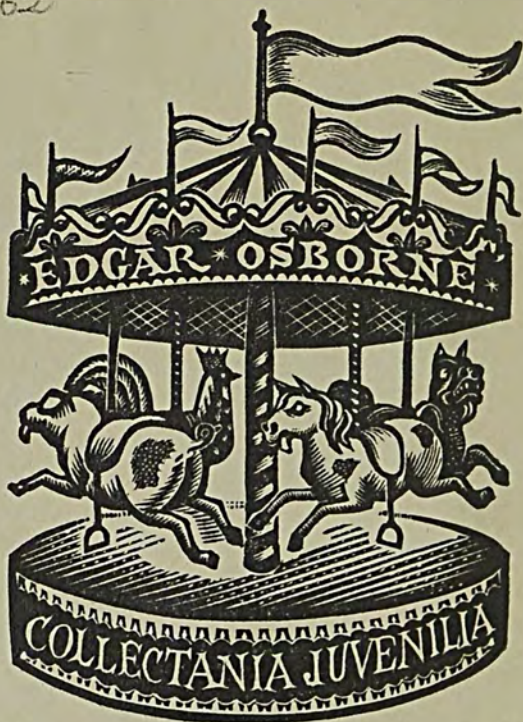


THE
TWO
BROTHERS

—◆—
BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE BASKET OF
FLOWERS.

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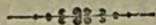
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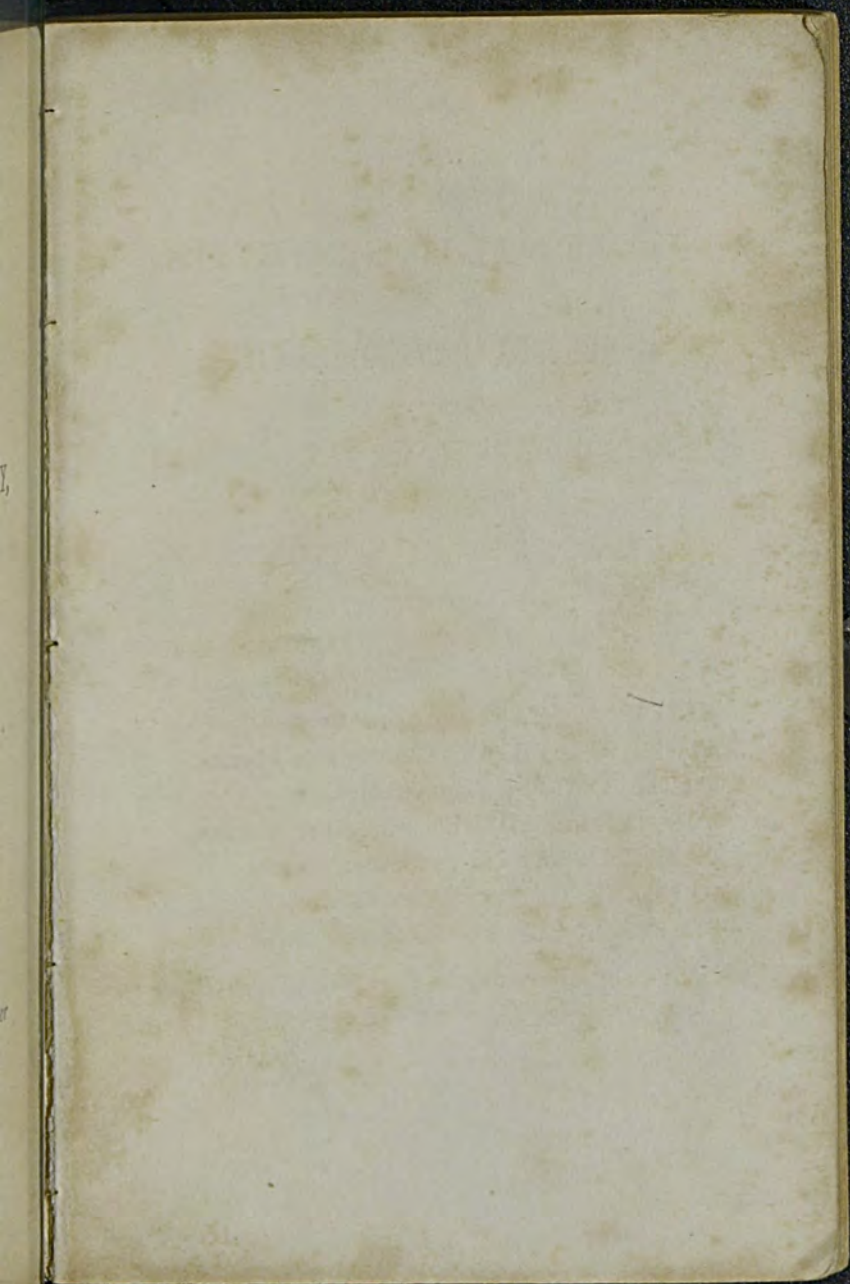
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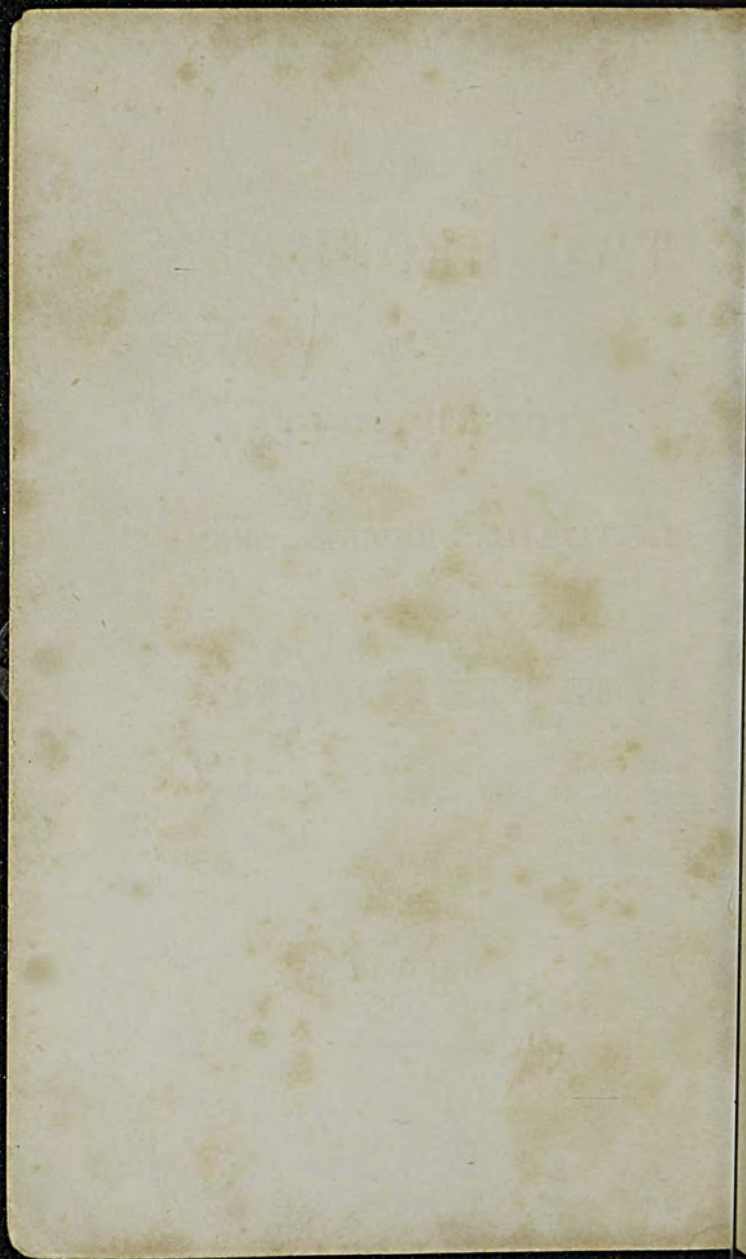
THE
Two Brothers
AND
Other Tales.

By The Author of "The Basket of Flowers".



W. Banks & Son. Edin.

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AUTHO

THE
TWO BROTHERS,
AND
OTHER TALES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID,

AUTHOR OF "THE BASKET OF FLOWERS," "ROSE
OF TANNEBOURG," ETC., ETC.

HALIFAX:

MILNER AND SOWERBY

1862.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
The generous Teacher	7
CHAPTER II.	
The Crystal Goblet	12
CHAPTER III.	
The village School	18
CHAPTER IV.	
The distribution of the Prizes	22
CHAPTER V.	
The Apprenticeship.....	26
CHAPTER VI.	
The grateful Workman	32
CHAPTER VII.	
Fraternal Devotion	38
CHAPTER VIII.	
The brave Grenadier	44
CHAPTER IX.	
Sorrowful News	47
CHAPTER X.	
The Wounded	51
CHAPTER XI.	
The generous Villager	55
CHAPTER XII.	
The distressed Family	58
CHAPTER XIII.	
Benefits Recompensed	62
CHAPTER XIV.	
Public Rejoicings.....	67
CHAPTER XV.	
The Son found again	73
CHAPTER XVI.	
Conclusion	78
THE CHERRIES	82

THE ROSE-TREE.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Mr. Alkmar and his Son Lewis	103
CHAPTER II.	
Additional particulars about Lewis	108
CHAPTER III.	
An unwelcome Apparition.....	113
CHAPTER IV.	
The young Mau's Escape	117
CHAPTER V.	
The Father's Grave.....	123
CHAPTER VI.	
The Wohlmuth Family	128
CHAPTER VII.	
Mr. von Pracht and his Family	130
CHAPTER VIII.	
Louisa Wohlmuth	133
CHAPTER IX.	
Lucy von Pracht	136
CHAPTER X.	
The Betrothal	141
ANGELICA	145

THE TWO BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE GENEROUS TEACHER.

JOSEPH THANN, although he was nothing more than a labouring man, enjoyed the esteem of every person who was acquainted with him. His hatchet, a little corn-field, and a meadow of no great extent, composed his whole fortune. With much good sense he united an excellent heart. His industry was indefatigable, and his candour and honesty were fully proved. Benevolent towards his fellow-creatures, he was always ready to be of service to them. In a word, the whole of his conduct was such as to place him above the slightest reproach. His wife had neither less virtue nor less religion than himself; and, notwithstanding their poverty, they lived together happy and contented, in the most perfect harmony.

Heaven blessed the union of this excellent couple, and granted them two charming children, whom they purposed to bring up as Christians. The little boys had scarcely begun to lisp a few words, when their parents turned their attention to giving them instruc-

tion; and they regarded it as a pressing duty, to impose upon themselves the strictest economy, and even to make some sacrifices, in order that they might have the means of sending their children to school, and of having them afterwards taught a trade. For this purpose, the father rose an hour earlier every day, and went to bed an hour later. At daybreak, he proceeded to the forest, with his hatchet and his saw; and he laboured there, in the sweat of his brow, with indefatigable assiduity, until the setting of the sun. To smoke a pipe was one of his most cherished customs; but he was able to give up that gratification. In order that he might save something for the education of his children, he no longer frequented the public-house. He drank nothing but water with his meals; and the most that he allowed himself, beyond that, was a little milk, from time to time.

His wife showed herself no less moderate in her conduct; and, thanks to her, the wisest economy reigned throughout the household. After having carefully attended to the necessary work of her own house, she went out to work, by the day, in the houses of the village; and she always faithfully laid by all she thus earned. She never spent a farthing uselessly. Many of the women and girls of the place had adopted the costume of the women in the cities, which necessitated a much greater outlay than hers did. They bought all the new fashions; and they sneered at her, because of her very inexpensive wardrobe. But she paid no attention to them; and she persevered in her former simple style of dress, for she was desirous to economize, in order that she might save some money for the good of her children.

The two little boys had already gone to school for some years, when their father suddenly fell ill. Being confined to his chamber, he found himself in no condition to labour, in order that he might obtain support for his family. The mother was distressed to see diminish, from day to day, the provisions that she had gathered together with so much industry; and especially to witness the disappearance, by little and little, of the small savings that she had been able to make.

As for the father, his uneasiness had but a single object; and that was to know how to pay the monthly school-bills for his children. The mother shared with him his embarrassment upon that subject; and her opinion was, that they should keep their children at home until the father should be able to resume his usual labours, and earn what would enable them to pay for their schooling.

"No," replied the father, "that will not do. Even though I should be obliged to sell the most valuable thing that I possess, I will not suffer my children to remain in idleness. At their age, the least interruption in their studies would be very prejudicial. Go and see the teacher, and request him to give us credit for their instruction, until the reestablishment of my health shall enable me to resume my labour. We will then pay him."

The mother proceeded to the house of the teacher, and entreated him, with tears in her eyes, to be willing to wait for a little time. He was an excellent man; and he replied to her, "Do not weep, my good mother Thann; do not weep. Make yourself easy about it; I will instruct your children gratuitous-

ly: and I assure you that I shall do it with a great deal of pleasure. They are the jewels of my school; and they give me much more satisfaction than trouble. They apply themselves so well, and they learn with such facility, that their example stimulates the ardour of their school-fellows. From this day forward I shall not demand of you the least remuneration; and I impose upon you only one condition,—that you will not speak of it to any person. If you do, many persons who do not deserve the same favour that you do, will come and claim it equally. Give my best respects to your husband; and tell him that I most ardently pray that God may promptly restore him to health.”

The father felt very happy when he was informed of the noble disinterestedness of the master of the school; and as soon as he was able to leave the house, he went to thank him for having, during so long a time, generously given gratuitous lessons to his children. He assured him, however, that, for the future he would pay him punctually.

“Do not trouble yourself about that,” the teacher replied to him. “Make yourself easy. You are not rich, and your daily earnings are scarcely sufficient for your subsistence; whilst, as for myself, I am able easily to forgo the small amount of remuneration that you would pay me for their instruction. Keep, therefore, the money that you would give me, and employ it in procuring good food for yourself, in order that your strength may be restored. Besides, I consider that you are worthy of praise, and deserve to be the object of interest, inasmuch as, having nothing

but what you earn by the sweat of your brow, you nevertheless devote part of it to the instruction of your children. Thus they will give you satisfaction. Yes; recall to your mind, some day, that which I this day predict to you. Your children will do you honour."

In the mean time, the father, delighted with the generosity of the excellent master, who gratuitously gave to his children the same instruction that he gave to the children of the rich, began to think of some means by which he might testify to him his gratitude, in making him a present that would be agreeable to him.

One day he said to himself, "What shall I do? It is the birth-day of our worthy teacher next week. Every one of his pupils brings him a nosegay; and the greater part of the parents make him a present, even though they pay him his salary. How much greater reason there is then that I should make him one,—I who pay him no money! But I shall not be able to earn, with my hatchet, what I can offer him, such as he deserves, and such as my grateful heart would wish to present to him. One cannot too much honour a skilful and zealous teacher. His labours and his assiduity are more precious than gold."

CHAPTER II.

THE CRYSTAL GOBLET.

AT the house of their parents, the two little boys were employed in all sorts of occupations, in order that they might be inspired, at an early age, with the habit and love of labour, and that they might learn to employ their leisure hours well. In the spring, they went to gather violets, primroses, and bunches of hops, or cress and other field-herbs proper to be used as salad; in the summer, strawberries and raspberries; in the autumn, plums and other wild fruits; and in the winter, they spun with their mother, who was always assiduously occupied at her spinning-wheel, when she was not employed for the day at one of the houses in the village.

When the mother went to the neighbouring city, which she did every week, she sold there what she had spun, and also all that her children had gathered; and she always brought back some money, which she found of great service in defraying the expenses of house-keeping.

At a distance of a league from the village of Waldau, where this worthy family resided, was established a glass-manufactory, for which Thann, the father, was employed in cutting wood, all the year round. The proprietor of that glass-manufactory, Mr. Flint, was a very rich man. The children of Thann always preferred going there to sell their strawberries and

their raspberries, because Mr. or Mrs. Flint had the generosity always to pay for them more than they were worth.

One day, John, the elder of the boys of the labourer Thann, came to the glass-manufactory, with a basket of strawberries. While Mrs. Flint was emptying the fruit on a plate, her husband entered the apartment, holding in his hand a letter that he had just received. He opened the folding doors of a large glazed cabinet, in which were arranged a large number of articles in cut-glass. He took out a magnificent goblet, and exclaimed, in a tone of ill-humour, "See, how vexatious to have this countermanded!"

"What is that you have there, my dear?" asked the lady. "What has happened?"

"In truth, my dear," he replied, "it is really enough to put one in a passion. Only think of it. Lately, an English traveller, Mr. Arthur Benjamin Clark, ordered this goblet, with the initials of his name; and now he has countermanded it. He has sent me word he will not take it. The innkeeper at whose hotel he was lodging, has written to me, to say that Mr. Clark was obliged to depart in very great haste. What shall I do with this goblet that he had ordered? I run the risk of keeping the article these ten years, before I may be able to meet with a purchaser whom these initials may suit."

"Oh! indeed! they are just the first three letters of the alphabet, A. B. C." remarked little John.

"And that, now, is exactly the thing that annoys me," said Mr. Flint. "Sooner than keep the glass, I would almost break it into a thousand pieces."

"Oh, that would be a great pity!" exclaimed John. "For goodness' sake, do not break it, Sir; rather give it me. In return, I will supply you with all the strawberries and raspberries that I shall gather for the next two years."

"Are you mad, my lad?" said Mr. Flint. "What sort of a figure would a valuable article like this make in your poor cabin?"

"It is not that I may keep it for myself, sir, that I ask you for it," replied John. "It would be for a present to our excellent teacher, on his birth-day."

"You think, no doubt," said Mr. Flint, "that you ought to offer it to him, because it has on it the letters A. B. C., which he takes so much pains to teach to the little children of the peasants."

"No, sir," answered John; "it is not for that; but it is because the first three letters in the alphabet are the initials of his name. He calls himself Augustus Bennett Cremer."

"Oh! an excellent idea, that of the little boy's!" exclaimed the lady, clapping her hands, to show her approbation. "Hear me, my dear," she continued, addressing her husband; "give him that goblet. He is a very honest little boy, and one of the most intelligent."

"You are right," replied Mr. Flint. "I should not have had an idea of any such thing. My wife and I, we very highly esteem the master of the school at Waldau. Formerly he gave private lessons to our children, from whom death, alas! came to separate us much too soon. For all the world, I would not deprive that worthy man of the pleasure that you in-

tend to confer upon him. Well! I give you that goblet, on condition that you will certainly present it to him on his birth-day."

Having uttered these words, Mr. Flint opened one of the drawers of the cabinet, and took from it a very elegant green morocco case, richly gilt. He placed the goblet in it, and gave it to John. The boy kissed his hand, and the lady's hand, with transport; and then, full of joy, he ran homeward, for he burned with desire to show his parents this beautiful present.

His mother was, as was customary with her, seated at her wheel, and spinning.

"Oh mamma!" exclaimed John, as he entered, "see what a beautiful goblet I have brought from the glass-manufactory! It will be a magnificent present for me to offer to our teacher, on his birth-day."

"In the name of heaven!" said the mother, "what could you have been thinking of, to choose an article of such great value? We shall never be able to pay for that. That goblet is worth more than thirty shillings. I am able to speak with certainty of that, for I have sometimes seen them sold. Ah! unfortunate child! run, run quickly and carry that goblet to Mr. Flint, and ask his pardon for the thoughtlessness of which you have just been guilty."

John then related how it had happened that he obtained the goblet; and his mother, completely satisfied, manifested the greatest delight.

At the close of the day, the father came back from the forest, with his younger son, the little James, who had carried him his dinner; and John ran joyfully to meet them. "Oh! come," he called out to them, at

a distance, as soon as he saw them, "come and see the beautiful crystal goblet that Mr. Flint has given me, and which I intend to offer to our good master, on his birth-day."

"I am sure that will be very pleasing to him," said James.

"It will give me still more pleasure to offer him an article like that," added the father; and he desired John to relate to him how the idea had occurred to Mr. Flint, to give him that handsome goblet. While they were conversing, they entered the house together; and the mother lighted a lamp, in order that every one of them might be able to examine the present that was destined for their excellent teacher.

"It is the most beautiful and purest crystal that I have ever seen," said Thann, the father. "One would say that those three letters are diamonds enchased in the glass. See what an admirable effect is produced by that wreath of oak leaves. In truth, that goblet is a masterpiece of chased work."

"And see, too," exclaimed James, "how the light of this lamp reflects in the crystal all the colours of the rainbow! With what brilliancy it would sparkle in the brightness of the sunshine!"

"This glass is magnificent," added the father. "Your teacher, when he receives it, will be as much charmed, as he will be agreeably surprised. For a long time past, I have been racking my brains to think how it would be possible for me to offer him something, to show my gratitude for his kindness, and for the pains that he has taken to instruct you; and now behold! the good God himself has come to relieve me

from that anxiety. These two children, who are really the poorest in the whole school, are about to offer to their master the most valuable and the most beautiful present."

The mother bought, at the market in the city, a china plate; and she gathered the most beautiful flowers in the garden, in order that she might weave a garland, which she placed upon the plate, around the goblet. The two little boys disputed with each other, as to which of them should present the goblet to their master.

"It was to me that the goblet was given," exclaimed John; "and consequently the honour of presenting it belongs to me."

"And I," replied James, weeping, "shall I present myself to him with empty hands?"

"You shall carry the handsome case," replied the mother; "and so you also will have something to offer to him."

The sight of so beautiful an article presented by such poor pupils, at first made a painful impression upon the mind of the teacher. "Although I am very sensible of your gratitude," he said to the two children, "I am nevertheless deeply pained to see that your parents, who are not rich, have thus incurred an expense that is so much beyond their means."

"Undeceive yourself, sir," answered John; "the goblet has not cost us a farthing."

He then related, with the greatest simplicity, the happy circumstances by which he had become the possessor of the goblet; and the countenance of the teacher brightened by little and little. The worthy man took up the glass, and examined it with attention.

“This crystal,” he said, “is as pure as a limpid spring; but purity of soul and lucidity of mind are infinitely more valuable than all the goods of the earth, which are as frail as glass. This beautiful present will be to me a memorial that will always recall to me my favourite device. ‘Purity, Lucidity.’ Purity and Lucidity! See here the object at which all the pupils ought always to aim. You ought also, my children, to know by heart that beautiful couplet:—

Lord! in us all for ever be
Wisdom, Candour, and Purity!

CHAPTER III.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

THE business of the glass-manufactory, which was conducted with great activity, and, in addition, a number of commercial enterprises that were constantly crowned with the happiest success, had considerably augmented the fortune of Mr. Flint, and he had just received from his prince the title of baron. He purchased the castle of Waldau, which was surrounded by a considerable domain, and he was called Baron De Flint, of Waldau.

To a deep feeling of humanity, Baron De Flint added rare business habits. He made numerous and important improvements in his new estate, and he especially directed his attention to the common school.

One day, he entered the school-room, during school

hours, and he was accompanied by the clergyman of the village. All the children arose with respect. After having saluted the teacher, Baron De Flint and the clergyman went from form to form, and inquired the names of the children, and those of their parents. When he saw the two brothers, John and James Thann, Baron De Flint approached them, smiling with affability, and said,

“We are old acquaintance. You are the little boys who supply me with strawberries and raspberries. I should very much like to know what degree of instruction you have acquired. Have the goodness, Mr. clergyman, to question these children upon the catechism.”

The clergyman examined them, sometimes putting questions to one of the boys, and sometimes to the other. They both replied, with confidence, respecting the principal doctrines of the Christian religion. He then heard them read, and they then read with facility, not in a drawling or singing tone, as many children have the bad habit of doing, but with correctness, and with an inflexion of voice which proved that they not only understood well what they were reading, but also that they were well acquainted with the meaning of every one of the words which they pronounced.

Whilst they were thus engaged in reading, Baron De Flint examined their copy-books, and he said to the children, “I am very much pleased with your writing.”

