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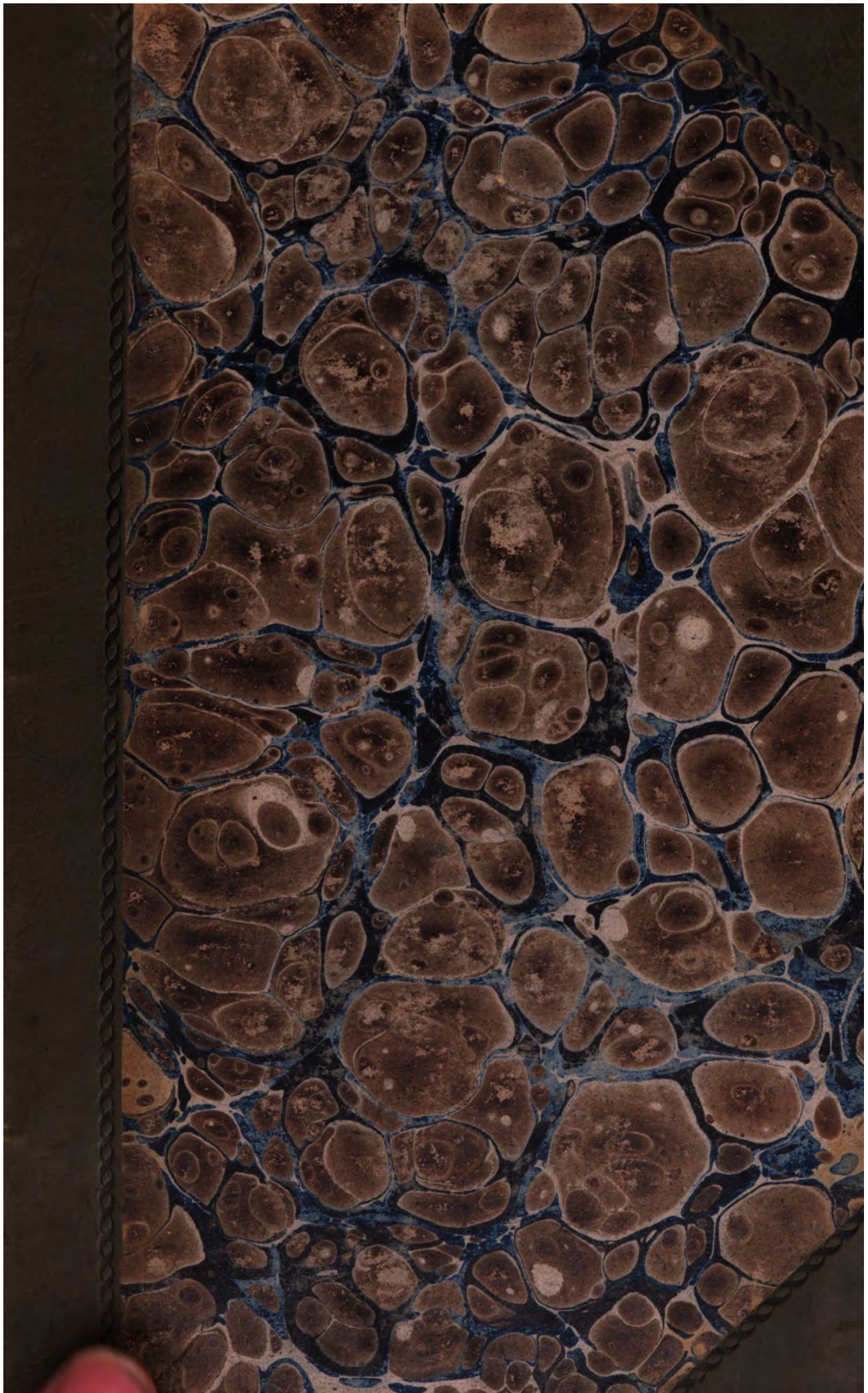
