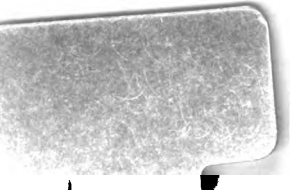

THE

REDBREAST,

And other Tales.

FROM THE GERMAN.

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THE REDBREAST.

MARTIN FRANC was a brave soldier, who had served in many campaigns, and fought gloriously for his country. When he quitted the army, he found on returning home that his parents were dead, and that the only inheritance they had left him was a small house and orchard. This was a melancholy prospect enough; for the poor man had been so often wounded, that he was unable to work. This made him very unhappy, and night and day he thought of nothing else but how to provide himself with an honest livelihood. One day being in the forest, he remarked some trunks of trees lying neglected on the ground which were beautifully veined, and he immediately resolved to turn this discovery to advantage. Accordingly he set to work to manufacture snuff-boxes and pipe-heads out of these roots, with an expertness which ensured him great encouragement. The pipe-heads especially, which were neatly carved and well polished, were eagerly sought after, and many a rich man preferred them even to the

beautiful Meerschaum pipes mounted with silver. Franc worked assiduously the whole week, either at finishing up his little performances, or in collecting in the forest the wood which he required, at which times his dress was that of a workman. But on Sundays he appeared at church in his green uniform, red Brandebourgs, and with the medal of honour on his breast. In his manner of walking and appearance, a soldier-like air was perceptible, to add to which he had retained his moustachios. He was esteemed by all who knew him for his loyalty, his knowledge of the world, and his religious and orderly conduct; and he succeeded, by hard work and economy, in making a decent little fortune; not being one of those people, who as soon as they have amassed a small sum, spend away, as if it were to last for ever.

When Franc grew richer, he did not rebuild his old house; but he arranged so well, that its black wooden roof and round-paned windows still looked fresh and smiling amongst the fruit-trees that surrounded it. He then married, and had two children, a boy and a girl, whom he brought up with great care. He used to say, "With good management a man is never in want; a little industry will support a man: do your duty, and put your trust in God, and He will never desert you." Although he had attained to

a good age, and death had deprived him of his faithful wife, old Franc continued to manage his house without the assistance of any servant. To enable him to do so, he took his grandson to live with him, a nice cheerful child, to whom, out of compliment to his grandfather, they had given the name of Martin.

Little Martin became strongly attached to him, and flew to do his bidding on the slightest sign of his wishes. Franc made him a sharer in his labours; and by way of amusement, he used to relate to him the histories of his different campaigns. Sometimes the anecdotes were merry, sometimes sad; but from all of them he contrived to draw a useful lesson. Whenever Franc went to seek for roots in the forest, he took his grandson with him, who looked upon these days as treats; for it was at such times that his grandfather taught him the names and properties of the different trees. "God," said he, "has shewn His ever-watchful care in causing these trees to grow around us; without them, how many things should we stand in need of! The fir-trees, which you see yonder on the mountain, furnish us with joists, planks, and laths for building. Our house is entirely made of fir-tree, our tables also, our benches, our cupboards, and our bedsteads. Other trees, such as the oak and beech, are of a very firm hard wood; and if

our wheel-barrow were not made of such wood, it would not last long. The handles of our tools must also be made of it. Each sort of tree has a particular colour, red, brown, or yellow, and this serves for ornamental furniture; but the maple is marbled in almost imperceptible veins, and that is what makes the articles which we have formed of it so pretty. It is true that forest-trees yield us no fruit to eat; but they provide means of subsistence for millions of industrious men, in the same manner as the tree we are seeking will furnish us with ours. Thus God has wisely ordered all things; and it is our duty to acknowledge the benefits we receive from Him, and to praise Him daily."

One source of extreme pleasure to little Martin was, the song of the forest-birds. "Grandfather," said he one day, "shall we catch some of these birds to take home?"

"No," said Franc.

"But why not? they sing so sweetly; and it will be such a pleasure to hear them at home!"

"Yes, they sing sweetly here; but if these poor little creatures were shut up, they would become ill and shortly die."

One day, as Frank was sitting in the sun with his grandson, eating the dinner which the latter had brought in a basket, a robin came and picked up the scattered crumbs of bread.

"Oh! the pretty little bird!" said Martin softly, for fear of frightening it; "I would give a great deal to have it this winter in my room."

"Well," said his grandfather, "that is very easy; the redbreast is of a confiding nature, and likes better to pass the winter in the dwellings of men than in the open fields."

He then taught his little grandson how to catch them. Martin ran about the woods a long time without success; but at length he returned home in great joy. "Oh, see, grandfather!" cried he, "I have one; look at his beautiful black eyes and red throat! Now I am repaid for all my trouble."

He then shut him up in his room, where his great amusement was to watch him catching flies, eating rape-seed, or bathing himself. He went into the forest to choose out a nice young fir-tree, which he placed in the corner of his room for the bird to fly on, and jump from branch to branch. In a short time, the robin became quite familiar with him, picking crumbs from his hand, or perching at the edge of his plate to eat with him. Sometimes he escaped from the window, flew round the garden, sang a short song on a neighbouring hedge, and returned of his own accord to his dwelling. The bird was one continual source of pleasure to Martin. When he began a song, the child held

his breath for fear of losing a single note; and no prince ever listened with greater rapture to the finest of his musicians.

It happened one evening, that his grandfather, taking out his almanac, exclaimed, "Ah! how time does pass! next Tuesday is St. Martin's day! How much happier I was this time last year! My good Elizabeth was then alive, and we ate together the goose which she had cooked for my birthday *fête*. Now the birthday will be a sorrowful one; nothing goes on well when there is no woman to take care of the house. I forgot this pleasant old custom of roasting a goose on St. Martin's day, and now it is too late."

So saying, he took off his green uniform in a pet, and sauntered towards the Golden Eagle, where he was in the habit of reading the newspapers to the country-people in the evening, and letting them know thus how the war went on. Very few minutes elapsed after his departure from the house before little Adolphus, the son of the baron of Waldberg, entered it for the purpose of ordering two pipe-heads to be made after a pattern which he brought with him. He found Martin busy with his bird, which was picking hemp-seed out of his fingers.

"How much do you ask for that bird?" said Adolphus; "it is a tame one, and I should like [redacted] it."

"It is not for sale," replied Martin; "and I would not part with it on any account."

Young De Waldberg increasing little by little his offers, arrived at last to the sum of three francs. Martin then all at once recollected that with three francs he might purchase a goose, and thus afford an agreeable surprise to his grandfather. He therefore resigned the bird to Adolphus; but not without entreating him, in the most earnest manner, to take great care of the good little creature.

"Be very careful," said he, "not to let the cats get to your bird; and do not cut his wings."

Martin after this set out, and went from house to house in search of a goose to buy. He at last found a very fine one, for which he was asked four francs; but when the countrywoman, who had it to sell, learnt in what manner he had procured his three francs, she let him have it at that price. The evening before the so-much-wished-for *fête*, Martin presented himself with his goose under his arm to his grandfather, and recited to him the ode of congratulation which the schoolmaster had composed on the occasion; at the end of which he bowed very low, and presented his goose. Old Franc, who was very particular upon a point of honour, received the offering with a very bad grace. He rose angrily from his seat, and stick

in hand, advanced to his poor grandson. "Where did you get the money to buy that?" said he, menacing him in a manner that shewed he was still fit for his office of corporal; and upon Martin's silence, he repeated in a voice of thunder, "Whence did you have the money?"

Martin was now under the necessity of relating how he had sold his bird; and the grandfather, wiping away the tears which were trickling over his mustachios at the recital, exclaimed, "Bravo! your conduct has been noble, and I am happy to see that you love your grandfather. St. Martin's day will now be a day of rejoicing to us, a delightful holyday." And when Martin was gone out, he added, "That child has a generous heart; he has acted nobly; St. Martin gave the half of his cloak to a poor man, and my boy deprives himself of his greatest pleasure to procure for his grandfather a momentary gratification. I expect to make something of him."

As Franc had learnt in the camp to cook, he himself prepared the goose for the table, served it up, and placed his grandson in the seat of honour. Whilst they were at supper, one of the servants of the castle entered, and told them that his master having heard that Martin had parted with his bird for the purpose of giving his grandfather an agreeable surprise, w[illegible]o to contribute to the

corporal's feast, and had therefore sent him a bottle of good wine. The old man was deeply touched by the attention of M. de Waldberg; and Martin was rejoiced that his grandfather had received an additional pleasure by means of his robin.

Nevertheless, he never ceased to regret his faithful bird; and it was not without grief that he gazed on the fir-tree which remained deserted in his room. One winter-evening he was seated near the fire with his grandfather, the snow and rain poured down in torrents together, and the wind blew as if it would destroy the house. All at once Martin exclaimed, "There is a little bird outside the window tapping with his beak against it, as if he wanted to come in." Running to the window and opening it, who can express his delight when he recognised his beloved robin?

"Oh, my good little creature!" said he, "here you are again; you have not, then, forgotten your friend Martin; but how did you find your way to our dwelling? Do you like better to live under our humble roof than in yonder fine castle? Come, then, we have still fire enough to warm you with, and food for you to eat, and, what is better than all, a good heart to welcome you; and who can wish for more?" Saying which, he extended his hand, and the robin quickly hopped upon it. "You will stay

with us, won't you?" said Martin; "but, no, I must not keep you; that would be dishonest. I must—I must carry you back again. Ah! you do not know how hard it is to part with you; but I must;" so he pressed the robin against his wet cheeks.

"Bravo, child!" said his grandfather, "that is right. Lose not a moment in returning the bird, or every minute will render it more difficult to do so." Martin reached his hat, and ran all through the snow and rain to the castle. Little Adolphus was delighted to receive his robin back again; and his mother, who was at work in the room with him, was highly pleased with the honourable conduct of Martin.

"This is very good of you, my dear," said she; "you might easily have kept the bird without our knowing any thing about it; and even if I had seen it in your house, I should not have thought it was the same; for I could never have imagined that a little creature like this would find its way back to a house where it has been well treated: if birds can shew so much gratitude, how much more ought men to possess the same virtue!"

Still Martin looked very sad at parting with his robin, which Adolphus's mother remarking, said to her son, "You see, my love, that on this bird depends much of the child's happiness. He sold it, as you know, to procure [illegible]re for his grandfather.

Owing to your carelessness, it flew away, and returned to its first master, who is honest enough to bring it back to you. Do you think it would be right to take it?"

"No," said Adolphus, "it would not be right. There is your robin, Martin; I give it you as a reward for your honesty."

Martin at first dared not receive it; but Adolphus said to him, "Take it, take it; and if you should ever happen to catch another, you will bring it me."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the happy child; "if you were to give me your whole castle, it would not please me so much."

Madame de Waldberg, pleased with her son's conduct, opened her desk and took from it a gold piece. "Here," said she to Martin, "if Adolphus has fully appreciated your noble disposition, how can his mother do less? Take this; the uprightness of your character is of more value than gold."

Martin hastened home, and running into his grandfather's room, exclaimed, "Here is my robin for the third time; and it brings luck with it; see what I owe to it! is not that a fine gold piece? I give it to you; for I am rich enough now."

"Well," said his grandfather, "see how true was all that I told you. The baroness also thinks honesty of more value than gold, and all good people are of the same opinion. So thought the good king whom I had the

honour of serving, and whose portrait you see on this piece of money. Look at it; it seems as though it were about to speak; and if it did, it would say, as old Franc does, *Friend, be always honest and just;* and I am determined," added Franc, "to spend this money in a new coat for you; for you have well deserved it: only remember never to wear a thread that does not belong to you."

The robin, however, was destined to be the source of many a ducat to Martin. He and his grandfather became better known at the castle; and one day, as the baron was taking a walk with his family, they passed before Franc's house, when Adolphus said, "I should like to know how my bird goes on;" and they entered the house. Monsieur de Waldberg, who had before only known Franc by sight, now entered into conversation with him, and took great interest in the account he gave of his campaigns. From that day he called in now and then as he went to hunt, or he stopped to purchase a pipe, and sometimes remained whole hours with the old man. Martin also occasionally visited the castle.

Franc now began to feel symptoms of old age; he could no longer work as he had hitherto done at his carvings in wood, and he had so generously portioned his son and [illegible]r, as to leave himself scarcely [illegible]while they were hardly much

better off, owing to their numerous families. He had always calculated upon Martin's being able to provide for himself, by the manufacturing of snuff-boxes and heads of pipes; but as many families had, in imitation of him, begun to follow the same trade, the articles were become more common, and did not fetch so good a price. Another trade must, then, be found for Martin, and the expense of binding an apprentice was very great.

One day that Martin, then fourteen years old, went to the castle, Adolphus shewed him a beautiful writing-table that his father had received from town. "That is prettily worked," said Martin. "I never saw such a piece of maple as that; and those bits of cherry-wood and walnut look also very well."

The Baron of Waldberg, who entered at this moment, was quite surprised at Martin's being able to distinguish the different sorts of wood. "From whom have you learnt this?" said he.

"From my grandfather. I have made a collection of the wood of every sort of tree that grows in our forests and gardens: they are arranged in little boards, nearly of the size and shape of these books; the bark, which I have left on, resembles the back of the books; and the rest of the wood, which is well polished, is like the edges and cover."

The baron, who had been for some time

desirous of having a good joiner in his establishment, said, "Well, you perfectly understand your branch of the art; but do you not think that writing-table well made? how would you like to be a joiner?"