The Baron De Flint then testified his satisfaction to the master of the school, and also to the children; and he advised the latter to respond always, by their ap-

plication and their wise conduct, to the zeal of their worthy teacher. "I know," he said to them, "that the clergyman has, on his part, greatly contributed to the flourishing condition of this school. He has often given you incitements to stimulate your ardour in your studies; and more than one basketful of fruit from his garden has been distributed amongst you. I have no need to express to you my satisfaction with him. The recompense of a good man is found in the testimony that a good conscience renders him. At the present moment, I have nothing about me that I can distribute amongst you; but I promise you, my children, that I will come back again, before long, and give you some prizes. I notice, with considerable regret, that many of you are clothed very poorly; although, in other respects, your appearance is very tidy. I intend to have made, against next winter, suitable clothes, which I will give to all those of you, whose parents shall be found to be in indigence, and who shall distinguish themselves by their progress, by their assiduity in their attendance at the school, and by their piety and their good conduct. At a later period, I will have them put apprentice to learn trades, in order that they may be enabled to earn their living in an honest manner."

The children went home in great glee, and related to their parents that which had taken place at the school, and also the fine promises that the Baron De Flint had made to them. They all of them proposed to themselves that they would redouble their zeal, in order that they might merit the favours of the noble lord. From that day, they attended the school with

still greater assiduity, and rivalled each other in their application and their good conduct.

John and James also related, at their own home, what the baron had said to them. "It would be a great happiness to us," said the mother, "if the baron should give you clothing." Up to the present time, this worthy woman had required of her children that they should spin in their moments of leisure ; but now she permitted them to take their books and to study. "If you succeed in gaining prizes and the promised recompenses," she said to them, "you will earn more than by spinning."

"And even though they should not gain any prizes," added the father, "they will lose nothing by the change from the spinning-wheel to their books; for the instruction they will gain will, some day, be of more service to them than the few shillings that they now earn with so much labour. Do they know in what position they may possibly find themselves? The man who is instructed has always more chances to create for himself a future than the ignorant man has. We ought never to neglect any means of acquiring instruction."

The elder Thann was right in using language like this; for education, which the more ignorant of mankind affect to believe of no use, is really the best inheritance that parents can possibly bequeath to their children.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES.

THE Baron De Flint was extremely well satisfied with the good condition in which he had found the school. He accompanied the clergyman to the assembly of the presbytery; and while on their way he said to him, "I am very much pleased with these children; and I think I ought to tell you that, in order to stimulate their ardour, I have made arrangements for a little festival. My intention is to give them prizes at the end of the year; but the school-room is too small to contain the pupils, their parents, and the other persons that I intend to invite to this celebration. I think of making arrangements in the court-yard of my castle, for this festival, at which I request you, Mr. Clergyman, to favour me with your presence. You would do well to deliver an address suitable to the occasion, and also to invite the clergymen of the neighbouring parishes, in order that a religious character may be impressed upon this celebration. What is your opinion of it, Mr. Clergyman?"

"I am perfectly of your opinion," replied the worthy clergyman. "The church and the school have an intimate connexion with each other. All instruction, in order that it may be profitable, ought to be based upon religion. It is because they have misunderstood this great truth, that people have had to mourn over so many culpable excesses, that have arisen from ill-di-

rected instruction. The ceremony of the distribution of the prizes will also be the more interesting, inasmuch as these good studies will be placed under the protection of religion, and crowned by that august daughter of heaven, who, in the person of her Chief, has been proclaimed 'the light of the world,' and whose sublime mission is nothing but the sanctification of man."

The Baron De Flint considered these observations of the venerable clergyman to be very just; and these two true friends of childhood fixed the day upon which the ceremony should take place. The baron invited the public functionaries, and the most notable families in the district. The clergyman, on his part, requested the ecclesiastics of the surrounding parishes, and also the school-masters of the county, to be present at this festival of emulation.

The court-yard was sprinkled with sand, and decorated with tapestry and white hangings. It was also ornamented with festoons of evergreens and garlands of flowers. In the middle of the court-yard had been erected a platform, upon which were placed a great number of vases filled with flowers. It was also furnished with chairs and benches. In the centre of the platform was placed a large table, upon which were arranged crowns of laurel and elegantly bound prize-books.

The ceremony commenced with an appropriate hymn, which was sung by the children, accompanied by a band of musicians, whom the baron had sent for from the neighbouring city. The clergyman then delivered a beautiful and eloquent discourse on the ad-

vantages of elementary instruction, considered in its connexion with religion, with morals, and with the sciences. In bringing his discourse to a close, he addressed himself to the parents who were listening to him; and, in a touching and pathetic peroration, he conjured them to bring up their children well, and to inculcate in them sentiments of religion and of virtue, which alone would be able to assure them happiness in this world, and in that which is to come.

The children were then questioned upon the different branches of school instruction, but principally upon sacred history, and upon the maxims of Christian doctrine. All the hearers were struck with the accuracy and the justness of their answers.

After the examination, the distribution of the prizes was proceeded with. The Baron De Flint crowned the little boys; and his lady crowned the little girls. To the great satisfaction of their parents, the two brothers, John and James Thann, received the first prizes. The baron then named them amongst the poor children whom he purposed to clothe during the following winter. John and James were also the first of those who were called up to receive a new assurance of it, from the lips of the baron himself.

“But,” said the Baron De Flint, “I ought to declare here, before the termination of this interesting ceremony, that not only have the pupils surpassed our expectations, and shown themselves to be worthy of encouragement and of rewards, but the worthy teacher especially merits praise for the zeal which he has displayed in the exercise of his laborious and useful functions. I testify to him my entire satisfaction.”

He presented to him, at the same time, a document which conferred upon him a pecuniary gratuity which had been granted to him by the government. The baron added to it six sacks of wheat, which the master of the school was authorized to take from his stores.

To bring this festival to a close, the children sang a hymn of thanksgiving, and withdrew, with their parents, highly delighted. More than one mother shed tears of joy, and blessed heaven for having inspired the noble baron and his lady with the idea of stimulating the emulation of the young, by awarding prizes to those children who were wise and industrious.

But this delightful festival, which must have left such pleasing recollections upon the minds of the children, was not yet terminated. All those who had received prizes, as well as those who had been next to them in merit, were invited, by the baron and his lady, to a little collation. In one of the walks in the garden, two large tables had been set out. The boys took their seats at one of them, and the girls at the other. Cakes, fruit, milk, and some bottles of wine, were served up; and the children regaled themselves delightfully, under the eyes of their benefactors. At a signal given by the master of the school, the youthful guests arose, and drank the health of the baron and his noble lady. One of the little boys left his place, and repeated a pretty complimentary speech, thanking them for all their kindness. Immediately afterwards, all who were present, young and old, waved their hats in the air, and shouted "long life to the baron," whose generosity was the subject of conversation with every body.

The children, when they were retiring, said to one another they had never in their lives passed so happy a day; and the parents, on their part, could not find sufficient expressions to praise the generous baron, the venerable clergyman, and the excellent teacher. From that day, which was a remarkable epoch amongst them, the parents were not under the necessity of urging their children to attend the school; for they themselves flew thither with the most eager haste.

CHAPTER V.

THE APPRENTICESHIP.

THE baron kept his word. He gave suits of clothing to a dozen of the poor children of the district, and amongst them were the two brothers, John and James Thann. When these two boys wore their new clothes for the first time, their father and their mother also put on their tidiest apparel.

"My children," said the elder Thann, "you will come back home, as soon as divine service is over; and then we will go together to the castle, in order that we may thank the baron and his lady for the benefits that they have bestowed upon us. It is right that we should testify our gratitude to them, in order that we may prove that their kindness has not fallen upon ungrateful people."

When they arrived at the castle, they saw the

baron and baroness, who were taking a walk together in the garden.

"See there Joseph Thann and his sons," said Lady De Flint to her husband. "What a respectable appearance those children make in their new clothes. The elder, whose hair is so black, is a perfect resemblance of his father; and the younger is a striking image of his mother. In truth, they are very fine children."

"But what is of much more importance," replied the baron, "is that, by their exemplary conduct, they give the brightest hopes for the future. Listen to an idea that has just struck me. Suppose we were to pay for the apprenticeship of these children, and place them with two good masters in the city, in order that they may, some day, become good workmen and distinguished artisans: what do you say to it?"

"You know, my dear," replied the lady, "that I am always ready to agree with you, when you are desirous of undertaking any good work. As we have had the misfortune to lose our own two children, we cannot do better than place our affections upon the children of the poor, and especially of these two little boys, who are so worthy of our notice. I will most cheerfully forego the pearl necklace and earrings that you purpose to buy for me as a new-year's gift. I have quite enough jewellery; and I think that the money may be made a much better use of. What are ornaments of gold and diamonds, in comparison with a good work, the value of which is infinite?"

"Well, my dearly beloved," said the baron, "that is just such an answer as I expected from you. Come, let us talk about this business to the elder Thann."

Whilst this worthy couple were thus conversing in a low voice, Thann approached, with his sons; and they all then bowed to the noble lord and his lady. The father then addressed the baron, and expressed to him the most lively gratitude for all that he had done for his children.

"I am feelingly touched with your gratitude," replied the baron; but I am not about to stop here. I wish to confer yet another favour upon your children. Tell me, is it your intention to have them taught a trade."

"Oh! my noble lord," answered Thann, "I am contented with my own humble condition as a wood-cutter, which was also that of my deceased father; but as the good God has given talents to my children, I should be very much pleased if they were enabled to learn trades more lucrative and more advantageous than my own."

"And what trades," inquired the baron, "would these children desire to learn?"

"John, my eldest," replied Thann, "has a taste for the business of a cabinet-maker. We are acquainted with a very skilful cabinet-maker in the city. He is called Mr. Blauk. He is a very worthy man, and a thorough Christian. He has, before now, worked here at the castle. He comes to our forest, from time to time, in order that he may lay in his stocks of wood. Whenever I notice a fine tree, whether it be a cherry-tree or a walnut-tree, I never fail to point it out to him, in order that he may make choice of it, for the manufacture of furniture. The other day, the keeper of the forest employed my eldest son to carry a letter

to Mr. Blauk. John was enchanted at the sight of the superb pieces of cabinet-work, that he saw at the shop; and ever since that time has been incessantly talking to me of his desire that he may be taught that business. On his part, Mr. Blauk seems very well disposed to take John as an apprentice."

"Well!" said Baron De Flint, "and your youngest son, what does he wish to become?"

"The business that pleases him the best," answered the father, "is that of a turner. Last winter, my wife's spinning wheel was damaged by an accident; and she sent our youngest son into the city, in order that it might be repaired. In the workshop of the turner, the child was delighted to witness what he called the wonderful art of changing the thickest wood and the hardest ivory into such curious pieces of workmanship; and when he came back to me he said, 'My father, I should like to be a turner. Even though I should have to work night and day for the next six years, to earn enough to put me apprentice, I would willingly do it.' This master-turner, with whom I have made acquaintance here in the forest, is also a very worthy man, and will very readily undertake the instruction of my son."

"All that you have just been telling me," said the baron, "is very surprising. Since both your sons have so great a desire to be apprenticed to these two trades, I will take upon myself the payment of the expenses of the apprenticeship. Speak to the two masters that you have just named to me. Arrange with them the manner in which your sons may be received into their

workshops, at the earliest possible period; but do not tell to any one, whoever he may be, that I am about to pay for them. I have my reasons for acting thus."

Such generosity as this made a profound impression upon the poor wood-cutter. He seized the hand of his benefactor, and covered it with kisses; saying to him, with tears in his eyes:—

"I do not know, my noble lord, how to express to you the extent of my gratitude; but be assured that my sons, my wife, and myself, will never forget, as long as we live, the benefits you have condescended to heap upon us; and we shall pray to God that He will repay you a hundred-fold for all that you have done for us."

The next day, the father went to the city, accompanied by his two sons, whom he committed, at the same time, to the care of the masters to whom they were about to be apprenticed. John and James learned, with wonderful readiness, all the lessons that were given to them. Stimulated by an ardent desire to learn their business well, they laboured with zeal, and were indefatigably industrious; so that, by the end of about three years, they had become skilful workmen. During their hours of recreation, they attended the gratuitous school of design; and they made great progress in drawing, which is so necessary an art for every good workman.

Besides this, they constantly conducted themselves with wisdom and piety, and never forgot the good principles that they had received in their paternal dwelling. They regularly attended the services at the parish church, and they frequently partook of the sac-

rament. They avoided evil companions, and showed themselves honest, polite, and obliging, towards every body. They behaved, indeed, so well, that the masters for whom they worked, were so thoroughly satisfied, that they could not sufficiently praise the merits and the good qualities of these excellent apprentices.

When the term of their apprenticeship had expired, and they were become journeymen, John said to his brother:—

“Attend to me, James. I think that it is our duty to make something that shall be an agreeable surprise to the baron, who has loaded us with so many benefits. I know that the good nobleman is passionately fond of the game of chess; and I propose to make for him, in my moments of leisure, a handsome chess-board. You on your part shall turn the chessmen.”

“That is a most excellent idea,” said James. “Yes, let us do so. Her ladyship the baroness, however, deserves, as well as her husband, to have a share of our gratitude. I propose to offer her a handsome spinning wheel, made after a design of my own.”

“You are right, my brother,” said John. “I will make her a pretty mahogany chiffoniere; so that the noble lady will have the satisfaction of receiving a present from us; and we shall thus acquit ourselves properly towards both our benefactors.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE GRATEFUL WORKMEN.

THE two young men employed themselves, without delay, in the execution of their project: and they worked with so much ardour and care, that the articles which came from their hands were of rare perfection. When the whole was finished, they proceeded to the castle, and asked first to speak to the baron. They were introduced to him immediately. John carried under his arm the handsome chess-board, and James held in his hand the box that contained the chessmen. John spoke first, and said,

"We are come, noble lord, to present to you a sample of our workmanship, and to request you to accept it as a mark of respect, and as a feeble proof of our gratitude. The first fruits of our industry belong to you, of right. Will you be so grateful as to accept them?"

The baron welcomed the two brothers with affability and benevolence. He took the chess-board and examined it; and he then said with a smile of satisfaction, "The workmanship is truly beautiful. You have made choice of a very suitable kind of wood, but the work very greatly surpasses the material. In truth, glass itself could not be more even or better polished."

He placed it upon the table, and opened the box, in which were the chessmen. He took them out, and, having examined them with attention, he said,

"The beauty of these chessmen is admirable. I have never before seen figures in ivory and in ebony executed with such perfection. What an excellent thing it is to be thoroughly acquainted with all the secrets of one's profession! Come, my children, I am charmed to see that you have become such skilful workmen. You have surpassed my expectations. This is a proof that a man may do very much, when he unites natural talent to application. But, tell me, have you done nothing for my wife? She will be no less delighted than myself, to possess some work that has come from your hands."

"I ask your lordship's pardon," replied John, "we have thought of that. Will you be so good as to give yourself the trouble to follow us into the ante-chamber?"

The baron went out, and at the sight of the spinning wheel and the chiffoniere, he could not restrain an exclamation of admiration that almost involuntarily escaped him.

"Ah!" he said, "how very beautiful they are! The baroness will be enchanted with the possession of these beautiful articles. They are truly master-pieces. I will go and tell her, that she may herself thank you for them."

The lady came, and was agreeably surprised at the sight of those beautiful pieces of work. She examined them with ecstasy, sometimes looking at the pretty spinning wheel, and sometimes at the elegant chiffoniere, and she did not know which of the two she should admire the most.

"Your skilfulness," she said to the two brothers,

"affords me as much pleasure as your gratitude. When goodness of heart is united with talent, they are sure to conciliate the esteem and affection of every body."

The baron then showed to his wife the present that the two brothers had just made to him.

"See," he said, "the beautiful gift that I have myself received from them. In truth, I have never regretted the money that I spent for these two young men; and now I feel myself highly gratified that I made that slight sacrifice for them."

"You propose to yourselves, no doubt," he resumed, addressing himself to the two brothers, "to go now and make your tour of France. I would persuade you to do so, for it would enable you to obtain a more perfect knowledge of your business; and I very much desire to see skilful workmen establishing themselves in our county."

"We are reckoning," replied John, "that we shall remain another year in our own town, in order that we may be the better set agoing, and become still more skilful; and then we shall also be able to make some savings for the expenses of the journey."

"Well, my children," said the baron, "I intend to go to the capital, to pass part of the winter there, with my wife. There I will pay some attention to your affairs, and will endeavour to find you two good masters. I will take care that you shall hear from me. As for your journey, make yourselves easy about that. I will take upon myself to furnish you with the funds of which you will have need, in order that you may put yourselves in a condition suitable for presenting yourselves in the capital."

The two young men, transported with joy and with gratitude, kissed the hands of the baron and the baroness, with the most lively emotion; and, retiring full of joy, they hastened to seek their parents.

"O dear father! O dear mamma!" they exclaimed, embracing them, "we are come to bring you good news. You are about to be delivered from a great anxiety,—from a heavy weight that has for a long time oppressed your good hearts. You know that we propose to undertake, next year, our tour of France. Well! Would you believe it? The baron is about to have the kindness to equip us, and to furnish us with what will defray the expenses of our journey."

The father and the mother shed tears of joy on being informed of this happy intelligence; and they lifted up their hands towards heaven, with hearts full of thankfulness. The father then said, "Ah! my good Margaret; ah! my children, let us pray to the good God, for our generous and noble benefactors. Let us pray every day, evening and morning, that the Lord may crown them with his blessings!"

On the return of the first days of spring, the baron wrote to his steward, to direct the two brothers to prepare immediately for their journey to the capital. He added an order to equip them properly with the clothing and the money that would be necessary for their journey. The steward immediately proceeded to the city, and went to seek our two workmen; and then, in compliance with the orders of the baron, he provided for them every thing that they would require for their journey; so that they were furnished with all that is ordinarily possessed by well-to-do artisans when they make the tour of France.

Some days afterwards, the two brothers, in their travelling costume, with knapsacks on their shoulders, and walking-sticks in their hands, went to their parents, in order that they might take their leave of them. The next day, which was Sunday, they remained at the paternal dwelling. In the morning, the whole of that pious family went to church, to be present at divine service, and to hear the sermon. They prayed with particular fervour; returning thanks to the Lord for all the blessings that he had bestowed upon them up to that day, and imploring the divine protection upon their journey. They discharged their religious duties with such devotion, that they attracted the attention of the whole congregation.

In the evening, after the close of the service, they went to call upon the venerable clergyman, in order that they might thank him for all the acts of kindness which they had received from him. The worthy pastor addressed to them some advice and exhortations, full of wisdom; and he then made each of them a present of a small book of prayers, upon the frontispieces of which he inscribed some beautiful sentences taken from the sacred scriptures, and adapted to their circumstances. He then gave them his pastoral benediction, and wished them a happy journey and abundance of prosperity. The two brothers then withdrew.

After they left the clergyman's residence, they went to visit the worthy teacher. They then called upon the steward of the castle, upon their godfathers and godmothers, and upon all their former benefactors and friends, in order to take their leave of them.

The next morning, after breakfast, John and James, when quite ready to depart, threw themselves upon their knees, and, with trembling voices, asked for the blessings of their parents. Their father, not less affected than they were, replied:—

“I give it you with all my heart; and I hope that it will be profitable to you. Yes, my dear children; my paternal blessing will bring you happiness, if you never lose sight of the presence of God; if you put all your confidence in him; if you continue to be good Christians; if you always observe faithfully the commandments of the Lord; and if you shun every thing that is evil. Then, in whatever position in life you may find yourselves, the good God will protect you, and will take care of you.”

As he pronounced these words, his eyes filled with tears. He lifted up towards heaven a supplicating look, in order that he might ask the Lord to ratify the blessing that he was about to give to his children. Then, with a trembling hand, he blessed them in these terms:—

“May the Almighty God bless you. May He accompany you in the journey that you are about to undertake. May He preserve you from every evil, and bring you back, some day, safe and sound, to our arms!”

“Amen, so be it!” added the mother, with sobs.

The two brothers arose, and affectionately embraced their parents. They thanked them for all their kindness, and asked their pardon for all the grief that they had occasioned them, during their youthful years. Their tears and their sobs prevented them from saying

more. They were obliged to snatch themselves from the aged couple; and they departed, without daring to cast a look behind them, as they feared that the sight of their parental roof might break down their courage.

CHAPTER VII.

FRATERNAL DEVOTION.

THE two brothers arrived, without accident, at the capital. The Baron De Flint directed them to call immediately upon those masters in whose workshops he was desirous that they should find places; and they, after having addressed to them some questions, made engagements with them, and gave them employment. The two young men conducted themselves in so irreproachable a manner, and showed themselves so active and so skilful in their work, that their employers trusted them with unlimited confidence, and vowed to them an attachment as affectionate as if they had been their own children. Their salaries were increased, from month to month, and they were able to send from time to time, a little money to their parents; for, faithful to the good examples of which they had been the witnesses in their paternal dwelling, they never incurred foolish expenses, nor did they frequent public-houses, like the other workmen, but they continued pious and wise. How often did their aged parents felicitate themselves upon the happiness of having children so virtuous and so

grateful! Ah! they did not regret the money that they had spent upon their education, when they saw the savings that their children had devoted to their comfort and to the relief of their indigence.

At the end of a few years, however, these good parents were subjected to great uneasiness and sorrow. The poor mother especially was grievously troubled. War broke out, and all the young men of the age of twenty years were called into the army. John Thann was obliged to leave the capital and proceed to his native country, in order that he might draw the lot. He presented himself at his father's house, and showed much courage. He attempted to console his poor parents.

"Do not distress yourselves, my dear parents," he said to them. "In every thing that may happen, let us adore the will of God, and let us submit to it without murmuring. The military service does not inspire me with any fear. On the contrary, I shall be pleased to fight for the defence of my country, to which I may be able to render greater service by wielding the sword, than by handling the plane."

He then proceeded, with firmness, to the townhall, and drew the lot. He was discharged; having drawn one of the highest numbers. The officers who presided at the drawing, expressed their regret that so fine and tall a young man should thus escape. His parents, on the contrary, returned thanks to God for having vouchsafed to preserve their son.

In the following year, there was another summons; and James Thann was, in his turn, obliged to present himself at the drawing. He was of a gentle and timid

character; and he did not show, on this occasion, a resignation equal to that of his brother. The idea of encountering the perils of war affrighted him. His mother, although she herself trembled more than he did, attempted to rally his courage. His father also endeavoured to calm his uneasiness; but all was of no use. The poor young man remained plunged in sorrow; and his grief became the greater, as the fatal day approached.

With a bleeding heart, he thrust his hand into the fatal urn; and the lot that he drew was adverse. It was a number that condemned him to military service. Pale and dejected, he went back to his father's house; and he had scarcely strength to announce to his parents the misfortune that had happened to him. They attempted to console him, but in vain. He would not listen to any thing; and he was unceasingly repeating, "I am a soldier. I am lost. I shall die of grief."

According to the terms of the decree issued by the superior authorities, those who had been drawn were obliged to quit their homes, one month after the drawing, and to proceed to the places that were pointed out to them, in order that they might be incorporated into their respective regiments, and be taught their exercise. James could not think of that terrible moment without shuddering.

Some days before that which was fixed for his departure, they saw John enter the cottage of his parents, who were much surprised at his sudden and unexpected arrival. "Good day, papa! good day, mamma!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself into their arms. "I have learned that the lot has fallen upon my brother,

and as I know that he has no taste for the military service, and that he would find himself very unhappy in it, I am come to relieve him from his trouble. I am ready to become his substitute."

When James was informed of his brother's resolution, he was both confused and joyful at the same time; but he objected to it. "It is pushing your brotherly devotion too far," he said to him, "that you should undertake to bear, in my stead, the fatigues and the perils of war; and that you should even risk your life for me. No; it is impossible for me to agree to so generous a proposal. It is better that I should be a soldier; and, if I should die, you will be left to take care of my aged parents."