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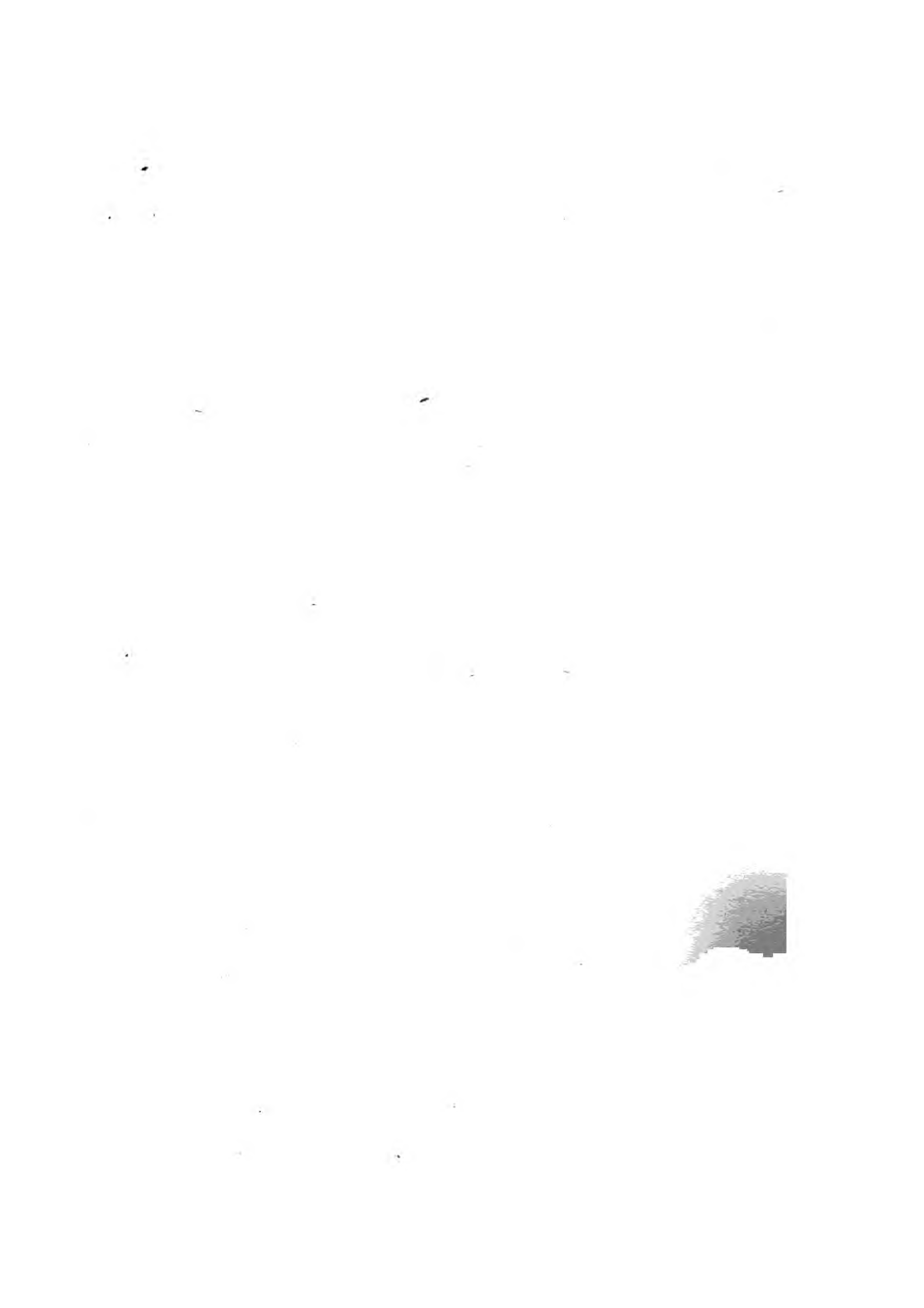
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