

STORIES

FOR

Summer Days and Winter Nights.

SECOND SERIES.

MADELAINE TUBE

AND

HER BLIND BROTHER.



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“How much for the Canary?”

MADELAINE TUBE

AND

HER BLIND BROTHER.

A Christmas Story for Young People.



"May God give you a happy Christmas." *Page 19.*

London :

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

MADELAINE TUBE.



CHAPTER I.

THE BROKEN CUP.

‘COME ! Boys,’ said Master Teuzer, a potter of Dresden, to his workpeople who had just finished their breakfast, consisting of coffee and black bread, ‘Come ! to work.’

He stood up ; the workpeople did the same, and went into the adjoining workshop, where each of them placed himself at a bench.

‘Who is knocking at the door ?’ said the Master, interrupting the silence which reigned ; ‘Come in there !’ he added in a rough tone. The door opened, and a little girl entered, saluted him timidly, and remained standing on the threshold. The clock had not yet struck five, nevertheless the fair hair of the little girl who was about ten years old, had already been nicely combed, and every part of her dress, although poor, was neat and in order, her cheeks and hands were of that rosy colour which is produced by the habit of washing in cold water.

Master Teuzer observed all this with secret satisfaction, he looked kindly at the timid child. ‘Ah, my little one, so early, and already up, are you then of opinion that the morning is best for work ? It is well, my child, and appears to agree with you—you are as fresh as a rose of the morning. Well ; what have you brought me ?’

The little girl took from her apron, which she held up, a china cup, broken into two pieces—‘I only

wished to ask you,' said she, 'in a sad voice, if you can mend this cup so that the crack will not be seen.'

Teuzer examined the pieces attentively, they were of fine china, and ornamented with painted flowers. 'So that one must not see the crack,' he repeated, 'it will be difficult,—but we will try.' So saying, he laid the pieces on one side, and returned to his work.

But the little girl, looking much disappointed, said, 'Ah, sir, have the kindness to mend the cup immediately, I will wait until it is done.'

The potter and his workmen began to laugh; then said the former, 'you will have long enough to wait, for after being cemented, the cup must be baked.—It will be three days before I heat the furnace again, and it will be five before you can have your cup.'

The child looked disappointed, and Teuzer continued, 'Ah, I see why you are up so early—your mother does not know that you have broken the cup, and you wanted to have had it mended before she is awake. I am right I see—go then and tell your mother the exact truth—that will be best, will it not?'

The little girl said 'Yes,' in a low voice, and went away.

Very early on the following morning the child returned.

'I told you,' said Teuzer frowning, 'that you could not have your cup for five days.'

'It is not for that I have come,' replied the child, 'but I have brought you something else to mend,'—and she took from her apron the pieces of a brown jar.

Teuzer laughed again, and said, 'We can do nothing with this—you think it is china because it is glazed, but it is from the Waldenburg pottery, and quite a different clay from ours. It would be a fine thing indeed if we could mend all the broken jars in Dresden, we should then be soon obliged to shut up

shop, and eat dry bread—throw away the pieces child.'

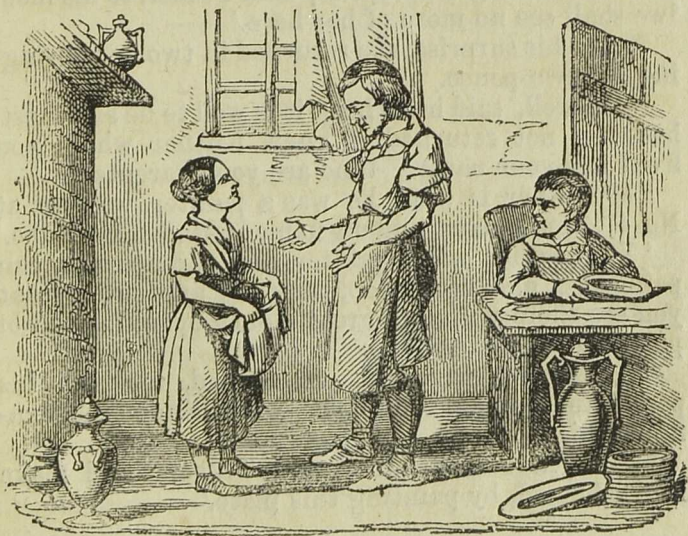
The little girl turned pale, 'the jar is not ours, she said, crying, 'it belongs to Mrs. Abendroth, who sent us some broth.'

'I am sorry for it,' replied Teuzer, 'but you must be more careful in using other people's things.'

'It was not my fault,' said the child—'my poor mother has the rheumatism in her hands, and cannot hold anything firmly—and she let it fall. Have you jars of this kind, and how much would one of this size cost?'

Teuzer felt moved with compassion, 'I have a few in the warehouse,' he answered, 'but they are three times as dear as the common ones.'

He went to look for one to make a present to the little girl, but on his return, chancing to glance into her apron, he saw a little paper parcel. 'What have you there,' he asked, 'coffee, or sugar?'



'It is seed for our canary, our pretty Jacot,' she replied.

'Oh, seed for a bird,' said Teuzer slowly; and putting down the jar he was about to give her, he returned to his work, saying to himself, 'if you can afford to keep a bird you can pay me for my goods. Yes, yes, people are often *so* poor, *so* poor, and when one comes to inquire they keep dogs, cats, or birds; and yet they will ask for alms.'

So the little girl had to go away without the jar; however, she returned at the end of four days for her cup. The crack could scarcely be perceived, and Teuzer asked sixpence for mending it. The little girl searched in her pocket, but without being able to find more than four-pence.

'It wants two-pence said she timidly, and looking beseechingly at the potter,' who replied, dryly, 'I see: well, you will bring it to me on the first opportunity,' he then gave her the cup and she slipped away quite humbled.

'Now I have got rid of her,' said Teuzer, to his men, 'we shall see no more of her here.'

But to his surprise, she returned in two days bringing the two-pence.

'It is well,' said he to her, 'it is well to be so honest, had you not returned, I knew neither where you lived nor your name. Who are your parents?'

'My father is dead, he was a painter, we live at No. 47, South Lane, and my name is Madelaine Tube.'

'Your father was a painter, and perhaps you can paint also, and better too, than my apprentice that you see there with his great mouth open, instead of painting his plates?'

The boy looking quite frightened, took up his pencil and became red as fire, while Madelaine examined his work.

'Come here Madelaine,' said Teuzer, 'and make him ashamed, by painting this plate.'

Madelaine obeyed timidly. Even if she had performed her task badly—Teuzer would certainly have praised her to humiliate his apprentice ; but this was not the case. With a firm and practised hand, the child drew some blue ornaments upon the white ground of the plate.

Without saying a word, Teuzer went to his warehouse, and returned with a Waldenburg jar which he gave to the little girl. ‘Take it,’ he said, ‘it was intended for you some days since. One who although so little and so young as you are, is already so clever, can well afford to keep a bird. If you like to paint my plates and other little things, you shall be well paid.’

Madelaine was delighted, her face shone with joy ; she gladly consented to this proposal, and having thanked Master Teuzer, skipped away carrying her jar.

CHAPTER II.

A PICTURE OF POVERTY.