"No, no," replied John. "You shall not be a soldier. You are of too feeble a constitution, and too timid a character; whilst as for me, I am strong and robust. I am, also, of the opinion of an ancient author, when he says that it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country."

James and his parents were deeply moved, when they saw the affectionate devotedness of John; and at those sorrowful words, "to die for one's country," they shed an abundance of tears.

"Do not weep so much," said the latter to them. "The courage that animates me to brave death upon the field of battle, is a gift that comes to us from on high; and I have a firm confidence that God will protect me. The only thing that I commend to you, my dear brother, is, that you will never abandon our dear parents, but that you will send them regularly all the money that you may be able to save out of your wages,

and that you will be the stay and support of their old age."

The two brothers immediately proceeded to the city, and went in search of the captain of the recruits, in order that they might request him to substitute the name of John Thann, instead of that of James, in the roll of those who had been drawn.

"Young man," said the officer, addressing himself to John, "this proceeding of yours is a very noble one. You are yet unknown amongst us, but I can assure you, beforehand, that you have already acquired a sacred right to the esteem of your comrades, and the confidence of your superiors. He who thus sacrifices himself for his brother, will also sacrifice himself for his country, when circumstances require it. If all those who are now in the service had entered it by a similar act of devotedness, certainly, the army would number in its ranks none but men of true hearts and genuine bravery."

John was immediately inscribed upon the roll, and James was set at liberty.

John departed, and was incorporated into a select regiment of infantry. When he had been sufficiently trained to the exercise of arms, and was about to set out for the seat of war, he asked and obtained, from his superiors, a furlough, in order that he might go and bid farewell to his parents.

One day, they saw him enter the cottage where he was born. He was clothed in a handsome uniform. His arms were resplendent; and on his head he wore a beautiful bear skin cap, which was ornamented with a superb plume of feathers. His mother uttered a cry

of surprise at the sight of the grenadier ; and when he spoke of taking his leave of her, she shed an abundance of tears. He held out his hand to her, and said,

“Do not weep, dear mamma ! We are every where under the powerful hand of God. A single hair of my head will not be allowed to fall without his will. The man he protects, is as safe upon the field of battle, as he is within his own dwelling. Pray for me, and do not allow your courage to fail you.”

Before she allowed him to depart, his mother went to her chamber, to fetch him a small gold medal, which she presented to him, saying, “My son, this medal was given me by my godmother, on the day of my baptism. I have constantly carried about me this little medal ; and you may also wear it, suspended from your neck by the same ribbon. Since my marriage, when I have been pressed by the want of money, I have more than once pledged this medal, but I have always redeemed it. Do the same. Never sell it, I beseech you. Never allow it to fall into the hands of strangers ; but preserve it as a memorial of your poor mother. See ; it is impressed with the image of Saint Martin, who, when he was only a catechumen, cut his cloak in two, and gave half of it to a poor man who was perishing of cold.”

“It is true,” said the son. “Saint Martin was also a valiant warrior. He shall be my model. I will endeavour to imitate his bravery.”

“Well,” said his mother ; “but at the same time, endeavour to be as pious, and as charitable to the

poor and the oppressed, as that great saint was, and you will be happy."

"That," replied John, "is what I shall endeavour to become, I promise you. I will preserve this medal, in the first place, in order that it may remind me of you, and, in the next place, that it may especially recall to my mind the virtues of that sainted hero whose image it bears." And he immediately hung the medal round his neck.

When the moment of departure had arrived, the aged parents shed a torrent of tears. John consoled them; but he soon felt that he himself was becoming deeply affected. He therefore abruptly closed his leave-taking, embraced his parents, and departed. The benedictions and the good wishes of the aged couple accompanied him; and their fervent prayers called down upon him the powerful protection of heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRAVE GRENAДИER.

IN compliance with the promise that he had made to his parents, John wrote to them, from time to time; and all his letters contained happy and consolatory intelligence. It was not long before James was required again by his former master, with whom he had served his apprenticeship; and he hastened to become once more an inmate of his workshop.

The anniversary of his mother's birthday having ar-

rived, he went to the village of Waldau, in order that he might see his parents, and spend the day with them. When he entered the paternal dwelling, he threw his arms around his mother's neck, and embraced her affectionately. He presented her with a handsome nose-gay, and wished her many happy returns of the day. He found the aged couple in sorrow, because they had not, for a long time, received any intelligence of John. But James very quickly consoled them, saying, "Be comforted, my dear parents. John is very well. I bring you a letter from my brother. It was inclosed in one that he had addressed to myself. I think that it will give you pleasure, although it is dated three months ago. It appears that it had been either sent wrong, or had been delayed by the post, in consequence of the events of the war. I will read it to you:—

"My dear parents,

"I take advantage of a moment of leisure, to give you some news of myself. Thanks to God, I am still in life and in good health, although I have already been engaged in several bloody battles. The Lord has preserved me in the midst of the fire of the enemy; and for that I am indebted, without doubt, to your fervent prayers. Continue to pray for me; and do not entertain any uneasiness with respect to me. God will still protect me."

In a postscript, John sent his dutiful respects to the Baron and Baroness De Flint, to the clergyman, and to the worthy teacher. He presented his friendly regards to the steward of the castle, to his former mas-

ter, Mr. Blauk, the cabinet-maker, and generally to all his friends and benefactors.

"The good God," continued John, in his letter, "has enabled us to find friendly people, every where, although we have passed through several countries, and some of them those of the enemy. My officers are very kind to me; and although I have served in the army but a very short time, I have been already promoted to the rank of sergeant. For this, also, I am indebted to you, my dear parents; because you had the thoughtfulness to send me assiduously to school, where I was not only taught to read and to write, but also the art of composition. They are very well satisfied with the compilation of my reports; and I am glad that I studied geography, and was taught to draw maps, when I was at school. I now find these things of very great service to me, in whatever place we come to. I have a thousand times blessed the Lord for having vouchsafed to grant me some natural talents, and so excellent a teacher, in order that I might cultivate them. I cannot be sufficiently thankful to God, that he has preserved my life, to the present day, in the midst of the numerous perils that surround me on the field of battle. I have the firmest confidence that He will vouchsafe to continue to me his holy protection. Therefore, my dear parents, do not distress yourselves. Always keep up a good courage, and all will turn out for the best."

The aged couple were delighted with this letter. The mother went into the kitchen, in order that she might prepare a dinner rather better than ordinary; for James had brought with him some money. Dur-

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ing the repast, there was no conversation except about John, and the rank to which his bravery and his good conduct had deservedly raised him. They praised his confidence in God, his filial piety, and his fraternal devotedness. And as the rumour of an approaching cessation of hostilities had been spread abroad, they allowed themselves to indulge in the pleasing thought that it would not be long before he returned to them.

James went to a neighbouring inn, and purchased a bottle of wine, with which he regaled his parents. They all three drank the health of the brave John; and they declared that they had not, for a long time, passed so agreeable a day.

CHAPTER IX.

SORROWFUL NEWS.

WHILST they were sitting at the table, some one knocked at the door. James ran to open it, and a soldier came in. He was pale and emaciated, and he dragged himself on with the aid of a crutch. They recognized him as the son of a peasant in the adjoining hamlet. His name was Andrew; and he had entered the army at the same time that John did. This soldier had been severely wounded in battle, and had been for a long time taken care of in the military hospital; but, having been admitted to be a confirmed invalid, he had just received his final discharge.

"I am come to give you some news of your son John," he said. "He was our sergeant."

"What! of our John?" they exclaimed, all the three at once. "How is he going on?"

"He is going on better than all of us," replied Andrew. "He is now beyond the reach of all human misery. He died gloriously upon the field of battle."

At these words, they were all three struck as it were by a thunder-bolt. The mother uttered only the cry, "O my God!" and she sank senseless to the ground. The aged father and James were struck dumb with grief and astonishment. The joy and the happiness that, some moments before, had reigned in that poor family, had all on a sudden given place to the most profound desolation. They remained, for a long time, without being able to utter a single word; and nothing was heard from them but sobs and groans.

The soldier endeavoured to console them; and when they had become a little more calm, the father said, "Sit down here by us, Andrew, and relate to us the particulars of this frightful event."

Andrew took a seat, and began thus:—

"We were attacked by the enemy, and we defended ourselves with bravery; but both on our part and on that of the enemy, the carnage was horrible. A great number of the most valiant warriors, both officers and men, were slain. Our sergeant, your son, fell, pierced by a ball. As we were then in the heat of the conflict, and it was, besides, impossible to foresee the issue of the engagement, we had not time to

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258

carry him to the ambulance.* One of his comrades and myself took him up, and carried him into a field that was covered with wheat, in order that we might place him temporarily in a place of safety. We laid him upon the ground, and we endeavoured to stanch the blood that was flowing from the wound. He revived a little, and said to us, 'Comrades, I thank you for your attentions, but I feel that they will be of no use to me. Return to your ranks, and go to support your brethren in arms.' He then said to me, in a dying voice, 'Listen, Andrew. You will find, under my waistcoat, a medal suspended over my breast by a little ribbon of black silk. Take it, and when you return to our own country, give it to my poor mother. Convey my salutations to my dear parents and to my brother. Carry to them my last words and my dying embraces.' And he kissed me on the forehead. He then began to pray, and beseeched God to forgive his sins. He continued to pray for some minutes; and then, feeling that his strength was abandoning him, he commended his soul to God, and his eyes closed. We left him, that we might return to the battle, which was prolonged to an advanced hour of the night. Our regiment was obliged to give way before the enemy's superiority of numbers; and we retired, in good order, for the space of a league. The next day, the battle was renewed, and as the enemy had received considerable reinforcements, we were defeated; but we maintained ourselves in retreat, without the least dis-

* The ambulance is an itinerating hospital that follows the movements of the army. There is no English word for it.

order. As for myself, I was wounded by a ball which struck my foot; and since that time I have never been able to walk without the assistance of a crutch. During the night, our colonel received orders to march immediately, in order that we might occupy another position. The enemy had not only attacked our division, but also the entire army. A short time afterwards, we evacuated that country."

Having thus terminated his narrative, Andrew drew from his pocket the medal of which he was the bearer, and gave it to the mother. That unhappy woman, who had been listening to the narrative, was pale and dumb with grief; and she burst into tears afresh at the sight of that medal. She then related, in her turn, all the particulars of the last conversation that she had had with her son, when she gave him that parting memorial, and she repeated the words that had passed on that occasion.

"Well!" replied the soldier, "your son has faithfully kept the promise that he made you, when he bade you farewell. Terrible as a lion on the field of battle, he was gentle and humane towards the inhabitants of the countries through which we passed. He was always vigilant to see that every soldier received that which was due to him, according to the usages of war; but he never suffered any one to indulge in the least exactions. When any dispute arose, he interposed his authority, in order that he might re-establish order and concord. All the soldiers of our company respected him, and also loved him. He enjoyed the esteem of his superiors, and even of the colonel. I am very sure that, if he had not so unfortunately fallen in the last

battle, he would now have obtained an officer's commission."

The father and the mother thanked the brave man for having come to bring them this news, all distressing as it was, and especially for having assisted their son in his last moments, and for having faithfully delivered the medal that had been intrusted to him. They all wept, and the invalid himself had tears in his eyes.

Then the brave soldier, after having been a little revived by a glass of wine and a little food, resumed his crutch, and at length gained, limpingly, the neighbouring village, where he was born, whilst the whole family of the Thanns remained plunged in indescribable affliction.

James especially was inconsolable. "It was I," he said with sobs, "it was I who was the cause of the death of my affectionate brother. It is upon my head that his blood shall fall. It is for me that John has given his life. How was it that I had the misfortune to accept the offer of his generous and fraternal devotedness?"

CHAPTER X.

THE WOUNDED.

SERGEANT THANN, the excellent son of these virtuous old people, was, however, still living. That which his comrades had mistaken for death, was only a fainting caused by the enormous loss of blood. His

breathing was stopped; and they might readily suppose that to be death, which happily had only its appearance. He remained for a long time in that condition; for, when he recovered consciousness, the night was already very far advanced. The stars were shining brightly in the sky; and the most profound silence reigned around him. Neither the roaring of cannon nor the clashing of arms was heard. A light breeze gently moved the stalks of wheat in the midst of which the poor wounded sergeant was laid. He attempted to rise, but his strength failed him. He wished to call out for help, but his voice was too feeble.

In this apparently hopeless situation, he cast a supplicating look towards heaven. "My God, my heavenly Father!" he sighed, "Thou seest that I am here, wounded, abandoned, and almost dying. Thou hearest my groaning. In the absence of words that my voice has no power to utter. Thou canst read my heart. Thy solicitude and thy mercy watch over those who have no other refuge but in Thee. It is in Thee, —in Thee only, that I place my confidence. Never did the supplicating voice of the unfortunate call upon Thee in vain. O my God, have pity upon me, and do not permit me to perish miserably in this place. If, however, it be thy will that I should perish here, far from my dear parents, from my brother, and from my friends, then do Thou bestow upon me thy grace, that I may die in thy love. Pardon my sins, and receive my soul into thy heavenly mansions. Vouchsafe to accept my repentance, and condescend to forget my past faults. Pardon them, in the name of

Jesus Christ, thy Divine Son and our Redeemer, in whose grace I wish to live and die. Console my parents, and bestow upon them thy blessings, for all the good that they have done to me, in endeavouring to bring me up in the practice of religion and of virtue. My God, be merciful to me."

Some moments afterwards, he heard the sound of a cart that was passing along the road, not far from the field in which he had been left for dead. The cart was proceeding slowly; and John thought he could also distinguish the steps of the man who accompanied it on foot. The poor wounded man, rallying the little strength that he had left, began to cry, "help! help!" At first, the cart-driver could not hear any thing, because of the noise that the cart made upon the pavement of the road, but on a sudden he stopped the horse, in order that he might allow it to rest a little. He seated himself upon a bank; and then he seemed to hear the feeble cries that came from the wounded man. He immediately arose, and directed his steps to the place from which the groans proceeded. He there perceived, by the light of the stars, a man extended amongst the wheat. He approached him, and asked who he was, and what he wanted.

"A wounded soldier," replied John; and that was all he was able to say.

"O my God!" exclaimed the charitable countryman, "how sorry I am for you! I am ready to assist you to the best of my ability." Then, without in the first place inquiring whether the wounded soldier was a friend or an enemy, he brought his cart nearer, and placed him in it with the greatest possible care.

The man who showed so much compassion was a country carrier, who carried, twice a week, all kinds of provisions, poultry, butter, eggs, &c. to the market in the neighbouring city, and brought back such goods as the people gave him commissions to purchase for them. On this occasion, he had been detained in the city a longer time than was usual, on account of what had taken place in the neighbourhood. His house, or rather his humble cottage, was situated in a valley, and at the farther end of a hamlet; and he was in less easy circumstances than most of the inhabitants.

When he arrived at his cottage, he called his wife and his son, who presented themselves immediately, with a lantern. He showed them the wounded soldier; and they took him out of the cart, and carried him into the house, and placed him in the son's bed. The father directed the son to set out, without delay, for the neighbouring city, and to bring with him a surgeon. "Go," he said to him, "and make haste, in order that the poor wounded man may not be left to languish very long."

The son departed immediately. In the mean time, the mother made some soup, and prepared some linen bandages and some lint, in order to dress the wounds of the soldier. The father wished to give him a glass of brandy, to rally his strength; but the sick man refused it, and asked for some water.

The surgeon arrived; and when he saw the sergeant's uniform, he approached the bed, and said,—

"Well, Mr. Sergeant, you have been wounded. I offer my services with all my heart. Soldiers are not

strangers to me. I was formerly surgeon-in-chief to a regiment; and in the different campaigns that I was engaged in, I had occasion to attend many thousands who were wounded like you. I hope, with the blessing of God, to re-establish you before long."

He probed the wound, which he found to be serious, but not mortal. He dressed the wound, and gave directions as to the mode of treatment. He assured the wounded man that there were the best hopes of a cure, and promised to return the next day. He wished him good night, and departed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GENEROUS VILLAGER.

THE surgeon kept his word, and he was very assiduous in his attentions to the poor wounded man. On their part, his hosts seconded him so well by their care and their vigilance, that the soldier soon found himself approaching a state of convalescence; and his strength was restored, by little and little, so that he was no longer obliged to keep his bed. One thing alone tormented him; and that was, that he saw no possibility of recompensing the surgeon and his host for their kindness. One day, the doctor came to see John, and told him that he now no longer stood in need of his services. John replied that unfortunately he had no money with which to pay him; and his brow was covered with a blush.

But the worthy surgeon replied to him, "You are wrong to make yourself uneasy about that. It never was my intention to ask you for any remuneration. Although I have not been, for a long time, attached to any regiment, I still regard myself, nevertheless, as under an obligation to fly to the succour of the wounded soldiers. Religion and humanity induce me to look upon it as a duty. The true surgeon ought not to speculate upon the fortunes of the sick, but to give his attentions to all, without distinction,—to the poor as to the rich. The pious gratitude of the indigent,—the 'God bless you and reward you,' of the poor, are of greater value than money. They bring down upon us, and upon our families, the blessing of heaven."

The next day, when the hostess came to bring him some excellent broth and a roasted chicken, John said to her:—

"Tell me, my good woman, are not you putting yourselves to too great an expense on my account? How shall I acknowledge your kind attentions, and know the amount of your disbursements? It will be impossible for me to repay you all the expenses that you have incurred for me. I have no more need of such good food; and more especially as I find myself not in a condition to be able to pay you."

"Do not let that be a subject of uneasiness to you," said the hostess. "All that is already paid for, and you do not owe any thing for it; for your sojourn in our house has been a source of prosperity to our little household. When they were informed, in the village, that we had received a wounded soldier, every body was desirous to contribute to that good work; and they

brought us, from all parts, more chickens, pigeons, butter, meal, eggs, and bread, than you could possibly eat. We told the people so; but they replied to us that it was right to do good to the brave defenders of their country, who shed their blood for us, upon the field of battle. I had plainly observed to them it was too much, and that there would remain much more of it than you would be able to eat; and then they told me that what remained was for us, and that it was just that we should be indemnified for our trouble and our attentions. I do not, however, find that you have been the least charge in the world to us. You always appeared to be contented with every thing."

And the host added, "Besides, that which we are doing for you, others may perhaps at this moment be doing for one of our sons, who is a soldier like yourself, and who, perhaps wounded as you have been, may also find himself in a painful situation, and in need of assistance."

John was, at length, so far restored to health, that he was able to leave his apartment, and, with the assistance of a stick, he walked out into the streets of the hamlet. He took advantage of that opportunity to go and see the good inhabitants, and to express to them his lively gratitude for their charitable eagerness to come to his assistance.

Soon afterwards, he had no need of a walking-stick; and he found himself sufficiently strong to quit the hospitable roof, and to go and rejoin his regiment. He had the satisfaction to learn that the army of his prince had gained many signal advantages, in consequence of which the enemy had been obliged to beat

a retreat. His regiment was crossing the country in which he was, and he joined it. He was received, by his comrades, with so much the more enthusiasm, because they had believed him to be dead.

John was endowed with more than ordinary intelligence; and he found it very easy to increase the strategic knowledge that he had already acquired. As he had, every day, opportunities of exhibiting proofs of his bravery and skill, he advanced rapidly from rank to rank, and at length attained that of captain.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DISTRESSED FAMILY.

THE war was prolonged for several years, with very various fortunes. The German armies had just been driven back from the country which they had invaded, when a truce of two months was agreed upon; and the two armies retired into their winter quarters, which were not more than a few leagues distant from each other. Captain Thann was quartered at the residence of a rich miller, whose house was the most conspicuous in the village where his company was in cantonment. As he had never before passed through that mountainous district, the country was totally unknown to him. He made frequent excursions, therefore, in order that he might form an idea of the localities, and study the ground, with a view to the arrangement of his plan of attack or defence when hostilities should

be renewed. The country presented a varied and picturesque aspect.

One day, he began his walk at a very early hour in the morning; and he ascended the neighbouring mountain, that was of very great elevation, and from the summit of which the eye could take in an expanse of country that extended for many leagues. At the sight of the charming country that was situated at the foot of the mountain, he began to reconnoitre it; and it seemed to him that he had seen those villages before. The more carefully he examined the country, the more his recollections, at first confused, became clear and definite. Soon afterwards, he was able to distinguish, in the distance, the church-steeple of the little city, in the neighbourhood of which had been fought the battle in which, five years before, he had received the dangerous wound that had nearly cost him his life.

In order that he might obtain a better survey, he continued his walk along the summit of the mountain; and he soon perceived, at the foot of the mountain, a charming little valley, in the midst of which he perfectly recognized the hamlet, and even the cottage of the charitable carrier who had received him, and had taken care of him with so much humanity. Until that moment, he had not entertained the slightest suspicion that he was so near that place. Overcome by the emotion that was occasioned by this discovery, he descended the mountain, in order that he might go and see his benefactors.

His grateful heart was beating with joy when he crossed the threshold of that hospitable dwelling; but,

when he entered the house, he found the worthy family in the most sorrowful situation. He saw the good old man, pale and overwhelmed with grief, sitting upon a bench, and supporting his head upon his hand. "Ah! is it you, sir?" he said, when he perceived the captain. "Oh! how I thank you for having had the goodness to come and see us! It is, at least, a consolation in our misfortunes."

The captain cast a look of sorrowful surprise and compassion around the apartment, where everything told a tale of the most profound misery. The aged mother, pale and emaciated with grief and suffering, lay sick upon a pallet. One of her sons, a soldier, who had been wounded and had retired from the service, was sitting near her. He immediately arose and greeted the captain with a military salute. The other son, who was a carpenter, and who was working at a neighbour's house, ran in, a few moments afterwards, and shook hands, in a most friendly way, with the former sergeant. The captain took a seat, and began to inquire what it was that could have reduced that respectable family to such a state of distress.

The young carpenter, who had, by his labour, become the only stay and support of his aged parents, had not been able, for a long time to obtain any employment. The war prevented people from entering upon the erection of new buildings; and consequently all the work was limited to repairs, which scarcely afforded any profit. The father had formerly been a carpenter, until his infirmities had put it out of his power to work at his trade; and he then

became a carrier, to which he added a little trade in butter, eggs, and other provisions. At the end of a few years, however, his great age had compelled him to give up that new branch of industry.

The poor people then became unable to provide for their own support, and were obliged to run into debt. Their creditors were then threatening to sell their little property. The young carpenter, who was well known to be a skilful, honest, and industrious workman, had been upon the point of marrying the daughter of a farmer who was in easy circumstances. Throughout the neighbourhood, they had been regarded as betrothed; but when the father of the young woman was informed that the affairs of the aged carrier were in so bad a condition, he retracted his promise, and the projected marriage was broken off.

The captain pitied, from the bottom of his heart, the misfortunes of this poor but virtuous family. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "never did I so much wish, as I do to-day, that I were rich, in order that I might be able to succour you effectually. For the last three months, we have not received our pay; and the little money that I have about me," he added, taking out his purse, "composes the whole of my fortune. Accept it, for the present; and I will see, by and by, what I may be able to do for you."

He then told them to take courage, and exhorted them to place their confidence in God. He shook hands with all of them, and departed, for he could not be any longer absent; but he expressly promised that he would see them again in a few days. As for the aged Madeleine, the unexpected visit of the

former sergeant, occasioned her so much joy, that it was, to her, the most efficacious of all remedies; and from that moment her sickness completely disappeared.

It is as well to say, also, that the succour which the brave captain had rendered them came at a very seasonable time; for the poor family did not, just then, possess a single farthing with which to buy bread.

CHAPTER XIII.

BENEFITS RECOMPENSED.

