

sons, and sometimes about children, and sometimes about what they do in their religion, and what I do; and all about the Church and the services, and the manner of praying; and of taking the most Holy Sacrament, and about funerals and baptisms; all is so very different from what you can imagine, that I am sure it will amuse you very much to hear about such things. Sometimes I shall tell you about the Clergymen, and sometimes about the Bishops. And you must remember that what I tell you is truth. I shall tell you only what I see and hear myself, and the things that I live amongst.

I shall sometimes write to other of my dear old neighbours, as I know they must be very curious to know what I am doing, and why I never came back amongst them. So give my kind remembrance to Mary Turner and Sarah Jones, and others who inquire after me, and tell them they may all expect a letter from me in their turn. Tell them I have never forgotten them, and that I missed the pleasant visits I used to pay to them, very much at first, for I could not speak to any of the poor people here, because I had not learned their language. But I soon became able to say a few words, and they were all so very kind in trying to understand me, that I could talk with them in a few months pretty well; and now I run in and out their cottages, and talk just as I used to do at Endley; and I love them very much, and tell them all about you all, and make them laugh, and they tell droll stories to make me laugh, just as you used to do.

I was very glad to hear little Harry and his mother had come to lodge with you. It must be a great pleasure to you to be all together again. I have been thinking little Harry is now ten years old, so I hope he can do much to reward his good kind mother for all she has done and suffered for him. Tell him, if I hear a good account of him, I shall write him a letter also; for he would like to hear about the boys and girls of Belgium, who are very much like the boys and girls of England, sometimes good and sometimes naughty; though, tell Harry, I wonder really how they ever come to be naughty, seeing the pains that is taken to make them good, just as I should wonder to hear that Harry was ever naughty, knowing the care, and kindness, and trouble, with which his mother has bred him up. Every child in Belgium has as much care bestowed upon it, as Harry has had, as an only child, and his mother a widow with nothing left but Harry left to love and care for. I will tell you how this is: every Roman Catholic child belongs to a tender vigilant mother—that mother is the Church. This good mother has so arranged all her plans for the education of children, that no one is neglected. Every little village has its own Clergyman living in it, who is only allowed to become a priest, on condition that he devotes himself entirely to his flock in all the several

duties of a pastor, of which the education and care of children is amongst the first; but I shall tell Harry more about this, when I write to him. At present I am writing to you, my good old Thomas, and must, therefore, talk of graver things. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to see the care and kindness which are shown towards the old, among Roman Catholics. The father and mother generally live with their children and grandchildren, as they are taught by the Church that one of their first duties is to protect their parents in the old age. They are seldom required to work, but share the family property in common. It is very pleasing to hear the respect with which such an old parent is treated. They never speak to a father or mother without adding the name, "Yes, father; No, father." When the old father or mother is sick, it is very beautiful to see the devoted attention with which they are nursed. I have stood by many such a death-bed. When a son or daughter is married, the husband or wife, viz., son or daughter-in-law think themselves equally bound to cherish the old father or mother-in-law. I have seen a son-in-law seated on the bed behind his very aged mother-in-law, to support her in her dying moments, administering to her every little alleviation which he could think of; and changing her position as he fancied the poor sufferer seemed fatigued, or restless. The grand-children are taught that they owe the same respect to the grandfather and grandmother as they do to their own parents. An old man who died here a few days since, was so tenderly watched by his little grand-daughter, about eleven years old, that he would allow no one else to do any thing for him that she could do. One day while I was sitting by him, his night-cap slipped off, and his son went gently behind him to smooth his ruffled grey hair and replace it, but the old man turned quickly round and said, "Let Coleta do it—she can do that." Long before he was really ill, this little girl used to tie his shoes, and watch over him with the kindest affection. This is only a part of the same system, which teaches and enforces this respect for the aged. The same careful teaching is extended to all the various relations and circumstances of life; and the means by which Roman Catholics are so strongly attracted to act right are, that religion is made the ground and foundation of every thing. Every thing is mixed up with religion, even their recreations.

I often used to read over with delight the parts of the Bible which describe the manner of living of the Jews, before and when they had taken possession of the promised land; and used to think how kind God was to them, in mixing up his service with every action of their life, and in giving