Madame Tube, the mother of Madelaine, was a great sufferer from rheumatism. Severe pain had kept her awake almost the whole night ; but towards morning a heavy sleep gave her some relief, and prevented her hearing the crowing of a cock in a neighbouring yard, which usually disturbed her : Madelaine however heard it well, and making as little noise as possible, she rose from her miserable bed.

It was still quite dark in the little room, yet as Madelaine was very tidy, she easily found her clothes, put them on quickly, and going very gently into a narrow yard in front of this wretched room she

washed her face, hands, and neck, at the fountain. Perceiving on her return that her mother still slept, she knelt down and repeated her morning prayer, with great attention, then taking up the stocking she was knitting, worked diligently at it until the daylight came feebly in at the little window, when, putting her knitting aside, she lighted the fire in the stove and began to prepare breakfast.

'The smoke suffocates me,' said Madame Tube, as she awoke coughing.

'Good morning, dear mother,' said Madelaine affectionately, 'the wood is damp and the stove full of cracks, but I will try if I cannot stop the smoke.' She then took some clay which she had ready wetted in a broken cup, and endeavoured to stop the large cracks in the stove, which was of earthenware.

'Raise me a little,' said the mother. Madelaine hastened to her—she put her arms round the child's neck, who had to exert all her strength to raise her. Madame Tube, whose constant suffering had made her fretful, said, in a complaining tone, 'Where does this terrible draught come from, is the window open there?'

Madelaine examined it: 'Ah,' said she, 'the rain has loosened the paper I had pasted to the broken pane, I will cover it up.' She then placed an old oil painting against it, which looked as if it had often served the same purpose.

'Is the coffee ready?' asked Madame Tube.

'Very soon,' replied Madelaine: 'only think, dear mother, I have had some very good beef bones given to me, with which I can make you some nice soup, and the cook at the hotel has promised to keep the coffee-grounds for me every day, so we can have some *real* coffee this morning, instead of the carrot drink.'

'But why are you going about without shoes,' said her mother to Madelaine, 'you will take cold on the damp stones? Why do you not put on your shoes, I say?'

‘Do not be angry, dear mother, I must be careful—the soles are already thin, so thin—like paper.’

‘Alas! what will become of us?’ said Madame Tube.

‘Do not fret, dearest mother, I can already earn a little at good Master Teuzer’s, and besides, God who is so very good will not abandon us.’

‘It is true,’ replied the mother, ‘but we have waited long.’

‘When the need is greatest, help is nearest,’ rejoined Madelaine.

‘Is Raphael not yet awake,’ asked Madame Tube.

Something was at this moment heard to move in the dark corner behind the stove, and soon after a little boy, half-dressed, came out softly, and feeling his way. Madelaine advanced towards him, and kissing him with much affection, said, ‘Good morning, my Raphael.’

The little boy returned her caress, and then asked anxiously, ‘What is the matter with Jacot? he does not sing!’

‘It is too dark still,’ said Madelaine, ‘he is not awake.’

Madame Tube said, in a displeased voice, ‘Yes, yes, his bird makes him forget every thing, even to say good morning to his mother.’

‘Do not be angry,’ answered the little boy as he approached the bed, ‘I did not know that you were awake, dear mother, and I dreamed such a sad dream—that some one had taken away our Jacot—and I was so *very* unhappy, forgive me, dear mother’—and saying this he kissed her affectionately.

Meanwhile Madelaine had placed the mended cup and two others upon the table—then taking from her basket a penny loaf, she said, smiling, ‘The baker at the corner gave me that yesterday evening because I helped his Christine to sweep the shop. It is true it is rather stale, but we can soon soften it in our

coffee—and I have milk too, we want nothing but sugar.'

She drew the table close to her mother's bed-side, and the little family ate their poor breakfast with pleasure.

Take example from them ye rich ones of this world, who when you have every luxury spread before you, are nevertheless often dissatisfied.

Madelaine, joyous from the consciousness of having done her duty, amused even her suffering mother by her prattle. Thus the time passed quickly by, when suddenly a beautiful canary, yellow as gold, roused himself in his narrow cage and sent forth a loud and melodious song.

'Jacot, my Jacot !' cried Raphael, delighted.

His mother said, 'The bird recalls us to our duty, —he praises his Creator before he breakfasts'—and with a weak and trembling voice she began, 'May my first thoughts on this day be of praise to thee, O Lord !' Kneeling down, the two children joined her as she repeated her morning prayer, with deep devotion.

At last it grew light in the little room. Madelaine took a needle and thread and began to mend her frock. Raphael felt about for a heap of little pieces of silk, which he began to unravel. Both children were silent, for their mother had taken up a book. After about an hour thus spent, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and almost before Madelaine could say, 'Come in,' the door opened and a man entered, who was so much surprised at the darkness of the room, that at first he could see nothing. Looking quite embarrassed, he asked, 'Is it here that Madame Tube lives ?'

'Ah, it is good Mr. Teuzer, mother, who has come to see us,' said Madelaine joyously.

Madame Tube tried, but in vain, to rise to salute him. As for Raphael, he ran to hide behind the stove.

‘Well,’ said Master Teuzer to Madelaine, ‘I thought you were very ill, for I have not seen you these four days. Where have you been?’

Madelaine looked quite astonished, and said, ‘I have been at your house, sir, and told your apprentice to excuse me to you, because my mother had a fresh attack of rheumatism, and could not spare me.’

‘What a naughty boy, he has never told me one word of it. When I go home I will punish him severely. This then is your mother? She suffers from rheumatism, you say? Sad malady! but this room is a perfect dungeon, enough to kill a strong man. Poor people! The stove smokes too—wretched stove that it is, made before the flood I should think. I must speak to the landlord; it is inexcusable to let such a hole for any one to live in.’

Whilst examining the stove, Master Teuzer had almost fallen over Raphael who was sitting behind it unravelling some pieces of silk: ‘What!’ he exclaimed, ‘some one else? My little fellow you will lose your sight in this Egyptian darkness.’

Madelaine sighed, and Madame Tube said in a voice of deep grief, ‘He has lost it already.’

Teuzer started! ‘Bl—blind, did you say?’ he stammered, and quite shocked he led the poor boy to the light—‘Look at me my child,’ he said.

‘I cannot see you,’ spoke Raphael softly, as he turned his blind eyes towards Teuzer.

There is something very touching in such a look. Teuzer was deeply moved, and turned away as if to examine the stove, but in reality to hide the tears which filled his eyes.—‘What a misfortune,’ he said at last, ‘and you have not told me of this, Madelaine. Has he been long blind?’

‘Since his second year,’ replied Madame Tube.

‘How did it happen?’ asked Teuzer.

‘We do not know, we perceived it when too late to have anything done; and in a short time he became quite blind.’

‘My boy,’ inquired Teuzer, ‘do you remember anything of the brightness of the sun, the blue of the sky, or the face of thy mother?’

Raphael shook his head slowly and with a pensive air.

‘You know nothing, then, of the beauty of the spring—the colours of the flowers—the whiteness of the snow—the—?’

Here the mother made a sign to Master Teuzer, who, seeing the boy look very sorrowful, ceased his lamentations, and said, ‘What is there, then, that gives you pleasure, my poor boy?’