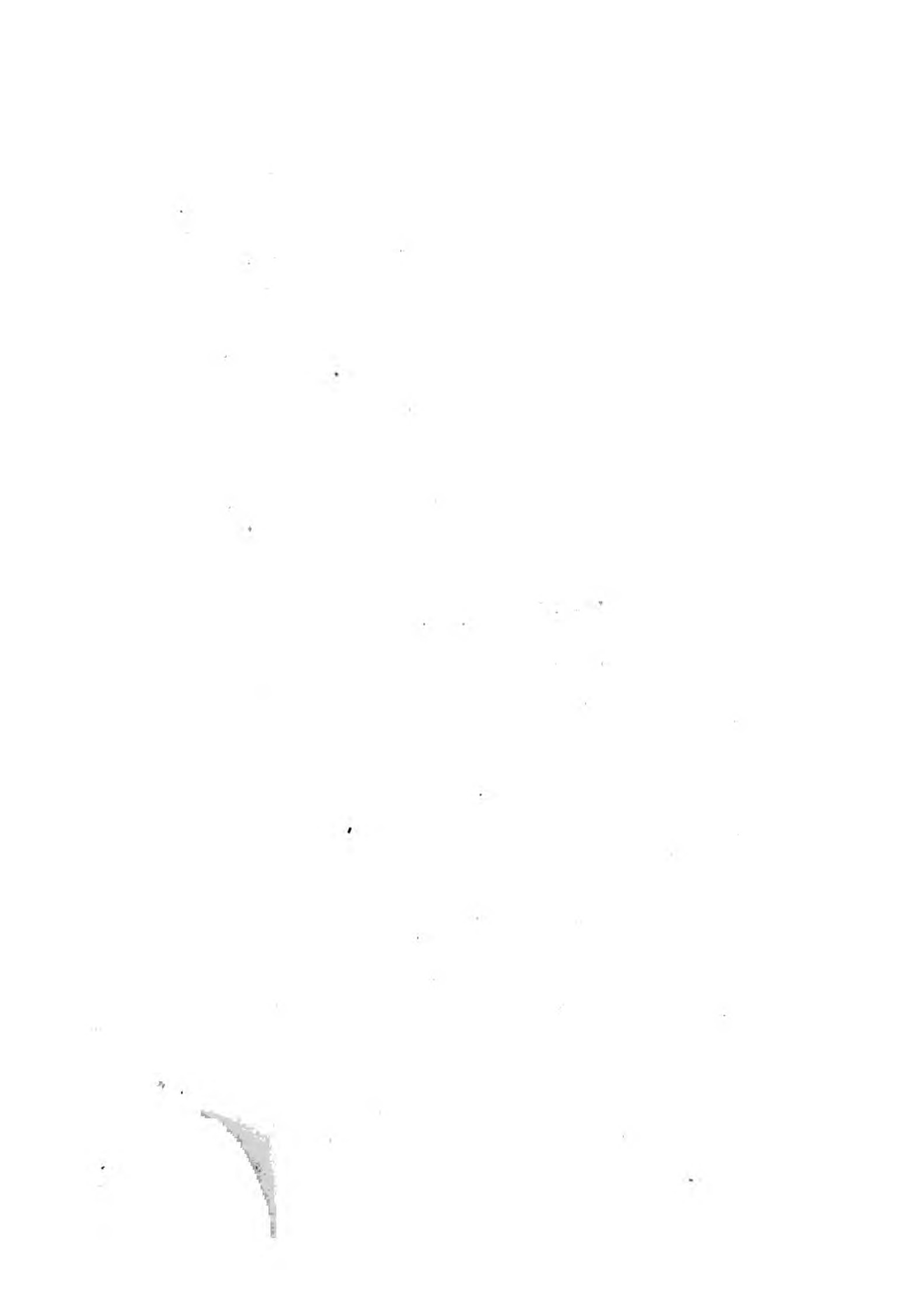
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CHRISTMAS EVE.