"Beyond any thing," said Martin; "but my grandfather cannot afford to pay for my apprenticeship."

"Well," said the baron, "I will take that upon myself, if it meets with old Franc's approbation; and I will place you with the man who made this writing-table."

This circumstance gave great joy to Martin and to his grandfather. Soon afterwards he learnt his trade, took a journey, and returned home to his native place, happy, and in good health, and with a thorough knowledge of his art. The Baron de Waldberg was charmed with his work, and assisted him in setting up a workshop. The old house was completely rebuilt; the baron giving the necessary wood, and the young joiner doing the greater part of the work with his own hands. At last, being both very active and very clever, he acquired a good deal of money, and married the daughter of a rich tradesman. The grandfather remained witness to the happiness of his grandson, and lived very contentedly with him. Martin endeavoured also to be useful to his b[illegible] and sisters, and assisted them by e[illegible] his power.

On one occasion, when the family were assembled around him to celebrate the feast of St. Martin, the birthday of the grandfather, old Franc said to them, "This is probably the last time that I shall see my children all together at this table. I still remember with pleasure that evening when Martin sold his robin to purchase something for my birthday. It is to this robin that he owes his success. God rewarded his love for me, his honesty, his good behaviour, and enabled him to provide for my happy old age, and to do good to all of you. I am now quite ready to die; for He who takes care of the little birds has generously provided for us by means of a ROBIN."

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

EMILY was a generously disposed, amiable young girl, always ready to share with others whatever she might possess; she made clothes for destitute children, and provided the sick with food, often carrying it to them herself; in short, she was always happy to bestow her money upon those who needed it.

It will hardly be believed, that, with all this goodness of heart, she was the cause of much sorrow; for she was so forgetful, that what she promised on one day was entirely obliterated from her memory on the next. For instance, after having spent her money on some totally useless article, she was grieved to have to refuse to assist some poor person to whom that which she had so foolishly wasted would have done so much good. At one time she would wholly neglect the fine flower-roots placed before the windows of the house, which, for want of being watered, withered away, to her mother's great vexation. At another time, from her forgetting to feed her canary, it died of hunger. And yet she dreaded giving pain to the most insignifica[illegible].

In the same village with herself, not far from the great house, lived a poor girl, named Sophy. The father of this young person, who had formerly distinguished himself in the army, became, from fatigue and wounds, incapable of longer service, and retired to the country, where he hoped to live on his little pension. This was, however, badly paid to him; and for nearly a year he had received nothing. Sophy, his only daughter, supplied his necessities by means of her embroidery, sewing, and other works of the same description. She had gained the particular esteem of Miss Emily, who often ordered different little works of her, and took lessons in embroidery from her, for which she paid generously, and called her by no other name than her dear friend; though, at the same time, she often vexed this dear friend by her careless and forgetful disposition. For instance, Emily's mother being dangerously ill, and a physician being sent for from a great distance to attend her, Emily promised to request the physician to visit Sophy's father, who was suffering very much from his wounds; but the promise was forgotten, and the physician departed. She certainly was much grieved about it, and asked Sophy's pardon most sincerely; she also wept for the sufferings of the invalid: but it was too late to recall the doctor, who was already far distant. Another time Emily wished to work a

screen for her mother's birthday. She carried a pattern which she had sketched to Sophy, who told her that it would be easily done, but that she herself would go to the town to buy the silk, and to choose the prettiest shades of colour for her. "That is delightful," said Emily, "if you will take all this trouble; and during your absence, I will see that your father's dinner is prepared and carried to him." Sophy confided in this promise, and set out for the town; but some unexpected visitors arriving at the house, Emily, in her anxiety to do the honours, thought no more of her engagement; and the poor old man, incapable of stirring out, and unable to call any of the villagers to his assistance, was obliged to go without his dinner, and to content himself with bread and water.

The following day Emily went to take a walk in the village with two of her friends; and the sight of Sophy, who was busily spreading some linen on the grass to bleach, recalled to her mind the promise which she had made her the day before. Sophy was kind enough to refrain from all reproaches in the presence of the young ladies; but yet, as she wished to give her a slight reprimand, she invited her and her young friends into the garden. They greatly admired the pretty flowers which grew at the edge of the streamlet; afterwards entering the house were

delighted with Sophy's beautiful works. She presented to each of Emily's companions a bouquet of roses, and to herself a bunch of "*forget-me-not*," to which she added, as by chance, some other flowers. Emily well understood the meaning it was intended to convey, and in her inmost heart thanked Sophy for such a skilful and delicate manner of correcting her fault. "Indeed," said she, "you have surprisingly guessed the flowers which best suit me;" and she placed them with a blush in her bosom. Emily returned in a short time to the house, and accompanied her young friends to their room; where they all three placed their nosegays in a jug of water.

After a lapse of some weeks, Emily, happening accidentally to go into this room, perceived that the sweet-smelling flowers, which had been tied up with the "forget-me-not," were dried up and faded away, but the "forget-me-nots" had preserved their fine blue colour, and their leaves were as fresh and green as if they had just been gathered from the streamlet's edge. "How can this be," exclaimed she, "that in a glass in which there is no longer any water, and when all the other flowers are dried up, these have preserved their freshness?" On examining them nearer she perceived that these "forget-me-nots" were made by Sophy herself; but so faithfully copied from nature that

they might easily be mistaken for real flowers. "Oh! my dear Sophy," said she, "you are right, and I understand you; I require some permanent remembrance, and these flowers will constantly repeat to me 'Forget-me-not.' No, my dear friend, I will not forget you, I will not forget my duty, which these flowers will assist me in remembering."

Saying these words, she took the nosegay, and placed it in a pretty little gilt vase of fine workmanship. She then hastened to Sophy to thank her for her hint, and praised the beauty of her work. "Each time that I have made a promise," said she, "I will place these '*forget-me-nots*' on my table, or on my piano, and I will leave them there until the promise is fulfilled."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed the old officer. "For my part, in such a case, I put a piece of paper in my snuffbox, and my sergeant-major used to tie a knot on his handkerchief; but a bouquet is more suited to a young lady, and I admire the fancy of making the most beautiful of field-flowers serve as an emblem of remembrance, and of giving it the name of '*forget-me-not;*' and if this flower assists us to remember our duties, and above all the sacred duty of benevolence, it is still more to be admired."

Emily kept her word, and the forget-me-nots became a source of blessing to her. [redacted] people, whom she had before for-

gotten, now received soup, a good bottle of wine, and money. Many things which had been at a stand-still were now completed; and in thus acting, Emily was spared much regret and vexation.

Her mother did not fail to remark this desirable change, and to ask her how she had conquered her bad habit of forgetting every thing. Emily related the history of the *forget-me-not*, with which her mother was quite delighted. "You are a good girl," said she, "and I will endeavour to reward you." She caused two rings to be made of the purest gold, upon each of which a forget-me-not of sapphires was formed, with a fine diamond in the middle. One of these rings she gave to Emily, saying, "Endeavour to make the same use of your ring which you have hitherto done of your flowers. If you have entered into a promise with any one, or undertaken an important business, place this ring upon your finger, and do not take it off until your promise is fulfilled, or the business brought to a conclusion. The other ring give to your kind friend Sophy: in the *forget-me-not* she gave you a richer present than is contained in this gold and diamonds."

Emily hastened to Sophy. "There is no necessity," said she, "for your wearing a ring to make you remember your duty, for you seldom forget it in any instance; h-

wear it in remembrance of that friend to whom you have rendered such a service."

"Oh, my dear Emily," exclaimed Sophy, "who is there that does not require to be reminded of his duty? But each time that we look to this ring, we will think of the performance of some good action; we will endeavour to relieve the poor, the unfortunate, or to bestow happiness on some fellow-creature;" and the friends pressed each other's hand.

"Very well, my child," said Sophy's father, "and may he who cannot possess such a ring, still remember to do good every time that he sees the forget-me-not on the edge of the stream; and may he at the sight of this pretty flower remember also his Creator, towards whom the appearance of every flower should lift our thoughts. In this manner, the humble field forget-me-not will be of more value than gold, and each flower that we see more precious than the most precious of stones."

INGRATITUDE.

MADAME GRÜNFELD lay at the point of death; her daughter Helen stood by her bedside weeping bitterly. "Do not weep, my daughter," said the dying mother; "God will not forsake His own: put your trust in Him, and He will help you. Continue to be good and virtuous, and you will not be left destitute."

"My dear, my kind mother," said Helen sobbing, "when you are no more, I shall be a hapless orphan. Alas! what will become of me without father or mother? With whom shall I take refuge? Who will take pity on me?"

At that moment Madame Ehrenhold entered the room. She was a woman who, although possessing little, was honest and laborious; she had at all times shewn great friendship for Helen's mother, and had sincerely sympathised with her sufferings.

"Dear friend," said Madame Grünfeld to her, "I do not regret this world, where I have so long been a sufferer; there is but one thing that renders death painful to

me." Saying this, she cast a look of deep sorrow on her daughter. "If you do not take pity on my child," continued she, "she will be abandoned by the whole world; assist her, I entreat you, with your counsel, and protect her when I am no more."

Madame Ehrenhold wept; she took the hand of the sufferer, and the emotion with which she pressed it assured the dying woman that her wish would be accomplished.

A few hours later Madame Grünfeld had ceased to exist. Helen lay sobbing on her mother's body, and it was long before quiet and consolation returned to her deeply wounded heart.

Madame Ehrenhold, a woman of strict probity, like a kind and generous friend, took the poor orphan to live with her. Helen found in her a second mother, who provided for all her necessities, and instructed her in needlework and other domestic employments.

Madame Ehrenhold lived by the labour of her hands; she worked with her needle, and embroidered beautifully. The surrounding gentry gave her so many orders, that she was sometimes obliged to devote a portion of the night to them. Meanwhile her labour was not always duly appreciated: she was ill paid, and was obliged to observe the strictest economy in order to gain her livelihood. She [illegible]tigable in her efforts to teach

Helen sewing and embroidery, believing that she could not do better than teach her what would one day prove a means of subsistence.

For a whole year Helen shewed much docility, and repaid the love of her benefactress with fond affection, with gentleness and gratitude; when a sudden change took place in her conduct. She frequented the society of giddy young girls; and it was not without reason that Madame Ehrenhold laid to their charge this change in her behaviour.

Helen now became self-willed, and frequently performed her tasks with ill-humour. She considered it unjust that her benefactress should impose so much work on her, and allow her so little amusement. It was indeed true that Helen enjoyed but few of the pleasures of youth; but in this Madame Ehrenhold acted prudently; she was acquainted with the dangers and temptations of the world, and knowing that the time might come when Helen would not be able to mix in such pleasures, she thought it wise not to encourage her to contract habits which, at a later period, she might be obliged to give up. She also knew by experience that nothing is so conducive to health, peace of mind, innocence of heart, and contentment, as constant occupation.

Hence the desire of this worthy woman to habituate her adopted daughter, whom she

considered as a precious legacy bequeathed by her deceased friend, to industrious habits, and to the absence of such pleasures and amusements. But Helen put a different construction on her conduct.

Madame Ehrenhold's manner of living was plain and frugal: her table was served with the greatest simplicity; and in her dress she avoided every thing that could attract the slightest notice. Helen would have done well in conforming to a simplicity which, at a future period, would have conduced to her happiness; but she acted very differently. She complained of her food and clothing; and conceiving herself in all respects deserving of better treatment, she considered it most unjust that Madame Ehrenhold should act thus, and yet receive all the proceeds of her labours. She entirely forgot that that worthy woman acted towards her as a mother, that she maintained her, and that it was from her instruction she had acquired all she knew.

Helen became ungrateful to Madame Ehrenhold; and the young girls she met from time to time encouraged her in her improper conduct.

"You might easily maintain yourself," said they to her; "and then you would also have more liberty. The conduct of that woman towards you is shameful; she works you to death, while the profit is hers; and you

must put up with bad clothes and wretched food. If she did but even allow you more time for recreation! We are surely not placed here to suffer; we ought to have some enjoyment; but you, you don't even know what pleasure is!"

Such observations made a deep impression on Helen. Nothing appeared clearer to her than Madame Ehrenhold's injustice. She forgot all she owed her benefactress, and never reflected that, but for this excellent woman, she would have found herself forsaken by every one, and utterly helpless. She no longer remembered the generous manner in which she had been received and welcomed by her, with what anxiety she had instructed her in all female occupations, and with what care she had directed her to all that was good and right.

With deep sorrow Madame Ehrenhold remarked this alteration in Helen's manner. Her duties were performed with ill-humour; she appeared discontented with her position, and received with an ill grace the admonitions which her conduct called forth; and from some words which she allowed to escape her, her benefactress perceived that she desired to leave her house.

If Madame Ehrenhold had followed her first impulse, she would not have hesitated to send the ungrateful Helen from under her roof; for nothing more cruelly wound-

a sensitive heart than ingratitude. But her dying friend was constantly before her eyes, and she still heard her last words, "Assist, I entreat you, my Helen with your advice, and protect her when I am gone." Her heart was also tortured with the idea, that should Helen be thrown so young on the world without a guide, her ruin would be the result. These considerations calmed her feelings, and made her submit to much annoyance. But instead of acknowledging and appreciating the noble sentiments of her protectress, Helen thought her conduct only evinced a dread of separation, and she consequently became still more headstrong and intractable.

