and all sat down smiling to the temperate, but abundant meal. A Sunday dinner with good humour, with cheerful talk, with an abundance of domestic kindness and of affectionate attentions was indeed a treat. And after it came Vespers, in which Hans was taught to join, and then they all proceeded to the place devoted to manly sports, when all talked, and enjoyed themselves, and seemed like brothers, for who could be otherwise after they had knelt together before the same altar? There was no brawling, nor disputing—who could quarrel on such a Sunday? And when the little bell rang again for evening prayer and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, all obeyed the summons without a murmur, and walked like one family to their dear parish church. How poor Hans enjoyed it all, until, alas! the hour was come for departure. He lingered as long as he could, then took leave of all the family: but Fritz insisted on accompanying him to their common boundary. The friends walked in silence, each occupied with his own thought. It was a glorious evening again, and the western sky was still glowing with the radiance of the departed sun. The light was reflected upon Hans's fine countenance, as turning to Fritz, he took him by the hand and said, 'Fritz, now I can understand how you should love the Sunday.' 'And has not this,' rejoined Fritz, 'been a pleasant Sunday for you, Hans?' 'My Sunday,' answered Hans, 'is not finished yet. God grant it prove not still the bitterest of my life. He was gone, and Fritz found himself alone, and in tears. 'This is the first time in my life,' he exclaimed to himself, 'that I have shed tears of sorrow on a Sunday!'

Concluded in our next.

The most certain way of getting rid of an enemy, is to make him one's friend.

To be well informed, produces two great advantages: one decides less, and one decides better.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Our God is present every where,
In land, and sea, in earth, and air;
Should you on eagle's pinions wend
Your flight to earth's remotest end—
Sense heaven's vault, or fathom hell,
There does his infinite being dwell:
Shall darkness hide thee from his sight?
To him thick darkness brings not night!

Yet to the humble, those who keep
Their hearts in love, who mourn and weep,
His holy presence comes more full,
To guard, to guide, to watch, to rule,
The lowly soul, more intimate,
Receives his dew, and owns it great,
And as it looks around, above,
New increase drinks of grace and love.

But ah! to those who turn away,
Apart from God, to rest on clay,
God too shall turn away and leave
Them empty, 'till they wake to grieve,
Too late their loss—too late to mourn—
Too late to dream of a return—
Too late to clasp the Blessed Cross,
For there are then the pains of loss!

Oh, by the love that Jesus bore—
Here let us turn—here weep—de-plore—
Here let God's holy presence come,
Here in thy heart prepare a home,
Here by confession's searching light,
With glowing love and heart contrite,
Receive thy God within thy breast,
Where, watchful ever he may rest.

From Maxims and Examples of the Saints.

PERFECTION.

The two feet by which we walk to perfection are, mortification, and the love of God; the first is our right foot, the latter our left.

It was by the use of these two virtues that the glorious patriarch of the Friars minors, the blessed S. Francis of Assisium, attained the most exalted degree of perfection. So austere and so rigid was the life which he led, that at the hour of death he was constrained to beg pardon of his body for having treated it so ill; and by the great fervour of his love towards God, he acquired both for himself and his religious order the lovely title of Seraphic. When S. Francis of Sales wished to induce any one to live a life devoted to Jesus Christ, and to abandon that of a worldling, he would not speak to him of external things, such as affectation in dressing the hair, and vanity in apparel, or such like things; but he spoke only to the heart, and concerning the heart; for well he knew that if the hardness of that was overcome, all