Raphael’s face brightened up, as he answered,—‘Oh! I am very happy when my mother is pleased with me—when Madelaine caresses me—and when I hear my Jacot sing.’

Teuzer reflected a moment—‘You are happier, although blind, than thousands who possess all their faculties. You can hear the kind and gentle voices of your mother and sister—can tell them of your wants and sorrows—sure of finding affection and sympathy in their hearts. Compare yourself, then, my boy, with those less happy than yourself; but above all, raise your heart to him who has promised to be a Father of the fatherless, for he will never forsake you.’ Thus saying, he slipped some money into Raphael’s hand, and took leave of the poor family, who blessed this benevolent man.

CHAPTER III.

UNEASINESS.

Soon after the departure of Master Teuzer, the landlord arrived; he spoke roughly to the poor woman. 'How is this? How dare you send that potter to me? Did I force you to take this room? If it does not suit you, why do you not leave it? The stove has lasted for thirty years, and I certainly shall not buy a new one for you.'

On hearing these invectives, Raphael had hidden behind his mother's bed. Madelaine trembled and dare not pronounce a word. But Madame Tube extending her hands and trying to rise, cried, 'Oh! Mr. Duller, I am quite innocent, I never thought of complaining of my room; I know but too well that poor people cannot expect to lodge like princes. Master Teuzer has been used to better stoves, but I am contented if the tiles do not fall upon our heads.'

These words softened the landlord a little. 'If it is so,' said he, 'I shall know how to treat this Master Teuzer if he comes again to meddle with things which do not concern him; he preached me a sermon upon your misery, and on the duty of assisting so poor a family. I am satisfied if he chooses to help you, for I shall have the better security for my rent. I have also come to inform you that an inspector of the poor will call to inquire into your circumstances. I know they are none of the best; but do not let him see the canary-bird, for then he will do nothing for you. But stay—the bird pleases me, I will give you half-a-crown for it—you had better sell it, for then you will have one less to feed.'

At these words, Raphael could not conceal his grief—his sobs were heard from behind the bed—but the hard-hearted landlord took up the cage, as if the matter was settled.

Madame Tube, moved by the grief of her blind child, answered in a decided tone, 'No, Mr. Duller, I will not sell the bird, it is the only joy of my Raphael; only think what it is to be *blind*—to see nothing, absolutely nothing of the beautiful creation of God! All creation, all the riches of nature belong to those who see; as for the blind, their enjoyments are only those passing ones of taste and harmony. I can give nothing but dry bread, potatos, and water to my blind child—the song of his bird is his only enjoyment. Be comforted, my Raphael,' she said, turning to the weeping boy, 'I will not sell your favourite.'

'As you please,' rejoined the landlord angrily; 'my intention was good,' and muttering to himself, he went away.

A few hours afterwards, a man knocked, and announced himself as the inspector. He found the situation of the family truly miserable; inquired into all their circumstances, and satisfied himself that their distress was not occasioned by any misconduct on their part. But the bird was again the stumbling-stone. He said he could not consent to give the money subscribed for the poor of the town to those who would spend some of it in buying seed for a canary bird. All that he could do was to get Madelaine admitted to the free-school. Since her husband's death, Madame Tube had been unable to pay for sending her little girl to school, so she was much pleased at this offer, and thanked the inspector cordially. From that time Madelaine went to school, but gladly availed herself of every holiday to go to paint at Master Teuzer's.

Several months passed away, and Christmas was

approaching: but with that period came more trials to the poor family. Their rent would then become due, and Madame Tube, owing to her long illness, had been unable to earn anything towards it. What little Madelaine gained at Teuzer's was only sufficient to buy food of the poorest description. The severe season had added much to their sufferings, and they looked forward with great anxiety lest the landlord should turn them out in the snow, if they were unable to pay him.

Master Teuzer was preparing for the approaching Christmas fair a great quantity of little articles for children. This gave Madelaine plenty of employment; and thus those things which would contribute to the amusement of other children were to her a source of gain and of the purest and best gratification, for she hoped to earn enough to pay her mother's rent. With this view, she devoted her mornings to working at Master Teuzer's, instead of going to school. Her absence would, no doubt, have been excused, had she gone to her teacher and mentioned the reason of her staying away, but by neglecting to do so Madelaine committed a fault, the consequences of which were very serious.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The most diligent and best conducted children of the free-school received rewards two days before Christmas, in the large school-room, where numbers of ladies assembled, bringing different gifts for the poor children, and rejoicing at the sight of their happiness. Madelaine knew that she should not be of the number of those who received rewards, for she had not been long enough at school. She felt no envy or ill-temper on this account, but wished greatly to see the other children enjoying themselves ; and in the afternoon she said to her brother, ' Come, my Raphael, let us go to the fair together, and afterwards to the school ; it is not good for you to sit in the house always, and although you cannot see, yet you can hear the sound of happy voices, the bells of the sledges, the hymns of the children, and then I will describe to you exactly all the beautiful things in the booths, the windmills that turn round, the rocking-horses, the gingerbread men, and quantities of other pretty things. Come, my Raphael.' His mother also encouraged the poor boy to go with his sister ; so having washed his face, neatly parted his hair, and arranged his poor but carefully darned clothes as tidily as possible, Madelaine took his hand, and led him out. The cold air brought a slight colour into his pale cheeks, and the cheerful sounds raised his spirits, a contented smile lighted up his features, which generally wore an expression of

suffering. He listened with pleasure to the animated descriptions of his sister, and willingly agreed to accompany her to the school. As they approached it, a long procession of happy-looking children passed them ; several of those in Madelaine's class nodded to her, and one of them separating herself from the others, ran up to Madelaine, and said hastily, ' Is it true, Madelaine, that you have stayed away from school without leave for six days ? An apprentice told our teacher, and he is very angry with you.'

Madelaine was going to explain, but the little girl had joined her companions. She felt much grieved, and longed to be able to tell all to her teacher ; she looked up anxiously at the high windows which were now lighting up brilliantly. Numbers of people were arriving on foot, and in carriages, hastening in to witness the happy scene. She only, with her poor blind brother, was pushed rudely back by the guards. Poor Raphael began to feel the cold painfully, and Madelaine perceiving that his hands were benumbed, untied her apron, and rolled them up in it.

Seeing this, a poor fruit woman, whose stall was near, said, ' You are almost frozen, my poor children ; why are you not at the school fête ? This poor boy has no warm socks ; come here, my child, warm yourself at my stove.'

Madelaine thanked her, and led her brother to the stall. The woman was struck by this, and asked, ' Can he not see plainly ?'

' He cannot see at all,' answered Madelaine, sighing, ' he is blind.'

' Unfortunate child,' said the fruit-woman, and looking round her for something to please him, (for the compassion of the poor is often active and thoughtful) she put a hot baked apple into each of his hands, ' this is good both for cold and hunger,' she added, ' may God give you a happy Christmas.'

Madelaine received a similar present, and the two children went away, after having thanked the kind woman cordially.

The numerous lights suspended across the windows of the school continued to illuminate the dark street. Presently the sound of several hundred young voices was heard, at first very softly, then swelling louder and louder, as they joined in singing the praises of their Heavenly Father, who, by the gift of his Son, has offered salvation to the children of men. Then the eyes of the blind boy filled with tears of joy, and he raised his heart in gratitude and praise to the Saviour of sinners. 'Listen,' said he, in a low voice, as if afraid of disturbing the sound, 'listen, Madelaine, is not it like angels singing their hallelujahs around the throne of God? Oh that I could fly to heaven, far, far, above this earth!'