Pl. 1



L. del.

Anthony lost in the forest.

S.H. 1827.

TALES,

FROM THE GERMAN,

WITH LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCHES;

—
BY A LADY.
—

CONTENTS:

CHRISTMAS EVE, CANARY BIRD,

AND

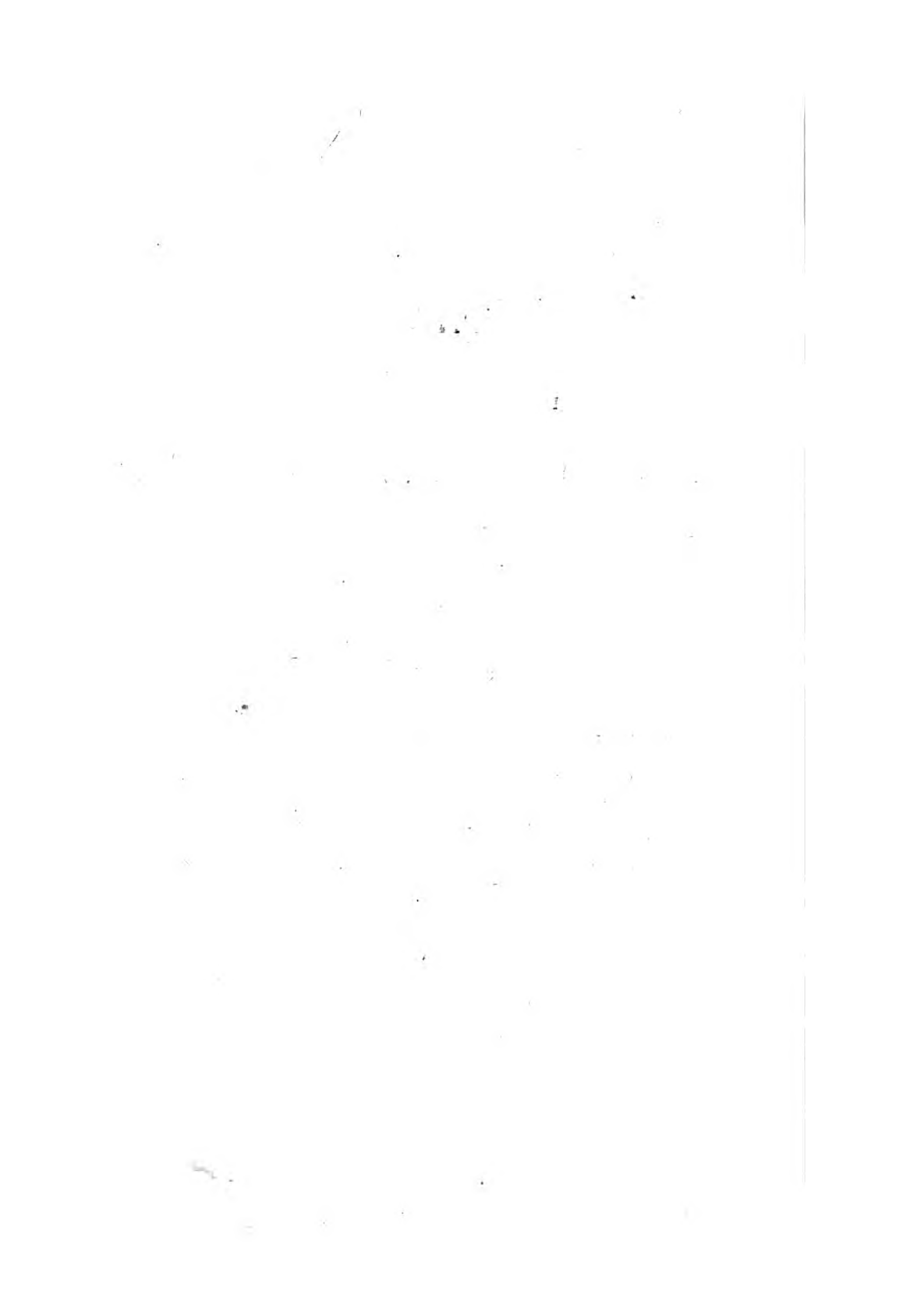
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LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR G. ANDERSON, BALL ALLEY,
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*1827
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TALES,

&c.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHAP. I.

ANTHONY, a child of about eight years of age, was wandering in the snow on Christmas eve. The poor child's flaxen locks were but ill-covered by an old straw hat; and his cheeks were quite purple with the cold. He was dressed like a soldier, and had a neat scarlet hussar's jacket on; in his right hand he had a thick stick, and on his shoulders he carried a small bundle, in which was contained all his worldly goods.

He was cheerful and happy; and took great delight in viewing the beautiful Winter scene around him. In the mean time, the sun set, the sky was flaming red, the blades of grass and every twig glittered, and the tops of the trees in the neighbouring fir-tree wood, shone with the evening light.

Anthony thought that he should easily reach the village which lay beyond the wood, and proceeded on his way. He hoped to spend his Christmas very happily there, because he had heard that the peasants at that place were very kind-hearted. But before he had gone on a quarter of an hour, he lost his way, and found himself in the wildest part of the mountainous forest. He was obliged to wade through the deep snow, and sometimes he nearly sunk into holes and drifts. The night advanced, and the wind rose; clouds covered the sky and

obscured the stars which had shone occasionally through the wood. It was very dark; and at length it began again to snow.

