

the kettle to be filled with water ; the coffee to be ground ; the meat to be chopped ; everything to be done. She says, « Dear me ! there is no living in such a place as this. I don't know where my head is, I've so much to do. »

Another servant of more orderly habits, has had plenty of time over night to make all these preparations. She has only to light a match, and in a minute has a good blazing fire. Her breakfast is all ready to be put on to cook ; and without a bit of fuss or disturbance of mind it is ready at the moment. So, from one year's end to another, where such a servant is, there is peace and satisfaction all around, while with the other there is nothing but trouble and sorrow. This one has never too much to do, and does all well. The other is half the time overloaded with work, and does it half, while the rest of her time she is lazy and idle, and committing sin right and left ; for the old saying is true : « The devil finds work enough for idle hands to do. »

Where is your true perfection and goodness ? It is in your work. You may think it is in your prayers, or in your hearing Mass, or in Confession, or in Communion. All these things are good, all these things are necessary, but your perfection is in your work. — Do your work well, and do it with the right intention, because it is your duty, and because it is God's will you should do it ; and you will be on the shortest road to perfection. All your prayers, all your confessions, all your communions will avail little, if your conscience is not in your work.

In a nice little story I have read lately, there is a character called Fanny. Now, Fanny was very pious, a monthly communicant. She said her Rosary every day, and must always be at church, particularly when anything extraordinary was going on. One evening a celebrated man was to preach, and Fanny had set her heart on going. But as it happened, at that very time company came in, and Fanny's services were necessary ; she could not go. Now then was a time of it. All her mildness, all her piety was gone. « She wouldn't stand it. . . » and so on. The fact is, Fanny's piety was not very deep. She was, after all, more bent on pleasing herself than on pleasing God. She had an opportunity, by putting up with her disappointment and