Another year passed away, and Helen's ingratitude became daily more apparent, as well as more painful to the heart of Madame Ehrenhold. "I had hoped," said she to herself, "to find in this young person a grateful daughter, and a support in my old age; how much have I been mistaken!"

About this time there was a famine in the country; and Madame Ehrenhold was obliged to resort to the strictest economy to keep beyond the reach of want. Fortunately she had plenty of orders for work; but she laboured so much that her health suffered in consequence, and such employments much application were necessary. She had hoped that

Helen would have offered to help her; but in this she was disappointed.

Helen had received from a baroness, who resided in the country on her estate, an offer to enter her service as lady's maid, which offer she did not hesitate to accept. Forgetting all she owed her benefactress, it never occurred to her that at this very moment the latter stood more than ever in need of her services, and that she ought not to abandon her; she took nothing of this into account, but engaged herself with the baroness, and then for the first time apprised the invalid of what she had done.

Madame Ehrenhold was consequently much perplexed. "What are you going to do, Helen?" said she to her; "recollect that I am ill, that you are more necessary to me than ever, and that in my unfortunate situation you are all my hope and support."

But Helen was inflexible; she answered that she had promised, and would not break her word to the baroness.

Madame Ehrenhold was deeply sensible of the ill-conduct of her adopted daughter, who had thus engaged herself without her knowledge. "Have I not been a mother to her?" thought she; "ought she not, therefore, to have asked my advice in a circumstance of such moment? Oh, Helen," added she, "how ill you have rewarded my kind intentions!"

A few days after this, Helen quitted the house of her benefactress, after having first thanked her for all her kindness; but in so cold and laconic a manner, that she was cut to the heart. What this worthy woman had feared, soon occurred; she found herself in great distress, her indispositions became more frequent; she worked but little; and the natural result was, that she was almost destitute of the necessaries of life. She possessed a few acres of land, which she inherited from her parents; these she sold, not without much regret, as they were the more precious to her from the happy associations attached to them. The money which she acquired by the sale, placed her for a year beyond the reach of want; but at the end of that time the sum was nearly exhausted, and her prospects for the future became mournful in the extreme. She had but little work to do, winter had set in, and the scarcity was increasing. Madame Ehrenhold passed her days in bitter sorrow; often, when thinking of Helen, she would exclaim, "If she had been grateful, she would not have deserted me, and I should not be thus living in poverty."

Helen had come with her mistress and family to spend the winter in the same town in which her benefactress resided. Madame Ehrenh[illegible]ped to see her sometimes; but [illegible]ken in her expectation;

days, weeks, passed away, but she never called to see her. She once passed by before the house; Madame Ehrenhold was at the window, and perceived her; Helen turned away, and affected not to have seen her.

This shameful and unworthy conduct made a most painful impression on Madame Ehrenhold, and her eyes filled with tears. "My God," she said sorrowfully, "what degraded beings this world contains! Have I not done every thing that lay in my power for Helen? Have I not performed all the duties of a mother to her? Have I then deserved that she should thus disown me, and not even deign to look at me?"

Madame Ehrenhold was thus frequently annoyed. She often met Helen accidentally, who never failed to treat her with the same indifference. Once only she addressed her, and asked her how she was, when Madame Ehrenhold attempted to explain her unhappy situation to her; but Helen hastily interrupted her, saying that every one was suffering at this moment; and turning abruptly from her, passed on.

God, in His goodness, sent to Madame Ehrenhold's aid a worthy family, who shewed her the greatest kindness, provided her with a lodging, furnished her with food and fire, and every other necessary. Her heart was sensibly touched with this goodness; she fell on her knees, and raising her eyes

with tears towards heaven, exclaimed, "O my God. I render thanks to Thee for having sent me such benefactors! They are under no obligation to me, and yet they have felt compassion for my wants; whilst Helen, whom I have treated as my own child, abandons me in my extremity."

Many persons were acquainted with Helen's wicked conduct, and blamed her severely: she was treated with contempt; for ingratitude is always despicable in the eyes of the just and good.

For some years Helen prospered, and appeared happy; she felt neither care nor sorrow. But at length her good fortune began to wane; the baroness, her mistress, having dissipated the greater part of her husband's fortune by a life of irregularity, was obliged to diminish her household expenses; she dismissed several of her domestics, and Helen among the rest. She would have found herself sadly embarrassed, had not the baron's gamekeeper made her his wife. She now looked forward to a life of happiness; but in this she was deceived: her husband resembled the master he served; he led a life of drunkenness and dissipation; and the little money Helen had succeeded in saving was soon exhausted. She worked day and night to keep herself from want, notwithstanding which [illegible] and upbraided her with not [illegible] when he was intoxicated he

ill-used her, and was more than once near killing her.

Helen was wretched and unhappy; and at last determined to stay no longer in the power of a man who so cruelly ill-treated her: she therefore collected together the few things she possessed, with the intention of leaving her home, when she received intelligence that her husband had been thrown from his horse while out hunting, and was mortally wounded. Soon after, he was carried home to her, in an almost lifeless state, and expired the same day.

Overwhelmed with the weight of her misfortunes, Helen knew not where to seek a refuge. The first person who presented herself to her imagination was Madame Ehrenhold; but her heart was seized with fear when she reflected on her unworthy conduct towards that excellent woman. She, however, took courage, and resolved to call on her, depending on the kind heart of her benefactress.

What was the astonishment of Madame Ehrenhold, when one day Helen entered her room, and threw herself weeping into her arms! She sobbed aloud. "Noble woman, my benefactress, my mother!" she exclaimed, "will you not pardon me? I feel how ill I have acted towards you; I will repair all the wrong I have done you. I will labour for you, I will take care of y

I will be grateful; receive me as your daughter; alas, I am indeed unhappy!"

Madame Ehrenhold was deeply agitated; she no longer thought of Helen's cruel behaviour towards her, but listened to the recital of her misfortunes.

"You shall remain with me," said she to her; "I will still consider you as my daughter." These words were healing balm to Helen: she fell on the bosom of Madame Ehrenhold, and relieved her oppressed heart by a flood of tears.

The same day Helen went to the churchyard and sought her mother's grave, which she strewed with flowers, and, throwing herself on her knees, exclaimed in a tone of deep contrition: "O my mother, let your spirit descend on your erring daughter! Heretofore she has not fulfilled your wishes, she has not followed your example; but now, upon this sacred spot, she makes to you a solemn vow of amendment."

Helen left the churchyard much consoled, and returned to Madame Ehrenhold. She kept her vow; she worked without relaxation, and divided with her benefactress the produce of her labour.

From that period Madame Ehrenhold's life flowed sweetly on, Helen was the object of her tenderest love, and they mutually lighte[illegible]rden of life. This change had [illegible] effect on Madame Ehren-

hold's health; she recovered new strength, and lived many years. When she died, Helen wept for her as a daughter for her mother; she regretted her most sincerely, and often went to her grave, which she watered with tears of fond affection and unfeigned gratitude.

VANITY.

JUSTINA one day gaily approached her mamma with a workbasket in her hand, saying: "Look, dear mamma, the little under-vest for William is finished. I said yesterday that I would do it, and I have kept my word: they would not believe that I could finish it to-day; how glad I am to prove them all mistaken! I have been very diligent besides, and, more than that, my work is nicely done. See, mamma, you will find this little vest well knit."

Justina's mamma examined her work, and only said, "Very well, my dear."

Justina felt displeased that her mother said so little; she had expected greater praise and approbation, and the short answer, "Very well," put her in an ill-humour; she lost her cheerfulness, and became sullen and short in her answers. Her mother observed all these little changes; she perfectly knew the cause, but she said nothing more, having good motives for so acting.

A short [illegible]fter, Justina happened to be at [illegible] married sister; to which

the latter had invited some young ladies to take chocolate. Justina could play the harp; several of her friends therefore asked to hear her, to which she consented after much entreaty.

"I cannot play very well," she repeated several times; but at last she sat down to the harp, begging the indulgence of her auditors. She played pretty well; and when she had executed several pieces, all that her companions said in her praise was, "Well played, Justina!"

This answer again discontented her. For although she had so often repeated that she did not play well, she nevertheless wished to be praised and applauded; and as such was not the case, she became ill-humoured, pouted, and seemed no longer to enjoy the company. The young ladies asked the cause of this alteration, which only tended to increase her ill-humour; at last she took her leave, to return home.

On her arrival, her mother immediately perceived that she was vexed; and said to her, "You do not return in good humour, my dear girl; have you had any disagreement with your friends?"

Justina tried to excuse herself; but her mother quickly guessed that they had probably not sufficiently flattered her daughter's self-love, and that they had by this means excited her discontent.

"Dear Justina," she said, "come and seat yourself near me; I have long intended to relate a little story to you."

Justina sat down on the sofa beside her mother, who proceeded to relate as follows:

"In my youth, not far from this lived a man named Hilary; he was a stranger, who, possessing no fortune, came to establish himself in our neighbourhood. He had an agreeable exterior, and his manners were pleasing; he got himself introduced into the best society in town; he was the soul of every circle, and was particularly pleasing to the ladies. Not that he was precisely a man of genius, which unfortunately our sex do not sufficiently appreciate; but his cheerfulness, his brilliant conversation, his obliging manners, and handsome figure, attracted the attention of the women, who preferred his society to that of men superior in sense, character, and stability.

"Hilary knew how to profit by the good will which was evinced towards him; he asked the hand of a rich young lady, the daughter of a merchant; and although her parents were for a long time opposed to it, they nevertheless at length consented. He entered into partnership with his father-in-law, and soon became a rich man.

"As he was every where so well received, and all he did so generally approved of, it that Hilary should con-

ceive a very high opinion of himself; so that he at length began to think that all those praises were actually his due; and in this manner vanity became his weak point.

"Many people were aware of this fault, and took advantage of it; they praised all his words and actions, and ended by leading him according to their own pleasure. Little by little there was formed around him a swarm of flatterers, who buzzed about him like so many bees, surrounded his table, and led him into all kinds of extravagance. Such were the effects of vanity.

"In his native village Hilary had a sister who had made an unfortunate marriage; he had long forgotten her; when the idea of helping her suddenly occurred to him; he sent a letter to the town she inhabited, but received no answer.

"A year after, he was informed by a traveller that the husband of his sister Henrietta was dead, and that she had moved to another town. This increased his desire to have her live near him; but all his inquiries after her were vain.

"Hilary lived in the midst of pleasure and gaiety. He did much good, not from charity, but from vanity. Whenever he hoped to be praised for an action, he did not hesitate to do it; but when it must be performed in secret, it was at once renounced, however good and noble it might be.

[illegible] the year was an alarming famine [illegible] many of the poor were under [illegible] and which became daily more severe. [illegible] number of the poor had recourse to Hilary, who gave [illegible] in that which most flattered the vanity of the man of benefactor, and [illegible] the poor which was generally [illegible] to him.

[illegible] poor woman begged to enter the town with her children: but was sent away notwithstanding her earnest supplications. The rain was extreme and night was approaching. Hilary [illegible] happened to be riding on horseback, and met the poor woman, who implored him to have compassion on her, telling him that the guards at the gate had refused her.

Hilary was touched with pity at the unfortunate situation of the poor woman; and nothing would have been easier for him than to admit her into the town: but, thought he, no one will praise me for it; and he continued his way, throwing a few shillings to the poor creature. Next morning both she and her children were found dead on the high road. Being unable, from exhaustion, to reach the neighbouring village, night had surprised her, and she had sunk insensible on the snow, where she perished with the cold. The result [illegible] on the subject was, that [illegible] man was Hilary's sister.

"This mournful event made a deep impression on him; he could accuse none but himself. He cursed his vanity, which alone had been the cause of his conduct towards Henrietta. It was not till after many months that his mind was a little quieted.

"Vanity caused him still further annoyances. Many persons feeling offended by the unmerited praises of which he was constantly the object, seized every opportunity of humbling him. The flatterers by whom he was surrounded led him into dissipation. He gave grand dinners, including the most costly dishes and the best wines. He had turtles from America, tuns of old wine from Hungary and the Cape of Good Hope; he gave two, and even three, ducats for a pine-apple; and his table was loaded with every rarity. Hilary did all this for his flatterers, who, to shew their gratitude, stripped him of all he possessed. The natural result of all this was, that the rich Hilary was reduced to beggary. His numerous court abandoned him, maliciously blaming the conduct which they before pretended to approve. Hilary fell into despair, and at last died a miserable death. Such were the sad effects of vanity."

Justina's mother ceased. Her daughter knew well her object in this recital. She was struck with it, and promised from that

day forward to set limits to her vanity. She kept her resolution, and found her reward in an increased degree of happiness and contentment.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

FREDERIC VON REIZENSTEIN possessed several estates, and lived in affluence; he spent his winters in town, and his summers in the country. His daughter Eleanor had received an excellent education; she was more sensible and simple-minded than the children of the rich generally are. She was not vain of her father's riches, but thought more of his kindness and affection.

In town, Eleanor enjoyed every kind of amusement, notwithstanding which she preferred residing in the country. As soon as the spring advanced, her cheerfulness increased, and she awaited with inexpressible anxiety the day on which her parents should leave town, to repair to one of their estates.

M. von Reizenstein often laughed at Eleanor's impatience when there was any talk of fixing the day of departure. "You are very ungrateful to the town," said he jokingly to her; "it procures you so many pleasures—here you receive more visits than in the country, you can go to concerts

other amusements; and yet you prefer the country to it: this is most ungrateful."

Eleanor knew perfectly well that all these observations of her father were only meant in jest, and that he himself preferred the country to the town; she, however, made some remarks on them.

