

have reconciled you with God, it only remains that I add to His pardon my own forgiveness."

"Yours, M. l'Abbe!" faltered the penitent; "how have I offended you?"

"Jacques," solemnly replied the priest, "it was my father, my mother, and my sisters that you sent to the scaffold. I am the little Paulin that you once carried in your arms up that mountain-path; our Blessed Lord has forgiven you, and I, too, forgive you with all my heart."

Jacques fixed his eyes on the priest's face, gazed on him an instant in unutterable astonishment, gave one deep groan, fell back, and died. The son of his victims prayed fervently and long by his remains; closed his eyes with pious care, and then went on his way rejoicing that God had sent him to attend the last moments of one in such need of the absolution which as a priest he had given, and of the forgiveness which none but himself could have granted.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

Among all the customs, of the Catholic Church which are calculated to inspire the hearts of her children with the spirit of prayer, none are more potent than the sweet tones of the *Angelus* bell, which recall us from the emments of the world to turn at morning, noon, and eve, to the throne of grace, and there ask a blessing upon our labors. Its origin is thus described by a contemporary:

In the fifteenth century at the first toll of the *Angelus*, there was not a Frenchman, either in the fields or in the streets, who did not immediately fall upon his knee, and invoke the name of Mary. This duty over, the travellers and wayfarers arose and continued their journey. Louis XI., in 1475, instituted the *Angelus*, as it is now practised among us, in honor of our Lord's incarnation, and expressed his desire that, besides the daily evening prayer for peace and concord among all Christian States, a special prayer should be offered at noon for the tranquility of the kingdom. It was ordained that all Frenchmen, knights, men-at-arms, and civilians, should place themselves on both knees at the sound of the mid-day-bell and bless themselves devoutly and offer up a prayer.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a care, how many a look,

how many a kind word, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a crib or cradle stands silent now which last Saturday night held the rarest treasure of the heart.

A week is a life. A week is a history. It marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man of business! Go home to your family, erring wanderer! Go home to the chair that awaits you, wronged waif of life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by.

Leave your books of complex figures—your dingy office—your busy shop! Rest with those you love, for Heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and battles of life which furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the love embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless Heaven for giving his children so dear a stepping stone in the river of the internal, as Saturday night.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

A good housewife is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the qualifications of their partners after marriage, however they may weigh with them before, and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life than recklessness or want of knowledge of the new house-keeper of the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, order, and system in everything, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will see their chief enjoyment at home—they will love their home and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers who study the welfare of their daughters, will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life, and daughters who appreciate the value of these qualifications, will not fail to acquire them.

PROVIDENCE has, so to speak, bound the feet of every man to his native soil by an invincible attraction,