ON his return home, the captain began to consider what means he could take to relieve the difficulties of this poor and interesting family, the members of which had been his benefactors, and had saved his life. He knew that, in the existing circumstances of the affairs of the State, it would be impossible for him to receive his arrears of pay. He did not know to whom he could address himself, with a view of borrowing a sum of money; but he was, nevertheless, ardently desirous to relieve and solace these unfortunate people. In this tormenting perplexity, he addressed a fervent prayer to God; for, although he was a soldier and in the midst of the tumult of a camp, he had not lost any of his sentiments of piety, nor his custom of prayer. He prayed, therefore, to the God of mercy, that He would inspire him with the means of succouring his former benefactors.

He was at that time in the possession of a very beautiful horse, which was entirely his own property, and for which he had been many times offered a very handsome sum. He resolved to sell it, although he valued it very much, and to march on foot; for permission to ride on horseback was only granted to officers of infantry as a matter of favour. He announced to the groom who had the charge of the horse, that it was his intention to sell it; and the poor young man was very much distressed at the intelligence. He was unable, however, to find a purchaser. The other officers were no richer than himself, and not one of them was disposed to buy a horse at so high a price, especially at that critical epoch, when they did not know whether the war would continue, or not. The embarrassment of the captain was extreme.

On a sudden the regiment received orders to hold itself in readiness to march at the first signal. The armistice had expired; and hostilities were about to be renewed with activity. The captain then resolved that he would sell the horse at half the price he had formerly asked for it; but, on the evening before the day on which the bargain was to be concluded, some robbers, taking advantage of the darkness of the night and the momentary absence of the captain, burglariously broke open the door of the stable, and took away the horse. One may imagine the distress and disappointment of the poor captain. He was less grieved at the loss of his superb steed, than at not knowing what means to adopt, to succour the unfortunate family who had lavished such care upon him. The night that followed this audacious robbery, he could not

close his eyes. He addressed to the Lord fervent prayers that He would vouchsafe, by other means, to save this unhappy family from total ruin.

He heard, on a sudden, the sound of the feet of a horse, which passed through the village at a gallop, and stopped before the door of the house. Supposing that it was an order that had arrived from head-quarters, he arose in great haste, lighted a candle, and went down stairs. When he opened the door, he saw, to his great surprise, his horse, which neighed with joy when it saw its own master again. The animal was richly caparisoned, and carried a portmanteau; but the saddle was empty. There was no rider.

The robbers, after having conducted the horse to the camp of the enemy, had immediately sold it to one of the officers of the staff. But the courser, being very mettlesome and difficult to hold in, had thrown its rider to the ground, and scampered off, at full gallop, to its former stable. The captain led the faithful animal into the stable, spread for it a good litter, supplied the rack and the manger liberally, and then taking the portmanteau under his arm, reascended to his apartment.

From an inspection of the papers, he ascertained that the portmanteau belonged to a general officer of the enemy; and amongst the effects he found a bag of money, and several parcels of pieces of gold. "God be praised!" exclaimed the captain; "the worthy family is saved. According to the laws of war, these effects and this money are my lawful prize; for the truce expired yesterday, and hostilities have recommenced. This sum, which has come from the enemy, and has fallen into my hands, belongs to me, of un-

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258

disputed right. But God preserve me from keeping a single penny of it for myself. The entire sum shall go to the advantage of my benefactors."

At break of day, the captain mounted his horse, and rode, in great haste, to the house of his good country friends. He had their creditors called together, and he paid them all that was owing to them. In this manner he assured to those good people the tranquil possession of their little property, from which they were about to be driven. As soon as the father of the young woman whom their son had been on the point of marrying, was informed of that which had taken place, he hastened to them and declared that he should no longer oppose the marriage that had been formerly proposed, and that had been broken off solely on account of the unfortunate state of the affairs of the young man's parents.

The captain asked to see the intended bride; and she came with her mother. A pretty, fresh-looking, virtuous, and modest country girl, she entered the room with a timid air. The captain recollected that he had often seen her before; for, during his illness and his convalescence, she had often come to bring him provisions. He addressed some compliments of congratulation to the young couple, wished them all sorts of happiness, and especially recommended them to honour their aged parents, and to take the greatest care of them. At the same time, he handed over to the betrothed a very handsome dowry. The young couple and their parents were overwhelmed with surprise and happiness. They could not find terms adequate to the expression of their gratitude to the generous officer.

But the captain replied to them,—“That which I am to-day doing for you, is a very little thing in comparison with the attentions and the benefits that you have heaped upon me; and I do not know a duty that it is more delightful to discharge, than that of proving one’s gratitude to one’s benefactors. The words of the holy gospel are this day verified in your case—‘He who shows himself compassionate and charitable towards his unfortunate fellow-creatures, shall also find compassionate hearts in the day of his own misfortunes.’”

Then, rising from his seat, he added, “I deeply regret that I cannot be present at the wedding. The engagements of the service will not permit me to be; but I request you to invite, in my stead, all those good neighbours who so abundantly supplied me with provisions, when I was lying upon my bed of affliction. And now, my good friends, farewell. May you enjoy your health; and do not forget me in your prayers.”

As he uttered these words, the captain sprang upon his horse, and immediately rode off to rejoin his regiment.

He recollected, however, that he had still another farewell visit to make. He had not lost all recollection of the excellent surgeon who had bestowed his attentions upon him, with so much zeal and disinterestedness. The captain immediately proceeded to the house of the doctor, in order that he might express to him his gratitude. The surgeon was not a little surprised to see that the former sergeant was now a captain, with a cross of honour glittering upon his breast.

The officer embraced him, and said, "You had the generosity to give me your attention gratuitously, when I was in such a situation that it was impossible for me to pay you. You will not now refuse to accept this feeble mark of gratitude."

As he spoke these words, he embraced him again, and placed ten pieces of gold in his hand. He then sprang quickly upon his courser, and disappeared from the eyes of the astonished doctor.

He had scarcely arrived at his post, when he received from head-quarters an order to march. He immediately set off, at the head of his brave warriors, all of whom were equally inflamed with the desire to go and gather new laurels.

CHAPTER XIV.

PUBLIC REJOICINGS.

WHILST John was thus engaged in the field of honour, fighting for the defence of his country, and exposing himself to all the fatigues and all the perils of war, his brother James had taken, on his own account, the shop and manufactory of the master-turner with whom he had served his apprenticeship, and for whom he had always continued to work, after his return from the capital.

In order to recompense him for his fidelity and his good conduct, his master had given him his only daughter in marriage, and thus procured for him a

very advantageous establishment ; for that young woman was one of the best-brought-up young women in the place. She possessed virtues and qualities the most desirable; and, in addition, she brought him, as a dowry, a considerable fortune, as well as a handsome house, situated in the best commercial street in the city. James solicited and obtained the rights of citizenship, and established himself as a master-turner. He exhibited the most affectionate attachment to his father-in-law; and he and his young wife, by their attentions, their zeal, and their forethought, became the charm of his declining years.

After the death of his father-in-law, James brought his aged parents to live with him; and his wife bestowed upon them the same affection and the same delicate attentions that her husband had shown towards her own father. The aged couple and the young couple lived together in so happy a union, and in such perfect harmony, that that family presented the most beautiful model of conjugal happiness.

In the midst, however, of the well-being that this estimable and pious family enjoyed, there were not wanting the trials of adversity. The city in which they resided had been many times occupied by the enemy; and the whole country was, for a long time, the theatre of war, all the calamities of which it had to bear. The enormous imposts that weighed down the unhappy inhabitants, the continual passing of troops, the quartering of soldiers, the contributions and requisitions that were levied, with a thousand other changes and evils that wars always bring in their train, and the stagnation of commerce, had paralysed

the means of labour, and were reducing the entire population to a condition bordering upon misery, when suddenly the happy news of the conclusion of peace began to spread abroad.

The transports of universal joy that this joyful intelligence diffused through all classes of the community, were, however, mingled with feelings of sorrow, to many a family. The good old parents of James could not restrain their tears, when they thought of the happiness that so many other parents were about to taste, in seeing their sons return home from that long and disastrous war, whilst their son John had perished; for, after so circumstantial a report as that of the invalid, Andrew, and the return of the medal, they were not able to entertain any doubt of the death of that brave young man.

John had written to them many times; but, as the country which they inhabited was in the power of the enemy, his letters never arrived at their destination. When, therefore, the aged mother heard some of the neighbouring women pour forth cries of gladness, in the anticipation of the approaching return of their sons, she exclaimed, with sorrow, "Oh that my son John were still living!"

"Yes," added the father, "how happy we should be, if we had the happiness to see him again!"

"My poor brother! my excellent brother! how deeply I regret you!" sighed James, as he wiped away a tear. "His brotherly friendship has cost him his life. God grant that, in eternity, he may be recompensed for the generous sacrifice that he has made for me."

When the last regiments of the foreign troops had evacuated the country, the clergy and the authorities of the city solemnized a religious service, in order to return thanks to God for the blessing of peace. The ancient church was decorated as was customary for great religious solemnities. The columns were wreathed with garlands of evergreens, and the altar was adorned with magnificent vases filled with sweet-smelling flowers. From the dawn of the day, the ringing of all the bells in the city announced the festival. The morning was superb. The sky was clear azure, without clouds; and, in short, every thing promised a beautiful day.

At the hour appointed for the solemnity, the inhabitants of the city proceeded, in crowds, towards the church. James, with his wife and his aged parents, went there also. The multitude that filled the church was immense; but they were all united in one and the same feeling,—a desire to offer unto the Lord their solemn thanksgivings and gratitude for the blessing of peace.

At the close of divine service, the clergyman of the parish intoned the *Te Deum*. The organ and a numerous orchestra, the sound of the trumpets, and the beating of the drums, accompanied him, and filled the vaults of the temple with floods of harmony. At the same moment, all the bells of the city rang a grand peal, and a triple salvo of artillery signalized, to a great distance, the solemn moment which filled the hearts of all who were present with delicious joy; and when the lips of all blessed the God of mercy, for having vouchsafed to put an end to the calamities and the horrors of war.

The aged mother Thann felt, however, at that moment, a most lively sorrow. The image of her eldest son, who she believed to be dead, was so powerfully pictured to her mind, that she could not restrain her sobs. Kneeling behind one of the pillars, she did not cease to shed tears; and the father, kneeling by her side, seeing the tears of his wife flowing, shed tears also; whilst James, uniting his voice to the thanksgivings for the peace, added to them prayers that his parents might be comforted.

On that day, a better dinner than was usual had been prepared in every house. James also had recommended his wife to roast a joint of meat, and he himself went to fetch a bottle of excellent wine, but his aged parents had very little appetite. They remained sorrowful and afflicted.

In the afternoon, the magistrates distributed relief to the poor families; and the public rejoicings took place in the evening. The whole city was illuminated. The streets were crowded with multitudes, of all classes of society, and joy and happiness were depicted upon all their countenances.

James, however, remained in the house, with his wife and his aged parents. Seated near the window, the old people conversed respecting their son, and they spoke of the pleasure that they should have had, if they could have seen him again, at the close of this long war. On a sudden, some one knocked at the door. It was Mr. Blauk, the cabinet-maker, the master with whom John had served his apprenticeship. He had come to pay them a visit. As he had attained a considerably advanced age, he had sold his

shop and his manufactory, and had retired, being able to live upon his property. His intelligence, his probity, and his experience, had deservedly acquired for him the general esteem of his fellow-citizens. He had been elected a municipal councillor, an office in which he rendered, for several years, eminent services to the city.

“I was very much inclined to suspect,” said the jovial old man, as he came in, “that I should find you all at home, sitting together, and sorrowful, or at least indifferent to the joy that has taken possession of every body. You are wrong in doing so. You ought not to abandon yourselves to grief, at a time when the whole city is given up to rejoicing. You mourn for a beloved son, whom death has prematurely taken away from your affection. So far from condemning your sorrow, I unite with you in it; for it is just and natural. Let us lament for your son; but let us take care that we do not lament like the pagans, who have no hope beyond the tomb. If God grants eternal life for a glass of water given in his name, what will He not do for those who have shed their blood in defending their country? Ah! let us not doubt that John is now dwelling in the highest heavens, where he now reaps, in joy and in rejoicing, that which he has sown here in sadness and in tears. So far from groaning at his fate, I consider him worthy of envy. His pilgrimage is finished, and he is residing in his true native land, whilst we are still wandering in this sorrowful valley of tears. Let us walk in the steps of that virtuous young man, and soon, like him, we shall arrive at the eternal habitation. Cease, then,

to weep. If you have a son the less, heaven has one more of its elect."

The wise and consoling words of the worthy old man had, by little and little, the effect of calming the sorrow of the family of the Thanns. That old and faithful friend of the family had come to dissipate their sadness, and even to rally their gaiety by adroitly turning the conversation to the agreeable recollections of the time of their youth and their days of prosperity and happiness.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SON FOUND AGAIN.

THE following morning, the authorities had it published throughout the city, by the sound of the drum, that a regiment of infantry, which was on its way from the head-quarters of the army, and which had been engaged in all the preceding campaigns was about to pass through the city, and would stay the night there. All the inhabitants rivalled each other in their eagerness to give a cordial and triumphant reception to those brave warriors, who had so valiantly and gallantly fought for their country.

The arrival of that regiment excited an interest the more lively, because the greater part of it had been composed of young men who were born in the city or its neighbourhood. A numerous deputation of the citizens, having the clergy and the magistrates at

their head, walked in procession to the gate of the city, where a triumphal arch had been hastily constructed, in order to do honour to the valiant soldiers who were returned to their homes, after so many bloody, but glorious, campaigns. The children of the schools, carrying branches of laurel in their hands, formed part of the procession; and an immense multitude, gathered together from the city and the surrounding country, formed a dense mass of spectators, on each side of the road.

As the good inhabitants had not, for several years, seen any other uniform but that of foreign troops, they testified the most lively joy when they saw their fellow-countrymen, under the colours of their own nation. And when the band played the well-known national air, the people hailed it with shouts of welcome, and clapped their hands, in testimony of their delight.

James, however, with his wife and his aged parents, did not leave their dwelling. Not that they did not partake of the general joy; but the recollection of the loss of the young warrior whom they would have had so much pleasure to see returning to them, in the ranks of that very regiment, shed too much bitterness in their hearts, to allow them to be willing spectators of the touching scenes of fathers and mothers recognizing their sons, and embracing them with transports of happiness and affection.

When they heard, however, the loud sound of the military music, they placed themselves at the window, in order that they might see the regiment pass by. All the soldiers had ornamented their caps with sprigs of green oak. The streets were filled with crowds of

spectators, who made the air resound with their shouts; and all the ladies who were seated at the windows, saluted the warriors by waving their white handkerchiefs.

When the regiment had arrived in front of the house of James Thann, the turner, the superior officer who commanded it, and who, mounted upon a superb horse, was returning the salutations of the multitude, by inclining his drawn sword, sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left, suddenly called out, in a sonorous voice, "Halt!" He then leaped from his horse; and, before any one was aware of it, he had entered the house, and ascended to the apartment in which the family were sitting.

All were surprised at this unexpected visit. James was the first to step forward. He looked steadfastly at the officer, and then, throwing himself into his arms, he exclaimed, "God of heaven! it is my brother, my dear brother! Is it possible?" The aged mother fell instantly into the arms of her daughter-in-law; and the elder Thann, not daring to believe his eyes, stood motionless, as if he had been petrified.

It was indeed John; but it required the lapse of a little time to enable the mother, the father, and the brother, to recover from their surprise. The transition from the most profound grief to the most lively joy had been so very sudden, that it could not but produce the strongest emotion in their souls. By little and little, however, they recovered themselves. With the most tender emotion, their beloved son embraced, by turns, his aged parents, and then his brother and sister-in-law. And they all shed the most delicious

tears. The aged mother was dumb with stupor; and it was only by her tears of joy that she expressed the feelings of her heart. All seemed to her to be a dream. At length, the father exclaimed,—

“My God! how I bless Thee that Thou hast restored to me my son, whom I believed that I had lost for ever! Oh Lord! how infinite is thy goodness, in having afforded me this consolation in my latter days!”

“O my brother!” said James, with deep emotion, “how many tears have I shed on your account! I believed that you were dead; and I reproached myself with your premature end. My dear brother, it was in order that you might exempt me from them, that you went to encounter the perils of war. The Lord has blessed your generous devotedness, by covering you with his powerful protection. You departed as a simple private; and you return covered with honour and glory. Blessed, a thousand times blessed, be the Lord our God!”

The young woman was scarcely able to conceive that he whom she had formerly known as a simple journeyman cabinet-maker, and that staff-officer, in a brilliant uniform, and with a cross of honour sparkling upon his breast, could be the same person. She presented to him her two children,—one a genteel little boy, who was just able to speak, and the other a pretty little girl whom she carried in her arms.

“Embrace your uncle,” she said to them; but the children were too young to comprehend who the gentleman was. At first, they were a little timid, but they grew bolder by degrees.

"Soldier, give me your sabre," said the little boy to his uncle; and then the little girl stretched out her hands to take hold of his cross.

At length, John, after having descended, for a moment, to give his orders to the regiment, rejoined his parents, and related to them the history of his campaigns, and of his rapid advancement. He held, at that moment, the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was commanding the regiment in the place of the colonel, who had not yet recovered from his wounds. He had written to his parents, to announce to them his approaching arrival; and he seemed very much vexed when he was informed that they had not received his letters.

It would be difficult to describe the joy of the aged parents, when they found that their son had attained so high a rank, and also that of the son, on seeing his father and mother again, after so long a separation. The aged father remarked that parents cannot taste a greater happiness than that of seeing their children arrive at prosperity by the paths of religion and of virtue.

"Yes," replied the lieutenant-colonel; "and that prosperity acquires a double virtue in the eyes of grateful sons, when they are thus enabled to become the glory and the joy of their good parents. If I have had the happiness to attain so distinguished a social position, it is to you, my dear parents, that I am indebted for it. It is to the excellent principles that you have always inculcated. It is then to you, and to you only, that all the honour belongs."

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

WHILST the brave officer was still occupied in this pleasing conversation with his parents, some one knocked at the door, and they saw the mayor enter, in his official costume. He had come to pay his respects to the lieutenant-colonel; and he said to him,

“I come, in the name of all my fellow-citizens, to address to you the congratulations that you have so well merited by your bravery and your loyalty. They would express to you, by my mouth, their unfeigned admiration of the distinguished manner in which you have conducted yourself in the late campaigns. You have done honour to your country; and it is just that, in its turn, your country should honour you. Proud of reckoning you amongst its children, our city has resolved to give you, on the present occasion, a signal and solemn testimonial of respect. It invites you to a banquet, which will be held in one of the rooms of the town-hall. I am instructed to conduct you thither. You will find there assembled, the most eminent persons of the country, who are impatiently expecting you, and who regard it as an honour to see you taking part in a festival, of which you are the principal object. We shall hope that your worthy parents will afford us pleasure by accompanying you. As it is just that your troops should participate in the general rejoicing, measures have been taken that all the officers shall be suitably entertained in the best hotels in the city. As

for the soldiers, the city has granted to each of them, a gratification which will enable them to add something to their ordinary fare, on that day."

The lieutenant-colonel accepted the invitation, and thanked the mayor for his politeness. The latter then withdrew.

The next day, the mayor, accompanied by two members of the municipal council, came, at the appointed hour, to fetch the family of the Thanns. It was with considerable timidity that the aged parents entered the beautiful hall of the feast, which was brilliantly lighted up, and ornamented with wreaths of flowers and evergreens, with flags, and groups of arms. Amongst the persons who were assembled were the principal officers of the regiment, the public functionaries, the clergy, and numerous members of the most distinguished families of the city and neighbourhood.

The lieutenant-colonel met there, on his entrance, the Baron and Baroness De Flint, and the clergyman and school-master of Waldau, whom the mayor had had the delicate attention to invite by special messenger. His joy was indescribable when he saw persons so dear to him, and to whom he was under so many obligations. And they were no less delighted to learn that the little boy, whom they had formerly so powerfully protected and encouraged, had attained so brilliant a position. Many of the municipal councillors who had formerly known the young journeyman cabinet-maker, and had been his companions, paid him their respects; but the teacher especially could not sufficiently testify his delight at having educated so distinguished a pupil.

During the repast, the lieutenant-colonel occupied the place of honour; and his aged parents were seated by his side. The banquet was animated by the utmost cordiality and gaiety. During the speeches which followed, much was said on the subject of education; and the Baron De Flint, who was one of the speakers, made these remarks:—

“In order that education and instruction should bear their proper fruits, it is necessary that the parents should second the efforts of the teacher. It is then only that children profit by that which is taught them. It is also necessary that religion should be the constant basis of all education. Where religion rules, all succeeds; but without it, every thing languishes. Of this we see a striking proof in the persons of these two brothers, the Thanns. One of them is an honourable officer, who has covered himself with glory in our armies; and the other, although his position is less brilliant, has not the less merited the esteem of the whole city. Religion has presided over the development of their youthful faculties. It has since guided them in their different careers; and it will always guide them. It is not sufficient that youth be taught a great variety of information. The intellect ought not alone to be provided for. It is necessary that the heart also be nourished with sound principles; and those principles religion alone can inculcate. Religion alone is able to establish harmony between the heart and the mind; because religion alone is the truth, the light, and the life. Never let us forget these salutary maxims, which are the guarantees of all morality. To fear God, and to keep his commandments, this is the

foundation of all true wisdom. This is the only learning able to render man truly great, strong, and virtuous. Upon this knowledge, well learned and well applied, depend the tranquillity of nations, the prosperity of families, and the happiness of individuals."

These judicious observations obtained the unanimous assent of the whole assembly. May it please God that our young readers may not finish the perusal of this truthful narrative, without being themselves convinced of the moral and religious truths that we have been anxious to inculcate.

THE CHERRIES.

IN the charming village of Rebenheim, situated at a little distance from the Rhine, and entirely surrounded by rich vineyards and beautiful fruit-trees, lived a wealthy and excellent man named Ehrenberg. He was the mayor, or, as they called him, in that country, the bailiff, of that pleasing and flourishing district; and he was generally esteemed for the zeal and integrity with which he discharged his duties, and maintained justice and good order amongst those who were subject to his authority.

His wife was equally beloved. The affability of her character, and her benevolence towards the poor, gained her the heart of every one. This worthy couple had but one child, the little Caroline, as beautiful and as fresh as a newly-blown rose, and who already exhibited much precocity of intellect and great excellence of heart. Her parents loved her with the most tender affection, and particularly endeavoured to give her a good education.

To the house of the bailiff were attached a magnificent orchard, a well-cultivated kitchen-garden, and a small garden planted with flowers. On the day upon

which Caroline was born, her father had planted, in the middle of one of the borders, a young cherry-tree. He had chosen one of a kind that does not grow to a great height, and the fruit of which may be gathered very easily. When the young tree came into blossom for the first time, and was so well covered with blossoms that it seemed to be nothing but a large nosegay, Mr. Ehrenberg and his wife contemplated it with lively satisfaction. The latter carried the little Caroline in her arms; and the child smiled at the sight of the pretty tree, towards which she extended her little hands, at the same time testifying her delight by words that were scarcely intelligible, but which the good parents understood very well,—“Oh! Oh! flowers! flowers! good! good!” The joy of their beloved child was a thousand times more gratifying to these good parents, than the sight of the charming cherry-tree, of all their gardens, and of all the flowers in the universe. The pious parents then solemnly vowed to God that they would bring up Caroline with the greatest care, and as a Christian. They both beseeched the Lord to bless their efforts, and to second their attentions by his grace, in order that their child might prosper, to the glory of God, and the joy of her parents.

To effect this purpose, they neglected no means that were in their power. The mother herself undertook to give to her child the first instructions in religion. She spoke to her, with love and emotion, of that good Father who is in heaven,—of that God who has made the flowers to blow, and the trees to grow, and the fruits to ripen. She also spoke to her of that Divine

Friend of children, Jesus, who so much loves children when they are good. She also began, at an early age, to accustom her to such household work as was proportioned to her age and her strength. The father, on his part, could not find a more agreeable employment, after he had discharged the duties of his situation, than that of teaching his daughter to read and to write.