'And leave mother and me here below,' replied Madelaine, reproachfully.

'No, no,' said Raphael, quickly, 'I should come back very often to see you and mother.'

'But she will be uneasy about us now,' said Madelaine, 'so, come, let us return home, and think no more of flying. The children have done singing.' They returned home, and related to their mother all that had passed. Raphael dreamed only of angels singing, and being in heaven. Thus he was happy at least in his sleep.

CHAPTER V.

HAPPINESS DESTROYED.

Early the following morning, which was the day before Christmas-day, Madelaine went to Master Teuzer's to assist in carrying his wares to the fair. She had already made several turns from the warehouse to the market-place, when Teuzer's apprentice said to her, with a malignant joy which he could ill conceal, 'Hark, a policeman is coming to seek you.' Madelaine was greatly frightened, she thought of her absence from school, and of what her school-fellow had said to her. 'To ask for me?' she stammered, turning pale.

'Yes,' replied the boy, 'and he said he would be sure to find you.'

And this proved but too true, for the next time that Madelaine arrived with her basket full at Teuzer's stall, she found a policeman waiting for her. 'Put that down he said gravely, and follow me.'

Madelaine trembled so violently that she was unable to obey, and the woman who kept the stall for Master Teuzer, and the policeman were obliged to support her. 'But,' asked the former, 'what has the poor child done to be arrested?'



‘She will soon know,’ replied the other, as he led Madelaine away. She walked beside him in silence, her head hanging down, for she felt too much ashamed to raise her eyes; but she became still paler, and a torrent of burning tears ran down her cheeks when she heard harsh voices saying, ‘She is a thief: so young and already a thief.’ Even the policeman now felt pity for her grief, and to turn her attention from the remarks of the passers by, he said to her. ‘Your teacher has reported you for being absent from school six days without leave. Is it your mother’s fault? for in that case you are free, and I must arrest her.’

‘My mother is entirely innocent,’ answered Madelaine firmly, and looking up, for she felt some comfort in the thought, that her poor mother would be spared punishment. Madelaine had not even mentioned to her being absent from school. The policeman brought her to a lock-up house, where she was put into a large room, already crowded with females, waiting to be examined for their various offences. Madelaine’s heart sunk, when she looked around upon those into whose society she was thus thrust. Some were intoxicated, others were gambling, quarrelling, and using profane and dreadful language. Mixed among these miserable women were several children, seeing and hearing all this wickedness.

How deeply responsible are those, who instead of trying to reclaim young offenders, place them in situations where they must inevitably become worse!

Poor Madelaine like a timid bird, crouched into a corner, where covering her head with her apron she wept bitterly. ‘How my mother is grieving about me,’ she thought, ‘and poor Raphael, who will make their soup to-day? Mother cannot even cut bread, or light the fire, and it is so cold, they must stay in bed all day. If I could even send them the six shillings which Master Teuzer paid me to-day, it is of no

use here, and mother would be so glad to have the money to give the landlord, lest he should turn them into the street, if he does not get any of his rent.'

Thus uneasiness tormented Madelaine, the people she was among inspired her with disgust, she wished to be deaf that she might not hear their dreadful words. She thought of her teacher who had brought her to this, she could not have believed him capable of such harshness, she felt sure the apprentice must have shamefully calumniated her. And so indeed he had, for feeling jealous of the praise which his master bestowed upon this modest and industrious young girl, he took this means of removing her, envious at the idea of her sharing in the Christmas presents, which his master intended to distribute.

The hours which always flew so rapidly when Madelaine was engaged in her work, now appeared insupportably long. 'How many little cups, and plates could I have painted!' she said to herself. 'How many rows of my stocking I could have knitted. Yes, work is a real blessing, for all the world I would not be a sluggard.'

At noon, large dishes of soup, vegetables, and bread, were brought in, but although the food was far better than Madelaine was accustomed to, she could not eat.

The afternoon passed wearily away, at last Madelaine took courage and approached the barred window which looked into a street, she saw many people passing, taking home different things intended for Christmas presents. Pastry-cooks carrying baskets and trays full of sugar plums, cakes and all kinds of sweet-meats. Others bearing Christmas trees—boxes of playthings—rocking-horses—dolls' houses—hoops—skipping-ropes, and numbers of other delights of children.

As the evening closed in, Madelaine could see the lights burning on the Christmas trees in the

neighbouring houses, and could hear the distant cries of joy of the children as they received their gifts, and as she thought sadly that she might also have enjoyed the same pleasure at Master Teuzer's, her tears flowed afresh, and she sunk back into her corner, where at last sleep, that friend of the poor and afflicted, came and closed those red and swollen eyes.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW MISFORTUNES.

Before six on the following morning, the firing of cannon, which announced Christmas-day, awoke Madelaine from her agitated sleep. At the same time all the church-bells rang a merry peal. Madelaine alone was awake; but as she looked around upon her wretched companions, she felt all the misery of her situation—she thought again of her mother and brother—of their anguish on her account—and falling upon her knees, she poured out all her grief to her Father in heaven, and felt comforted as she remembered that He has said, “Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”

At eight o'clock the jailor's wife brought in breakfast. Madelaine took courage to address her, and begged for some employment.

This request surprised the woman; she looked pleased at Madelaine, and said, ‘Work? yes, I have plenty; if you will promise not to run away, and to be very industrious, you can help me scour the coppers.’ Madelaine promised readily, and following

the woman into the yard, felt less miserable when she found herself in the open air. The jailor's wife silently observed her for some time as she worked, and then coming to her with a large piece of white bread and butter, she said, 'One can easily see that it is not the first time you have done this work; you might well engage yourself as a servant. Stay, eat a little, and rest yourself.'

Just as Madelaine was thanking her for this kindness, a crowd of people hurried into the court, speaking loudly.

'He ought to be punished,' cried one, angrily.

'Severely,' exclaimed several others.

'Another child run over,' said one man to the constable on guard.

'But who is this boy who has ventured all alone into the street, blind as he is?' asked another.

These words struck Madelaine to the heart. She threw down her bread and rushed into the crowd, which opened before her, and let her see the blind Raphael carried by two men, pale as a corse, his right arm hanging down, and the broken bone showing through the skin.



'Oh, Raphael! my Raphael!' cried Madelaine, in agony.

At this well-known voice, a ray of pleasure bright-

ened the face of the blind boy ; he stretched out his left arm to draw her towards him, and hiding his face in her bosom, he said, sobbing, ' Mother is dying, and Jacot—and I—dying of grief.'

' But,' said Madelaine, ' how have you come here ? How were you run over ?'

' Mother was so unhappy, and never ceased crying about you ; she would have come to look for you but she was too weak. Since yesterday Jacot has had no seed ; we gave him a few crumbs, but he does not sing, and mother said he sits quite still upon his perch, and that he will die. In my grief I came out to search for you, and to beg some seed for Jacot. I walked along by the houses for some time very well, but when I was crossing a street, a carriage came past at full gallop, threw me down, and the wheel went over my arm.'