The poor child could not find any trace of a road; and did not know how to go on, or to go back. Wearied with the way he had gone, he was unable to proceed. He stood still; shuddered with the cold, and began to weep bitterly. He laid his bundle down in the snow, knelt down, took off his hat, raised his hands to heaven, and prayed in the midst of his tears---“Oh, Heavenly Father! leave me not to perish in this wild wood, in the dead of the night. Behold, I am a poor orphan! I have no father, and no mother! I have no one but Thee! But thou art the Father of the fatherless. Oh! let me not die of the cold; have pity upon thy poor child. This is the night in which thy dear Son came into the world. Hear me for his sake!

Ah! do not let a poor child die here in the lonely wood, on this night when all men celebrate the birth of the Son of God." He laid his weary head upon his little bundle, and wept and sobbed bitterly.

But listen---suddenly a sound of a harp and of voices was heard from above, and resounded among the rocks! To the child it appeared as if he heard the song of angels. He stood up; listened, and clasped his hands. The wind was gone down; and the song was unspeakably sweet in the deep stillness of the night. At length he distinctly heard the following words:---

“ Take courage, weary one—for thy sake
God sends a Guide;
And with Him freely bids thee take
All things beside.

After which, all was again silent. It was wonderful to the heart of Anthony. “ Ah!” said he, “ Thus must it have been to the Shepherds at Bethlehem, when they heard



L. del.

Anthony lies down in the snow.

the heavenly Song. (Luke ii. 13, 14.) I will resume my courage, and be cheerful once more. Surely some good people live in this place, who will take me in; for I hope they do not only sing like angels, but that they are also as good and kind as angels!" He took his bundle, and went up the hill, towards the place from whence he had heard the voices. He had scarcely gone twenty paces, when a bright gleam of light came across him; it disappeared immediately, and after some minutes, appeared again; and again disappeared. Anthony went on boldly until he arrived at a house, situated in the midst of the forest. He knocked three or four times at the door:--- he heard many cheerful voices; but no one answered: he attempted to open the door--- it was only fastened with the latch. He went in; felt about in the dark gallery, and sought for a door; at length he found

one---opened it---and was indeed astonished ! The bright light of several candles, almost blinded him: It seemed to him, as if he saw paradise, or heaven itself.

At the end of the room, between two windows, was a beautiful spring landscape—a mountainous country, with high moss-grown rocks, green woods, cottages, flocks feeding, Shepherds, and a small city on the top of the hill. In the middle of the landscape, there was a cave; in which were—the holy child Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the adoring Shepherds, and the holy Angels.

The inhabitants of the house were assembled round this representation of Jesus in the manger. On one side, sat the father, with his harp between his knees; on the opposite side, was the mother, with her youngest child on her lap: two lovely children, a boy and a girl, stood between them, and looked at the manger in which the Saviour

was lying, with up-lifted hands, imitating the action of the Shepherds. The father now touched the chords of his harp again; and the mother resumed her song: The two children joined their tender voices; and the father completed the harmony with his bass voice, and with his harp: They sung—

“Before Thee bow, Divinest Child,
The angel throng;
And with Thy Virgin-Mother mild,
Raise the glad song.
Peace upon earth, good-will to men,
Again is given:
Love—boundless love—shall reign again
In earth and heaven.
Take courage, weary one—for thy sake,
God sends a Guide;
And with Him freely bids thee take
All things beside.
And should an orphan, wandering, and friendless,
Weary, and late;
Chill'd with the rain; hungry and pennyless,
Knock at thy gate;

Succour the famished, helpless child,
Bereft of joy ;
And, like the Virgin-Mother mild,
Welcome the boy."