"Town," said she, "has its pleasures, but there are others still greater. I do not doubt that to many persons a residence in town is more agreeable than one in the country; but *appearances are deceitful.* What wretchedness is there not in town! brilliant, if you please, but not the less wretched. Long live the beauties of nature! What are balls, plays, concerts, when compared to the enamelled meadows, the valleys, and beautiful mountains, to the rich fish-ponds, to the song of the nightingale,—in one word, to all the *chefs-d'œuvre* of nature which are never really enjoyed but in the country?"

M. von Reizenstein listened with delight to the sentiments of his daughter; and he pressed her affectionately to his heart.

The estate which M. von Reizenstein preferred to all the others was called Thalfels. It was situated in a smiling country, and the inhabitants were honest people. Eleanor also liked it better than the others; and nothing delighted her more than when she heard it said, "We shall spend this summer at Thalfels."

Eleanor knew all the inhabitants of Thalfels, by whom she was greatly beloved. There was but one individual in the village for whom she felt a kind of aversion, and whom she never looked at except when obliged by necessity; she carefully avoided either meeting him or being in his company: his name was Adam Valten, and he was about eighteen years of age.

M. von Reizenstein had frequently heard his daughter speak in unfavourable terms of this young man, and strongly disapproved of her doing so.

"You are usually just and kind," he said to her; "how comes it that you judge so severely of Adam Valten?"

"I do not know, papa," answered Eleanor, "why this person is so disagreeable to me; he has never offended me, and yet I can neither like him nor have confidence in him; his countenance is expressive of wickedness; I think he is cunning and hypocritical."

"My daughter," said her father, in a serious tone, "you have said much in few words; I desire you not to be unjust to this young man."

Eleanor was embarrassed; she felt that she had perhaps judged too harshly of Adam Valten; she blushed, and was silent.

Some days after, M. von Reizenstein told his daughter that he had made inquiries about

Adam Valten, and that he had been described to him as an industrious, honest, and obliging young man.

Eleanor was still unconvinced, and again alluded to the expression of his countenance; but her father interrupted her, saying, "Man should not be judged by appearances; *appearances are deceitful.*" To this Eleanor said no more.

A few weeks after, Eleanor's birthday was celebrated. All the young people of Thalfels had assembled in the courtyard of the manor to present her with garlands and bunches of flowers, adding their prayers for her happiness. Adam Valten was also present with flowers for Eleanor; but the latter would not look at him; she turned hastily away, and Adam was unable to present his offering.

This little incident hurt the young man's feelings; and he left the courtyard, his heart filled with sorrow and disappointment.

A week after, Eleanor was taking a walk with her governess; she gave way to her natural gaiety, and ran skipping across the meadow, towards a pond which bordered on it. To get to it she was obliged to pass over a very narrow plank, in crossing which she lost her balance and fell into the water, which was deep even at the edge.

The terrified governess screamed out. Ele[illegible]ed to extricate herself; but it

was useless, she sunk deeper and deeper; and the cries of her attendant became more vehement.

Adam Valten happened just at the moment to be in the neighbourhood, and having heard the screams, ran with all haste towards the pond. As soon as he saw what had happened, he threw himself into the water; and although he knew but little of swimming, he looked upon it as a duty to save the life of a fellow-creature.

Providence seconded the young man's efforts; he caught hold of Eleanor, and happily brought her to land: the water was just beginning to enter her mouth, and she appeared half dead. Adam took her in his arms, and ran with her to her parents. The consternation was general; the whole house was in motion, the physician arrived in the greatest haste, every remedy was employed to save the unfortunate girl, and God at length crowned their efforts with success. Eleanor was restored to life; and in a few days she was perfectly recovered.

Who was then more gratefully applauded than Adam Valten, the deliverer of Eleanor! When she learned that he had exposed his own life to save hers, her eyes filled with tears, and her heart was deeply affected. "Until this day I did not know Valten," said she; "I did not believe he had so kind a heart. I ask both his and God's pardon

"One year there was an alarming famine in the country; many of the poor sunk under it. Winter approached, and want became daily more extreme. A great number of the poor had recourse for help to Hilary, who gave them assistance; and that which most flattered his vanity was the title of benefactor, and father of the poor, which was generally bestowed on him.

"One day a poor woman begged to enter the town with her two children; but was sent away, notwithstanding her earnest supplications. The cold was extreme, and night was approaching. Hilary just then happened to be riding on horseback, and met the poor woman, who implored him to have compassion on her, telling him that the guards at the gate had repulsed her.

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for my want of charity. *How deceitful are appearances!*"

From this moment Eleanor's opinion of Adam Valten was changed.

"May this ever be a lesson to you," said her father: "the appearance of the nightingale is very homely, yet it sings exquisitely; so is it in a still higher degree with a man whose appearance is forbidding, but who is gifted with fine feeling and an excellent heart. *Appearances are, indeed, deceitful,* my daughter; no reasonable man will judge by them, but rather by the qualities of the heart."

Thenceforward, whenever Eleanor met the worthy Adam it give her unmixed pleasure; she looked at him in a friendly manner, and spoke to him kindly. Sometimes she made him trifling presents, and whenever she wanted any one's assistance, she always applied to him in preference to any other.

Eleanor had now attained her twentieth year. Among the young men who visited at her father's house, there were two of noble birth; one, named William von Sillingen, was a young man of polished and amiable manners; the other, Edward von Brannfeld, was serious, and spoke but little in society.

M. von Sillingen paid Eleanor marked attention, he said all kinds of flattering things [illegible] her wit, her beauty, and good-

ness of heart, assured her above a hundred times a day of his regard for her, and was apparently transported with happiness when he could in any way oblige her; he was always cheerful.

His conduct made a great impression on Eleanor; she seemed enchanted with his agreeable manners, and often said to herself, "This is what I call a fine fellow!"

Edward von Brannfeld was less pleasing to Eleanor; his cold and serious manners, his hesitation and timidity whenever he ventured to say any thing agreeable to her, made her suppose him devoid of sensibility: Eleanor, consequently, bestowed much less attention on him than on William von Sillingen.

At the same period the two young men made proposals for Eleanor; they each desired to have her as a companion for life. Eleanor valued them both, yet her inclination leaned towards M. von Sillingen; this she frankly told her parents. M. von Reizenstein shook his head when he heard Eleanor's unbounded praises of young Sillingen, and the very indifferent manner in which she spoke of Edward. "My daughter," he said to her, "you know that *appearances are deceitful;* many people appear to us less good or much better than they really are; this is why we should never, as I have frequently told you, judge according to appearances. M. von Sillin-

possesses agreeable manners, but he wants stability, and his character cannot be very highly spoken of. M. von Brannfeld has not the advantage of a handsome exterior; but he has mind and education, combined with great penetration and an excellent heart; he is no flatterer, but he has a manly character; it is this which is required in man."

Eleanor reflected seriously on her father's words. She narrowly observed the two young men, and at length perceived that M. von Sillingen was an agreeable talker, without mind or meaning; on the contrary, she daily discovered some valuable quality in M. von Brannfeld.

A short time after, M. von Reizenstein received a visit from his brother. Eleanor was much attached to her uncle; and as it was many years since she had seen him, she felt sincere pleasure at his arrival.

"I congratulate you, my dear niece," he exclaimed on arriving. Eleanor looked as if she did not understand him. "Come, don't be so demure," added he, "I am aware that you are engaged; the only thing I could have wished was, that you had made a better choice; but the evil of it is, no one's advice is asked: I could have given you more than one piece of useful information, but now it is too late!"

Eleanor assured her uncle she did not comprehend him: "I am not engaged,"

she persisted; "I could not therefore ask your advice on the subject."

"How," said her uncle, "are you really not engaged? but I suppose you very soon will."

"My hand has been asked certainly," said Eleanor, "but I have not yet made up my mind."

"Bravissimo!" cried her uncle, "all is not lost: now, then, listen to me. On arriving here, I got down at the nearest inn, where I had a cup of coffee: in the saloon in which I stood, several young men were assembled, who were making a dreadful uproar; young Sillingen was of the number. I have long known this artful young man; he is a spendthrift, cheats at play, and tires every one with his bragging. He knows me also, but as I was in a travelling dress, he did not recognise me. I overheard him telling his friends that he was engaged to you, and that he was on the point of becoming rich; and added, with a loud laugh, that you appeared to him a very insignificant sort of person, and that it was your fortune that had taken his fancy: in this way he amused himself at your expense."

Eleanor's heart was deeply wounded on hearing this recital. She knew not what to say, and her face each moment changed colour. "Was I not right?" said her father to her: "*appearances are deceitful.* Let us

never lend an ear to flattery; it is a slippery path, which easily leads us to the pit of destruction."

"If we had not a friend to hold us back," added Madame de Reizenstein, slapping her good brother-in-law on the shoulder.

"I have no desire to see you fall into the precipice," said Eleanor's uncle. "Follow my advice, and endeavour to get rid of this good-for-nothing fellow Sillingen." Eleanor promised.

The same evening M. de Sillingen called at the house, and quite exhausted his compliments on Eleanor. She heard him with coldness; and when she persevered several days in the same course, M. de Sillingen perceived that he was discovered, and made his visits less frequent. Some time after, Eleanor became the affianced bride of M. de Brannfeld; and M. de Sillingen appeared no more in the family.

The worthy Adam Valten was invited to Eleanor's wedding: he received the invitation with inexpressible joy, and made a respectable appearance at the celebration of the marriage. M. de Brannfeld formed the happiness of Eleanor's life; and she ever recollected the saying, APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

VERONICA.

LITTLE Veronica had a very lively temper; she was seldom grave, and always in motion. Her brother John was not far wrong in giving her the name of Chatterbox; for she was for ever speaking, and never at a loss for something about which to talk, argue, or laugh.

"When I am near Veronica the chatterbox," said John, "I am never dull. She talks so much, that the hours seem minutes." Others made the same remark; and all who wished for diversion were very fond of the society of this little girl.

But the giddiness of Veronica was the cause of much uneasiness to her parents. She now approached the tenth year of her age, and had received but little instruction. Her mother wished to give her a knowledge of female occupations; but her progress was slow, not being able to keep herself quiet for a single instant. She resembled a butterfly sporting about from one flower to another.

"Pay attention, Veronica," her mother would say; "I wish to shew you how this is to be knit." For some minutes she gave heed; but soon, her eyes wandering to some other object, she was any thing but attentive to what her mother said; and thus committed more than one fault.

"You will never do any thing well," said her mother, in a displeased tone; "you are always absent; your thoughts wander here and there: if you wish to learn any thing, you must give it your undivided attention, and not leave it until you have perfectly learned it."

Veronica also wanted perseverance; she was seldom seen to finish any thing. One day she said to herself, "I wish to knit a pair of gloves for John; I shall present them to him on his birthday; this will give him inexpressible pleasure." She went to her mother, and begged of her to shew her immediately how to set about the work; and her mother saw her with astonishment devote so much attention to it, that in a few minutes she had no further need of her instruction.

But what was the good of it? Scarcely had Veronica worked at the gloves for a quarter of an hour, when she became weary of her occupation; she commenced making a pair of boots for her cat, which she soon left [illegible] a paper tree for her friend

Charlotte; and scarcely had she finished it, when she began to play with her thimble, then to sing and dance, and thought no more of her sewing or knitting.

She returned several times to her work; but her giddiness and want of application prevented her finishing it. John's birthday arrived, Veronica had almost completed the gloves, but half of the thumb and the tops of the fingers were still wanting; she was in consequence unable to offer her gift.

Their friend Charlotte made John a present of a little pocket-book, which she had made all herself, with which he was highly delighted; and Veronica then repented not having finished his gloves. Her mother, however, begged her to recollect that it was her thoughtlessness alone that had prevented it.

Veronica was equally careless in what concerned her more serious studies; she had excellent masters, whose patience she often exhausted through her want of attention.

John made great progress in his studies, but Veronica was far behind him: it could not be otherwise; her mind was always distracted; instead of listening to what her master said, she played with her fingers, chattered, thought of the cat, of the picture-books, of her friend Charlotte, of John's dog, and every sort of trifle; if afterwards her master questioned her about what she had been reading, she did not answer, or

perhaps taken it in a wrong sense. Thus it happened that, though in the main good and amiable, Veronica was ill-informed, and wanting in agreeable manners; and it was not without reason that her parents felt annoyed at her thoughtless and giddy conduct, while they used every means to alter it.

However, what the latter could not succeed in effecting was brought about by illness. Veronica fell sick; the physicians gave no hope; and her parents, who tenderly loved their daughter, were in despair; when suddenly a favourable alteration took place, and Veronica was restored to life. What joy for her kind parents and her fond brother! her life was spared; but she was obliged to keep her bed for several weeks longer to recover her strength. This illness had a powerful effect on her mind and whole deportment. She became more serious; and, perceiving that she would be confined for some time longer to her bed, she entreated her parents or her brother to read to her on good and useful subjects, to which she paid great attention, and retained nearly all she heard; she also read to herself, and improved considerably.

"If I recover," said she, "I will entirely change my conduct; I will be diligent and industrious."

[illegible]pt her good resolutions; her [illegible]ly altered her; she gave her

parents entire satisfaction, and was distinguished for her zeal and perseverance, her rational conduct, and ability; and was beloved by every one. She talked less than formerly, but became more thoughtful; she was less fond of play, but much more industrious.