Madelaine shuddered as she looked at the arm, and said, ' poor Raphael ! you are in great pain.'

' Yes,' he replied, ' but if you will only come home, and if Jacot does not die, then I can bear the pain.'

' His arm must be set without delay,' said one of the spectators, ' it is swelling.'

' The boy must be taken to the hospital,' observed another.

' No, oh no,' cried Raphael in agony, and holding his sister firmly, ' I will stay with Madelaine, with my mother, and Jacot.'

' Compose yourself,' said Madelaine, ' I will stay with you.'

' That cannot be,' interrupted the jailor, ' you have not yet been examined, but your brother will not remain long here.' Saying these words, he tried to disengage Madelaine from her brother. Raphael screamed, and tried with all his strength to hold her.

There was a murmur among the crowd ; threatening words were spoken against the police. At this moment a gentleman came forward, and addressing

Raphael in a kind voice, said, 'Do not torment yourself, my child, you are only going to the hospital to have your arm set. If you do not like to remain there, you can return home. In a few hours your sister will be at liberty, and then she can remain with you ; and I will go immediately to your mother to tell her all that has happened.'

'But my bird ?' said Raphael.

'I will take him a large bag of canary-seed,' replied this good man.

Raphael's heart was relieved of a great burden ; his features became calm, and in a voice of deep feeling, he said, 'A thousand thanks, dear, good gentleman.'

Madelaine and the people joined in thanking and blessing this benevolent man, who went directly to do as he had promised. In the meantime, a litter had been brought, Madelaine helped to place her brother upon it, then kissing him tenderly, she returned weeping to her work.

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLE INCREASES.

Madame Tube had already shed many bitter tears for her daughter—she shed many more when she heard of Raphael's misfortune. When the unknown gentleman told her of it, anguish prevented her speaking ; but looking about the room she at last found the handle of an old broom, which she held as a support between her trembling hands, and set off for the Hospital.

Thus the stranger was obliged to feed the bird, and shutting up the house, he gave the key to the landlord ; then he ran after Madame Tube, who

could get on but slowly with her swelled feet. The people who passed saluted this gentleman, and named him the king's minister. Notwithstanding, he did not appear the least ashamed to give his arm to this poor woman, and to accompany her to the hospital, where, thanks to his presence, admittance was soon granted to her. Raphael was already there, waiting for the surgeon, who had not yet arrived, and looked delighted to hear his mother's voice, and receive her tender caresses.

When the surgeon came, he cut away the sleeve of Raphael's jacket and shirt, and then called some men to assist him while he set the bone. The pain was dreadful—every cry of her child pierced the heart of Madame Tube, who fainted during these cruel moments. At last the arm was set and bandaged; the severest pain was over, and Raphael was laid upon a bed, where his mother watched him through the night. He soon became restless—the fever was very high, and he was with difficulty prevented from turning and injuring his broken arm again. Towards morning the fever abated a little. Madame Tube had not slept for an instant—she had not thought of eating or drinking—and now feeling quite exhausted, she determined to return home and take a few hours repose. On her way thither she remembered having left her door open, and feared that all her little property might have been stolen. She was re-assured on finding the door locked, and thinking the landlord had done her this kindness, she went to him for the key.

On seeing her, he appeared astonished, and said, that as she had stayed away so long he had let the room to a fruiterer, who wanted to put fruit there and had already taken possession, he added, that he had seized her goods to be sold by auction for the rent she owed him.

Madame Tube clasped her hands in despair, praying to be supported under this new trial, she turned

from the hard-hearted man, and with difficulty retraced her steps to the hospital. There she found Madelaine released and nursing her brother. Madame Tube obtained permission to occupy one of the beds until her son could be removed ; and Madelaine felt thankful to be able to go out and purchase a little food for her mother with the money she had earned at Master Teuzer's ; she also hired a little room instead of their former one, but she was obliged to pay a month's rent in advance, which left her but a few pence.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SALE.

‘ Lot 41,’ cried the auctioneer, ‘ a padlock and key.’

‘ Gentlemen, will you make an offer, the padlock is still very good, and no doubt cost at least a shilling. Who will bid ?’

‘ Two-pence,’ answered a voice.

‘ Two-pence,’ repeated the auctioneer, ‘ once. Two-pence, twice. Will no one bid higher ? It is going for nothing, the key is worth more. Have you all done ?’

While the auctioneer continued to invite the bystanders to offer more, the door opened, and Madame Tube entered with Madelaine and Raphael, who held his arm in a sling. They stopped timidly at the entrance, when Raphael entreated his sister to lead him once more to Jacot, let me take leave of him he said, they made their way through the crowd to where the cage was placed.

'Jacot,' spoke Madelaine, in a low voice as she raised a corner of the handkerchief which covered the cage. The bird chirped at the sound of the well known voice.

'Do not touch that cage,' said a constable roughly, and Madelaine let fall the handkerchief. At this moment, 'Lot 42. A canary and cage,' was called, 'a charming little bird,' continued the auctioneer, 'yellow as gold, and sings like a nightingale. How much for the canary?'

Raphael's heart beat violently, Madelaine hastened to count the money she had left. 'Courage,' she whispered to Raphael, 'make an offer stoutly, you can go to ten-pence, and perhaps they will let you have it out of compassion.'

'Sixpence to begin with,' said the constable.

'Seven-pence,' cried another voice.

'Eight-pence,' stammered poor Raphael.

'Nine-pence,' replied the other.

'Ten-pence,' said Raphael, gasping for breath.

The attention of those around was attracted to the poor boy, who with his arm in a sling and pale as death, had his blind eyes turned towards the auctioneer, his countenance expressing intense anxiety.

A short but profound silence succeeded, then a number of questions were asked, the history of the poor child was told, every one felt moved with compassion, and no one would bid again for the bird, which was knocked down to Raphael for ten-pence.

Madelaine placed the cage in his hand, her eyes beaming with joy; he pressed it closely as a treasure without price, then quite overcome he sobbed aloud.

As soon as the poor family had quitted the room, the sale of the other miserable articles continued, and last of all the old picture which used to serve to stop up the window, was sold at a high price to an artist, it having been discovered to be a painting of considerable value.

CHAPTER IX.

“WHEN DISTRESS IS GREATEST, HELP IS NEAREST.”

By prayers and entreaties Madame Tube had obtained her bed and some indispensable articles from the constable ; but in their new habitation they had neither table, chair, bread, wood, or candle—neither had they any clothing but what they wore—and yet they felt happy—happy at being together again ; they seemed to love each other more than ever, and felt thankful that although so very poor, they had the comfort of not being obliged to live with strangers, or with the wicked. Raphael was delighted to have his bird, and his mother and sister rejoiced at his happiness ; but the question now was, What to do ? How to live ? The bird was there it is true, but there were no seed for him. This caused Madame Tube to say,—‘ After all we have been foolish to give our last ten-pence for Jacot—we shall suffer for want of it, and in the end the bird will die of hunger. Yes, my Raphael, it is not well to attach our hearts so much to any earthly thing—sooner or later it is taken from us, and then we are miserable. Let us then set our affections on things above, and not on those of the earth.’

Thus spoke Madame Tube, while Raphael caressed his bird.

