

her family. She spent more than an hour in prayer, and at length set out on her return home.

To be continued.

From the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy.

"I WAS THIRSTY, AND YE GAVE ME DRINK."

'And was it for this that I brought ye from your own mountain-land, far, far, across the snow-peaks of the Alps, my beautiful boy! my own dearest Luigi! and thought to see ye grow rich in your manly age? And now your eyes are dim and sunk, and your long hair matted and tangled, and I shall see you die before my face! Would, blessed Mary, that we were back on the mountains of Savoy!'

'Oh, mother! do not speak of Savoy! If you knew how I pine, how I thirst for those sunny hills! One draught of that air, one mouthful of snow would cure me! Mother, my heart is burning with thirst! give me—give me something to drink!'

'My child, I cannot; we have walked as far as we can, and there is no house, no human being in sight; the sun beats down hotly on your head. God help us! I must either leave you, or see you die before my eyes.'

'Mother, my brain is on fire! Drink! drink! Oh! would I might have had but one mouthful of snow! I see all those mountains of Coire, and the red sun rise on the peaks. I hear the tinkle of the herds winding upon the mountain, and the call of the maidens. I hear the water rushing down the rocks! Water! water! Ah! there is the Angelus-bell! Mother, kiss me! the angels are coming to fetch me away!'

'Resa hung over the boy, and looked into his dark and burning eyes, over which the film of death was apparently stealing. His glazed forehead and dry parched lips shewed the fever that raged in his veins. He was her last tie to this world, the last bond which had kept her heart from bursting beneath the weight of suffering and poverty she had gone through, since she came to England. The poor Savoyard's dream of England is of a land of plenty and of gold—of generous hospitality and lasting friends. 'Resa came with her three boys to realize something for her parents and her own old age. In London they landed, and in the chill of that gloomy and vicious atmosphere, her dreams of happiness were soon changed into fears of every kind. The boys hired themselves, as the Savoyard's custom, to an Italian image seller and maker, who treated them harshly, and wrung from them all their hard-won gains, excepting the barest pittance, which, without their mother's exertions, would not have kept the family from starving. Besides this, if they did not fill up a certain sum every day, he beat them cruelly. Two of the boys fell victims to their master's fiendish avarice, in different ways. Jacobi, or as his brothers called him, 'Cobi,' a gentle bright-haired creature, as sunny and joyous, and variable, as the skies of his own Savoy—drooped, and at last died in his mother's arms—like a flower

struck by the frost which droops its head and withers away. When the workhouse shell was carried carelessly away by two paupers, and laid in the unseemly mould of a London church-yard, heedlessly and hastily committed to its kindred ashes in the rain, by an overworked Protestant curate, and she thought of the Processional Cross—the Holy Litanies—the pious charity of her own Confraternity—'Resa thought she had drunk nearly to the dregs the elixir of suffering. But there were still some drops undrained. Her eldest boy, Pepe, sturdy, proud, and passionate, resisted for a long time the cruelty and injustices heaped upon him: but at last the bitterness of his heart overflowed; on being struck by his master one day, on returning from a weary and unsuccessful walk through the greater part of London, he suddenly seized the board on which he had been carrying his images, and aimed at him a blow which brought him to the ground gushing with blood. Frightened for his own safety, he fled immediately, joined a band of desperate men, some of them his own countrymen, who were going into the country housebreaking, and was soon after taken up and transported for life. Poor Pepe! at home with thy own schoolmaster and priest, thou wouldst have lived honoured and respected to a good old age. 'Better any death,' as 'Resa said to the chaplain at the Sardinian chapel, 'better any death, than such a trial as this.'

She hastened after this, to leave a city which had brought her so much misfortune, and where a curse for every sin seemed to have fallen from God for the punishment of its inhabitants. She took with her her only remaining child, and on a hot dusty day in the middle of August, they set out on the Essex road, not knowing, and little caring where it would lead to, so that she might meet a cheap sea-port, and embark on her way home. Luigi had been hardly worked and poorly fed, and the fear of ill treatment, and close cellars, had worn him down with fever. He had his image-board to carry, which was all his earthly wealth, and the clothes of his mother and himself. She was loaded with some articles of furniture. They walked along the dusty roads, mile after mile, and life seemed to ebb from him at every gasp, but for his mother's sake he would not utter a complaint. At noon-day his strength gave way, and turning his heavy and burning eyes on her, he asked his mother for something to drink. She had nothing, and there was no house at which to ask charity; so the boy setting his images on the ground, sank down under the hedge, faint, and gasping for breath. The shaggy dog, who had shared all his wanderings, sat down mournfully by his master, licking his hands.

A fine carriage rolled swiftly by, filled with tender-hearted ladies; but they were too busy