Veronica's father one day addressed his wife, with tears in his eyes: "All that the Lord does is good," said he; "even the ills He sends us tend to our happiness: our daughter would not now be so gentle and amiable had He not tried her by a painful illness."

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THE

BIRD'S NEST,

And other Tales.

FROM THE GERMAN.

LONDON:
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1843.

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THE BIRD'S NEST.

COUNSELLOR ARETIN was the possessor of a fine estate situated in a charming part of the country. Occasionally he quitted his residence in town for this retreat, where he delighted in breathing the fresh air of the fields, while he reposed from the fatigues of business. On the return of spring, he, for the first time, took his two little boys to this country house, who were both much pleased with it. The garden adjoining the house, the corn-fields still green, and the meadows enamelled with flowers, delighted them; and they particularly admired the park full of oaks, birches, alders, &c., through which were cut fine gravel-walks.

One day their father led them into this park, and shewed them a bird's nest. There were five little ones in it, and the parent birds were bringing them food without any appearance of their being frightened: this was a great delight to the children.

After they had all seated themselves on a stone bench at the foot of an old oak, from which there was a fine view over the

"I am going," said their father, "to relate to you something about a bird's nest, which I hope will interest you. It happened, too, in this very country."

The two children lent all their attention; and he proceeded thus:—About forty years ago, on a fine morning, and under this very oak, sat a poor child watching his sheep. He held in his hand a little book, in which he read with great attention, only occasionally raising his eyes to observe his sheep, which browsed here and there between the forest and the stream. All at once there appeared before him a young gentleman of a pleasing countenance, and dressed in a richly embroidered coat. It was the hereditary prince, whom the shepherd did not know; but thought it might be the son of the ranger, who sometimes came on business to the neighbouring hunting-lodge.

"Good morning, Mr. Forester," said he, taking off his straw hat, which, however, he soon replaced. "Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Only inform me," said the prince, "whether there are any birds' nests hereabouts."

"Well, that *is* a curious question for a woodman! Do you not hear the birds sing? Of course, there are plenty of nests in this wood; each bird has a different one."

"[illegible] you must know of some," said [illegible]ently.

"I know of one beauty, the prettiest I ever saw in my life; it is made of bits of plaited straw, covered with moss, and there are five clear sky-blue eggs in it."

"Come and shew it me, then; I am very anxious to see it."

"Very likely; but I cannot shew it you."

"I do not ask you to shew it for nothing; I will pay you well."

"That may be; but I shall not shew the nest."

The prince's tutor now came up; he was a venerable clergyman, whom the shepherd had not before remarked. "Do not be so disobliging, my friend," said he; "this young gentleman has never yet seen a nest, although he has often read about it; do not deprive him of the pleasure of seeing one; he has no intention of taking it, he only wishes to look at it."

The shepherd rose from his seat; and shaking his head, said, "I cannot alter what I have said. I must not tell where my bird's nest is."

"This is not as it should be," said the tutor; "you ought to feel yourself honoured in being able to please the hereditary prince."

"Is that the hereditary prince?" cried the child, taking off his hat. "I am happy to make his acquaintance; but still I shall not shew my bird's nest the more for that."

The young prince appeared to be

much disappointed: "I never saw such an obstinate fellow in my life," said he; "but we will find a method of subduing him."

"At any rate," said the tutor, "you will tell us why you refuse to oblige us; and then we will leave you to yourself. Only explain your reasons, that we may judge if they are reasonable."

"Well, then," said the child, "you must know that Michel, who keeps the goats yonder on the mountain, pointed out this nest to me, and made me promise not to tell any one of it."

"But," continued the tutor, "here is a gold piece; it shall be yours, if you will only do what we ask you. Michel shall know nothing of it."

"Ah!" replied the shepherd. "In behaving thus I should be a rogue, and that I will not be, whether Michel knows it or not; and what good would it do, that all the world should be ignorant of it, if I knew myself to be a good-for-nothing fellow, and if God knew it also?"

"Perhaps you are not aware of the value of this piece of gold; if you were to change it into copper money, you might fill your hat with it."

"Indeed!" said the child, looking again at the gold piece. "My father would be very glad if I would ever carry him such a load of [illegible] no, no; go away from me."

Then he added, in a more gentle tone, "The young prince must not be displeased with me. See,—I put my hand into Michel's thus, and promised him not to betray his secret. A man has but his word.—Adieu!" Saying these words, he was leaving them; when the prince's servant, having heard the whole of the conversation while himself unseen, rushed forward, his face inflamed with rage, seized the shepherd by the arm, and said to him, "Pitiful wretch! is it thus that you rebel against your sovereign? Dare you set up a stupid shepherd against him? Shew us this nest directly, or I will break your bones." The child became pale and trembling, and exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, forgive me! pray forgive me!"

"Well, then, shew us the nest," said the servant.

The child clasped his hands together, and casting a terrified glance at the servant, said, "Oh, I cannot! I cannot!"

"My child," said the tutor, "fear nothing; no harm shall happen to you. You have acted rightly; you have an honest heart. Only ask your friend to allow you to come and shew us this nest; you may then divide the money with him."

"Very well," exclaimed the shepherd; "you shall have an answer this very evening."

The tutor then led the young prince to

the hunting-lodge, where they had come to spend some days. During their walk, he commented on the child's love of truth. "It deserves," said he, "our highest praise; it is an invaluable jewel. In this shepherd there is that which is fitted to make a remarkable man, a noble, determined character; and thus it often happens, that those virtues are to be found in a cottage, which in a palace one would seek for in vain."

On their arrival at the house, the tutor asked who the child was; and he was informed that it was a boy of the name of George, the son of a poor but honest labourer, who lived at a little distance off.

When the young prince's lessons were over, his tutor advanced to the window, and exclaimed: "There is George waiting for us; he has brought his flock to this side, and is on the look-out for us. Now we shall know his answer." And he went out with his young pupil. George ran joyfully to meet them.

"All goes right," said he; "I am glad that I spoke to Michel, for now I may shew you the nest, my prince."

So saying, he ran on, the prince and his tutor following him. "Do you see," said he, "that yellow bird singing so merrily on that branch of alder? It is to him that the nest be[illegible] Now, come quite softly."

I[illegible]pot of the forest, a thorn-

bush raised its beautifully chiselled leaves and its sweet flowers to the beams of the sun. George pointed to this bush, saying to the young prince, "See, the hen-bird is hatching her eggs."

She almost immediately flew out, and the prince had the pleasure of examining the nest, and the beautiful eggs which it contained.

"Now," said the tutor, "come for the reward which we promised you. Gold would be of no use to you; I will therefore pay you in silver;" and taking a bag of money from his pocket, he counted (to the child's great astonishment) upon a stone bench a quantity of little pieces of coin. "Divide it equally with Michel," said he to him.

"That I will," replied George; and he ran off as fast as if he had stolen it.

Upon making inquiry afterwards in what manner the division had been made, the tutor found that George had not wronged his companion of a single piece, and that what fell to his own share he had given to his father.

The prince returned daily to the forest to visit the nest; and as he did no injury to the birds, they soon ceased to be afraid of him. He was pleased to see them hatch their eggs; and after that, to see the young ones opening their little yellow beaks, and twittering when the parent birds brought them food

and it was a still prettier sight when they began to try their wings in flying to the neighbouring branches. The young prince and his tutor frequently met the shepherd in their walks, as he led his sheep to graze on various sides of the forest; and the former was much pleased to find him so often attentively studying his book. He desired him one day to read aloud to him; and the child obeyed very willingly, although he was obliged to spell a great many of his words.

"Very well," said the tutor; "where did you go to school?"

"Oh!" said George, "I have never been to school; for it is far away, and I should have lost too much time in going there. I am obliged to stay at home in the winter to net, and my father cannot afford to pay a schoolmaster for me; but I learn of my friend Michel, who himself reads very well; and he taught me first to spell, and then to put the syllables together. I have already read this little book, that Michel lent me, three times; but it is so spoilt and torn that one can hardly make out the letters, which makes it very difficult to read in."

Some days afterwards, when the prince again met George, he presented him with a beautiful new book, handsomely bound in leather: "I lend it now to you," said he; "but as soon as you can read one page in it without [illegible] shall be your own."

The poor shepherd most gladly accepted this offer; and on the following day he sought the prince, and said to him, "I will read to you any page you please to choose from the first six leaves of this book without a fault." The trial being successful, the prince made a present of the book to George, to his infinite delight. One morning the young prince's father arrived at the lodge to visit his son, and to satisfy himself as to the improvement he had made. During dinner, the latter mentioned the bird's nest and the young shepherd, and the tutor joined in the conversation; adding, "The love of truth in that child is so remarkable, that I am sure he would make an excellent servant. I wish he had an opportunity of learning, that he might turn the talents with which he has been endowed to some account. His father is a poor labourer, and it would be a thousand pities that the son should remain in the same situation."

On quitting table, the prince took the tutor aside and conversed with him for some time. He then ordered the shepherd to be sent for; and poor George was not a little astonished to find himself in a superb saloon in the presence of his sovereign, who wore on his breast a brilliant star. The child bowed profoundly, on being informed by the tutor who it was.

"Well, my boy," said the prince kindly

to him, "I am told that you have a taste for books; would you like to learn?"

"Oh," replied George, "if it depended on me, I should be now at school; but my father is too poor."

"Listen to me," said the prince, "and let us see what we can make of you. My son's tutor has a friend a country clergyman, who receives children into his house to teach them the learned languages; I will place you under his care, and will take all the expenses upon myself. What do you think of it?" The prince expected that the child would have kissed his hands at least, to express his joy and gratitude; but after the first smile of surprise, his countenance assumed an expression of sadness. "How now?" said the prince; "it appears to me that you are more inclined to cry than to laugh. Tell me what afflicts you."

"Alas!" replied George; "my father is so very poor, and although I gain but little by keeping sheep in summer, and by netting in winter, yet he cannot do without it."

"You are a good son," said the prince; "and the love which you bear your father is more precious than the finest pearl of my diadem; but do not be uneasy about your father,—if, instead of your present employment, you take to reading and writing, I will take care of your father. Will that satisfy you?"

George was now beside himself with joy. After covering the prince's hands with kisses, he hastened home with all speed to inform his father of the good fortune that had befallen him. They shortly returned together, although utterly at a loss how to express their gratitude.

When Mons. Aretin came to this part of his recital, he was so affected that the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he ceased.

"Well," exclaimed both the children, Adolphus and William, "the story is not finished; what became of good George?"

"My dear children," said their father, "this George, this shepherd, is myself. The prince took me into his service as soon as I had finished my studies, and was satisfied with me. He has been dead ten years, but the remembrance of him will never die; my gratitude, as well as that of the whole country, will follow him beyond the grave. The little prince, whom I for the first time saw in the forest, is our present reigning sovereign; and the minister of our principal church, who has such an affection for you, and who takes so much pains with your education, is the good tutor. My father, who always lived with me, and whose days passed happily in my house, is gone before us to heaven; he loved you very dearly, and was unceasingly employed in instructing and amusing you. May he rest in peace! With God's

assistance. I have been able to purchase this same estate, where I, as a child, was a keeper of sheep. My good farmer and overseer is the same Michel who led his goats to graze on the mountains, and who gave me my first lessons in reading."

"Well," said little William, "the bird's nest was of great benefit to you. Birds for ever! Is this nest built by the same sort of bird?"

"Yes, yes," said his brother: "but what had the nest to do with it? It is because our father was honest and active, that he is become, from a simple shepherd, privy counsellor and the proprietor of this estate."

"The honour belongs not to me," said their father, "but to God. How should I have been able, poor child as I was, to have attained to it? God has been my guide; and He made use of the bird's nest as a means of introducing me to the notice of the hereditary prince, and in the end he has richly rewarded my labour and integrity. Employ those talents which God has given you to advantage, my dear children; work with assiduity; be just and honest; and above all, put your trust in God and pray for His assistance; and in so doing, you will find your reward. Oh, may God grant it!" added he, rising from his [illegible] and blessing his two sons with mu[illegible] whose eyes were filled with t[illegible]

We must now add what is omitted in the preceding recital. The Counsellor Aretin continued to serve his prince faithfully; and as he always told him the truth, the influence which he possessed with him proved a source of prosperity to the whole country. His two sons, Adolphus and William, followed the steps of their father, and became deservedly esteemed by every one. Adolphus was, like his father, a counsellor; William, an officer; and both of them,—distinguished for their loyalty, their talents, and their uprightness of conduct,—became the support of their father and the crown of his old age.

THE DAISIES (MARGUERITES).

ONE Sunday afternoon Madame Ditiner, a worthy shop-keeper, went to walk in a large meadow out of the town. She was accompanied by her little daughter Mary, dressed in a pretty white frock and straw bonnet. It was a fine spring day, and the meadow was seen a long way off, with its bright green grass and its enamel of flowers.

"How clear and blue the sky is," exclaimed Mary; "and how beautiful is this meadow! so green, and so covered with these little star-like white flowers. Oh! how delighted I am; and how beautiful is every thing which God has made!" Saying this, Mary began to gather some flowers, and went on,—"They are really most prettily formed—the inner circle is of a beautiful yellow, and the delicate white leaves surround it like rays; and see, dear mother, what a fine rose-colour the points of these leaves are of; the little buds are also green [redacted], and as round as beads: we call *flowers*; but as that is a common

name for all flowers which grow in the fields, pray tell me if there be no particular name for them?"