Then Madelaine jumping up suddenly, exclaimed, ‘ I must go immediately to my teacher—I cannot bear that he should think so ill of me.’ She ran off, and in about half-an-hour returned.—‘ Mother, mother,’ she cried, ‘ all is right, and I am quite happy.’

The teacher is so grieved that he should have listened to the falsehoods which that wicked apprentice told of me ; and see, dear mother, the beautiful present he has given me.' So saying, she took from her apron a large parcel, containing a new Bible nicely bound. Her eyes sparkled with joy as she said, 'Now, Raphael, I can read so many beautiful stories to you.'

'May the blessing of God enter our house with his Word !' said Madame Tube, solemnly.

They were all silent for a few moments, when Madelaine spoke, 'I ought also to go to good Master Teuzer, mother—I am sure he will employ me again.'

She went, and after a considerable time returned, knocked at the door, and called to her mother to open it—she entered quite loaded. Her mother looked on in astonishment as she spread before her a large cake, apples, nuts, oranges, several pairs of warm stockings, a knitted jacket, and four shillings. 'All these are given by kind Master Teuzer,' said Madelaine, 'he has been from home, and did not hear any thing of our distress, but he kept all these Christmas presents for me, and I am to work with him as often as I can, and the wicked apprentice is sent away ;' and pulling Raphael along with her she danced about the room.

The sun had set, and it was already almost dark, when several gentle knocks were heard at the door, the children were frightened lest some new misfortune was coming, but it was not so. Five children, three girls and two boys, between the ages of four and thirteen, entered timidly. They remained standing silently, and looking at the door as if they expected some one. Madame Tube and her children were much astonished at such an unexpected arrival, but in a few minutes a servant entered carrying two heavy baskets. 'Well ?' she cried to the children, as she put down her heavy load. Upon this the two boys advanced towards Raphael, and leading him

into a corner, dressed him in a suit of their own clothes, which although they had been worn, were still strong and good ; they also gave him a new pair of strong boots and a cloth cap. In the meantime their sisters had given Madame Tube and Madelaine warm gowns, flannel petticoats, and shoes. All this was done in silence—on the one side from timidity—on the other from astonishment.

At last the servant said, 'It is as dark as a dungeon here—where Christmas presents are giving, there should be light to see them ;' and taking from one of her baskets a large parcel of candles, a match, and two candlesticks, she soon illuminated the little chamber. Then the young visitors began to empty the baskets, and with delighted looks spread before the poor family a large loaf of bread, a piece of beef ready cooked, a cheese, butter, coffee, sugar, rice, salt, some plates, knives and forks, cups and saucers, a coffee-pot, saucepans, and a kettle.

Madame Tube was overwhelmed. She said, 'You must be mistaken, these things are not intended for us, they are for some other people.'

The children smiled at each other, but the servant answered, 'All are really for you, Madame Tube, the children have thought of nothing else but the pleasure of giving them to you—they have talked of it day and night.'

'May we come in ?' asked a voice at the door.' It opened, and a gentleman entered ; a sweet looking lady was leaning on his arm. 'May we also see the gifts ?' he said.

'Papa, mama,' exclaimed the children joyously, as they surrounded their beloved parents.

'And how are you, Madame Tube ?' inquired the gentleman ; 'Do you feel better ? Christmas week has been a sad one for you, we will hope that the new year is about to open more brightly.'

The gentleman's face was not unknown to Madame

Tube ; she reflected a moment, and then recollected it was the king's minister, who had accompanied her to the hospital. Madelaine also recognised the benevolent man, and the blind boy knew his voice the moment he spoke. They all surrounded their noble benefactor and thanked him with tears of gratitude ; but he stopped them by saying, 'My children wished to have this pleasure—it is they who have collected all these little things—and is it not true,' he continued, turning to his children, 'that there is more happiness in giving than in receiving?'

'Oh, yes, yes,' they replied eagerly, 'never in our lives before have we felt so happy.'

Their father smiled, and added, turning to Madame Tube, 'To-morrow a load of wood will arrive for you—I have mentioned your sad story to some of our town's people, and have already received much help, which I will lay out to the best advantage for your most pressing wants. And now I am sure Madame Tube has need of repose, so we will wish her good night, and a happy New Year.'

Thus in the midst of thanks on one side, and good wishes on the other, they separated.

Shortly afterwards, a young man entered, and advancing to Madame Tube, said, 'The auctioneer has sent me to inform you that your old oil painting sold for eight pounds, and he sends you seven pounds which remain for you after paying Mr. Duller his rent.' He handed her the money, and wishing her good night, left the room.

So many unexpected events were almost too much for Madame Tube, she felt overcome, but falling on her knees, 'Come my children,' she said, 'let us thank God for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever. He hears the young ravens when they cry to him for food, and he has heard our cry and has helped us.' The children joined in her heartfelt thanksgivings, and the Lord made his face to shine upon them and

gave them peace. The children soon fell asleep with these happy feelings, but before Madame Tube lay down, she gazed long at her children. Never had she seen her Raphael look so well, a delicate red tinged his cheek, and a happy smile played around his mouth; and kissing him gently she thought how willingly she would give up all else to restore to him his sight.

In the midst of the silence of the night, the cathedral clock struck twelve, the old year with its griefs and sorrows had disappeared. The New Year had commenced, bringing with it joy and hope, 'Cast all thy care upon him who careth for thee,' murmured Madame Tube, as she laid her head on her pillow, and slept in peace.

CHAPTER X.

THE WONDERS OF THE EYE.

Madame Tube had been relieved from great suffering, she was now comparatively at her ease; but it was not in the power of her benevolent friends to relieve her from bodily suffering, nor to restore Raphael's sight. What an inestimable blessing is health, and how seldom is its value acknowledged until it is lost.

As for Madelaine she enjoyed perfect health which she chiefly owed to her habits of early rising, cleanliness, and activity. She left nothing undone to comfort her mother in her suffering, and to cheer her brother; and for this she had a constant resource in her Bible, the magnificent promises and heavenly consolations of which soothed and comforted her mother, while Raphael was edified and delighted

by the beautiful histories and parables that were read to him.

One day when she had just finished reading the miracle of the blind man receiving sight, she said, 'Ah ! Raphael, I would go to the end of the earth, if I could obtain that blessing for you.'

'But I would not let you go,' he replied. 'You must never leave us again, and besides I cannot fancy that sight is such a *very* precious thing—describe to me what it is.'

'I will explain it as well as I can,' answered a stranger who had entered unperceived with the king's minister. Raphael was going to run behind the stove, but the minister prevented him. 'Stay,' my dear boy, he said kindly, 'this gentleman is the king's physician, and he wishes to be of use to you and your mother, it is with that view he has come here.'

'You wish to know what sight is my boy,' said the doctor. 'The wisest men cannot tell exactly, but I will try to explain it to you in some degree. The eye is most wonderfully formed, it resembles a round mirror, on which all objects, whether near or distant are reflected—this mirror is called the crystal, and is scarcely so large as a cherry stone, and yet the largest objects as well as the smallest are exactly reflected on it ; for example, our cathedral with its fine towers, its doors, and windows ; how impossible would it be for the most skilful painter to represent these on so small a space as the pupil of the eye ; but God has so formed that wonderful organ, that it can receive the reflection of the whole in an instant.'