His most pleasing, or rather his only, recreation he found in his orchard. As he passed the greater part of the day in his office at the town-hall, in the midst of official papers, it was a great enjoyment to him to find himself in the midst of the verdure of his orchard, which he delighted to cultivate himself. There, from the earliest days of the spring until the latest of the autumn, he always found, and that with great satisfaction, something for him to do; whilst his wife, assisted by her domestic, took care of the kitchen-garden.

When Caroline had attained her eighth year, she was entrusted with the care of the flower-garden, under the direction of her mother. She felt herself honoured by this duty. She accepted it with joy, and acquitted herself in such a manner as to satisfy her parents.

In order to recompense her for it, her father conferred upon her the ownership of the little cherry-tree that he had planted on the day of her birth; and this present afforded her more pleasure than she would have enjoyed if they had given her all the flowers together.

She found in it a continual subject of admiration,

from the moment when it began to put forth its tender buds, until that when the fruit had attained its maturity. It is true that, at first, she was sorrowful when she saw, at the close of the spring, the pretty white flowers fall, one after another, from her beloved tree; but she was not long before she noticed, with sweet satisfaction, the growing cherries. This fruit, at first little and green as a pea, she saw grow larger by little and little, then ripen, and at length shine through the green foliage with a brilliant red.

"It is thus with reference to our existence," said her father. "The charms and the beauty of our youth pass away; but virtue is the fruit that is expected of us at the time of our maturity. This earth upon which we live, is, so to speak, a large garden, in which God assigns his place to every human creature, in order that he may grow, and bring forth good fruit. In the same way that he sends to the trees the rain and the vivifying heat of the sun, he also vouchsafes to grant us his grace, in order that we may grow in virtue; but it is necessary that we ourselves should assist in this happy development, and that our efforts should respond to the goodness of God."

Caroline promised that she would attend scrupulously to every thing that might depend upon her; and she kept her word. Her daily conduct never failed to justify the good hopes of the parents. This little family lived, therefore, in happiness and contentment, and contributed not a little, not merely by their counsels and their actions, but also and more particularly by their example, to propagate and maintain union and peace amongst the inhabitants of the whole village

and its neighbourhood, in such a way that none but happy households were any where to be seen.

War, however,—which, towards the close of the last century, spread such dreadful ravages through the beautiful countries of the Rhine,—now approached this peaceful valley, in which a gentle calm and domestic happiness had hitherto reigned. The village of Rebenheim, occupied, in turns, by the French and German troops, had to suffer much from those different invasions. The French had just retaken it, and were endeavouring to maintain their position there; and the unfortunate country was so much exhausted, that there was an almost entire deficiency of provisions. But the French army had to be driven back, once more, from that country. At break of day, the Germans attacked their adversaries with much determination, and approached very near the village. The conflict raged with fury, and became more and more bloody. Amidst the discharge of musketry, the roaring of cannon, the whizzing of the balls and bullets over the houses, and the firing of howitzers in the streets, a fire broke out in the village. Happily the cannonading slackened, and the combatants moved farther off. As soon as the danger from the enemy had ceased, the worthy bailiff took measures for arresting the progress of the flames. His wife, pale and all in tears, was sitting at the window of her apartment, and raising her suppliant looks towards heaven; while Caroline, kneeling by the side of her mother, was also raising her trembling hands towards the Lord, and praying with equal fervour.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and

some one knocked at the street door. The mother looked out of the window, and saw that an officer of hussars had stopped before the house. "God be praised!" she exclaimed, "the officer is one of ours." Little Caroline then ran to open the door, and her mother followed her. "O God!" said the officer, who, while fastening his horse, noticed their tears and their paleness, "You are very much frightened; but reassure yourselves. The danger is past, and you may be tranquil. There is nothing to fear. The fire is almost extinguished, and the bailiff will return very soon. In the mean time I request you to procure me some refreshment, if it be only a morsel of bread and a glass of water, should you have nothing else to give me."

He entered the house, and, placing his sabre in a corner, took a seat, and wiped his forehead, that was covered with perspiration. "It has been a very warm affair, this time," he said, "but, thanks to God, we have conquered."

An angel descended from heaven could not have diffused greater joy in the house of the bailiff, than the appearance and the encouraging words of this officer. The mother descended into the cellar, where there still remained some bottles of old Rhenish wine, that they had taken the pains to conceal so well in the sand, that the enemy had not been able to discover them. She hastened to bring up one of them; and, adding to it some rye-bread, she apologized for having nothing better to offer. "That will be sufficient," replied the officer, breaking the bread, and eating it with an appetite; "this is the first nourishment that I have taken to-day."

Little Caroline ran into the garden, and went to gather, from her favourite tree, some of the ripest cherries, which she carried to him upon a very clean porcelain plate. "How! cherries!" exclaimed the officer. "They are, at this time, very rare fruit, especially in this country, where every thing has been sacked and pillaged. By what miracle have you been able to preserve them?"

"These cherries," replied the mother, "have grown upon a very little tree that my husband planted, in the middle of a flower-border, on the day of the birth of our daughter. They are the first fruit that the tree has borne. As it is very low, and is, so to speak, lost in a circle of flowers with lofty stalks, the enemy, otherwise sufficiently occupied, did not perceive it."

"And you are depriving yourself of this fruit, in order that you may bring it to me, my amiable child," exclaimed the officer, touched with this action, and addressing himself to Caroline. "Oh! no; I cannot accept it. It is for you. It would be a sin to take a single cherry from you."

"We are happy to have them to offer to the brave defenders of their country, who do not hesitate to shed their blood for us," replied Caroline, and, as she said that, tears flowed from her blue eyes, and trickled down her rosy cheeks. "Accept them all, sir, I entreat you."

Then, in order that he might not oppose the wishes of that amiable little girl, the officer took some of the cherries, and found them delicious. Scarcely, however, had he tasted them, when the sound of trumpets resounded through the village. "It is the call to

horse," he said, rising, and girding on his sabre. "I must go. I must not remain here a moment longer."

The wife of the bailiff poured out for him another glass of wine, and pressed him to drink it; while the little girl hastened to wrap the cherries in a sheet of white paper, and entreated him to take them with him. "It is very hot," she said, "and the fruit will be a light refreshment."

"But I really do not know where to put it," replied the officer. "I have not a single pocket empty. I carry about with me every thing that I have, and see, I am loaded like a mule."

"Come," said Caroline, "this handful of cherries will take up but very little room." And she entreated him with so much grace and earnestness, that he took a portfolio from one of his pockets, and placed it in his breast, under his waistcoat. He put the cherries into the empty pocket.

"In truth," he said, with visible emotion, "to a soldier, to whom people often grant even things of the first necessity with a bad grace, it is a supreme pleasure to meet with, now and then, persons so amiable and so benevolent. I regret that it is not in my power to remain here any longer. I could have desired to be able to leave this charming little girl some slight token of remembrance of me; but at the present moment I possess nothing,—absolutely nothing. I am only able to thank you for the generous welcome that you have given me, and the refreshments that you have offered me with so much kindness." Then springing upon his horse, he made a sign of adieu to Caroline and her mother, and rode off at a gallop.

The joy that the good inhabitants of the village of Rebenheim experienced when they saw the calamities of war departing from their country, was of very short duration; for military operations were speedily renewed in that part of the country. Some weeks afterwards, a bloody battle was fought before the village; and all the houses,—that of the bailiff as well as the others, were reduced to ashes. That estimable family lost almost every thing; and indeed, in such circumstances, they esteemed themselves happy to escape with their lives. The bailiff, with his wife and daughter, departed from that scene of desolation; walking on foot, with their eyes bathed in tears, and not without often turning their heads, in order that they might cast a last look upon the still smoking ruins of their dwelling, that had formerly been so peaceful.

The whole country had fallen into the power of the enemy. The worthy bailiff, who had at all times shown a patriotic and faithful zeal for his prince, could not hope to obtain any employment under the administration of the conqueror. He proceeded, therefore, with his little family, to a distant city, where they had to suffer much distress. The prince himself had been obliged to take flight, and was not able to do any thing for them. The bailiff sought for employment, and was able to earn something by copying deeds for the lawyers. His wife devoted her attention to dress-making and embroidery; and their daughter Caroline, who showed considerable talent and exquisite taste in needle-work, assisted her parents with her utmost activity. In this manner, these estimable people were enabled to obtain their subsistence honourably, and without being a charge to any person.

The Countess of Buchenain, who had for some time resided in that city, had heard the talent of Caroline and her mother, with respect to every thing that relates to the preparation of the toilet, highly spoken of. She gave them some employment, and procured much work for them. One day, that lady had ordered a handsome bonnet, ornamented with garlands and artificial flowers; and, at the time appointed, Caroline went to take it her.

The lady's maid, not being able to introduce her immediately, requested her to wait until the countess had breakfasted; and she added, "she will be a little longer than usual, perhaps, because my lady is with her family. Her sister, with her husband and their two young ladies, have come to pay us a visit."

In the mean time, the lady's maid took the bonnet, and went to show it to her mistress. Some minutes afterwards, she came back, and said to Caroline, "The ladies are enchanted. They desire to speak to you. Come with me."

She conducted her to the garden, where the countess was seated under an arbour, with her company, and Caroline saw the two young ladies, the visitors, occupied with admiring the bonnet that she had made. Their mother, the sister of the countess, addressed to her some flattering compliments on the perfection and good taste of her work, and she ordered three similar bonnets for herself and her two daughters.

The countess also added her praises, and then said, "This bonnet, and the flowers that adorn it, are charming, it is true, and the work is admirable, but that which I myself find still more worthy of admiration is

the virtuous conduct of this young person." She then began to relate all that she knew respecting the misfortunes and the position of her "amiable Caroline," as she called her, and respecting the indefatigable zeal with which she worked for her estimable parents. The count and his brother-in-law, Colonel D'Olme, having heard part of the conversation, then entered the arbour. The colonel was a handsome man, clothed in a splendid uniform, and decorated with many orders. Scarcely had he comprehended that of which they were speaking, when he approached Caroline; and, having considered her attentively, he exclaimed, "Just heaven! Are you not, tell me, the daughter of the bailiff of Rebenheim? But you have grown so much, that I should scarcely have recognized you; and yet we knew one another, a long time ago."

Caroline, greatly surprised, opened her eyes widely, fixed them upon the stranger, and blushed. He, however, taking her by the hand in the most friendly manner, presented her to his wife, saying, "Look, Amelia! See here the young woman who, ten years ago, when she was but a child, saved my life."

"How is it possible?" replied Caroline, more and more astonished.

"Yes, yes, Miss, it is quite possible," answered the officer. "Do not you remember that an officer of hussars came, one day, wholly exhausted with fatigue, before your house at Rebenheim, and asked you for some refreshments, and you so obligingly gave him your cherries?"

"Ah! Is it you, Sir?" exclaimed Caroline, and her countenance immediately assumed an expression of

joy. "God be praised that you are still living; but I cannot conceive how I could contribute to save your life."

"No doubt, you would not be able to know what an important service you were rendering me, in forcing me to take away your cherries; but my wife and my children know it well, for I immediately wrote them an account of it. Certainly, it is one of the most memorable events of my life."

"And of mine also," exclaimed his wife, who immediately rose, and clasped Caroline in her arms, with very lively emotion.

"But all this is quite a mystery to me and my husband," said the Countess of Buchenain. "Will you be kind enough, my dear brother-in-law, to relate to us the particulars?"

"Very willingly," replied the colonel. "Besides, the history is not a long one. Dying with hunger and thirst, I arrived, at full gallop, before the house where the father of this young lady lived, in order that I might beg, to speak the truth, a morsel of bread, and a little fresh water. Miss and her mother offered me all that they had,—all that, in the general distress, they had been able to reserve for their own wants. The good Caroline entirely despoiled her favourite little tree, in order that she might offer me the fruit, and refresh me. They were, in truth, excellent cherries; and perhaps they were the only cherries that there were in the country. But the enemy did not allow me time to eat them. The trumpet sounded, and I was obliged to remount my horse immediately.

"However, the amiable Caroline, who was then the

little Caroline, constrained me, by the most urgent importunity, to take away the rest of the cherries. I did not know where to put the fruit. At length, I put the fruit in a pocket from which I had taken my portfolio, which I slipped under my waistcoat, against my breast. I immediately rejoined my regiment, and we again encountered the enemy, who, already repulsed once, had returned to attack us. In executing a fine charge at the head of my hussars, we fell into an ambuscade. A sharp-shooter, concealed behind a hedge, aimed at me with his musket; and his aim was well taken. The ball struck me upon the breast, but exactly at the place where I had placed my portfolio, which it was not able to pierce. But for that portfolio, my faith! it is a fact that I should have been pierced through and through. And now, tell me if it was not the Providence of God that employed the hand of this amiable young lady to save me from death. But for the urgency of Caroline, I should not have taken away the cherries. I should never have thought of placing my portfolio upon my breast, and the ball which it repulsed would have infallibly sent me into the other world. It is to you then, my dear young lady, that my Amelia is indebted that she is not a widow, and my children that they are not orphans. It is to you that I am indebted for now finding myself tranquilly in the bosom of my family, and in the enjoyment of the charms of life."

Every one of the party, deeply moved, assented to the justness of this observation; and the wife of the colonel again pressed the hand of Caroline, which she had continued to hold between her own, and she said

to her, with tears in her eyes, "Yes, it is certain that you were our guardian angel; and you have turned away from our family the greatest of misfortunes." The two young ladies also ran to embrace Caroline. They pressed her hand most affectionately, and insisted upon her sitting between them, and partaking of breakfast with them.

"Every time that we eat cherries," said the younger of them, "we shall speak of you, without you being aware of it."

"Oh! how happy I esteem myself," added the elder, "that I am able to make acquaintance with her who has preserved the life of our father."

In the mean time, the colonel had assumed a grave and melancholy air. "You have often pleased yourselves," he said at length, "with boasting of my bravery, and speaking of my brilliant actions: but see, nevertheless, what man is! What can he do against events? If it had not been for a mere trifle, a handful of cherries. I should have been, long ago, interred in the cemetery at Rebenheim, with the simple rank of lieutenant; and another would have occupied my place as colonel of my regiment. My decorations, also my rank, and my fortune, I owe to a handful of cherries, or rather to the hand of God, who employed a child to protect the life of the warrior, whom he wished to crown with the palms of victory. Some other time, charming damsels, we will have a more ample conversation; but at present some little business that I have to transact with the count, compels me to leave you."

The two gentlemen then went away, to take a walk round the garden. Caroline remained with the ladies

a short time, and then she withdrew. "We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again," they said to her; and they lavished upon her new testimonies of interest and affection.

In the mean time, the colonel had conducted his brother-in-law, the Count of Buchenain, to the other end of the garden, in order that he might have some conversation with him. The principal steward of the estates of the count had been dead for some months, and the situation was still vacant. A number of applicants had presented themselves, and the count did not know which of them to select. That very morning he had much conversation upon the subject, which was a matter of great importance to a wealthy family; and as the appointment could not longer be delayed, it was about to be decided upon during that day.

"Now, my dear brother-in-law," said the colonel, "you have no more ground for hesitation between so many applicants; for behold one who must carry away the appointment before all the others. You must take the former bailiff of Rebenheim for your steward. It is not for nothing, believe me, that God has sent us, this very morning, the daughter of that worthy man, and has caused me to arrive here yesterday, in order that I might meet her before the place is filled up."

"It is true," replied the count, "these worthy people have deserved well of our family; and I am persuaded that Mr. Ehrenberg is, without doubt, a very honest man. I do not, however, know enough of him to confide to him so important a trust. I must take time to reflect a little upon it."

“Zounds!” exclaimed the colonel, with his military vivacity, “what need is there of so much reflection? You do not know enough of Mr. Ehrenberg, you say. But as for me, I know him; and I will guarantee that you will not find, throughout all Germany, a man more honest than he is. After the disasters of the war had been brought to a close, I took two different journeys to Rebenheim, in order that I might testify to the good Caroline my gratitude for the service that she had rendered me. I could neither find her nor her parents; but I was informed of a crowd of particulars, which reflect the greatest honour upon that estimable family. The whole community were delighted to praise the integrity of the husband, and the goodness of the wife and their young child. The old men said to me, with tears in their eyes, ‘Mr. Ehrenberg, our bailiff, was the model of justice, of activity, of the love of order, and of beneficence. Never,’ they added, ‘shall we be able to forget, or to be sufficiently grateful for all the benefits that he conferred upon our parish, and upon each of us in particular. In whatever place that worthy man may find himself, happiness must follow him, for God will recompense his virtues.’ See what was said to me by those over whom he formerly exercised authority. This is the answer that I give to you respecting him; and I ask of you the favour to bestow upon him the vacant situation. But despatch quickly; be expeditious in the nomination, and proceed to his installation in the double trust of bailiff of Buchenain and chief steward of your estates, in order that I myself may have the pleasure of carrying to him the warrant of his appointment.”

The affair was thus arranged, and the warrant was written and signed. For a long time past, the colonel had not enjoyed so delightful a morning; and he said, that he had never, even on the day of a brilliant victory, felt so much joy in his heart.

Caroline was in no wise aware of the intentions of the colonel. She returned, however, very well satisfied, to her parents, whom her long absence had made uneasy. "My dear child," said her father to her, "what is it that has happened? I see that your eyes are radiant with joy." Caroline then related to him what she had just been informed, and how the cherries that had been given by her, some time ago, to an officer of hussars, had contributed to preserve the life of that defender of his country.

The parents then blessed the holy providence of God. "See here a ray of hope," said the mother; perhaps we shall at last see better days."

"Yes, Caroline," added her father, "that amiable goodness of heart that manifested itself so early in your childhood, will probably restore to your parents their former prosperity."

"But if I had that goodness," replied the modest Caroline, "it was from my dear parents that I derived it."

This occurrence was still the subject of their conversation, when they heard the sound of a sabre dragged up the steps of the staircase, and the hasty footsteps of a man who was coming up with great speed. It was the colonel. The door opened. "Good morning, Mr. Steward of the estates of the Count of Buchenain," he exclaimed, and affectionately shook hands with Mr. Ehrenberg.

"How! steward of Buchenain!" said Mr. Ehrenberg, thinking that the colonel supposed he was addressing another person; "you are mistaken. I am not—

"No, no, I am not mistaken at all," replied the colonel, taking a portfolio from his pocket. "Do you see this portfolio? I do not carry it about me except on days of great rejoicing, as, for example, to-day, when I had the pleasure of meeting your amiable Caroline again. Look!" he added, showing the damaged place, "it was here that the ball struck. I suppose that your daughter will have already related that to you."

"Yes, sir, and her narrative has caused us great joy," replied Mr. Ehrenberg.

The colonel then opened the portfolio, and took from it a document written upon parchment, which he presented to the bailiff, saying, "Take this, read it." Mr. Ehrenberg read it, and stood stupefied. It was his two-fold appointment to the offices of chief steward and honorary bailiff of the Count of Buchenain, with a fixed salary of four thousand francs, a dwelling, a large garden, and many other advantages.

The estimable father, who had for so long a time been subjected to privations of every kind, and who even at that moment had no other garment than a patched and threadbare, but very clean, great coat, was scarcely able to believe his eyes. "Read it aloud, then," said the generous colonel to him; "your wife, and my young benefactress, the amiable Caroline, appear to be curious to know the contents of that paper, which has caused you so much emotion." Mr. Ehren-

berg read the document, with a voice greatly affected by his emotion; and the mother and the daughter wept for joy.

“With us hussars,” said the colonel, “every thing is done promptly. Only about an hour ago, there was not a person in the world who could have imagined that you were about to be chief steward and bailiff of Buchenain. Well! the business must be finished as it has begun. Come with me immediately, that I may present you to my brother-in-law.”

And as Mr. Ehrenberg asked permission to pay a little attention to his toilet, the colonel said to him, “I will give you a quarter of an hour; and I will wait for you at the hotel of the Count.”

Then, addressing himself to Caroline and her mother, he said, “As for you, ladies, be so good as to make, immediately, all the preparations necessary for your prompt departure. My heart bleeds to see you so badly lodged. During my campaigns, I have rarely met with a residence so uncomfortable and so contemptible, but at Buchenain you will have a house that will please you. It has a superb garden, and some very beautiful cherry-trees. You will have to be installed into your new office, on Monday next; and on that day my brother-in-law and myself will come to see you there. It will be a true festival; and we shall make, I hope, a repast a little more joyous than that which I and my hussars made under the cannon of the enemy, in the midst of the burning houses of the village of Rebenheim. Above all things, dear Caroline, do not forget to provide us some cher-

ries for a dessert. I think that the fruit will be ripe there."

Having spoken these words, he hastened to depart, in order that he might withdraw himself from the asseverations of gratitude on the part of the family that he had just rendered happy, as well also to conceal the tears of emotion that he was not able to repress; and he descended the stairs so quickly, that Mr. Ehrenberg could not be sufficiently prompt to accompany him.

"O Caroline!" said Mr. Ehrenberg, when they found themselves alone; "who could have imagined that the little tree which I planted on the day of your birth, would have brought us such fruits?"

"It is God who has willed it to be so," replied the mother, joining her hands. "I very well recollect the day on which we went to look at that tree, when it came into blossom for the first time. Our Caroline, who was scarcely a year old, and whom I carried in my arms, regarded it also with delight. I recollect, also, the vow that we made, that we would bring up our daughter with care and as a Christian, and we asked God to grant us the grace necessary for the accomplishment of that vow. Our prayer has been granted, beyond our most sanguine expectations. Glory and praises be rendered to our Heavenly Father."

"Yes," said Mr. Ehrenberg, "never does a fervent prayer, addressed to heaven by good parents, remain without effect. In like manner as God has vouchsafed to entertain favourably the supplications that we then addressed to Him before the young cherry-tree, so

will he condescend to accept the thanksgivings that we are now addressing to him."

Caroline, joining to these testimonies a religious gratitude, exclaimed, with lively and solemn emotion, "O, our Father who art in heaven,—Thou whose love and whose paternal solicitude for every human being, far surpass all the attentions that the most affectionate parents are able to lavish upon their beloved children, vouchsafe, oh! vouchsafe to accept our eternal thanksgivings!"

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THE ROSE-TREE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. ALKMAR AND HIS SON LEWIS.

MR. ALKMAR was a very wealthy and intelligent merchant, and what was still of more value, he was a most virtuous man. By a kind of cordiality peculiar to himself, and expressing the sincere feelings of his soul, he won the esteem of all his neighbours; while a certain unaffected and natural dignity of manner, in all his words and actions, gained for him universal respect. Although advanced in life, he still had the proofs of a well spent youth; for his complexion was so fresh and youthful, that strangers, who saw him for the first time, always took him to be ten years younger than he actually was. His dress was unostentatious and plain, his favourite attire being a coat of very fine dark green cloth, without any distinction whatsoever to lead one to suspect his enormous wealth, except a single costly diamond ring which he wore on his finger. His house was a respectable, well-built mansion, but though he could afford to decorate it with princely magnificence, the furniture was like

that of any ordinary citizen, and indeed somewhat old-fashioned; for he hated expensive show, and often sent back several articles of furniture, because he deemed them unsuited to a person of his rank. The sole ornaments of his house, (and they were really valuable,) were some splendid paintings by celebrated masters. The order and punctuality with which he conducted his extensive business, were most exemplary, he was so upright, moderate, and faithful in all his transactions, that every person found a pleasure in doing business with him.

