

away from the eye, still she would repeat the same lesson, and as plaintive and tender as before, her last words as she gave them her nightly blessing, were "Love one another"—so that even in sleep, the heart might re-echo the sentiment, and rest like her own beloved Spouse, who while he slept, yet in his heart kept watch.

Nor was there ever a cloud over her face, save only when her little ones neglected or broke her golden rule. Then, indeed, she was stern, but it was more in sorrow than in anger. And even in her sternest mood, her love was shown but the more; for she would weep when she saw her little ones going away from her, as she was wont to call any such breach of the great law of Love. "Why would you fly from me?" she would say,—“why would the lamb leave the fold, in thoughtless waywardness, to seek the wolf?—why would you forsake one that loves you so dearly, and has done so much for you,—who has toiled and suffered for you, in cold, and want, and lack of all, that you should be rich and want nothing? Give me back your heart, my son, and do not fly from me, for I love you even now in your unhappiness, and I will weep till your return, for I am weary while you are away from my side, and I am lonely as a solitary while even one of you refuses my embraces,—for while you are ungentle one to another, you wound my heart, and thoughtlessly it may be, but yet most truly you are unkind, ungrateful, and ungentle to me.

“He, my beloved Spouse, from heaven, where his home is, looks down and implores you to return. He has Angels at his right hand, many and bright, holy and blessed spirits, who minister before the throne of Almighty God, in the palace of the Lamb, and these He sends sweeping through the bright blue skies, in golden copes, and dazzling wings, to help you unseason,—to lure you, by every gentle means, to come back to me. Sometimes it may be by showing you the worthlessness of what calls you away,—sometimes by making bitter the cup of pleasure,—sometimes by spreading his bright wings over a rose, that you may be saved from its thorn,—sometimes letting you pluck the rose, that, in doing so, you may prick the hand, and by its pain be reproved for your having taken to be a truant from my side,—sometimes the bright and holy visitants touch the quick of your heart, and as you weep, they gather these salt tears, as precious first fruits of your return,—laying them up as pearls of price, to be placed in my treasury, to give me joy out of sorrow.

“At other times, they breathe sweet and unseen influence when you are asleep, pressing you in the sweet fetters of a loving obedience, and smoothing the path, as it were, by strewing rose leaves in the way in which it is your's to walk.

“Come, then,” she would say, in a sweet voice

of plaintive appeal, that touched the soul of her strayed little one, “arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. ‘The winter is over.’ You can love one another; ‘the rain is over and done,’ your sorrow hath made amends for your fault. ‘The flowers have appeared in the land; the voice of the turtle is heard; the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beloved one, and come.’ (Cant. ii. 10-13.) The sun of reconciliation hath risen. The stars shine out with a brighter lustre; the voice of sweet birds, Blessed Spirits, make melody, and the face of all external nature is changed, for you love one another, and the object of your existence and the sufferings of my Spouse is but one object, to make you love God; and now I am happy and contented for I know you love God, and fulfil the end of your being, when you prove this by loving one another.”

Then would she tell them how needful it was that they should redouble their love one to another, in proportion as they had given offence. But though this was her lesson, yet often when any of her children had fallen, on their return, their own hearts told them how ungrateful they had been, and that their ingratitude was as great as the original offence, and that therefore they were bound to love all the more, to do a thousand little offices of affection, in token of their sorrow, and of their firm resolve never to offend again.

M. A.

(Continued from last Number.)

THE NAVE OF THE CHURCH.

LIKE one watching the pale sky at eventide, when the sun is down, sees at first through the dim light, only the pale and uniform arch that spans the heaven; but as he fixes his eye, star by star becomes visible, and having once been seen, is lost to the eye no more, but continues in the deep blue sky, travelling onward serenely, till it descends into the dim horizon, or the haze which springs from earth's long dull atmosphere. Such is the true course of the soul of man, in reference to and connexion with the church; from the time when it becomes espoused to her, and through her, to Him who first gave it being, and clothed it in the garment of flesh,—visible, palpable, material. It seems to leap out of infinite space, and by its union in baptism with the Church, becomes a star that gladdens the heart of Angels, and All-hallows in the court of heaven; by co-operating with grace, it is clothed in a mantle of light, and travels onward, till its material shell fades away, and it is lost to the eyes of men. Albeit, if upheld by perseverance, and made strong by the holy rites of the Church, in the infinite beyond our narrow vision, it shall shine as a star, in justice to all