'How wonderful !' exclaimed both mother and daughter, who had listened with much greater interest than Raphael, who could not understand what was said in the least.

'But why is it,' asked Madelaine taking courage, 'that my brother cannot see ? Why are not objects reflected upon his eyes as they are upon ours ?'

‘My child,’ replied the doctor, ‘light is a necessary condition for sight, and this is what your brother’s eyes want, because there is a thick skin formed over them which excludes all light.’ The physician then examined Raphael’s eyes carefully, and found the cataract (as this skin is called) nearly ripe.

‘My advice,’ he said to Madame Tube, ‘is, that you and your son should go, as soon as the weather is warm enough, to Tœplitz for the benefit of the baths, which will be of much service to you both ; and I shall see you there in the course of the summer.’

The poor family warmly thanked the physician, and the king’s minister, who then took leave, the latter promising to provide means for the proposed journey.

CHAPTER XI.

THE JOURNEY AND THE BATHS.

As soon as summer had arrived, the minister sent a comfortable *char-à-banc*, a sort of jaunting car, to convey Madame Tube and her children to Tœplitz ; he also sent her a present of money for her expenses.

Madame Tube and Madelaine were delighted with the beautiful scenery through which they passed. When they had reached the top of the Saxon Erzgebirge, and had descended on the Bohemian side, they were charmed with all they saw. Blue mountains across which light clouds floated, surround the flowery valley in which Tœplitz is situated. Rocks peeped out from amidst the dark pines on the wooded declivity of the mountain, inviting the traveller to enjoy the magnificent view. On the other side (gloomy as the age in which it was built,)

rose proudly the ruined towers of the strong-hold of some warrior chief. From the valley rose the blue smoke of the huts of a little hamlet, while the sweet chimes of the village church floated through the pure, sweet morning air. Passing under a green arch of lime-trees they reached the pretty town of Tœplitz, where they soon engaged a little apartment. Having rested for some hours they went out to view the wonderful waters which God in his goodness has provided for the relief of suffering humanity. Great was their astonishment to see in several places the springs bubbling up boiling out of the earth, and this astonishment was increased, when they remembered that from time immemorial without interruption, in winter as in summer, these health-restoring waters flow always equally abundant, and hot ; prepared in the bosom of the earth. Here thousands come in search of health, arriving on crutches or carried by their attendants to the baths ; at the end of a few weeks they are able to walk without support. Madame Tube soon found benefit, each bath strengthened her and relieved the pain from which she had so long suffered.

Madelaine led Raphael daily to the spring for the eyes, where much sympathy was excited for the children among the visitors, who observed their neat although poor dress, and their modest behaviour. One day as Madelaine was applying the water to her brother's eyes and looking at him with the deepest anxiety, a gentleman stopped and asked if the little boy had weak eyes.

Madelaine's soft eyes filled with tears as she answered, ' My brother is quite blind, sir.'

' In that case, these waters will be of no use to him, but something else may be done,' he added ; then asking Madelaine's name and address, he left them. They then returned home, and related to their mother what had passed.

In about an hour after, their kind friend the physician from Dresden, entered the room, accompanied by the unknown gentleman, who proved to be the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, who had just arrived with his physician at Tœplitz.

The doctor having examined Raphael's eyes once more, fixed the following Thursday for the operation. The Prince spoke kindly to Madame Tube, and promising to see her again, left the room followed by the doctor.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OPERATION.

Thursday was come—before the sun had risen from behind the mountains, Madelaine was up, hope and anxiety had kept both her and her mother awake nearly the whole night.

Madelaine arranged the little room with the greatest care and neatness. She then washed and dressed herself. Gladly would she have done the same for her brother, but the doctor had forbidden anything which could cause him the least excitement. Nine o'clock was the hour fixed for the operation ; at six Madelaine was ready. She then joined with her mother (for Raphael still slept) in earnest prayer for God's blessing on the work about to be done. After these fervent supplications, Madelaine asked her mother's permission to go to the fields to gather a bouquet of wild flowers. She returned some time before the doctor arrived. He entered the room as the clock struck nine, accompanied by an assistant, their appearance produced some agitation in the family ; but the doctor entered into conversation on

indifferent subjects for a while, before he spoke of the object of his visit.

He then said, 'My dear friends, I do not know, whether I can entirely fulfil my promise of operating on this little boy's eyes to-day. I must first try whether he will remain still when the instrument touches his eyes. Come then, my little fellow, be firm.' He led Raphael to the window, and desiring him to open his eyes wide, asked, 'Does that hurt you?' as he passed the instrument across his eye.

'Not at all,' replied Raphael.

'That is well,' rejoined the Doctor. Then calling his assistant to him, they commenced the operation; after a considerable time during which Madame Tube and Madelaine suffered intense anxiety, Raphael suddenly cried out,—'Why did you cry out?' asked the Doctor calmly, as he covered the eye, 'it is impossible that could hurt you.'

'It did not exactly hurt me,' answered Raphael, in a trembling voice, 'but it felt in my eye as if—' He stopped and tried in vain to express what he felt. 'I understand,' said the Doctor, 'and I am satisfied by this that the operation will succeed. We will now leave you to rest until to-morrow.' Then giving strict orders to Madame Tube that the covering should not be removed from the eye, the Doctor took his leave, expressing at the same time every hope of the happy termination of the operation.

At the appointed hour next day the Doctor arrived and completed the operation; then having the room very much darkened, he permitted the covering to be removed, when Raphael exclaimed in delight, 'Oh! I see many things, many things.'

The impression which these words produced on his mother and sister was inexpressible. With cries of joy they rushed towards him, saying, 'God be praised! God be praised!'

'My son, my son, thou art doubly given to me,' ejaculated his mother sobbing.

Are you my dearest mother?' asked Raphael, as she folded him in her arms, 'Now at last I shall learn to know your dear features.'

'Raphael, Raphael,' said Madelaine, sadly, 'have you quite forgotten me? let me at least see your eyes that are no longer dead.' He turned quickly towards her, and both wept for joy in each other's arms.

'Now, it is enough,' said the Doctor, 'it is only by degrees that he can become accustomed to the light, and for this reason, my boy, you must remain blind for a few days longer:' he replaced the bandage and added, 'whenever this is taken off, the room must be darkened, as the light must be admitted only by degrees, until his eyes are accustomed to it. Neglect of this precaution would deprive him of sight for ever.'

Madame Tube promised to be careful, then seizing the Doctor's hand, 'Permit me,' she said, 'to kiss the hand which has with God's blessing restored sight to my child. I cannot reward you for this noble action. May God give you his choicest blessings!'

'Oh! good, kind gentleman,' broke in Madelaine, 'how happy you have made us all; if I could but express all I feel; but I am too ignorant, I can only thank you a thousand times.'

'And I,' said Raphael, 'I can only thank you now, but I will pray for you, my benefactor. When I rise in the morning, when I lie down at night,—when I look around me on this beautiful world, I will always think of you, and ask God to bless you.'

'It is enough, enough,' said the Doctor, 'I am very happy that I have been successful.' As he spoke, his countenance beamed with benevolence, and doubtless the heartfelt thanks and prayers of the poor family, and the consciousness of having performed a kind action, gave him most sincere pleasure. He quitted the little room, followed by silent blessings.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ENJOYMENT OF SIGHT.