There were persons, indeed, who blamed him for employing his capital in several trifling concerns which appeared too low for him, and which brought him much trouble, little profits, and even at times very considerable losses. But his chief object in carrying on this sort of business, was to support a number of industrious families, who would otherwise be unable to provide bread, and who now earned under him a comfortable livelihood. He considered this plan of giving relief, the best sort of charity. But he was very liberal in his donations to those poor persons who could not work, and who were ashamed to beg; and he also in a secret manner gave very large sums of money to families who were involved in pecuniary embarrassments without any fault of their own. It was no wonder, that he was generally esteemed as a very charitable man, and as a true benefactor to his kind; though he was no favourite, it is true, with the indolent and thoughtless spendthrifts, who sometimes came to borrow money from him; because desiring to teach them a practical lesson in economy,

moderation, and industry, he ever had ready for them, in his various and extensive business, some suitable employment or other, by which they could support themselves in comfort, if they pleased. But many of them did not relish these offers—and accordingly hated him in their hearts. He had lived fifteen years in the greatest happiness with his wife, who was in all respects an excellent woman. It was not for her beauty, though she was very beautiful, nor for her wealth, of which she had not much, that he had made her the object of his choice. Her best portion and greatest recommendation in his eyes, were her unaffected piety, her amiability of disposition, her virgin modesty, her industry, and all her other domestic virtues; and after her death, which afflicted him greatly, he could never think of marrying a second time.

Many of his children died early, and there remained to him but an only son, named Lewis, who was now about twenty years of age, and who was the exact counterpart of his excellent father. His complexion was fair and blooming; his figure well-knit and graceful; he was unwavering in all his resolutions, prudent in his business, affectionate to his friends, benevolent to the poor, blameless in his morals, and full of reverence for God, and noted for all that tends to make men virtuous. He was the chief pride of his father's heart, and an ornament to his native town. At the time at which our story begins, he was absent in England, where he had gone, partly on business, and also to extend the sphere of his commercial knowledge; and his father was in daily expectation of his return.

One boisterous evening, as the rain fell heavily, and

the wind howled through the streets, Mr. Alkmar was seated in his comfortable parlour, smoking his pipe and sipping a cup of coffee. Mr. Wohlmut, his chief clerk, who had been his school-fellow in his youth, and whom he still was wont to call his best friend, on account of his faithfulness and integrity, was sitting with him in the parlour, and both were planning some festive rejoicings for the return of Lewis. The postman entered with a sealed packet of letters. Mr. Alkmar opened the packet, and took a hasty glance at its contents. While he was perusing one of the letters, which appeared at first to please him very much—his colour suddenly changed, and the hand in which he held the letter, shook violently. Wohlmut was startled. He knew well, that losses in trade, which, though often occurring, had never disturbed Mr. Alkmar's temper, could not be the cause of his present agitation.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter with you?" inquired Wohlmut, anxiously.

"Alas, read this!" answered Alkmar, with a groan, giving him the letter. He then fell back on the sofa, clasping his hands, and lifted his eyes to heaven in the deepest affliction.

Wohlmut quickly read the letter. It was from a commercial correspondent in Hamburg, who merely mentioned in the postscript the loss of a ship, which though the Hamburg merchant did not know it, was the very one in which Lewis was to return.

This news was distressing for Wohlmut. But he endeavoured to console his friend Alkmar. "The letter," he said, "states that some persons were saved.

Perhaps Lewis was among the happy few, or probably he was not in that vessel at all. Perhaps the kind providence of God cast some obstacle in his way, that detained him in England, and prevented him from embarking. We have numerous examples of the gracious interference of our good God to avert impending calamities from men."

"Kind Wohlmut," answered Alkmar, "you have raised a slight gleam in my breast. But, I fear, it will soon be extinguished. We shall shortly know the whole truth of the matter."

He rang the bell, and directed the servant to run to the post-house, and order an express. "Tell the postmaster," said he, "to give the courier the swiftest horse in the stables. The letter which he is to convey, will follow you in a few minutes."

Mr. Alkmar then ordered all his servants to inquire of the several merchants in the town, whether they had heard any more particular intelligence of the loss of the vessel. He himself sat down and wrote without delay to his correspondent in Hamburg. When the servants returned, they stated that the vessel was assuredly wrecked, but that eleven persons, and amongst them a young merchant, were saved. They could not learn the name of the merchant. Alkmar had still some hope. The following day was spent in torturing suspense. The courier's return was watched with the most intense anxiety. Alkmar felt a load of sorrow pressing on his heart, and was obliged to summon all his strength to save himself from sinking under it. "Father," he prayed, "if this cup do not pass away from me, if I must drink it, give me strength and courage to submit to thy holy will."

As Lewis was generally esteemed and beloved, the whole city anxiously awaited the courier's return. Lewis's fate was the chief topic of conversation. The answer, at length, returned—he had embarked in the ship, but his name was not amongst those saved. "Gracious God," exclaimed Alkmar, with great agitation, "it was then Thy will! Whatever Thou dost is for the best. I humbly bow to Thy inscrutable, but ever wise and paternal decrees."

His sorrow was so deep, that it could not vent itself in tears. He shut himself up in his chamber, in silent grief, to avoid the great number of friends and relations who came to console him. He sought his consolation from God alone.

CHAPTER II.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS ABOUT LEWIS.

A SHORT time after the receipt of the certain intelligence of the death of Lewis, an old sailor presented himself before Mr. Alkmar. He was seated at his desk, in deep mourning, and admitted the sailor immediately. He had been on board the wrecked vessel, and was thus able to give Mr. Alkmar a circumstantial account of her loss.

"A storm burst upon us," said the sailor, "the like of which the oldest of our crew had never witnessed. The wind began to rise after nightfall, and drove the ship before it with irresistible fury. We were driven

from our course, and, at length, could not discover where we were. Masses of black clouds covered the whole heavens—the night was so dark, that we could not observe our hand before us. A few hours after midnight, we suddenly felt a shock which threw all of us off our legs; a dreadful crash told us that we were wrecked. The waves rushed in from all sides into the vessel—in a few minutes she was dashed to pieces. The helmsman, myself, seven other sailors, and two passengers, who were expert swimmers, gained the top of the rock on which the vessel split. The captain, and all other souls on board, perished.”

“Young Mr. Alkmar,” the sailor continued, as he brushed the tears from his eyes, “was mourned for by us all. The sailors in particular were devotedly attached to him, he was so kind and affable. He conversed familiarly with us, asked us several questions regarding the whole management of the ship, and frequently gave us many a good drink, when he saw us fatigued with duty. There was not one of us, I am sure, who would not have laid down his life for him, if it were possible to save him. But we had not time even to think of it. The very evening before the storm rose, I saw him sitting on the deck.—Even still, I appear to see him. Wrapped in his dark blue coat, he was seated on a bench, reading a letter, and a letter-case of red morocco was lying by his side. He seemed deeply affected; perhaps, he had some forebodings of what was impending. That was the last we saw of him. I found the letter-case among the fragments of the ship. Here it is. There are several letters, and a bank-note in it. That is the reason why I was anxious to present it to yourself.”

With an unsteady hand, Mr. Alkmar took the letter-case, opened it, and found his own letters to his son. "Poor Lewis," sighed Mr. Alkmar, "he kept all my letters carefully, and always carried them with him; and I am certain he often read them, as I desired him."

The tender father, who, up to this moment, could not shed one tear, now, on seeing the letters, burst into a flood of tears, that relieved his burdened heart.

"Weep, weep," cried the sailor, as his own tears fell fast over his weather-beaten cheeks, "weep, for he merits your tears. Oh! that he were here, and that I were in his place at the bottom of the sea! He could be of use in the world, but what good am I—a decrepid old man?"

The sailor then concluded his sad story. "The morning after our shipwreck, we found ourselves on a barren rock, with no object in sight but the boundless sea. As we had not any thing to eat or drink, but the shellfish and some rain water, which we found in the hollows of the rocks, we should soon have died of hunger, had not God sent a ship in sight. She sailed at a short distance from the rock, and perceived our signal of distress—some canvass which we hoisted on the only spar which was saved from the wreck. We were taken up and brought to Hamburg, taking with us from the lost vessel, nothing but the news of her wreck."

Mr. Alkmar took the bank-note out of the letter-case, and presented it to the sailor. "Accept this," said he, "as a return for your love to my son, and for the honesty which you have shown in restoring it.

My book-keeper will change it for you—keep it as a provision for your old age.” The sailor was astonished at this generous offer, and with his eyes expressed his thanks to God and Mr. Alkmar.

Mr. Alkmar’s distress for the loss of his son began, after some days, to prey on his constitution. His health gradually gave way. One Sunday morning, after returning from church, where he had worshipped with great devotion, he found himself ill. He had not time to throw off his clothes, but sunk down on a sofa. Wohlmuth, who had accompanied him, hoped that the attack would not be severe, and told Mr. Alkmar that he would soon be better.

“Dear Wohlmuth,” said Alkmar, “my hopes in this world are over. But I have encouraging hopes above. Yes: I shall soon be better—away in a better world. I have this morning discharged the affairs of my conscience with heaven, and strengthened myself for the long journey, with the bread of life. I trust my eternal interests are in order—I must now dispose of my worldly concerns. Sit down at the table, and take pen, ink, and paper. I will dictate my last will to you, and we will then have it signed and sealed by a notary and witnesses. The vast wealth which God has bestowed on me, should all go to my relations, but from my knowledge of them, it would be a certain curse, and not a blessing to them. Still, though they are not very nearly related to me, they shall have a tolerable share; but only on specific conditions, which will prevent them from squandering it, and force them to make good use of it. The principal rights must be vested in their children: but

if the children do not promise well, and are not well conducted, they never shall enjoy one penny of my money. You, my dear Wohlmuth, and all my faithful servants, who have contributed to make my fortune, must be well provided for. The schools and the poor shall not be forgotten.—Write quickly—I think I have not much time to live.” Alkmar then began to dictate, but on a sudden he stopped short, and cried out, “O God, what’s the matter with me?—I feel—the Lord comes and calls me away. He will dispose of this affair which I cannot conclude. He will turn all things for the best, to those who are concerned.” Here he stopped suddenly—moved his lips in prayer, and then said, with a faltering voice, “Dear heavenly Father, take me to Thyself, and unite me in Thy presence above to my beloved, who have gone before me—my virtuous wife—my good son Lewis, and my other children.”

With these words he expired. It was a stroke of apoplexy; for it was by this easy death, God took him quickly to himself. Every one in the house rushed to the apartment on hearing Wohlmuth’s cries. No pen could describe their sorrow on beholding their kind master lying in his mourning dress on the sofa, already a corpse—his head sunk helplessly on Wohlmuth’s breast! But the appearance of the pallid countenance of their benefactor consoled them. He looked so calm and beautiful, so pious and happy, that they all devoutly clasped their hands. He appeared as if a smile of joy beamed on his features, for having brought his earthly course to a blissful end.

“Verily,” remarked Wohlmuth, “he has sown

abundantly, and is now gone where he can reap a rich and plentiful reward.”

CHAPTER III.

AN UNWELCOME APPARITION.

MR. ALKMAR'S death, like the news of the death of his son, was sincerely regretted as a calamity by the whole city. His relations alone were not much grieved; on the contrary, they were overcome with joy for the rich inheritance that fell to them so unexpectedly. While thousands shed tears at the funeral of Mr. Alkmar, they could scarcely contain their delight; and many of them rubbed their eyes with their handkerchiefs, as if they were wiping their tears away, though, in reality, they did so only to make others believe that they were crying.

It was stated that the inheritance was enormous. It amounted, in fact, to many hundred thousand, perhaps a million of florins. But when they came to divide it, and look over the books, papers, and sealed desks—great as it was, it was too little for these avaricious relatives. They treated the faithful old clerk, Wohlmuth, very unkindly. Instead of giving any present to him, or to any of the other faithful servants, for whom Mr. Alkmar would have provided, had he lived, they turned them away; and of all the charitable aid which Alkmar used to dispense weekly to the poor, not one penny was afterwards paid.

The relatives too soon began to disagree among themselves, and a lawsuit appeared almost inevitable. But the wish to get instant possession of the money prevailed. They agreed among themselves on a division of the property; and then their only thought was, how they could best enjoy their good fortune. One of them began immediately to build, another bought landed property, a third gave up his little trade to enjoy his ease, and purchased a carriage and horses. So little did they think of Mr. Alkmar, that, though they were requested by the authorities of the town, they would not even erect a monument over his grave. They ordered, it is true, several models for a handsome monument; but they would never come to an agreement which model to select—because they were, in a reality, anxious to have some excuse for not erecting any monument, that they might avoid the expense which it would cause them.

The greatest bulk of the inheritance, including the house and garden, fell to a Mr. Pracht. The house was commodious and well built, though somewhat in the old style, but Mr. Pracht gave orders at once to have it rebuilt and adorned with the most costly ornaments. The dining-room in particular was enlarged, richly painted, and finished with large mirrors in gilt frames, and magnificent crystal chandeliers. As soon as the house was finished, Mr. Pracht gave all the relations a great banquet and a splendid ball. He had promised this when they were sharing the property. He wished, as he remarked, to inaugurate his new house in this sumptuous fashion. The ball-room was illuminated with a number of wax lights, which were re-

flected from the large mirrors, tinting the gleaming crystal with all the hues of the rainbow, and giving a dazzling lustre to the rich silver plate on the table. All the heirs of the good Mr. Alkmar, who had been so suddenly enriched by his death, were assembled, dressed in the most fashionable style; the ladies, and particularly the younger ones, were in the highest spirits, as this was the first occasion on which they had appeared in their new splendour, after laying aside their mourning. Mr. Pracht, who had given a great sum of money for the little word *von*, and who now was styled Mr. von Pracht, and his wife, Mrs. von Pracht, assumed dignified airs, and endeavoured to receive their guests in the most aristocratic manner. Miss von Pracht, their only daughter, was decked out like a princess, and assumed all the attitudes and positions that could exhibit her rich diamonds to the greatest advantage. After an entertainment of magnificent splendour, the company removed to the dancing-room, and the ball was opened.

A strain of music resounded through the ball-room, and dancing was kept up without intermission till midnight. The great clock of the castle was on the point of striking twelve, when, suddenly, terror and alarm seized upon the entire company—the music stopped short—the dancers stood, as it were, chained in their places—a death-like silence breathed through the saloon, interrupted only by the solemn stroke of the clock, or by an occasional exclamation of fear or astonishment—for lo, the folding-doors of the saloon flew swiftly open, and the form of young Alkmar, dressed in the deepest mourning, stalked into the apart-

ment, and glided, silent and solemn, with slow steps and indignant looks, through the midst of the drawing room!

If he had actually and really returned from the grave the terror and alarm could not have been more intense: every one present felt a chilling death-like horror even after they were satisfied that it was his real living self; and deeply as they felt the propriety and even necessity of seeming to rejoice at his return, and to receive him affectionately, they could not do so; the loss of the inheritance was too alarming—the awaking from their happy dream, from the intoxication of enjoyment, was too sudden and too revolting. Mr. von Pracht threw himself into a seat; Madam von Pracht swooned away, and was carried to a sofa; her daughter fell down in a fainting fit.

The generous young man had never imagined that his appearance could have thrown the company into such dread alarm; in mercy to them, therefore, he withdrew; but for some time after he had closed the doors behind him, they continued to ask, "Are we awake, or dreaming? Was it indeed he, or an apparition from the dead?"

The whole company hurriedly separated, with pale and sombre faces and trembling steps.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG MAN'S ESCAPE.

THE discomfited heirs could not imagine how young Alkmar, whom the entire city regarded as no more, and whom the courts had even formally declared to be dead, could dare to come to life again, and terrify them by his unwelcome appearance. Indeed his return must have seemed to them very astonishing, but it had taken place in a very natural manner.

On the dreadful night when the ship foundered, Lewis had clung to a floating spar, and in a short time the wind and waves carried him to a distance of many miles. The storm subsided, and was succeeded by a gentle breeze. Lewis, who had clung to the spar with all the tenacity of a man struggling with death, now in some degree revived; he sat erect upon the spar, but when the morning dawned he could see nothing but the sea and the sky. That whole day he spent upon the sea, drenched to the skin, and without a morsel of food; and as sunset approached he saw nothing but death before him. But he was devoutly pious; his good parents had brought him up in the fullest reliance upon God's merciful providence; and his pious mother, in particular, had instilled her own generous and faithful piety into his youthful heart. In this hour of trial, therefore, he prayed fervently for safety, or at least for strength from above to encounter his fate with manly resignation to God's holy will.

"Save me, Almighty God!" he cried, "or if it be not thy holy will that I see my dear father once more, do thou comfort him and grant me courage to die!"

But behold, at that very moment, he spied in the far distance the white sails of a ship—he prayed with fresh fervour—in the gleam of the evening sun the ship came nearer and nearer—he was discovered, and rescued from his perilous position; and he returned thanks to God, his deliverer, as fervently as he had prayed to Him in his hour of peril.

After he had expressed his gratitude to the captain and the sailors, and refreshed himself with food, he told the history of his shipwreck, and requested the captain to put him ashore upon the nearest land. The captain, whose name was Anson, said to him:

"My dear young friend, I would willingly do so, but you see this is an English ship-of-war, and it is impossible for me to depart in the least from my appointed course. You must, therefore, accompany us to America, unless we should meet another vessel upon our voyage."

The ship arrived safely at one of the smaller American islands to which she was bound. Lewis was deeply chagrined when he discovered that there was not a single ship ready to set sail to any part of the world. The captain, who was a very devout, moral, and well-conducted man, endeavoured to reconcile him.

"What does it signify after all," said he, "if you have to spend some time here? I myself shall have to wait a year here guarding this island, till I shall be relieved by another ship. Make a virtue of necessity. There is no position in which God's holy provi-

dence places us that is not useful and salutary for us, if it be not our own fault. Your staying here may prove to be of the happiest influence upon your whole future life."

The captain engaged for him a neat apartment, which looked out upon the sea, and took especial care that he should not want for anything. Lewis made frequent excursions through the island, for the purpose of seeing it. It was covered with extensive plantations of sugar-canes and coffee, in which an immense number of negro slaves were busily employed; and he saw here and there splendid country houses. The rich and highly-cultivated plains were bounded by rocks and forests which reached almost to the clouds.

But in a short time the rainy season set in; the captain was engaged on duty from morning till night, and Lewis had to sit for whole days in his lonely apartment, through the window of which he could see nothing but the dark clouds and the stormy sea. To render his situation more agreeable, he asked for books, and discovered that there not a single German book in the island. He was very glad that he understood the English language, and asked the captain for a few English books to interest him.

"I have not a single English book," said the captain, "but I will bring you a book which, to a man of your disposition, will not fail to bring the richest and most agreeable entertainment, and which, indeed, in this respect, infinitely excels all the books in the world."

He brought him an old, but very handsome; edition of the Bible.

"This heavenly book," said he, "was presented to me, as a keepsake, by a most beloved relative, a venerable old man, who died a bishop in Ireland. He warned me not to lend it to every one indiscriminately to read, since there were many who did not read it with an earnest desire for truth and edification, but who, full of self-blindness and perversity, abused it to their destruction. But as to you, dear Alkmar, I have no such apprehension, and I can with confidence say to you, as was said of old to Augustine—'take and read.'

Lewis read several chapters every day, and, circumstanced as he then was, isolated from the concerns of business and every source of distraction, this divine book made a deep and lasting impression upon him—he was enchanted and deeply moved by the divine spirit which it breathed; his heart was penetrated with the love of our Lord and Redeemer; he felt himself progress every day in piety and virtue.

When the calm, clear weather returned, the captain usually came home towards evening, and used to take Lewis with him to shoot; but he was very fond of botany, and he spent far more time, while they traversed through fields and forests, or over hill and valley, in searching for plants than in the pursuit of game; and when he discovered some new plant hitherto unknown to him, he would burst out into exclamations of wonder at the multiplicity and variety of the works of God. Lewis, too, took a lively and increasing interest in this innocent enjoyment. "You must

set more to work," said the captain; "I will lend you a very useful work upon botany, which will open for you a more extensive view of this glorious province in God's creation." Accordingly, Lewis began the study, formed a collection of plants for himself, and discovered therein, daily, new evidences of God's power, wisdom, and goodness.

"It was here in this island," he said, to the captain "that I learned to know God more distinctly in his word, the Holy Scripture, and in his works, Nature; and surely to know God and to love him is our chiefest and most profitable business. To this business, which ennobles the soul and prepares it for eternal happiness, all earthly commerce, which ministers but to the wants of the body, must yield the palm. You were right, Mr. Anson, in saying that it was not without the wisest designs God brought me hither. My residence in this island will be a blessing to me for the remainder of my life."

At length, after many months, a vessel arrived from Boston, in America, and was to return thither in the following week. The captain advised Lewis to go in this ship to Boston.

"It may be true," said he, "you are thus going further from your native country, but in Boston you will easily find opportunities of going to London, and there are ships sailing from thence almost every week to Hamburg."

Lewis was sensible of the goodness of this advice, but he felt himself in great embarrassment. He, the son of a very wealthy merchant, was literally (what he had never thought possible) without a single pen-

ny. The night before his departure, therefore, he was seated at table in such deep melancholy, that the captain asked him what was the matter. Lewis told him that he was unable to see how he should undertake this long journey, without a penny in his purse.

"Oh! is that all?" returned the captain; "that is already provided for."

He counted out in gold to his wondering friend, a large sum of money, which he had ready provided. "Your receipt," said he, "will be sufficient for me."

"What!" exclaimed Lewis, "will you trust me, whom you took into your ship a poor cast-away, with so much money? You know nothing whatever of my connexions, but from my own mouth."

"I know your principles," said the captain, "and that is enough. I would give you more if I had it; however, this will enable you to reach London. If I could not trust such a man as you, I had better renounce all intercourse with mankind. But, indeed, you will do me a favour by receiving this money, and repaying it in London to my aged mother, who is dependent on me for support. Wait upon the good woman in London, and present her with this letter."

Lewis promised to get the money from a commercial friend in London, and pay over to the captain's mother, not only this sum, but all that he had already laid out in providing for him.

On parting in the morning, the two friends cordially embraced one another. Lewis set sail, and though it was a very circuitous route, in the end he reached London. He directly repaired to his friend, a most

upright merchant, in whose house he had lived during his former residence in London. The merchant was struck dumb with amazement when he saw Lewis, whom he had heard to be dead, walk into his apartment, full of life. But Lewis's sorrow was still greater, when he learned the death of his dear father. His grief was beyond description. He stayed only to draw upon the merchant for the requisite funds—paid to the captain's mother double the sum which her son had advanced him—provided himself with mourning, and sailed by the first vessel to Hamburg. There he took the mail, and eventually arrived late at night in his native city.

It was with a sorrowful heart he went through the streets to his father's house. He expected he should find it silent, and in deep affliction. The glaring windows, therefore, were a bitter sight to him; and the uproarious mirth, the gay music, and the merriment of the dancers, pierced his lacerated heart still more deeply. He could not, however, refrain from presenting himself unannounced, and ending this unseemly confusion; and hence his sudden appearance in the saloon.

CHAPTER V.

THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

LEWIS's first business the next morning, was to visit the grave-yard, to seek out his beloved father's tomb.

It was not very many years since Mr. Alkmar had settled in the city, and, therefore, he had not any family burial-place. Lewis wandered for a long time among the graves. It was a beautiful morning, but he hardly observed it. "It is strange," thought he, "that I cannot find my father's tomb, though he has been already more than a year dead."

The grave-digger was employed in making a new grave. Lewis went up to him—

"Friend," said he, "will you be so kind as to show me the grave-stone of the late Mr. Alkmar?"

The grave-digger was a hale old man, and did not recognize Lewis. "I will show you his grave," said he, driving his spade into the newly dug earth, "but there is no grave-stone, I am sorry to say. The heirs have not erected, and I fear will not erect any to him. They have already forgotten him—the good old man!"

