

A TALE OF SUNDAY.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath."—*St. Mark ii. 27.*

Continued.

Hans, in a moment, made up his mind that he must have him for his friend—he loved him at once. The very contrast of their natures and characters made him love him. He soon made up to him, and in his frank, good-natured way addressed him; and the other smiling most kindly, replied. Neither seemed ever to think that the other came from the rival village; the generosity of the one, and the gentleness of the other, came at once to the same conclusion. They were friends in a moment, and before an hour was over each knew the other's name and history. Hans thus learnt that Fritz (that is, Frederick) Herschen was the younger son of a comfortable inhabitant of Lichten, and that he would be every day during the summer tending his father's flock. This was delightful news. And in truth every day their affection increased; Hans loved Fritz because he was so mild, and he loved Hans because he was such a fine generous fellow.

The week went on most pleasantly; but at its close there seemed to be a change in both. 'Why,' asked Fritz on Saturday afternoon, with good-natured anxiety, 'why, my dear Hans, are you not to-day in your usual good spirits?' 'Because,' he replied, 'to-morrow is the sabbath-day.' 'And you, how comes it, tell me, that you are so much gayer than usual to-day?' 'For the same reason,' answered Fritz, 'because to-morrow is Sunday.' 'Do you not love the Sunday?' 'I—I—dread it,' was the reply. The other opened wide his eyes, and seemed to ask what he could mean. 'To-morrow,' continued Hans, 'I shall not be allowed to look upon the green fields and craggy mountains which I love so much, or to hear the birds sing, or to bask in the sun, or be fanned by the breeze.' 'No!' Fritz interrupted him, 'but will you not see something better and more lovely—the rich and holy altar, with the smiling image of God's mother over it? will you not yourself sing 'Glory' with the angels? will not the lights of the sanctuary and its fragrant incense make up for the sun and breeze?' It was now Hans's turn to look amazed. 'Fritz!' he exclaimed, 'I do not understand what you are talking about. What have these things to do with the sabbath? with four sermons from Dr Grabstimme, and two lectures at home, besides prayer? Will you to me to-morrow if I should so far forget myself as to sing a note; nay, wo to me if I shall unluckily happen to smile. Farewell, Fritz, till Monday morning if to-morrow does not kill me.' 'A Sunday without a smile!' thought poor Fritz, 'what can he mean? Surely man was not made for such sabbaths as that!'

The next morning came; and it had scarcely dawned before Hans was aroused from deep sleep, and a pleasant dream about his new friend, by the

severe voice of his father, who standing by his bed was scolding him for not being already up. 'And now, Hans,' he continued, 'as you have begun the Lord's day by indolence and gross neglect, let me warn you how you continue it. For this last week I have observed each evening when you returned home, an increased levity and thoughtlessness, arising from I know not what cause. Put them away from you this day of holy rest, and beware how you profane its sacredness by light conversation, unseemly gaiety, or vain laughter. Let me this day, under pain of my most serious displeasure, see you exact in every religious duty, and serious and grave as the day requires. Quick, arise, and let us begin our morning worship.' The poor boy was in no mood for laughing or being gay, and rose quite in the humour for as melancholy a sabbath as his father could desire. It began with long family prayers and a long lesson; this was immediately followed by a long sermon at church, on a most gloomy subject. After a silent meal, a second service with another sermon on the horrors of popery. But here Hans began inwardly to rebel. For when he heard all sorts of terrible things about poor Catholics, as their blood-thirstiness and cruelty to Protestants, he refused to believe what last Sunday he would have borne at least patiently; for now he applied it all not to a certain ideal puppet called 'a papist,' but to his own dear little friend Fritz, and his own experience gave the lie to sentence after sentence; and at last he began to consider that the whole sermon was a libel on his companion, and a personal insult to himself; and he grew very restless, and began to move impatiently, when a dark glance from his father's eye, and a hard grasp of his hand, effectually quieted him.

It will be seen that he had not courage to tell his father of his new acquaintance. He well knew it would have been instantly cut short. But Fritz had no secrets for his parents, and had told them all from the beginning. At first they were alarmed; but when they had consulted their good parish priest, Mr. Gutenherz, and he had been satisfied from the good boy's account that his young friend put his religion in no danger, he was permitted to continue his companionship.

But to return to Dunkel: Hans got during dinner a severe lecture, which effectually spoilt his appetite, for his conduct in church: though in truth his appetite was not over keen with confinement all day, for victuals cooked the day before. For Gottlob never allowed work of any sort to be done on the Sunday in his house. Two more services in church, with a dismal sermon in each, and long duty at home, sent him at last thoroughly worn out to bed. Yet he did not require his