A new world was now open to Raphael—hearing and taste were before his greatest pleasures, but now he forgot every thing in the enjoyment of sight. The first time the bandage was removed from his eyes, he amused his mother and sister by trying to reach the bouquet of forget-me-nots which was at the further side of the room. He was quite astonished to find his hand did not reach it. His mother, who had remarked this said, laughing, ‘My dear Raphael, you are like a little infant who stretches out its hands towards every object it sees, whether near or distant.’

When the thick curtain was withdrawn, Raphael would have put his head through the window had not his mother prevented him—and when shown the glass, he was all amazement.

One day he said to Madelaine, ‘There is some one looking at us through that little window there ; who is it that lives so very near us ?’

Madelaine looked at him, and laughed with all her heart—‘It is the looking-glass,’ she answered, ‘and that person is no other than yourself.’

But Raphael would not believe her until his mother took down the looking-glass to convince him. He looked behind it expecting to find some one there. ‘Ah,’ said his mother to Madelaine, ‘we shall have many curious questions to answer our Raphael before he becomes acquainted with the world in which he lives.’

After sunset Madame Tube prepared to take a walk with her children. She turned to the road which led to the nearest hill. They proceeded but slowly, for Raphael stopped continually to ask the meaning of something new to him. The smoke from the chimneys—the water at the springs—the trees with their thick trunks and delicately formed leaves—all were to him new wonders. His mother must tell him the name of every little fly—of the commonest weed—and even of each stone ; but when he came in sight of the majestic mountains, his astonishment knew no bounds. ‘What an immense time it must have taken to make such mountains!’ he exclaimed.

‘The most powerful king,’ replied his mother, ‘were he to employ millions and millions of men could not raise such, but God is the All-powerful King who is wonderful in all his works, from the least to the greatest—from the smallest flower to the glorious sun which is just setting. Look Raphael what a magnificent bed he has—those purple clouds with their splendid border like a fringe of gold.’

‘Is the sun very far from us?’ inquired Raphael.

‘Very far,’ replied his mother, ‘millions and millions of miles are between us and the sun.’

‘Turn round,’ said Madelaine, laughing, to her brother, ‘you will see a beautiful balloon rising.’ Raphael turned quickly, and beheld a large silver ball rising slowly and majestically above the mountains. It was a beautiful spectacle!

Raphael was enchanted ; at last he said, ‘What is it? who has made such a beautiful thing? But the people do not appear to be aware of it—they are walking quietly along as if they did not see it.’

‘They see it very well,’ said his mother, ‘but they have seen it so often they do not care for it.’

‘Not care for it,’ cried Raphael, ‘I should never be tired of such a glorious sight ; and I should prefer

remaining here, where I can see it, to going home to Dresden.'

'Be comforted,' said his mother, 'you will see it rise many times every month at home as well as here ; for that which you consider so extraordinary an object, is the moon.'

Raphael shook his head, 'When I was still blind,' he replied, 'I have several times walked out with you and Madelaine in the evening, and I have often heard you say the moon is rising, but in quite an indifferent tone, as if the moon were but a farthing candle ; therefore I can scarcely believe that this wonderful ball is the moon.'

'He is right,' said his mother, 'habit renders us almost ungrateful for the blessings which surround us. Look still higher, my son,' she continued, 'contemplate the innumerable stars and the Milky way with its millions of worlds.'

Raphael raised his head and looked, and looked until his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight ; then falling on his mother's neck, he murmured, 'How good, and great, and glorious, is God !'

Soon after they turned towards the town ; but Raphael was led by his mother and sister, for he still kept his eyes fixed on the heavens ; and when it was time for him to go to bed, he went to the window to look once more at the silver moon, saying, 'Now for the first time I understand this blessing. "The Lord make his face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us. Amen."' '

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

Some days after this, as Madame Tube and her children were walking in the gardens of the palace, they met the Prince Royal, accompanied by the good physician, whose name was Wundel. Raphael ran joyously up to them, and kissing Dr. Wundel's hand, said, 'How happy you have made me.'

The Prince answered Raphael, 'You are happy, indeed, to have recovered your sight ; but have you nothing more to desire ?'

'Nothing,' replied Raphael, 'unless I could show my gratitude to the good doctor.'

'Good boy,' said the Prince, 'let me do it in your place.' He drew from his finger a brilliant ring, which he presented to Dr. Wundel, 'I thank you in the name of this child,' he added, 'and beg of you to wear this ring in remembrance of him.' Then giving ten guineas to Madame Tube, he turned again to Dr. Wundel, observing, 'I can give them but a few pieces of gold, but you have been the means of restoring sight.'

After the Prince and Dr. Wundel had left them, Madame Tube said to her children, 'How many benevolent men we have met with ! Master Teuzer ; the king's minister ; Dr. Wundel, and the Prince Royal—and only two who sought to injure us—our landlord, and Teuzer's apprentice.'

'Mother, mother,' cried Madelaine, much excited and pointing to the road ; 'there he is, there he is.'

'Who, where?' asked her mother.

'Teuzer's apprentice: that wicked Robert.'

It was he indeed, handcuffed, and accompanied by several repulsive-looking men also handcuffed, and guarded by armed police.

'What have these men done?' asked Madame Tube of a spectator.

'They are smugglers,' he replied, 'and when taken, they fought desperately, and have wounded several of the police. They are now going to prison.'

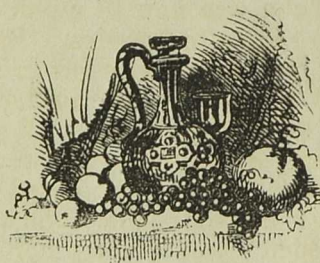
'Remark,' said Madame Tube to her children, 'how true it is, that sooner or later, all evil is punished. But how did Robert happen to join the smugglers?'

'Master Teuzer sent him away at Christmas,' replied Madelaine, 'in consequence of the shameful falsehoods he spread—his next master discovered that he sold his goods and retained the money—after leaving him, I suppose, he joined the smugglers.'

Madame Tube was now so much recovered, that she wished to return to Dresden. Raphael longed to see his Jacot, which had been left in Master Teuzer's charge; and Madelaine felt anxious to return to school, and to her occupation of painting. Consequently, early in the following week was fixed for their departure. On the appointed day the *char-à-banc* came to convey Madame Tube and her children back to Dresden; how greatly her enjoyment was enhanced by Raphael's delight at all he saw during the journey. They were warmly welcomed by their kind friends at Dresden, who had during their absence fitted up their little apartments comfortably.

Madelaine returned to school, and had the happiness of taking her brother with her there. Some years after, Raphael devoted his recovered sight to painting, for which he showed great talent. When he had arrived at a great degree of perfection in this beautiful art, he painted a picture of *Christ Restor-*

ing the Blind to Sight. Large sums were offered him for this *chef-d'œuvre*, but he rejected them all, and sent the picture to Dr. Wundel, who showed his beautiful present to the Prince Royal. Raphael's gratitude pleased the Prince even more than the picture; he immediately named him his painter, and allowed him a considerable salary, which Raphael had the inexpressible happiness of sharing with his beloved mother and no less beloved and fondly cherished Madelaine.



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