The scalding tears gushed from Lewis's eyes; he followed the grave-digger to the grave; it was covered with a rich green turf, and a ROSE-TREE, the most beautiful Lewis had ever seen, was growing upon it; a number of buds and full-blown roses bloomed through the dark green leaves; a thousand dew-drops hung upon the leaves and flowers, and sparkled in the bright morning sun. The rose-tree was in most beautiful order—not a withered branch, not even a faded leaf could be discovered upon it.

Lewis stood for a time with clasped hands, and his tears dropped fast upon his father's grave. The sight of the rose-tree, however, was a slight consolation to him, and cheered him somewhat. He prayed silently for some time, thanked his father for all the affection

he had shown him, and trusted that his soul was at rest in heaven. At last, he inquired of the grave-digger who it was that had planted the pretty rose-tree on the grave.

"Oh!" answered the grave-digger, "it was a sweet good girl. It was Miss Louisa, daughter of old Wohl-muth, who was Mr. Alkmar's book-keeper. She was very much hurt that her dear departed master should not have even a slab to mark his grave. 'O! that we were rich!' she said: 'he should have the handsomest tomb in the whole grave-yard; but, as it is,' she continued, sorrowfully, 'I will even do what I can. I will plant a little rose-tree upon the grave. Though it be not as costly as marble, it is not a whit less well-meant; and, perhaps, there is many a feeling heart which it may touch, more than if a statue of marble were in its place, especially when they learn what a generous and noble man he was whose grave it marks.' Early in February she bought a rose-tree, and brought it here. With her delicate hands she took the spade, which she borrowed from me, dug up the earth with many a tear, and planted the rose-tree. With her own hands she arranged the green sods, which she brought hither with the assistance of her brothers. You see how far it is from the grave-yard to the river; she frequently brings water from thence to water the rose-tree; and she brought an earthen pitcher here for that purpose, which she keeps concealed yonder, under that tomb-stone. Every Sunday evening, and often on week evenings also, she comes here with some of her little brothers and sisters, and her tears frequently bedew the grave. Aye, many a time it has

touched my heart to see her! There are many who visit their living friends as long as they have anything to bestow; but the old man can no longer give them anything, and yet they continue to come here where his bones repose—they are truly grateful hearts.”

As Lewis listened with deep interest, the grave-digger continued:

“It would have been better for honest old Wohlmuth and his family had Mr. Alkmar lived longer; he never would have suffered them to know want; but it was God’s will that both the old man and his estimable son should leave the world almost at the same time. Never would these two good men have thrust their faithful servant, with his wife and children, out of doors, as the hard-hearted heir has done. And how true it is that ‘sorrow never comes alone!’ The poor bookkeeper had invested his little savings in his master’s business, where it was accumulated for him. But the heirs brought all kinds of charges against the good honest man—brought him before the court, accused him of embezzling money, and at last Mr. Pracht sequestrated Wohlmuth’s capital. The old man, in the meantime, receives no interest, and in the end will never see his capital more. The daughter’s needle is now the only resource of the numerous family. The father cannot any longer write as well as formerly, for his sight is giving way. The mother’s health is never very strong, and the rest of the children are too young to earn much as yet. Meanwhile, however, they pass through the world honourably by the daughter’s industry, and she embroiders, too, in first-rate style. A short time ago I saw some of her work; she came here

to the grave, and then went down to the river for water, to water the rose-tree; her little sister remained sitting here, during her absence, with a small covered basket in her lap. As we are all curious, I asked to see what she had in the basket, but the little thing would not gratify me; meanwhile, Louisa came back, and the child complained of me to her; Louisa smiled, and showed me a piece of embroidery which she had finished, and was carrying to some fine lady or other, for whom it had been ordered. It was roses embroidered upon white silk, and it is astonishing how she could bring it to such perfection with the needle. As I am an honest man, the roses and buds, and even the green leaves, were as beautiful, aye and more beautiful than those here upon the tree. They could not be painted more perfectly!"

Lewis had listened with deep attention to the whole story, and then plucked a rose-bud from the tree upon the grave.

"My kind, dear, lost father!" said he, "I did hope that on my return to my parental home thou wouldst press me to thy loving heart; but, alas, it is now mouldering under this turf. I will place in my bosom this rose which has sprung up from thy mortal remains; let it wither there, as all my joys on earth have withered and decayed!"

He dropped a tear upon the flower, and placed it upon his heart.

He then gave the grave-digger, to his utter amazement, a gold piece; asked him to describe the street and the house in the suburb where the Wohlmuth family had taken their little lodgings, and took his course thither.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WOHLMUTH FAMILY.

THE news of Lewis's return had already filled the city, and had even penetrated to Wohlmuth's solitary abode. He went out immediately to seek for more certain intelligence, and returning over-joyed with a confirmation of the happy tidings, stood detailing it all in the middle of his family, forgetting in his joy to lay his hat and stick aside. Louisa sat idle at her embroidery-frame; the needles of her two little sisters who sat beside her (at other times so industrious) were still; one of the two boys stuck his pen, as he had seen his father do, behind his ear; and the other, instead of perusing his book, which lay open before him, sat with his eyes fixed upon his father's mouth. The mother stood hearkening for a full quarter of an hour, with the milk-pottage (her children's breakfast) in her hand; it never occurring to her that the pottage was cooling, or that it would be more convenient to lay the dish upon the table. Wohlmuth ended his tale by thanking God aloud, and only regretted that he had not been able to find Lewis, and that nobody could tell him where he was gone. It had never occurred to the good old man to look for him in the church-yard. †

Wohlmuth was still telling his news, when the door opened and Lewis walked in. They all, at first, grew pale with joyful alarm, and then broke out into tears of joy. The old man ran to him and pressed him, sobbing, to his bosom; the mother and daughter seiz-

ed his hands and bathed them with tears; the rest of the children clasped his knees, or hung upon his clothes—they almost went delirious with joy. “Is it you, Lewis?” cried Louisa. “O Father in heaven, what a blessed sight!” “Ah, that our dear master were still alive to see it!” cried the mother. “Be calm, ye little ones, a new sun is rising for you, which will warm you by its beams, and in which you shall grow and flourish!”

“I have existed long enough now,” said the old father. “Now, O Lord, dismiss thou thy servant in peace, since my eyes have beheld this. I am content now, if such be God’s holy will, to become blind henceforth.”

At length, even the little ones found their speech. “Thanks to God,” they cried, “that you are alive again. But how did you get back out of the sea?”

Fred, who had just then been reading about Arion, the harper, whom a large dolphin had carried upon his back, and brought him safe to land, thought that some such friendly dolphin must have shown the same valuable service to Lewis. Frank, who knew a little of natural history, said it was a blessing that some whale had not eaten him up; and the little girls teased him to know if he had not brought them some pearls or coral out of the sea.

Lewis sat down, and inquired about the last moments of his beloved father. Wohlmuth told him at full length all that he knew, and they all wept, for the generous man, tears no less sincere than those of Lewis himself. The old man then detailed the history of the property, and how harsh, selfish, and unfeeling the con-

duct of the heirs, and especially of Mr. Pracht, had been. Upwards of an hour passed, as though it had been but a moment; Lewis assured them all of his affection, promised to return soon and better their condition, and then went back to the city, to pay some visits, and to discharge some necessary business.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. VON PRACHT AND HIS FAMILY.

IN the mean time very different scenes were passing in Mr. von Pracht's house; he, his wife, and his daughter Lucy, along with an old widowed aunt, who had a great name for prudence, passed the whole night together in the ball-room after the unlucky banquet, engaged in planning the wisest course to be pursued.

"Nothing in the whole world could be more shocking to me," said Mr. von Pracht, "than the return of the young man; I had rather the house had tumbled on our heads and crushed us all to atoms. I am ruined if I must give up the property. What we have expended already is twice more than all we were worth before—we have less than nothing—we are worse off than beggars."

"Oh! my God," exclaimed his wife, "must we part with our four beautiful bays, and must I trudge on foot to the theatre like the common rabble? I can never submit to that."

"You will be saved the trouble of going there at

all," her husband replied; "we must now support ourselves for an entire week on what the theatre would cost for one night."

The tears gushed into Lucy's eyes, as she gazed anxiously on her diamond ring. "Oh! good heavens," said she, "must I part with this splendid ring? No, no, young Alkmar will be gallant enough; he will be very proud to let me have his mother's ornament, since it has once come into my possession."

"Ridiculous," her father retorted; "how can you feed yourself with such silly hopes? Ring and jewels, and gold and silver, house and gardens, and capital, all must be yielded up—all is over with us."

"What good can murmuring do?" asked the aunt, assuming her wisest air. "I have a scheme: a marriage may set all things right; marriages often bring not only comedies but even the most inveterate wars to a happy issue. What if our Louisa should marry young Alkmar, and thus matters could go on smoothly in the old course?"

Mr. von Pracht shook his head doubtfully; Mrs. von Pracht said he would scarcely marry a young lady who had no fortune; but the vain daughter exclaimed, with an air of triumph, "Be not alarmed, dear mother; before a month is over he will be kneeling at my feet and begging the honour of my hand. It is true, he is rather grave, and, (shall I say it?) too old-fashioned, and rusty in his tastes. That was his failing long before he went to England. He is very punctilious, and is not the man to allow much of certain indulgences to a wife; still he is a good-looking

man, and, as matters stand, I see there is no chance left but to bite the fruit, bitter as it is."

Being more conversant with the fables of Pagān mythology, than with the precepts of the Christian religion, she had figured at the ball in the character of Flora—the goddess of flowers—and had decked herself gorgeously with artificial flowers of every hue, and expensive jewellery. She stood before the glass, viewing herself with an air of the greatest exultation, and exclaimed, "The thing is all settled! He can never resist me!"

Dawn was just breaking before they retired to rest; but though they were accustomed to late hours, they were too much agitated now to be able to sleep. In a few hours' time they were assembled again, consulting on what was best to be done.

They determined to excuse as well as they could the strange reception they gave Alkmar yesterday, by urging their terrible fright, on seeing what they thought was an apparition, which benumbed all their feelings; they were now to melt down into kindness, and to coax him with flatteries. Mr. von Pracht was just proposing a sumptuous banquet in honour of the happy return—when Lewis himself suddenly entered. All rose and hastened to meet him, and made most extravagant demonstrations of joy for his miraculous return. The aunt told him of the splendid banquet intended for his honour; and Mr. von Pracht affected to be displeased with her, for having cheated him of the happiness of giving young Alkmar an agreeable surprise.

Lewis did not refuse the proposal; but he insisted

expressly that he himself should be the host, and that he should have entire liberty to invite any friends he might think proper. He insisted, moreover, that the festival should be deferred a fortnight at least, as he desired to devote that time to filial sorrow for his beloved father—and then to have it succeeded by another festival, on which all the affections of his heart and the happiness of his future life were set.

Mr. von Pracht and his wife cheerfully assented to these arrangements, and Lucy, with a roguish look, whispered in her aunt's ear, "Do you notice anything?" From that time her attentions to young Alkmar were so marked, and indeed fulsome, that whether he would or not, he could not but hold her in the most sovereign contempt. Still, for the present, he endeavoured to repress his feelings; and the vain young woman regarded her conquest as certain, looking forward to the coming festival as her wedding day.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOUISA WOHLMUTH.

THE day on which the banquet was to take place at length arrived. Towards evening Lewis entered the old book-keeper's cottage, and invited him, his wife, and his daughter, to take a walk. Louisa desired a few moments to dress, but he insisted that she should go just as she was—dressed in her plain, simple check gown.

When they reached the church-yard, Lewis said they should go in and see his father's grave. Louisa's heart throbbed. Lewis had never as yet said one word regarding the rose-tree; and the modest girl was afraid lest he would now be thanking her for the reverence and love she had displayed to his father's memory. Walking up to the grave with them, he removed his hat from his head, and remained for a considerable time standing in silence. All were silent—nothing was heard save the murmuring of the evening breeze through the leaves of the rose-tree, or the rustling of a fallen leaf as it rolled over the grave. The tears stood in their eyes.

At last, Lewis, in a tone of the deepest emotion, addressing Louisa, said, "The first ray of comfort that beamed on my soul, when I heard of my father's death, arose from the sight of that rose-tree which your gentle hands planted here. I respected your amiable dispositions from my earliest youth—I learned now to value them more highly than ever. You have ever taken an interest in my welfare, and your rapturous joy for my safe return, has evidently proved the sincerity of your feelings. It is now a fortnight since we met—and during that time, my feelings can scarcely have been misunderstood by you—what I am going to say cannot surprise you. Were my father alive now, I would take you into his presence, and say to him, 'Here is the chosen partner of my life—give us your blessing;' but as he is dead, I bring you, dearest Louisa, to his grave, which is a holy spot for you as well as for me, and here I beg the happiness of your hand, and the blessing of your worthy parents."

Old Wohlmuth, who had never dreamed of such good fortune, was so astonished that he could not utter a syllable. The mother burst into a flood of tears. Louisa herself was at once amazed and almost overwhelmed with joy. "Do you forget, dear Lewis," at length stammered Wohlmuth, "do you forget that you are possessed of almost a million of money, and that this poor girl has nothing—absolutely nothing?"

"If you have no objection," returned Lewis, "I, for my part, am perfectly happy. You observe that I have made no account of money in fixing my choice—and, in truth, the hundredth part of what I have, would be more than sufficient to support us happily. My father ever taught me to value virtue more than money—but it was only when I was cast upon the wide sea, that I became fully convinced that virtue is of more value than gold. Louisa's heart is worth more than a million." He then pulled a rose and put it in her hair. "These flowers," said he, "with which she has honoured my father's grave, shall be her bridal ornament—they are portion enough. Dear parents, bestow upon us your blessing."

The father and mother were so deeply affected, that they could scarcely pronounce their blessing. "God bless you, dear children! What happiness has He not preserved for our old age! How good He is to us! May you both be always as happy as we are now!"

"Louisa!" exclaimed Lewis, "here, in presence of my father's grave, I promise to love and honour you until death, and when we are no more, may our children stand over our graves with similar tears of grati-

tude, which we now shed over this." Louisa fell sobbing upon his breast.

CHAPTER IX.

LUCY VON PRACHT.

LEWIS's heart was so full that he hardly spoke a word, as he returned with Louisa and her parents to his late father's house. "I am expected here," said he. "Is it not a pity that I must interrupt the calm sorrows and agreeable pleasures of this evening, by intermixing with an unsuitable company? But my word is pledged; I must be there, and you must accompany me."

Lewis entered the banquet hall, with Louisa leaning on his arm, and attended by her parents. The hall was brilliantly lighted and decorated with garlands of flowers. The music struck up to welcome them—but Louisa on Lewis's arm, was a sight as astounding to the proud family of the Prachts, as his own unexpected apparition a fortnight before in the ball-room. Mr. von Pracht muttered a dreadful oath.

"What brings them here?" he inquired. "The lawsuit, I suppose. They have besought his pity—and he drags them here with him now. Oh, that I had cast some charity money to that churl, Wohlmut, then I had got rid of him for ever."

Mrs. von Pracht gnashed her teeth, and was nearly stifled with rage. "How intolerable," said she, "to bring a common seamstress here, and in the garb too

of the lowest beggar. I am afraid so strange and singular a son-in-law can never obtain his mother-in-law's love."

Her daughter Lucy was pale with rage; she was adorned with glittering diamonds, nodding plumes, and silvered robes wreathed with flowers; she stood more haughty than a princess, near the poor young girl who was dressed in her plain linen gown, and who, as she stood meekly by Lucy, was abashed and almost overpowered when the costly splendour and pomp of the hall burst on her view.

"How ridiculous!" the old aunt said, "the labourer's daughter, who does not know how to conduct herself, had much better have remained where she was. Look how she stands—the very picture of a woman that lives by her wheel or of a beggar asking alms." Still she wished Lucy to salute the poor stranger kindly.

The music had prevented this discourse from being overheard by Lewis. But the aunt told every word of it the day following to her kind friends, who published it through the town.

Lewis walked forward into the hall, gave a sign to the musicians, and the music ceased. He still had Louisa on his arm, and as she was on his right, Miss Pracht was obliged, to her evident chagrin, to take her place on the left. Louisa's father and mother stood near her, and Mr. von Pracht, his wife and the aged aunt near her rival. The rest of the gay party stood in a circle around them.

Mr. von Pracht was the first to break silence.

"I am aware, my dear Alkmar," said he, "why you

bring these good people here. It is on account of the lawsuit that I have with them. I am very sorry—extremely sorry, indeed, that I ever had any disagreement with the worthy Mr. Wohlmut. But a hint from you, Mr. Alkmar, is sufficient. The lawsuit is given up. This very night I will pay the money demanded. Holloa, there—call my cashier!"

"If you please, Mr. Pracht, that is not any longer your affair, but mine. Mr. Wohlmut shall assuredly get his own. But that was far from my reason for introducing here those excellent and amiable persons. My motive was of quite a different kind, as you shall soon know. Where do you think I have been but a few moments ago? Would you believe that we have returned, just as you see us, from my beloved father's grave?" Mr. von Pracht grew pale, and was nearly bursting out into an imprecation against all those evil spirits which Alkmar was conjuring up against him. But he succeeded in restraining his fury, and said, as if in the deepest affliction, "Oh, my God, it is indeed, a shame for me that I have not executed my intention of erecting a splendid monument to your father, that noble and worthy man. What a gratification it would have been for me to surprise so affectionate a son with a monument really worthy of so admirable a parent! But these artists are self-willed people—there is no getting anything from their hands. And I confess, too, that I have had a hard struggle with my relatives, the coheirs of the property. They would not let me alone have the honour of erecting the monument; and then, on the other hand, my designs (which were for

a monument of truly regal magnificence) appeared to them too majestic and too costly."

"Ah," simpered Lucy, "would that the monument, as I have frequently urged upon them, were speedily finished, and in sumptuous Carrara marble! Well did the dear man deserve the most costly that could be raised! How often have I visited the sacred spot where his ashes repose! It is but two days since I was there, and wept tears of deep sorrow."

The last words she said with an affected whine, wiping her eyes with her white pocket-handkerchief, as if she were really weeping.

Every feeling of Lewis's heart revolted at the wicked lies of Mr. von Pracht, and, still more, at his daughter's hypocrisy.

"I am glad to hear that you were at the grave so lately," said he, "for you must have seen the little monument which is already there. I was greatly pleased with it. How did you like it? I should be extremely glad to hear your opinion of it, and to admire your taste."

The wretched girl blushed red, and turned pale by turns.

"When I was," she faltered, "I don't know—it must be—"

She paused abruptly. A most awkward silence followed this fatal exposure.—Lucy could have crept under the earth for shame; and even her aunt could not devise a new lie, to carry off the wicked one of her shame-stricken niece. She could only say, in her own mind, "That man is a perfect mar-sport. At our last ball, he played us the confounded trick of break.

ing upon us so completely unannounced, that we took him for a ghost; and now he comes straight from a grave-yard, converses of graves and tomb stones, and brings three goblins along with him; for, in their wretched trim, they do not look much better."

She did her best, however, to conceal her niece's confusion. "I think you must be under a mistake, my dear," said she; "it is longer than that since you were there. You must have meant a day or too earlier. I presume before Mr. Alkmar could possibly have got the monument put up."

"You are, yourself, also equally mistaken, Madam," said Lewis; "I assure you, Lucy could never by any means have been there, not even once; nor could you, yourself, or Mr. or Mrs. Pracht, without noticing the monument, which has now been several months there; and, to speak plainly, as becomes an honest man," he continued in a serious cutting tone, "it grieves me to the soul, Mr. Pracht, to find that you have not raised even a stone to my father, who had such weighty claims on the respect of his fellow citizens; and who, as you imagined, had left you such an enormous sum of money. This is pushing thoughtlessness, ingratitude, and insensibility, to too great an extreme. As for you, Miss Pracht, I shall not put you further to shame. Your gratuitous falsehood, your sporting with the most sacred of all feelings, cover you with shame, which your Venetian soap can never wash away, and your French rouge will fail to conceal!"

CHAPTER X.

THE BETROTHAL.

"I PERCEIVE," said Lewis, turning to the other guests, "I perceive in this numerous, though not altogether well assorted assembly, many sincere friends of my late father. I observe many dear friends of my own, who have loved and esteemed me from my childhood. I am deeply sensible of the interest which you have taken in my return; and I thank you for your kindness, in honouring with your presence this festival, which is purposed to welcome me to my home. I must acquaint you, however, that this festival is a very important one in another respect; it is the evening of my betrothal; and I have now the pleasure to present to you, my bride—Miss Louisa Wohlmuth."

Had a thunderbolt dropped from a cloudless sky into the circle, it could not have caused more excitement among the bystanders. Mr. Pracht and his lady became as pale as death—Lucy sobbed with rage, shame, and vexation. Even the aunt, with all her finesse, could not hide her mortification—she could not get out one word but monosyllables. "She!" she exclaimed, and remained with her mouth wide open. "So," she continued, drawling out the word longer than the longest note in music. "Ah! see, see! well, well! I wish you joy!"

"Nearly every one present," said Lewis, "seems to be amazed at my choice; and probably another, placed here in my position, between these two young ladies,

would have made a different choice. It is possible that all the splendour of this gaily adorned lady might blind him, and that he might scarce bestow even a glance of pity on the poor modest girl in this humble check gown. But for my part, I find nothing to admire in these nodding plumes, these flowers, these glittering spangles; nor can I conceive how a rational man can admire a person more, on account of such worthless frippery. The simple natural rose in Louisa's hair, has more value in my eyes, than all these brilliant diamonds. For, let me tell you, it was this gentle bride of mine, who planted the rose-tree on my father's grave, and gave me so distinct a proof of her noble heart. It was that rose-tree that laid the foundation of this marriage."

He told the whole story, and went on:

"How was it possible, that I should not prefer this generous grateful young woman who, in addition to these noble qualities, had been maintaining her poor parents and family by her industry, to any other, in whose soul the best of feelings—respect for virtue, gratitude, honesty, quiet industry—are strangers? How was it possible that I should not make choice of the pious, unassuming, virtuous Louisa, in preference to one, whose only concern is the desire of admiration, passion for show, and fulsome ostentation—who seeks but for enjoyment—despises and scorns every domestic joy—and could not fail to make a husband unhappy? I feel that I have chosen aright. Aye, if I stood at Miss Pracht's side, myself as poor as she now is, and were she loaded with diamonds, and did she bring me mountains of gold as her dowry, still I would not

make choice of her. It is only a noble heart that gives value to the character. He who finds this, has found all. And I trust, under God's help, to be unspeakably happy."

"I have spoken," continued he, after a few moments pause, "with more warmth, perhaps, than I should have done. But if what I have said is not courteous, it is notwithstanding true. Falsehood, dissimulation, and hypocrisy are an abomination to my soul. But to change the subject—as this residence and my whole property, (the greatest part of which is still in Mr. Pracht's hands,) have now reverted to me, and are again at my entire disposal, I hasten to make use of my right of hospitality—and beg to welcome from my heart, all of you, who feel with me, and to desire that you will spend this evening with me."

All his father's old friends loudly praised Lewis's sentiments, and advanced to offer him their welcome and congratulations. The cry, "Long live the bridegroom and bride, Lewis and Louisa!" burst simultaneously from them all, and was joyously echoed by the trumpets and kettle-drums. But the Prachts, with their aunt and the other relatives, slunk silently away, and now felt bitterly that dishonourable sentiments bring no roses in their train.

Lewis, with his bride and her parents, spent a pleasant evening among his generous-minded friends. They were so happy, that not one of them even thought of dancing, and the ball was entirely forgotten; and when at Lewis's usual hour, ten o'clock, they all rose from table, he named the day for his wedding, and invited them all to be present at the festivity.

The marriage was remarkably happy. "That rose-tree," he would often say, "had no thorns for me—nothing but the sweetest roses. If you had not, dear Louisa, been so grateful as to plant it on my father's grave, we had never been so happy!"

