

Father Sinclair Unearths

warbling of the song-birds in the maples, there was absolutely no sign of life.

No such changes had taken place in the Gottingen quarter, where the poor and the working classes lived. There the warm summer months were spent, as usual, amid the ceaseless hum of factory life. Men and women bustled and toiled from dawn to night, in shop and workroom, in courtyard and street, for the bread they were to eat. For them there was no season of sight-seeing; no ocean breeze or bracing mountain air, which God had made so liberally; and if the stirring summer wind, that gently fans the cheek of rich and poor alike, found its way into the Gottingen quarter, it had already lost half its freshness and soothing power. For all that, the want of bodily comforts did not destroy the peace of mind in the poor people who dwelt here. They were Catholics for the most part, who, faithful to the teachings of the Church, did not look on poverty as an evil, but rather as a means to help them to procure an eternal reward in heaven. The Gottingen poor were satisfied with their condition.

To will what God doth will, that is the only science
That gives us rest,

was a lesson they had long since learned; and contentment, if not gratitude for their lot, reigned among those who toiled for their daily sustenance.