"O yes," replied her mother; "they are called also *turf-flowers*, because there is scarcely a corner of turf where they are not to be found shining; they are called *every-month flowers*, because there is hardly a month in the year in which they cannot blow, except when the earth is covered with frost and snow; also *goose-flowers*, because they afford food to that animal; and lastly, *flowers of modesty*."

"Well, that *is* a droll name," said Mary; "but pray tell me why it is given to these flowers, and what it means."

"I hardly know whether I can make that clear to you; but I think these flowers are so called, because, with a simple and unpretending dress, they are agreeable to the eye; and thus they teach us to avoid finery in our clothes. Then, see, these little flowers wear only yellow, white, and a little pink, and we are pleased with them. You wear a white frock, and a straw bonnet with pink ribbons, which become you better than all the most striking colours in the world. I wish that you may preserve in every thing the same simplicity which is observable in your dress, that you may be also a flower of modesty."

"But at home we have none of these flowers," said Mary. "Will you allow me

to pull up some roots of them to plant in my garden?"

"To be sure," said the mother; "we may also make them of use in different ways—the green leaves are eaten in salad, or mixed with spinach; they are even employed in medicine. I have a friend who suffered much from a disease in the tongue, and who was cured by these little leaves: thus, you see, they unite the useful with the agreeable. Would that we could always say as much for ourselves!"

The following day Mary returned to the same spot, and gathering several roots of these flowers, arranged them in a line in her garden, as her mother had directed her. She then dug the earth up around them, and pulled up the weeds which would have injured her plantation. She also took care to water them, when there had been no rain. When the little buds began to appear, and the flowers to disengage themselves from their covering, Mary was not a little surprised; for she thought them much more beautiful than she had ever seen them.

"Oh, do come and see!" exclaimed she, running to her mother; "my plants have succeeded so well, and are become so beautiful, that you will hardly know them again. See! one could almost believe them to be bit- [illegible] velvet."

"[illegible]e quite right," said her mother;

"but when these flowers are so cultivated, they are also called *velvet-flowers*. You see how, by taking pains, the plant which appeared to us at first quite common, may be made to assume a very rich appearance."

Mary was so enchanted by this metamorphosis, that she again sought in the meadow for roots, and brought them into her garden, where she cultivated them with more assiduity than ever. A singular change then took place in the flower; the yellow circle in the middle disappeared, and the white petals which surrounded it became of all sorts of colours; some of them remained as white as snow, but others became of a pale red, and looked from afar like so many small roses. Mary, not less surprised at this appearance than the time before, ran as quick as possible to her mother. "Come and see," said she, "something more; I think that if I continue to cultivate these plants, I shall have a thousand different flowers."

"Very likely," replied her mother; "they are also called the little *thousand flowers;* but it is not so great a novelty as you imagine. Many gardeners already have endeavoured to obtain the same result, and have succeeded; and thus, with labour and perseverance, every thing in nature may be brought to perfection. The same thing which has happened to your little plantation, takes place with trees and fruits. The

greater part of the fine flowers which are so much admired in our gardens, derive their origin from the humble field-flower; and the best-flavoured apples and pears are gathered from trees which formerly bore nothing but wild fruit. Thus it is that God rewards the exertions of man, by enabling him to triumph over nature. And does not education also improve our natural disposition? but unfortunately children often resist the attempts which are made for their advantage more than these little flowers do; and many of them, by their giddiness, their disobedience, and untractableness, render all the efforts which are made for them vain. Learn, then, my child, to appreciate the worth of the education which I am desirous of giving you, that it may be the means of rendering you more perfect."

The pretty flowers which Mary had collected increased from day to day; and as she saw them growing so strong and beautiful, she thought there was no longer any occasion to attend to them, and she let them grow on without bestowing any further care upon them. But how was she surprised when she perceived them one after another lose their form and their colour, and become again the same as they were when she gathered them from the meadow!

"A' [redacted] really too bad," said she; "I [redacted] that the flowers which had

given me so much pleasure would ever become a grief to me!" And she asked her mother how such a change could have taken place.

"It is very easily accounted for," replied her mother; "you have neglected these flowers, you have abandoned them to the mercy of the soil, without taking care to water them, and to free them from the weeds which surround them: that is why they grow in their old way. Perseverance and steadiness alone preserve the beauties which we have assisted to produce; and so it is with ourselves. The education we at first receive may be excellent, and we may have already experienced the advantages of it; but the moment we neglect ourselves, we fall away. Do not then be annoyed if I tell you that you still fail in many points. Since you first brought these flowers into your garden, you have become taller, older, and, I am happy to see, more religious; but you still require a great deal of overlooking: endeavour to be submissive and obedient to me, if you do not wish to retrograde like these flowers. Another reason may be found for the change which has taken place in your garden; in the square piece of turf which adjoins it you see many common field-flowers have sprung up, and the gardeners are of opinion that the wild flowers spoil those which have been cultivated, and bring them back by de-

grees to their former nature. It is a remark which ought to contain this warning for us, that we must lose no time in flying from the society of wicked and vulgar people, unless we wish to resemble them,—for bad society destroys good principles. You see, my dear Mary, how particular God has been in giving us wise counsel, which cannot fail to be of use to us, if we will but remember from whom it comes, and follow its dictates implicitly."

From this day Mary returned to the cultivation of her flowers with assiduity, carefully rooting up any that were likely to injure the beauty of the rest, and she soon perceived them blowing afresh, and becoming every day more beautiful. At the same time, she was very desirous of attending to the warnings of her mother with regard to herself, that all the trouble she had taken in bringing her up might not be rendered vain by any frivolity on her part. She avoided the society of badly brought-up girls, and she gradually acquired a greatness of soul and a high degree of goodness, and her character unfolded itself much more beautifully than any of her flowers had ever done. She now felt the liveliest gratitude for all that had been done in her education; and when her mother's birth-day arrived, she led her into her little garden, where her mother perceived all of her name formed with the

thousand beautiful little flowers which were there collected.

"My dear mother," said Mary, "you have taken much more care of me than I have of these plants; they have shewn themselves grateful, and how can I be less so? allow me, then, to make you this offering, to thank you for all the trouble I have given you."

The mother, pleased with the modesty of her child, said, "Dear child, these flowers must be named after you."

"Not so," replied Mary, "but yours, which they have already formed; I shall call them *Marguerites*."

The mother, however, continued to call them Mary-flowers; while Mary, on the other side, and after her many other persons, distinguished them by no other name than MARGUERITES.

THE CHERRIES.

IN the pretty little village of Rebenheim, which is entirely surrounded by smiling pastures and rich vineyards, and is situated near the Rhine, lived the excellent overseer Müller. This good man was generally esteemed for the zeal with which he performed the duties of his office, and maintained around him justice and order. His wife made herself beloved for her benevolent disposition. This couple had but one child, little Caroline, already remarkably pretty, possessed of a sound judgment and of an excellent heart.

Her parents loved her tenderly, and endeavoured to give her a good education.

Adjoining the dwelling of the overseer were a large orchard and a little garden sown with flowers. On the day of Caroline's birth, her father planted in this garden a particular sort of cherry-tree, which never becomes very large, and from which, therefore, the fruit may be easily gathered. When this tree flowered for the first time, the overseer and his wife observed with pleasure the fine white bunches of flowers with which it was covered; and their child, in its mother's arms, smiled as they did at the sight of them, stretched its tiny arms towards the tree, and expressed the pleasure it felt by those little disjointed words which are incomprehensible to all but a parent; but when they heard her articulate, "Flowers, flowers!" their joy in seeing her innocent delight far exceeded all that the tree, or their large garden, or their vineyard, could afford. Then it was that they solemnly vowed to bring her up carefully; then it was that they prayed to God to assist them in their undertaking, and to render their daughter such as they wished her to become.

To this end, they neglected nothing that it was in their power to do; and it was from her mother that Caroline received her first religious instruction. She spoke to her of the love we ought to bear to that kind F-

ther whom we have in heaven; of that God who causes the flowers to blow, the trees to flourish, and the fruits to ripen: she spoke to her of that infant Jesus, who loves good children so well. She also began to teach her works of different kinds, always carefully proportioning her tasks to her abilities. The overseer's principal occupation, also (after he had fulfilled the duties of his office), was that of teaching her to read and write.

As he passed a great part of the day in the justice-room, he found it a great relief to exchange his papers and parchments for the verdant freshness of his garden. There, from the first opening of the early spring until late in the autumn, he found employment to his taste; while his wife, assisted by the servant, took care of the kitchen-garden; and when Caroline had attained her eighth year, she also began to find much pleasure in managing a little garden of her own. Her father gave her the cherry-tree which he had planted, and she valued it above all her flowers; it became, indeed, to her an object of admiration, from the time of its budding until the fruit became ripe. At first she felt sad at seeing the flowers of her cherished tree fall one by one; but then she saw with great pleasure that they were replaced by young cherries like peas, which increased in size and colour, till they became at last [illegible]ed, amidst the green leaves.

"Thus it is with mankind," said her father: "youth and beauty pass away; but virtue is the fruit that we must look for. The world resembles a great garden, in which God has assigned to every one his place to bear good fruit; and in the same manner that Heaven affords the trees rain and sunshine, God grants to us the power of acquiring holy and virtuous habits, if we are not wanting to ourselves."

Caroline promised, after such conversations, faithfully to fulfil her duty; and her daily behaviour justified the hopes of her parents. Thus did this happy and contented family live, possessing a favourable influence over the minds of those around them, not only by their good advice, but still more by their good example; so that the peasants of the village and its neighbourhood lived together in harmony, and partook of the general happiness.

But that war, which towards the end of the last century had begun to ravage the beautiful countries of the Rhine, also approached this valley, in which so much peace and happiness had hitherto reigned. The village was delivered up to friends and foes by turns, and suffered severely from these frequent invasions. At one time the enemy had just taken possession of it, and the miserable country was so exhausted, that the inhabitants were almost deprived of the

necessaries of life: until the enemy was once more driven back. The French one day made a resolute attack on the village, and advanced to within a very short distance of it. There the combat became still more violent; the firing increased, the cannon resounded on all sides, the balls whistled around the overseer's dwelling, and some houses at the end of the village had already taken fire. As soon as the artillery had withdrawn, the good overseer hastened to carry assistance to those persons whose houses had suffered from it; while his wife deadly pale, her hands clasped together, remained sitting at the window, casting her supplicating looks to heaven; and the weeping Caroline on her knees by her side raised her trembling arms and prayed devoutly with her.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon that a knocking was heard at the door; the mother looked from the window, and perceived that an officer of hussars on horseback was stopping before the house.

"God be praised," said she, "he belongs to the German army." Caroline flew to open the door, and her mother followed her.

"You seem dreadfully alarmed!" exclaimed the officer, on seeing their pale countenances. "But take courage, the danger is past, and you may feel secure; the fire is also extinguished; your husband will be here directly, and in the mean time I must beg a little re-

freshment—a morsel of bread and a glass of water, if you have nothing else to give me." Thus saying, he entered the house, placed his sword in a corner of the room, and wiping the drops of moisture from his brow, sat himself down. "The business has been a rough one," said he; "but, God be praised, we have gained the victory."

An angel from heaven could not have given more joy than did the words of the officer. The overseer's wife had still a few bottles of old Rhenish wine left buried in the orchard, which had not been discovered by the enemy. She hastened to fetch one of them, and adding to it a piece of white bread, made many excuses for having so little to offer.

"It is enough," said the officer, seizing what they presented to him with avidity; "and it is the first food I have tasted to-day."

Caroline, however, gathered the ripest cherries which she could find on her favourite tree, and brought them in on a fine china plate.

"Cherries!" cried the officer; "these are great rarities in this country; by what miracle have they escaped the hands of the enemy, who have so completely stripped all the trees in the neighbourhood?"

"These cherries," replied the mother, "are gathered from a little tree which was planted on the day of my daughter's birth, and which the enemy must have overlooked."

"And you bring them to me, my pretty child!" replied the officer, addressing himself to Caroline: "no, no; they are for yourself: it would be a crime to deprive you of a single one."

"What!" said Caroline, "should we refuse a few cherries to those brave men who shed their blood for us?" and while she was speaking, her blue eyes were filled with tears, which rolled down her cheeks. "You must eat them without scruple," added she; "I beg it as a favour," and she placed them nearer to him; when all at once the sound of a trumpet was heard.

"That is the signal for departure," said the officer, "I have no time to lose;" and he arose and buckled on his sabre. The overseer's wife, however, insisted on his taking a glass of wine, and Caroline wrapped up the cherries hastily in a sheet of paper, and presented them to him.

"It is very hot," said she, "and they will be at least some slight refreshment to you."

"But I have no empty pocket left," said he; "all that I possess I carry about me—see, I am loaded like a baggage-horse."

"Come," said Caroline, "I think a little place may be found for my cherries;" and her entreaties were accompanied with so much grace and good-heartedness, that he took out a wallet and placed the cherries with[illegible]

"Truly," said he, much affected, "to a warrior, to whom in general the very necessaries of life are begrudged, it is a great pleasure to find so much friendliness and cordiality. I regret not to be able to remain longer, or to leave you some slight remembrance of me; but I have nothing, nothing but my thanks, to offer;" and repeating his adieus, he vaulted on his horse and departed.