"And had not you," Louisa replied, "loved your father so dutifully, and visited his grave so soon, your relatives would soon have erected a monument in the place of the rose-tree, and perhaps we might never have met one another!"

"Your kind dispositions, dearest children," said her mother, "were the origin of all our happiness. Such dispositions always bring forth roses, and at every season."

"And had not God," concluded her father, "disposed this so happily, we should never have been so fortunate. It was He who laid the foundation of all our good-fortune—under His superintending hand, all these numberless joys have sprung from a single little ROSE-TREE!"

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ANGELICA.

THE celebrated painter, Bergheim, was a man of exalted mind and pure and cultivated taste. He had visited Italy as a young artist, for the purpose of studying the works of the eminent masters; and as he delighted particularly in subjects from Holy Writ, and had resolved to devote his art exclusively to sacred, and especially to gospel history, he had copied, with unceasing diligence and skill, every sacred piece which appeared to him to possess great merit. With this treasure of his paintings, he returned to Germany, and arranged them with exquisite taste, in a gallery built expressly for the purpose in his own house, where, in their rich frames, they showed to great advantage, being beautifully relieved by the light blue tint of the painted walls.

His collection was, in truth, unrivalled in the art. Every visitor of taste who inspected the gallery, was, as it were, enraptured at the sight of so many noble figures, full of heavenly dignity and grace. For, all that is chaste and beautiful, all that is good and great, that does honour to human nature, ennobles it, and exalts it nearer to the God-head, was here most exquisitely painted, from the pure innocence of the child, up to the portrait of the Most High among men, in whom the Charity of God revealed itself in the form of Man.

The talented artist was never happier than when he found a man who could appreciate the beauty of these paintings; and it was a source of the truest gratification to him, that his affectionate wife never entered the gallery without visible emotion, nor beheld the pictures without genuine delight. Still more happy was he, that his only daughter, though yet but young, took a pleasure in them, wonderful in one of her age, and made remarks on them that amazed him. He had called her, in honour of the celebrated painter of that name, Angelica; and he fondly hoped that his dear child would one day become a distinguished painter, and resemble the noble artist, Angelica, in more than name.

One Sunday morning, after divine service, the father, mother, and daughter, went into the gallery, and were admiring the paintings. Little Angelica stood before one of them. "This picture," said she, "is my favourite among them all."

"No wonder, my dear," said her father; "it is really one of the most beautiful among them. I copied it with great care and delight, from a painting by your namesake, Angelica, which I saw in Rome."

"Look, dear Angelica," he continued, "the Virgin Mary here is painted as a tender child of your own age. She is watering these chaste lilies in the flower pot. A ray from heaven plays round the fair form of the child. Her parents are standing by—the father amazed at the stream of light, and the affectionate mother filled with holy transport!"

Angelica's mother was enraptured, for she, too, had always preferred that picture, and had often gazed

upon it intently for hours together. "Dearest Angelica!" she said, "let Mary ever be your model! See how pious and fervent, how soft and gentle, how full of holy innocence her tender face is! See, the pure white lilies are an emblem of her pure thoughts—of her innocence! May you also ever bloom in purity and innocence! That light from heaven which shines around her, signifies to us, that God delights in innocence; that all good comes from above; and that it is only He who can enlighten and sanctify men. O! be you always sincerely good and pious, and never cease to pray to God for light and strength from above."

"Yes, beloved Angelica," said her father, "study to be like Mary; your mother and I will endeavour to imitate her parents. Hitherto we have ever made it our care to train you up in piety and virtue. Every day we pray to God graciously to look down on you, to enlighten you, and make you bloom as the flower blooms under the genial sunshine. This moment we renew our purpose and our prayer."

"O heavenly Father," continued he, raising his hands, "look down on our beloved Angelica, bless our solicitude, and grant that we may have pleasure in this, our beloved child, that she may grow up in piety, modesty, and prudence, and ever imitate Mary, the most perfect model of all Christian virgins."

The mother's eyes were suffused with tears; and Angelica raising her bright eyes to heaven, and clasping her delicate hands, said, "O gracious Father in heaven! bless me, make me good and pious, make me the joy of my parents." Her parents, with deep emotion, answered, "Amen."

Such was the pious Bergheim, and such the dispositions of his wife and daughter. Cheerfulness and contentment reigned in the household. The father was constantly engaged in painting, and adorned numberless churches with extremely beautiful scriptural pieces; for he felt within himself the noble thoughts and emotions which his art taught him to impress on the canvass. He instructed Angelica in painting; she progressed rapidly, and surpassed all his expectations, both in skill in her profession, and in the piety, modesty, and prudence of her deportment. To the mother was left the care of the house, which was a pattern of cleanliness and regularity; and they lived in the happiest concord, for they were at peace with each other, and with all the world.

Among the many admirers of his art, by whom Bergheim was visited, the most constant was Baron von West, an intelligent and virtuous young man. He was the youngest son of a distinguished noble family, and possessed a large income from his paternal property. Endowed with a correct taste, and passionately devoted to the art of painting, he often spent many hours with Bergheim, watching the progress of his work; and Bergheim discoursed with him most familiarly, especially on painting; gave him, at his own request, lessons in drawing, and became as much attached to him, as if he were his own son.

One morning, as Bergheim was sitting at his work in the gallery, where he usually painted during the warm months of the year, Baron von West, dressed with more elegance than usual, walked in, and formally solicited the hand of the fair Angelica.

Bergheim put down his pencil, stood up, took off his cap, and, after a few moments' reflection, said, "My dear Baron, you do me and my daughter a very high honour. I value it most highly; but to my great grief I cannot accept it."

"No!" exclaimed Von West, much astonished and confused, "and why not? Have I, my dear Bergheim, in any way forfeited your good opinion? Have you anything against me?"

"No," said Bergheim; "but I have, though you may think it a singular resolution, taken it into my head, never to give my daughter in marriage to any man but a painter."

"But reflect a little, dear Bergheim"—

"No reply can change me on this point," said Bergheim; "it is irrevocably fixed, and nothing can change it. Such is the fact, my dear Baron, however foolish it may seem; and you will only waste words to no purpose on this matter. But though, unfortunately, you cannot be my son-in-law, I hope we shall still remain warm friends, provided you be so good as never to say another word on this subject to me or to my wife, much less to my daughter. I beg also, that your visits, otherwise so very agreeable to me, should, if they do not cease altogether, be less frequent than before."

Baron von West retired, deeply afflicted. He had already satisfied himself of the approbation of the mother, and of the daughter's inclination, and had not felt the remotest doubt that the father also would consent. He returned, therefore, to the mother and daughter, who were waiting, with some anxiety, the

father's answer to the proposal; and with a mournful countenance, gave a full account of his positive refusal.

Madam Berghem immediately hastened into the gallery to her husband.

"For heaven's sake," said she, "how can you refuse so decidedly the good fortune that is offered to our Angelica?"

"The good fortune!" said the painter, coldly, continuing his work; "how do you know it would be a good fortune?"

"How?" cried she, "is not the Baron noble, rich, agreeable, handsome, and amiable?"

"Yes, truly," said the father, "and I, myself, have the highest esteem for him—but, alas! he is no painter."

"Oh!" said the mother, "I don't know how you have got that whim into your head—to unite our Angelica to a painter. How many good painters do we meet? or are you ready to give her to a botch? for she will have but little room to choose."

"I hope," said the artist, "that in due time a great painter, who may please her, will make his appearance."

"Ah! but it is a singular subject to be jesting on," said the mother. "Either you are not serious in your expectation, or there is something mysterious in the matter. If you know such a painter, why have you never said a word about him up to the present moment?"

"It was not requisite until now," said the father: "there had been no question of the marriage of our daughter. The time had not arrived for it. Let her

now, while she is in the bloom of life, and unembarrassed with family cares, devote herself to her art, tranquilly and joyfully. God will take care for the future.—And now," said he, warmly, resuming his work, "leave me alone; I am just finishing a touch, which, perhaps, may escape me, if I be any more interrupted."

The mother returned in distress to Baron West and Angelica, and related the substance of the conversation. "Alas!" said she, in conclusion, "nothing can be done at present with the good-hearted, but singular, old man. I know him well; when he has once taken a resolution, it is impossible to move him."

The afflicted Baron bade adieu to the mother and daughter. He comforted the sobbing Angelica. "For the present," said he, "I go, since that is the best course that remains for me; but do you continue true to me. I hope to return after some years, and then to gain the consent of your father, who, notwithstanding his refusal, has my esteem." Without further explanation, he took his leave. * * *

Nearly three years had passed. Baron von West had written twice a-year to Bergheim, and oftener to the mother; and in his letters to the mother he always inclosed a few lines to Angelica, in which he spoke confidently of his hopes, but did not say on what they were grounded. For a few months the correspondence had been discontinued altogether.

In the mean time, Gerhard, an eminent painter, who was travelling to perfect himself in the art, paid a visit, for a few weeks, to Bergheim, saw Angelica and her beautiful paintings, and entertaining an ar-

dent wish to make her his wife, wrote to Bergheim on his return to his own country, after his travels, and requested Angelica's hand. With the letter, he forwarded a painting, executed by himself, as a gift to Bergheim.

Bergheim knew not how to express his admiration of the painting. It was really a master-piece. It represented two children, three or four years old, sitting on the grass under a clump of alder trees, and drinking milk out of an earthen bowl. "It is inimitable!" exclaimed Bergheim. "The little faces of the children are truly charming. The lovely brown eyes and dark hair of the boy; the mild blue eyes and light locks of the girl; and the glowing ruddy cheeks of both children, could not be more beautiful. In what bold relief do the bright figures of the children stand out from the deep green shade of the alder trees. Every thing, down to the most minute detail, is perfect; even the hue of the earthen vessel, and the pale tints of the spoons full of milk, are exhibited in a masterly style. Angelica, I certainly will not force you; that is not right; it would be a sin; but how happy should I not be, had you this excellent painter as your husband!"

Angelica was in deep affliction; on the one hand, because she had not forgotten Baron West, though she had not heard from him for a long time, and on the other, because it was most painful to her, not to comply with the wishes of her father. She knew not how to do, and asked some time for consideration. But, one morning, the Baron unexpectedly arrived. Bergheim himself was from home, with an altar-piece which he had executed for a distant church, where he

was also to retouch some faded pictures. The delighted mother instantly led the Baron to the gallery where Angelica was painting. She started from her work, with an exclamation of joy.

"Now, my dear mother, and Angelica," said the Baron, after the first salute, "I hope that you both, and your father himself, will be content with me. I return to you, a painter, and though I may not be very eminent, yet I trust I am not unworthy of the name."

He had brought with him two little pictures, which he had painted; the subject of one was flowers; the other a fruit piece.

He first exhibited the fruit-piece. The fruits were tastefully arranged in a little fruit basket. Angelica was enraptured.

"O, how charming!" exclaimed she, "inimitable! This bunch of grapes seems like transparent gold. These ones especially, from which the skin is partly stripped, are so clear, that you can discover the inner texture and kernels! You can count the veins in this dark green vine leaf; and that other one has the true autumnal yellow and purple tint! And look at this pale green peach! It appears veiled over with the loveliest red, and seems more delicate than velvet! So true, so like nature does it look, that one feels desirous to pluck and eat. The purple streaked apple, with its bright green leaves; the yellow pears; and the blue-coated plums, are little inferior to the grapes or peach, and, then, the wasp there, it is so life-like, one is almost tempted to drive it away."

The Baron then showed his flower-sketch. "It is beautiful!" exclaimed Angelica; "this basket of flow-

ers is more delightful than even the basket of fruits. This rose seems actually real—it wants nothing but the smell. The large dew-drop which hangs on the green leaves really reflects the red hue of the rose, and the drops look as if they would fall every moment. How charming are those soft blue gilly-flowers! Each flower ruffles its neighbour; and the leaves and flowers are all most delicately shaded. How lustrous the hues of these pinks!—here dark-red, and there snow-white; and here, on one of them, is a speckled butterfly—a butterfly finished to perfection! You are almost afraid to touch it, lest you shake the dust from its wings. Every moment you expect to see it move them and fly away. Ah! dear Charles, you have made a wonderful proficiency! it amazes me. The extraordinary pains you must have taken, are to me the most convincing proofs of your affection.”

“It assuredly costs much toil and many long years’ practice,” said the Baron, “to be able to paint even a rose or a gilly-flower. A flower has ever appeared to me a beautiful subject for this art; for every flower is a benevolent design of the Supreme Artist—a work of the Creator, who first pencilled it in all its beauty, then painted it before us, and has even drawn its outlines in the little seed, invisible to our eyes. But, alas!” continued he, “what are these paintings of flowers and fruits, in comparison to the beautiful portrait of the heavenly Friend of children, at which you are engaged? How poor are they, when compared to the paintings in this hall; these soul-exciting images of illustrious men, of holy angels, and of Him who is exalted above all men and angels! Ah! when I look around upon the Angelical Salutation, the Nativity,

the Holy Family, the Resurrection of Lazarus, the Last Supper, and our Saviour expiring, with His crown of thorns bathed with blood, or arisen and standing in the midst of his rejoicing disciples—how deeply do I feel the dignity and power of this art! What heavenly innocence, gentleness, devotion, and recollection do I contemplate in the image of the blessed Virgin! What brilliancy—what exemption from all earthly cares and earthly sorrows—in the face of the angel! See how, on the benignant countenances of these apostles, the ‘one faith’ and the ‘one love’ is revealed in different forms and features. And there, Christ, the Man-God, combines divine dignity with human meekness: who does not feel—who does not see, that God has there manifested himself in human form to man—that man is more than dust, and that virtue is the one thing that gives true nobility to men, and makes them like unto God?”

He was silent for a short time. “When I look on my poor flowers and fruits, my dear Angelica,” he mournfully continued, “I fear that your father will not be satisfied with me, and that, probably, I have laboured in vain.”

“Not satisfied with you!” eagerly exclaimed Angelica; “he will be overjoyed, astonished, enchanted, to find you, thus unexpectedly, so talented an artist.”

Her mother, however, was uneasy, and told how the father favoured Gerhard, and how delighted he was with the picture which he had sent him. Baron West requested to see it.

“It is really most beautiful,” said he. “I acknowledge that I am very inferior to Gerhard. He has chosen for himself a nobler department of the art, than

my talents permitted me to aspire to; the human figure, though it were only the lovely figure of a little child, is the sublimest work of the art, as man himself is the noblest work of God upon this earth. All other creatures, fruits, flowers, and insects, it is true, manifest His wisdom and goodness, and make known His beneficence; but man was created in the image of God, and is of heavenly race. I therefore reverently yield the palm to Gerhard's work."

He walked up and down the hall for a short time. "A thought strikes me," he suddenly exclaimed, "which may surprise your father, and, perhaps, still gain the victory for me. As you may have seen from my two little pictures, I have devoted my study to the painting, not only of fruits and flowers, but also of insects; and I believe, unless my friends and acquaintances deceive me, I have succeeded most satisfactorily. Now I remember, that your father seemed to have a great aversion to flies, because he feared they would soil his beautiful pictures, or their golden frames; and though he is so good and benevolent that he would not injure the smallest of God's creatures, yet he would often pursue a fly with a sort of frenzy, whenever he chanced to see one here in the hall, and never would rest until he had succeeded in capturing it. Many a time we used to enjoy ourselves at his expense; but he always took our tricks in good part. My idea is, to paint a fly on Gerhard's picture, which will not hurt the piece, but, on the contrary, enhance its value. Flies are fond of resting on milk vessels, and the painted fly will so deceive your father, that he will conceive it to be alive. He will treat it as his

enemy; but I adopt it now as my advocate, and friendly intercessor."

The mother and daughter approved of his plan. They left him alone, and he directly set himself to his work. The fly appeared so perfect, that Angelica herself, when in calling him to dinner, she looked at the picture, thought it was a living fly she saw.

After a fortnight's time, the father returned, late one evening, to his family. They told him nothing of the arrival of the Baron, who was residing with some of his relatives in the town. Next morning, as the father was sitting at his work, in his cap and dressing-gown, and painting busily, Baron von West entered the gallery, accompanied by Angelica and her mother.

Bergheim welcomed him cordially, though his arrival, at that particular time, was not very agreeable to him. He already looked upon Gerhard, the painter, as his son-in-law; and he was afraid that the nobleman might prove a formidable rival, and that Angelica might not be as willing to accept Gerhard, as she had hitherto appeared. He resolved, therefore, to show Gerhard's picture, at once, to the Baron: and then, when the great merit of the work was fully acknowledged, to declare to him, that he had fixed on the author of that piece, as his destined son-in-law.

The Baron gave the picture its due praise. Bergheim detailed its beauties, one after another.

"I appeal to yourself," said he. "Are they not a charming pair? Are not these little heads, with their smiling faces and curling locks, truly angelic? So happy, so content, are the little ones with their bowl of milk, that they seem to have no wish in this wide world; and appear to say to us, 'Thus happy can you

dear little ones be, if you do not harass yourselves with empty cares.' The whole piece is finished in faultless style. That earthen bowl, with its shining varnish, is dearer to me than a real vessel of massive gold; and even that lackered spoon, nearly overflowing with milk, which the little girl seems to be lifting to her lip, slowly and cautiously lest she should spill it, is"—

He suddenly stopped, for at that instant he discovered the fly on the rim of the spoon.

"Ah! ha!" said he, "what business have *you* there? What brought you here? Has the painted milk lured you? You shall not escape unpunished."

He took off his cap, and endeavoured two or three times to drive away the fly—but without effect. "Are you not going, you obstinate creature?" he cried out sharply. "Then you shall forfeit your life on the spot."

He struck the fly with his cap. "What," he exclaimed, amazed, "have I not despatched you? are you not dead? no!" Again he struck deliberately and forcibly.

"What can this be?" said he. He looked intently at the fly—he felt at it with his finger—he shook his head, and put on his spectacles.

"Verily," he cried, in the greatest astonishment, "it is painted—as I live—painted! Who did this?"

"Pardon me this innocent trick, my dear father," said the Baron. "To obtain your good will, and to deserve the hand of Angelica, I became a painter. I did not desire to say anything of my intention until now, as I was uncertain whether I could succeed. I should certainly have made a much greater progress in the art, had I had the benefit of your instructions,

but circumstances made that impossible. I expect to be able to produce more worthy fruits of my labour, than these trifles.

Bergheim was both surprised and delighted. "Truly," said he, still closely examining the fly through his spectacles, "truly your fly is a master-piece. How nicely does it fix its tender legs, and stretch out its little trunk to sip a drop of milk from the spoon! How delicately all the colours of the rainbow play on its gossamer wings! Great an enemy as I am to flies, I must greatly admire this one. It is a perfect fly."

Baron West then produced the other two pictures he had brought with him, the flower-piece and the fruit-piece.

"My dear Baron," said Bergheim, "I can no longer object to the marriage. You have not only completely removed the reluctance I had to it—you have, moreover, given me a convincing proof, that you have a sincere affection for my daughter. I must now tell you the whole truth: I objected to the marriage, not so much because you were not a painter, as because you had no art or profession at all, by which you could maintain your future wife. Riches I thought unsafe, especially in these times of war. I deem it absolutely necessary that a man, be he rich or poor, should be able to earn his bread; for I am persuaded that a man who has no certain occupation, can never live happy and content, but will fall into a thousand follies, or perhaps vices and crimes. I accordingly reasoned with myself, the Baron has taste and talent for the art; he displays great ability, even when working only for his amusement; if he really wishes to have Angelica's hand, he can easily become a painter. He

has leisure and time enough. Such were my feelings. I could not think of distinctly proposing to you to learn the art of painting. I thought it would be demanding too much, that a man, moreover a nobleman, should go serve his time to a painter. I left the matter to your own feelings, but it was secretly my ardent wish; and that wish you have now realized to my fullest satisfaction. My dear son, may God bless you and my daughter, as I and my wife both now give you our blessing."

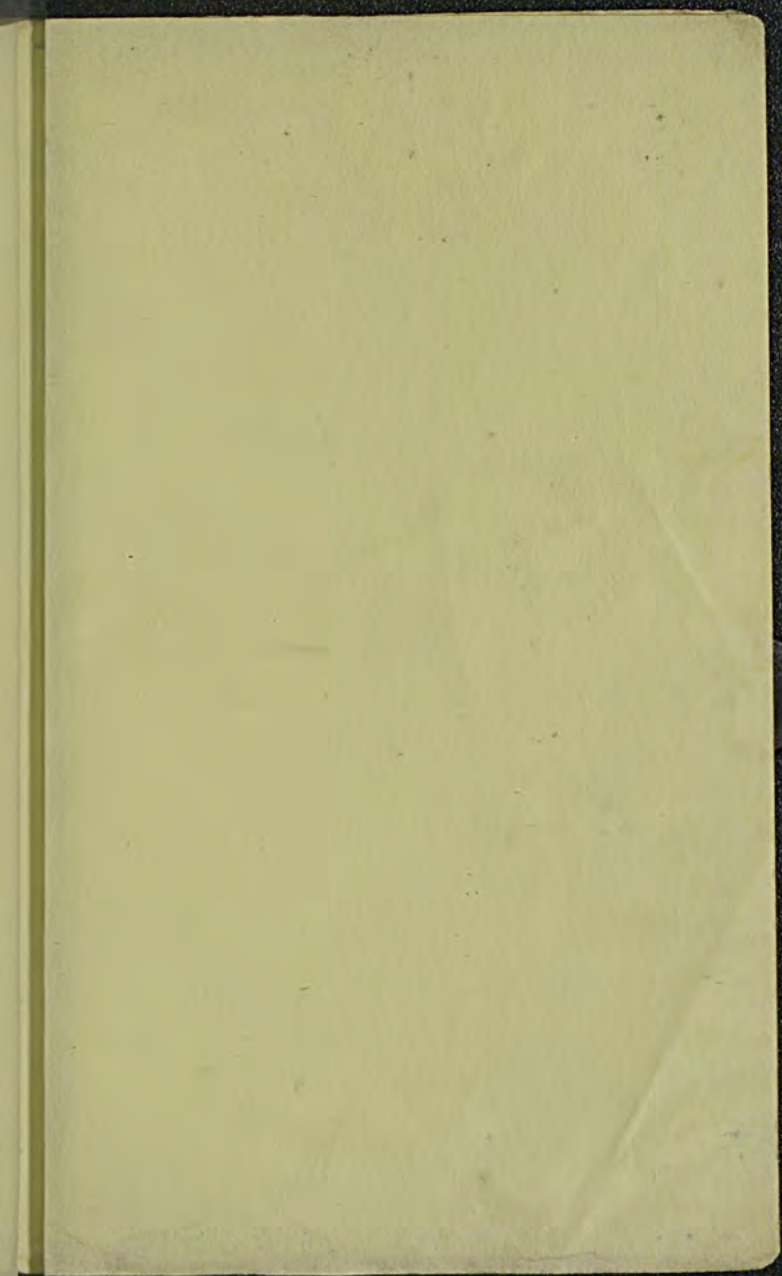
The wedding of Baron West and Angelica was celebrated with all the joy of a domestic festival. They pledged their faith before an altar, the altar-piece of which represented the marriage of the blessed Virgin, painted in a superior style by Bergheim himself.

At dinner Bergheim was in a joyous flow of spirits. "This day," said he, "all flies, provided they are not too covetous, may share in our wedding banquet,"

The marriage of Baron West and Angelica was one of great felicity. He, as well as Angelica and her father, devoted himself solely to painting, and that art contributed exceedingly to enhance his enjoyment. Both parents and children led a happy life.

The young painter soon had cause to praise his father-in-law's wisdom. For when his paternal property fell, by the chances of war, into the hands of the enemy, and his revenues were cut off, his art still brought him in a competent income. "You were right," said he to Bergheim, "in giving art the preference over riches; a fixed occupation in life brings happiness and innumerable joys."







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