

“Ah! said he to me, one All Soul’s Day, I am going to adopt your religion for the sake of my dear brother. . . . Oh! when I shall be able to pray for my dear brother, I will breathe again; I will live, that I may be able, every day, to implore the bliss of heaven for that brother, whom I have loved so much on earth! Your religion enables me to assist him after death. Your prayers take away from the tomb its terrible silence. You still converse with those who have departed out of life. You have understood human weakness—that weakness which is no crime, but which, however, is not *parity*: and between the confines of heaven and hell, God has revealed to you a place of expiation. Perhaps my brother is there; I have become a Catholic that I may assist him, that I may deliver him, that I may console myself here below, and remove that dreadful weight which oppresses me. When I shall be able to pray, I will feel that weight no more,

Yes, prayer is the respiration of the soul, and especially near the tomb. There the accompaniments of death, the earth falling on the coffin, the sealed marble weighing heavily on the departed, the worms and corruption approaching—in spite of all our efforts, in spite of the oak and leaden coffins, to devour the little that is left us of our relations and friends; all these would break the heart. But prayer removes this heavy weight, which presses on our souls, and allows them to breathe.

Prayer is like a dew which makes happiness verdant again, and which renders prosperity more sweet.

Prayer is like a clear, beautiful morning which rises on our sorrows to chase away our darkness, and to enable our eyes, that are suffused with tears, to behold the heavens.

Hence religion has mingled it in all her festivals, and throughout the Christian year, it ascends unceasingly to God, with the merits of good works, and the smoke of incense.

LITERATURE.

A TALE OF SUNDAY.

“The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.”—ST. MARK ii. 27.

Continued.

While thus engaged, he had timidly looked around him for his friend, but in vain. He was sure that the very persons near whom he sat were his family; the resemblance at once struck him: that kind old man was his father, there were his brothers. But where was he? Could he be unwell, or was something wrong? their countenances did not intimate it. But he was soon roused from his thoughts, by a sound such as he had never before heard bursting

upon his ears. It was the full peal of the organ! Imagine the effect of it for the first time, on one who had never heard any thing beyond a shepherd’s pipe! how noble, how majestic, how overpowering. He felt almost impelled to start up, and checked himself with difficulty. But his eyes soon got the better of his ears, and all his attention was engaged once more by the sense of sight. A procession was slowly entering into the sanctuary. Acolytes and choristers in robes of virgin white, the officiating priest in what he thought royal magnificence, the incense tossed in balmy clouds from the silver censor, the cross, the lights, all looked to him like a vision of another world, silently and solemnly passing before him, till each one in the ceremonial had taken his place, and the chancel was filled with its ministers, some kneeling towards the altar, others standing in beautiful order to chant. And now there joined the organ’s rich peal, the richer music of the human voice, playing amidst its rolling notes as a powerful swimmer among the waves, now half buried and lost among them, now upborne by them and rising over them, giving them life and interest. But among the new and thrilling sensations which the combinations of sounds sent through Hans, he caught every now and then a note or a melody, which sent him back, he knew not how, to his merry green pastures. After much attention he caught the truth—it was the voice of his friend, singing that very strain which first led to their acquaintance. And there he was, more fair and angelic than ever, in his white surplice, that seemed to become his appearance and his nature, far better than his shepherd’s dress. There was not one in that youthful band that looked more pure and innocent; and how much more did Hans now love him! Nay, he felt a reverence for him such as he had never felt for his own minister; it was to him as though that place and habit made Fritz a being of another order, and made it an honour to himself to be admitted to his friendship.

And now a pause took place; the venerable priest turned from the altar to address his flock. There was gentleness in his look, there was benevolence in every feature; each grey lock seemed a pledge of mildness and charity. He was to Hans’s eye the minister of a covenant of love, and Dr Grabstimme of one of fear. And the text soon showed it. ‘God,’ he commenced, ‘is love.’ (1 John vi. 14. Germ. trans.) He expatiated on the goodness of God, and his infinite amiability that described in glowing terms that flowed from the heart, how he wishes to see his creatures happy, and how he wishes them to love him, and to rejoice before him in grateful affection. When he closed by inviting all to love God who so much deserves it, his eyes beamed with kindness, and his face was kindled up with a glowing expression of the feelings he described. Hans caught the flame, his heart seemed to expand within him; and for the first time, love became an ingredient in his religious feelings. The ceremonial