

procure you more consolations than if it were made of the most precious metal. The pearls and jewels which you have despised for the sake of this simple little cross of wood, are often the most unfortunate gift that one could receive. There are other riches more worthy of our affections, than those which captivate our senses, and of which the smallest accident might deprive us. Always preserve the simplicity and piety which you have shewn on this occasion, and you will heap up treasures that will one day open to you the gates of heaven.

Sophy put up her little cross in her box, and felt herself happy in possessing it. She often looked at it in order to animate herself more and more with the desire of imitating her whose virtues and remembrance it so forcibly brought to her mind.

To be continued.

From the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy.

“ I WAS HUNGRY, AND YE GAVE ME TO EAT.”

Paul Richards was a poor hard working artisan in the town of Nottingham. He worked the whole day in the great stocking factory of Dalton and Brothers, to support his wife and five children, and with his utmost toil made but a poor living after all. Paul, like many of his countrymen, had married without much thought as to how his family was to live. He and Mary and little Johnnie got on very well; but when besides Johnnie came Kate, and Giles, and Robert, and Fred, to be fed and clothed, it was not so easy a matter to find bread and bacon, and rent and coals for all. Paul looked downhearted, and Mary grew very thin; for though they were excellent Catholics, and tolerably instructed, worldly cares must press upon the stoutest hearts, when hunger comes in at the door. Paul's worn looks at length struck the good Priest who visited and attended the poor in that part of Nottingham, and he was not slow in asking the cause. Paul gladly told him his griefs, and said the workhouse was staring him in the face for himself and his children. ‘But that would be a pity,’ said the good man. ‘You must throw up your work then altogether, and take the children away from school.’ ‘I cannot help it, Sir,’ answered Paul, rather doggedly. ‘We cannot starve; I can only get part work now, and five mouths to fill besides our own. I love to have them learn, but we cannot starve.’ ‘Have you spoke to Mr Dalton?’ ‘No, sir; he has so many to give to, and what can he do? he might feed half Nottingham if he once began.’ ‘They say the Workhouse is enough for the poor.’ ‘Who says so? not Mr Dalton. Go to him I advise you and ask his advice; when things come to the worst, go into the house and make the best of it, but try first if anything better can be done.’ Paul brightened up and went to Mr Dalton. He was sitting with a

smiling countenance listening to his little daughter's first attempts on the piano, after a long and wearisome day; but when he heard that one of his men wished to see him, he got up from his easy chair and sent for him into his study. ‘Oh! Richard! How are you? What can I do for you? Speak out, and do not be afraid to tell me every thing.’

‘Sir I am afraid we must go into the workhouse; unless I have constant work I cannot keep my family and pay rent too.’

‘I can't give you constant work, I'm afraid, Richards. Trade is bad, and every thing very dear, as you know as well as I do.’

‘Yes, Sir, it really seems contrary o' purpose like. The more mouths there are to fill, the dearer things get in the way of food or rent. I am sure I have done my utmost, Sir I sometimes work eleven hours a day, but Mary is so sickly like, and poor little Bob's accident makes him quite helpless, so that her time is mortly taken up with tending him. We have had them taught as far as lay in our power, and that goes against me worse than all; for in the poorhouse they take 'em to the school and teach 'em their own way, and we should have little or nothing to do with 'em. But I suppose we must go.’

There was a long pause, but it was not for want of thought or attention. The state of the poorer classes had always engaged Mr Dalton's time and attention; latterly it had engaged and nearly overwhelmed him. He saw the highly artificial state into which a great commercial country, with a forced and excessive population, was brought. He saw the evils and the miseries of such a state, physical, mental, and moral. But it was more difficult to see the evils than to apply remedies. This requires means, and skill, and knowledge. At length, he said: ‘Do you belong to any benefit club, Richards?’ ‘No, sir; I had a mind to join the Odd-fellows, but it did not seem to me altogether right, and Mary was against it.’

‘Go home to night, then, Richards, and I will think over what can be done: stay! you shall have some supper first, and a little beer.’ Mr Dalton rang the bell, and very soon a good bone of beef with bread and cheese and a jug of ale was brought. Paul was silent, something seemed to prevent him from speaking. Mr Dalton said: ‘Do you wish to carry your supper home? Do just as you like—what have you had to-day?’

‘We have had two crusts between us all;’ and in making this avowal in a stifled voice, the strong and sinewy artisan hid his face in his hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

Those who have seen a man's tears, and know how unwillingly, and only when the heart is wrung, they are shed, will know what Mr Dalton felt. After many vain attempts to command his emotion, he put half a sovereign into Paul's hand and bid him good night, and then sat down to consider what was to be done, not only for him, but for hundreds who with