The happiness which the good people experienced in being delivered from the enemy's presence was not of long duration. Some weeks afterwards another battle took place in front of the village, of which all the houses were destroyed; that of the overseer being burnt. The latter, with his wife and daughter, having lost nearly all they possessed, left this scene of desolation on foot, not without casting many a glance on the ruins behind them. The country was taken possession of by the enemy. The good overseer, always faithful to his sovereign, considered himself fortunate to have even saved his life; and departed with his little family to a far-distant town, there to take up his melancholy abode. He endeavoured to gain a livelihood by copying manuscripts; his wife employed herself in embroidery; and their daughter Caroline did all in her power to assist them. In this manner they contrived to live respectably. The Cou-

de Mahlbourg, an old inhabitant of the town, more especially patronised them. One day Caroline carried home a hat which the Countess had ordered.

"Madame is engaged with company at present," said the waiting-woman; "yesterday evening her sister and brother-in-law, with their daughters, arrived;" and taking the hat, she went with it to her mistress. In a few minutes afterwards she returned, and desiring Caroline to follow her, conducted her into a garden where the Countess and her party were. On her entrance, Caroline saw the two young ladies engaged in examining the hat which she had manufactured, and their mother advanced and complimented her upon her work, at the same time ordering three similar ones for herself and daughters.

The Countess then spoke: "This hat and the flowers which ornament it are beautiful. Caroline works extremely well; but the manner in which she conducts herself deserves even more praise than the dexterity of her fingers does." She then began to relate all that she knew of the young girl's history, and the indefatigable manner in which she exerted herself to support her parents. Meanwhile the Count and his brother-in-law, an officer in a brilliant uniform [illegible]rated with several orders, advanced [illegible]hem. The latter had but just un-

derstood what was their subject of conversation, when he rushed forward, looked at Caroline, and said,

"Tell me, my good girl, are not you the daughter of the overseer of Rebenheim? You are become so tall and handsome that I should hardly have recognised you; nevertheless we are old acquaintances." Caroline, astonished beyond measure, stared at the stranger, and blushed deeply. Taking her by the hand in a friendly manner, he led her to his wife, and said, "Look, Amelia, this is the young girl whom I told you saved my life ten years ago, when she was but a child."

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

"Do you not remember the hussar who dismounted one day at your door, to whom you were so kind as to give some cherries?" answered the officer.

"Ah! it was to you!" said Caroline, her face beaming with joy. "Thank God, you are still living! but how I can have contributed to your escape from death, I really cannot imagine."

"You may, indeed, be ignorant of the great service you rendered me, but my wife and daughter know it well; I wrote it to them immediately; for it is certainly one of the most remarkable circumstances of my life."

"And for me the most remarkable circumstance of the whole war," added his wife.

"Well," said the Countess de Mahlbourg, "my husband and I know nothing of all this history; pray relate it to us."

"It is short enough," said the officer. "I arrived at Caroline's dwelling, tormented with hunger, and I literally begged for a little bread and some water. She and her mother placed before me all that they possessed, all that they had reserved for urgent necessity. Caroline entirely despoiled her little cherry-tree to present the fruit for my refreshment; the cherries were most excellent, and probably the only ones to be found in the country. But the enemy did not afford me much time for eating them. I was obliged to mount my horse almost immediately, putting the cherries which Caroline had given me in a wallet upon my breast. The enemy, already once repulsed, attacked us again. I threw myself, with the soldiers which I commanded, into the fight, where we were quickly surrounded by a troop of infantry. A soldier fired at me, almost within arms-length, and the bullet rebounded from my wallet; without this protection I should in all probability have been killed. Now, I ask if this child was not sent by Providence to snatch me from death?

"You often speak to me of my military re-
n[illegible]d he; "and yet see what is man!

But for a plate of cherries I might long ago have been buried in the churchyard of Rebenheim; and another would now fill my place. I owe my orders, my rank, my well-doing, to a handful of cherries, or rather, to the hand of God.—We must have some more conversation together," said he, suddenly, to Caroline; "at present I have a little business to transact with the Count:" and they turned away.

The officer led his brother-in-law to the end of the garden. He knew that the Count had some months before lost his overseer; and that he had found much difficulty to replace him. "Now," said he, "you need no longer rack your brains about an overseer; you must take Müller in that capacity. Believe me that God has not in vain sent the daughter of this good man to us, and caused me to arrive here, as if expressly to meet her."

"It is true," replied the Count, "that these good people deserve our utmost attention, and I am sure that Müller is an honest man; but I have scarcely seen him twice, and one must think ——"

"Why trouble yourself?" exclaimed the officer, hastily. "I will answer for your not finding a better man in all Germany. Have I not been twice to Rebenheim to thank this kind Caroline for the service she rendered me? I neither found her, or her parents

but I learnt many things about them, which filled me with admiration. The whole village bore testimony to the goodness of the noble-minded overseer, his excellent wife, and the little Caroline. The old men said to me, and wept while they said it, how Müller was a pattern of justice, of activity, of the love of order, and of benevolence; never can we forget all that he did for us; and wherever he may chance to sojourn, may happiness attend him. In this manner did the peasants speak of him: and I entreat you to sign the order for his installation as overseer, that I may carry it to him myself."

The business was then arranged; the order was written and signed. The officer had not been so happy for a long time; even on a day of victory he had seldom felt more joyful.

While this was taking place, Caroline returned to her home in excellent spirits. "Well," said her father, "what is the cause of the joy with which your eyes are sparkling?" She then related all that had happened to her.

"It is a ray of hope," said her mother; "perhaps there may yet be better days in store for us."

"Yes, Caroline," said her father; "the kindness which you manifested so early in life must contribute to the happiness of your p[illegible]."

"But all that kindness I learnt from you," replied she modestly.

They were still conversing on these events, when the noise of a sword knocking upon the stairs was heard, and the steps of some one mounting them in great haste. It was the officer. "Good day to you, Mr. overseer of Mahlbourg," exclaimed he, opening the door.

"What! overseer of Mahlbourg?" said Müller.

"Yes, to be sure," said the officer, opening his pocket-book, and drawing out a paper, which he gave the overseer to read: it was the nomination to the situation of overseer of the province of Mahlbourg, with a handsome salary, and other advantages.

The high-minded Müller, who had up to this time borne all his misfortunes so patiently, could hardly believe his eyes. "Read the paper aloud," said the officer; "your wife and my young preserver are doubtless curious to know what it contains."

The overseer read the appointment; and his wife and daughter listened to him with tears of joy.

"Huzza!" exclaimed the officer; "every thing must be completed immediately. An hour ago, no one dreamt of your being overseer of Mahlbourg; and as it has begun, so it must end. Come, therefore, with me, that I may present you to my brother-in-law."

Müller begged to be permitted to dress himself. "I allow you a quarter of an hour," said the officer, "and I will wait for you in my apartment at the Count's. As for you," said he, turning to Caroline and her mother, "prepare for your departure: you are here very badly accommodated; except in war-time, I never had so poor a lodging. But at Mahlbourg you will have a house to your taste; there is also a good garden, and some fine cherry-trees. On Monday next you will be installed there, and we shall also take our departure directly. We wish to have a grand fête there; and I hope we shall partake of a merrier repast than we did under the enemy's cannon in the middle of the burning village of Rebenheim. Above all, my good Caroline, do not forget to have some cherries on the table; I think there will then be some ripe."

Speaking thus, he quickly departed, to avoid the thanks of this happy family, and the better to conceal his own emotion; and so hastily did he descend the stairs, that it was impossible for the overseer to follow him.

"O Caroline," said Müller, "who could have thought that the little tree which we planted on the day of your birth, would have produced such fruits to us!"

"God has thus ordained it," said the [illegible], clasping her hands. "I well re-

member how we remarked that tree when it first flowered, and how delighted Caroline, while quite a baby, was to see it; we then made a vow to bring our child up with care, and we implored the grace of God to assist us. Our prayer has been granted beyond what we dared to hope for; praised be His goodness!"

"Yes," said the overseer, "the prayers of religious parents can never be poured forth in vain; and as God has listened to our petition under the cherry-tree, may He now deign to accept our gratitude."

THE SLUGGARD.

ITTLE Marion was gentle and good; her parents loved her fondly; yet they were at times obliged to reprimand her with so much severity as to cause her to shed tears. Marion had a bad habit of sleeping too long. Her brother Frederic, a boy full of fun and frolic, but exceedingly good-natured, often ridiculed her indolence, which sometimes provoked an angry retort from his sister.

One evening all the family were assembled round the table, and every one seemed cheerful. Frederic was in great good humour, and laughingly related a number of amusing stories. Marion, on the contrary, began to nod, and seemed oppressed with sleep.

"Oh! little sluggard!" cried her brother, shaking her to rouse her up; "do you not see how gay and cheerful we all are; but you, you are like one of those plants which close when the sun disappears."

Marion felt this reproach, and said in an impatient tone, "Let me alone; you need not trouble yourself about me, sir!" and

the latter then wishing to embrace her, she slapped him harshly on the hand.

The little gentleman not possessing a very patient temper, answered his sister sharply. The latter got angry, and gave him a long lecture; but perceiving that Frederic paid no attention to what she said, she began to cry.

This little scene might perhaps have ended disagreeably, if the parents of the young people had not interposed between them, and thus terminated their quarrel. Silence was imposed on Frederic, and he was reproved for having begun the dispute. Marion was also reprimanded by her father.

"I have often," said he, "remarked to you your fault in sleeping too long; of all the family you are the last to get up, and the first to go to bed. In the evening, instead of being cheerful, and listening to what is read or related, you sleep, and thus deprive yourself of many an agreeable moment. If your rest is disturbed, you get cross, and your ill-humour then leads you to act improperly: I hope that you will correct this habit of sleeping."

Marion listened to all her father's remonstrances, but paid no regard to them, which greatly vexed her parents. Thus it happened that Marion, who in other respects was a good child, got into many troubles through her indolence, and caused great discomfort to those around her.

Louisa and Henrietta, Marion's sisters, in no wise resembled her on this point: nimble as two kids, they rose with the sun and began their studies; in the evening again they worked industriously, whilst Marion's eyes were heavy with sleep. Their mother, therefore, said with truth that Louisa, Henrietta, and Frederic, lived, in one year, twenty days longer than Marion.

Marion's mother usually took upon herself to awake her, which was very disagreeable to her, and often put her in ill-humour; she was obliged to call her many times, and even to shake her, in order to make her get up. She would sometimes promise her mother to rise; but no sooner had she returned to her domestic occupations than she would again fall asleep for several hours. While her sisters were working diligently, and had performed a part of their task, Marion would slowly creep out of her room, and with a yawn wish them a good morning.

One day all the family had been to walk, leaving Marion in bed as usual; it was nearly nine o'clock before she awoke. On returning, her sisters went to her room, and found her, to their great astonishment, still in bed; they laughed, and jeered her about it. But Marion felt ashamed, her eyes filled with [illegible] and she dared not look at her sisters. [illegible]gh Marion slept so much longer [illegible]sters, she was neither so gay nor so

lively as they were; on the contary, her listless manners made a disagreeable impression on every one. Her father tried to impress on her mind, that all which is against nature is injurious both to body and soul: nature requires that the body should rest about seven hours a day; if this is exceeded, it is too much, and all excess is hurtful. Too much slumber diminishes, instead of increasing the strength; it makes one stupid and listless all the day, unable to work, negligent, and a burden to one's self and others.

"I feel it, dear father," said Marion, "and also see the inconvenience of it, and have often formed the resolution of rising earlier; but the habit is stronger than ever. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak;' we cannot do all we wish."

"We cannot remove mountains, nor drain the ocean," replied her father, "neither is it in our power to change lead into silver nor brass into gold; this would be against the decrees of Providence: but we have strength to conquer our passions, and to get rid of our evil inclinations. Each of us may, provided he is willing, become the absolute master of himself. Try to have a determined will, and you will thus get out of your bad habit."

Marion promised her father to make every attempt. Her sisters had often seen the sun rise above one of the neighbouring moun-

tains, when taking their early morning walk with their parents, and were constantly praising the beauty of the sight to Marion; the latter consequently asked her father's permission to be also of the party, promising to rise very early.

"We shall see," said her father; and at once proposed to take a walk the next morning. All applauded the idea; and Marion seemed delighted.

Next morning her mamma called her at three o'clock. She awoke, and started up, and in five minutes was ready. Her mother was much gratified, and folded her to her bosom. Marion felt all the happiness of this moment. But what was her delight when she saw the sun rise, and the beauties of nature present themselves to her sight, in all the splendour of the morning! She felt, as it were, entranced, and embracing her parents and sisters, she expressed to them her gratitude for having procured her such a spectacle.

"You see, my child," said her father, "you have more strength than you supposed; you have to-day got the better of sleep; I hope that in future you will persist in your resolution, and that this will not be the last day of your early rising."

Marion promised to persevere, and kept her wo[illegible]rgently entreated her mother [illegible]er in her resolution, to

awake her early, and not to quit her bedside until she had risen; she even added, that she must give her a *cold pig*, if she did not shew herself more docile. Marion's mother willingly consented to what her daughter desired of her: it is true that at first she had some little trouble in overcoming her sleep; but by degrees she mastered her indolence. She rose in summer with her sisters at six o'clock; in winter at seven, and did not go to bed before ten.

It naturally resulted from this, that no one was any longer shocked by Marion's bad habits; she was no longer so irritable, she worked more, her health improved, and she felt happier.

Her brother Frederic often called her in fun *the despot*, because he very knowingly said that she had subdued her slothfulness. Marion was not displeased with him for this innocent raillery. On the contrary, she felt a secret pleasure in it. But as women are never behindhand, she had her revenge on her brother, in saying to him; "It is to be hoped that one day my brother will become a despot, when he shall have acquired the power of getting rid of his mischievous tricks, which attend him like so many satellites!"

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THE LOBSTERS.

CATHERINE was a persevering, industrious, and, on the whole, well-conducted girl; but she had one great fault, that of being extremely fond of good eating. Her parents kept the principal shop in a little town; and while yet quite a child, Catherine could not resist the temptation to open the different drawers, and to take from them any almonds, figs, and raisins, which she might happen to find. When she grew older, she frequently sold remnants of taffeta or cotton, unknown to her parents, for the purpose of procuring herself some dainty or other. She was delighted when she saw her parents going out; for she then prepared herself a feast of coffee or chocolate, or roasted herself a chicken or a pigeon.

One day, when her father was absent on business, and her mother invited to a wedding, Catherine, as usual, was desirous of taking advantage of the liberty thus granted her. She invited three of her friends, and served them up a repast of coffee, cake, raisins, and other fruit, a large sugared tartlet, and Malaga wine. In short, the table

was so overloaded with all sorts of good things, that there was hardly room for the plates. The four young girls were enjoying themselves extremely, and beginning to laugh and talk, when, behold, in the middle of the feast, the door opened, and Catherine's mother with another lady entered. The three guests arose in a fright, and Catherine felt ready to sink into the earth. Her mother, however, made no remark at the time; but led the person who accompanied her into the shop. The stranger was a lady from the country, who had also been invited to the wedding, and who after dinner wished to make some purchases.

Towards evening Catherine's mother returned home, and her father also arrived from his journey. Not wishing to annoy him so soon after his return, she postponed the mention of his daughter's conduct until the following day. The account grieved him much, and he decided upon speaking to her directly. Poor Catherine, who had hardly closed her eyes during the night, came trembling before him. He then remonstrated seriously with his daughter.

"My dear Catherine," said he, "your gluttony gives me great uneasiness; and what you look upon as only a slight fault, may have most terrible consequences. He who cannot repress this inclination can never reckon upon being able to resist other te-

tations, and will finally become the victim of sensuality. He who thinks of nothing but what he has last eaten, or is next going to eat, cannot live long. And only reflect for a moment to what other vices this gluttony may lead you. Your collation of yesterday must have been provided by the sale of several things from the shop, the money for which you appropriated to yourself. That which you take unknown to your parents is a theft; and a dishonest child is very likely to make a faithless wife and a neglectful mother, who, to procure herself the luxury of a little coffee, will at any time deprive her husband and children of what is necessary for their comfort. Oh, do not sacrifice your conscience to your palate! For my part, I would rather eat dry black bread and drink water all my life than do a dishonest action. Believe me that a glutton can lay no claim to the esteem of his fellow-creatures; but, on the contrary, will always be despised by them."

"Yes, it is quite true," said the mother; "besides which, your teeth will be spoilt by eating sweet things. Some day or other they will become discoloured and loose; cakes injure the digestion, coffee taken in too great quantities gives a yellowness and dryness to the skin, and a hundred other diseases arise from an ill-regulated appetite. Think also how many poor people might

have been assisted with the money which you so foolishly and so unnecessarily squandered! Reflect that man has not only an appetite to satisfy, but a heart; and that a cheerful mind, and the pleasure of relieving the unfortunate, far surpass any enjoyment that eating can supply. Think of the sin that you are committing, and doubt not that God's punishment will fall on you, unless you correct yourself. Fraud is always, sooner or later, discovered; and the most intricate plot will be brought to light some day or other."

"Truly," said the father; "I myself have seen how God unveils wickedness, and punishes the doers of it; and be assured that no one fault can remain concealed or exempt from the most dreadful consequences. Now to habituate you to moderation in your meals, I condemn you to eat bread and drink water only, for four weeks."

Catherine knew well how true the whole of these representations were; but although she shed tears of repentance, and promised to correct herself, she soon relapsed into her old errors.

One morning her parents set out on business to a large market-town not very far distant. They both desired Catherine to take good care of the house, and, above all things, to invite no company, as she had done the last time. But as two of her friends

came without being invited, she thought that, in common civility, she must offer them a cup of coffee. She resolved, however, to inform her parents of it; for she was already become more candid than formerly. Shortly after, there arrived a man from the country with a sack upon his back, who stopped at the door to bargain for a handkerchief; but thinking it too dear, he declined purchasing it.

"What have you in that sack?" said Catherine; "it has a strange smell."

"Lobsters," replied the man.

"What! lobsters? are they already in season?"

"To be sure they are," said the countryman; "they are the mayor's favourite food."

"And are they to be sold?" hastily asked Catherine.

"They are as good as sold; the mayor's lady always takes whatever number I bring; she will be so delighted with these, that I am sure of a good price beforehand. See," said he, opening the sack, "how fine and large they are! they have now their new shells, and are fit to adorn the table of a prince."

"Well," said Catherine, "I will buy some of them; you have a sack full, and the mayor may content himself with those which I leave. As for the handkerchief, I think we can make an arrangement about that. Wait a moment." She quickly returned,

bringing with her a piece of scarlet stuff, which she had been hoarding for some time. "See," said she, "here is something to make one of your little boys a waistcoat; and as it is a remnant, I can let you have it cheap."

The bargain was concluded, but Catherine could not help feeling uncomfortable. As soon as the countryman was really gone, she became still more miserable. "I ought not to have bought the lobsters," said she; "but there they are, and I cannot throw them away." She then put them on to boil with salt and caraway-seeds, and waited very impatiently for their being ready; but, much to her annoyance, the shop-bell rang, and she was obliged to attend to it, and to remain away much longer than she wished. When she returned to the kitchen, she was in a great hurry to take up the stew-pot, and to snatch off the cover; when she uttered a terrible shriek, and let it all fall to the ground. The scarlet colour of the lobsters was the cause of her alarm, which in fact reminded her of the stuff which she had sold. "God," said she, "will punish me, and all my faults will be exposed." She was not aware that the new shell of this fish becomes red when cooked; and as she regarded this as a miracle, her surprise equalled her terror. But, as an addition to her terror, the stew-pan in falling had knocked down

two beautiful china cups, which happened to be on the hearth.

At this moment the sound of the postilion's horn was heard, and a carriage stopped at the door. "Alas!" said she, "there are my parents, whom I did not expect for these two hours! Oh! what will they say to me?" She ran weeping to meet them. "Oh! come with me," said she, "and see what a strange thing has happened in the kitchen." Her parents followed her; and the mother instantly began to deplore the loss of her cups. "Yes, that is a great misfortune," said Catherine; "but look at the state of these lobsters!"

"Well," said her father, "they are the same as they always are."

"Oh! goodness," exclaimed Catherine, still more frightened, "to me they appear of a bright red, and no doubt the piece of stuff I sold this morning unknown to you is the cause of it."

She then confessed that, in order to satisfy her gluttony, she had made a bargain with the countryman. However angry her parents might be, they could not help laughing at her fright; but her father soon assumed a serious tone, and taking her by the hand thus addressed her:—

"The alarm which you have suffered is without cause. You are not aware that lobsters become red when boiled, in the

same manner that some fish become blue: it is a very common circumstance, although it appears so extraordinary to you; and as you have arrived at this knowledge at the very moment when you were acting wrong, you ought to receive it as a warning from God, who makes use of things the most insignificant for our correction. You have to-day behaved very ill, and it grieves me much to perceive that neither my remonstrances, nor those of your mother, nor even the voice of your own conscience, have had any effect on you. You have now been forcibly awakened; you believed that you saw your fault depicted in the red colour of the fish, and there again it was your conscience that spoke to you. Acknowledge, then, its power. The person who commits a fault is quite aware of it even against his will; he trembles at his own shadow, he is frightened at the rustling of a leaf, and the wicked action which he has committed is constantly before his eyes; he is pursued by fear, and every thing around him becomes a subject of alarm. Conduct yourself, therefore, in such a manner as to have no cause to fear either God or man; in which case your late suffering will become a source of blessing to you for the remainder of your life."

After this lecture, the father became so convinced of his daughter's repentance, and

of the resolution she had made to correct herself, that he released her from the punishment he had before inflicted on her, thinking it no longer necessary.

The impression which these circumstances made upon Catherine was never effaced from her mind. She never again wronged her parents of a farthing, and endeavoured to conquer her propensity to greediness with all her might. She learnt to be content with the commonest fare; and she never indulged in eating between her meals. Married to an honest tradesman, and become a mother and a grandmother, she still remembered the fright which the lobsters had caused her; and often used to relate the story to her children and grandchildren.

THE FESTIVAL OF ROSES.

SIDONIA was the favourite of her parents, as well as of all the inhabitants of Sonnenthal; she was fresh as a rose, and her eyes were soft and bright as the evening star. She was gentle and reserved in her words; her mind was well cultivated, and her heart innocent and pure. It is not to be wondered at that M. Thalberg, the schoolmaster of Sidonia, preferred her to all his other pupils.

This good master was the children's friend. He kept a school for young girls, and was celebrated for his method of instruction.

M. Thalberg took a delight in recreating his pupils from time to time by innocent pleasures. At times he took them to walk in the woods or on the mountain; at other times he made up a little concert, to which he invited them; or he assembled them round him, and narrated or read to them some useful and agreeable story.

Every year M. Thalberg's pupils celebrated several *fêtes* in the open air, and ther

reckoned these days among the happiest of the year. That which held the first place was the Festival of Roses. All the young girls looked forward to it with pleasure for months, and were at the height of their joy when the day arrived.

M. Thalberg had obtained for his school from the municipality an acre of ground in the vicinity of the town, which he had formed into a garden, with the help of his scholars, whom he often conducted thither to dig, sow, and plant whatever they wished. If they had been very industrious, he rewarded them for their zeal by making them sit down round him on the grass, and by reading to them some interesting narrative.

This garden might justly be called the *garden of roses*, for this flower was every where to be seen: each time that a new pupil was received into the institution, new rose-trees were planted, and each young girl was obliged to plant one every year. In this manner was soon formed a shrubbery which was agreeable to the eye; and when the season of their blossoming arrived, their perfume spread to a distance, and surpassed every other odour.

Now, at this period M. Thalberg led his pupils to the garden, and fixed their attention on the roses: "Behold," he said to them, "these delicious flowers; they are the emblems of modesty and purity; try to re-

semble them. They are beautiful, and yet they are not vain of their beauty. Imitate them, and may modesty be one of your virtues also. What a sweet mixture of tints! What sweet purity is observable in these flowers! Be like them. May gentleness be visible in all your actions, and may your heart never be troubled by any vicious inclination or any guilty thought. May it remain pure to your latest sigh. It is thus that you will be pleasing in the eyes of men. You will shine as the roses, and will scatter joy and gladness around you. But do not forget that these flowers pass away like the others; soon they will have lost their brightness. The same must happen to you also. Do not attach too much value to earthly objects. Think rather on that which is eternal, a well-cultivated mind and a pure and pious heart."

To render the garden more dear to his pupils, and to give more weight to his instructions, M. Thalberg conceived the idea of celebrating every year the Festival of Roses. The young girls applauded this happy idea, and nothing surpassed the happiness of this day. When it was celebrated, one of the pupils was usually declared the Queen of Roses. She was crowned, and in the evening was conducted in triumph to her parents.

When the roses began to blossom, all

M. Thalberg's pupils were impatient to know who would be declared queen; they all felt that Sidonia had been the most industrious, the most amiable, and the most gentle; and not one of them doubted that she would be chosen.

The long-wished-for day at length arrived, and all the young girls were at the height of their joy; dressed in their holyday-clothes, each repaired to the house of M. Thalberg, ranged two and two; they thus proceeded to the garden, in the vicinity of which a tent had been erected, and a table on which were all kinds of prepared dishes. The company was numerous; for not only the parents, but also the friends, of the pupils took a part in this joyous festival. They sang, they played merry games, they read, they related stories, and minutely examined the beauties of the garden.

The anxiously desired moment at length arrived when they were to select and crown the queen; all were in expectation, and more than one heart beat quickly.

M. Thalberg called Sidonia to him, and sent her to the neighbouring valley to gather some cowslips; when she was at a distance, the good master declared to his other pupils that he considered her worthy to be Queen of the Festival. All the young girls applauded his choice, for they sincerely loved Sidonia.

They then gathered the roses; each pupil took two, with which they soon wove a crown: they placed themselves in two ranks at the garden-gate. Sidonia soon returned; but what was her surprise on finding herself surrounded by her companions! Her cheeks became suffused with a bright carnation, and her heart was deeply moved when the whole number began to sing the following words:

O! sweetest, fairest, loveliest flower
By zephyr fanned in summer bower!
Long may thy virgin freshness last,
Unwither'd by the north-wind's blast!

Two of the pupils then took Sidonia's hand, and led her to a grass-plot encompassed with roses, whilst a third strewed rose-leaves in her path; then all her companions surrounded her; two among them were placed in the centre with the queen, who having knelt down, was crowned, when all again sang:

Long may thy virgin freshness last,
Unwither'd by the north-wind's blast!

Each pupil tried to make herself agreeable to the Queen of the Festival; they brought her the loveliest flowers, and anticipated all her wishes. Many of those that witnessed this pleasing scene were affected by it even to tears. The day was passed in the liveliest mirth, and the company returned joyfully to town.

This festival is still celebrated. Sidonia is eighteen years of age; she is the joy of her parents, and the ornament of Sonnenthal.

Robson, Levey, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.