Anthony stood at the open door, holding the handle in one hand, and his hat and stick in the other. His eyes were fixed on the party before him; and, with open mouth, he listened to the song. No one perceived him. But at length, the mother felt the cold which came in at the open door; and looking round, she saw Anthony.—“How could this child come here this dark night?” said she. “Poor child!”—“Have you lost your way?” “Yes,” said Anthony, “I have.” All eyes were now directed to the door.—The two children felt great compassion for the poor boy; but they hung back, because they did not know him. The mother went to him with her child in her arms; and kindly asked him—“Where do you come from,

little boy?—What is your name? and where are your parents?” “Ah!” said Anthony, with his eyes full of tears, “I have no home. My name is Anthony Kroner. My father died in battle; and my mother died in the autumn, of grief. I am quite a stranger in this country; and wander about like a lost sheep.” He began to relate how he had been in such distress in the wood; and how he had heard the song, and had found the way to the house. He would have gone on, but his voice forsook him. He was very cold; and felt it yet more in the warm room;—he shivered, and his teeth chattered.

“Ah, poor child!” said the mother, “You can hardly speak for the cold; and you must be both hungry and tired. Put your bundle on one side; and sit down. I will give you some warm soup, and whatever else there may be remaining from our supper. The two children, Christian and

Katherine, took his hat, stick, and bundle, from him: Katherine put the bundle on a bench; Christian laid the hat upon it, and put the stick in a corner. And now they led their little guest to the table. The mother brought in some soup, and a large piece of Christmas cake and stewed plums. She seated herself on the opposite side of the table; and smiled at perceiving how good Anthony found it. The children helped him plentifully of the Christmas presents which had been bestowed on them—beautiful rosy-cheeked apples, golden pears, and brown nuts. Even the little Louisa on her mother's lap, on being told to do so, gave him a large apple which she could scarcely hold in her little fingers. Poor Anthony felt much the better for his hot soup; and the warmth of the chamber was also very comfortable to him. He was quite cheerful and happy once more. “But what a beautiful

thing that is at the end of the room!" said he. Even while he was eating his supper, he had given many a look at the manger. "There is Spring in the middle of Winter! I never saw any thing so beautiful! I must look at it nearer." he ran towards it; and the two children followed him.

"But do you know what that represents?" said Katherine. "Certainly, I know," replied Anthony:—"It represents the birth of Jesus. What a dear, lovely child that is! His face is so white and red, like roses and lillies; and what beautiful eyes; and how sweetly he smiles!" "But," said Katherine, "That is not the real Jesus: Jesus is no longer a child." "I know that very well," said Anthony. "Do you imagine that I am a heathen? It is nearly two-thousand years since Jesus lay a child in the manger. This is only done that we children may have some idea of it. That, I suppose, is the city of

Bethlehem—is it not?" Katherine nodded her head. "You see," continued Anthony, "I know all about it: I am not so stupid as you imagine!"

The children laughed; and pointed out to Anthony, all those parts of the picture which they considered most important. "Only see, Anthony," said Katherine, "the beautiful white sheep with curled wool, and the two pretty little lambs.—Look, here is the rest of the flock; and the Shepherd, blowing his pipe:—And he sleeps at night in the pretty little red cottage." "Do you see," said Christian, "that beautiful little stream which flows from the rock, and runs into the lake? Look at the two white swans in the water!" "There!" said Katherine, "there is a country girl, going up the steep path with a covered basket on her head. She has certainly got either apples or eggs there; which she is taking to the manger." "And see,"

said Christian, "there is a man, who is putting a sack into his wheel-barrow; but what is in the sack, I cannot tell." Thus did the children amuse themselves;—nor did the least object in the picture pass unobserved.

"Well," said Anthony, "this is all very beautiful; but the most beautiful of all is, the heavenly Child himself!—That is what gives me the most pleasure; for, for this child's sake, who is painted here, has my heavenly Father delivered me from my great distress.

CHAP. II.



The person in whose house Anthony had met with so kind a reception, was a Forester. Whilst the children were engaged in chattering, their father sat in his arm chair, in deep thought:—His wife placed herself on a chair near him; and said, (after a time,) “Why are you so silent?—What are you thinking about?” “I am thinking on the last words which we sung just now,” said the Forester: “You have acted according to what they required; and have fed and warmed the poor child. But I am thinking that we might do something more for him. It is now Christmas eve. We are celebrating the time when the holy Son of God came into the world for the

salvation of man. And, even this very night, has God sent a child to us; whom we may be the means of saving. The Redeemer came a stranger into the world; and had no place where to lay his head; as if he would put the hospitality of man to the proof. The people of Bethlehem stood this proof but badly; and suffered him to be put with the cattle in the stable. But should we also drive out this poor boy, in the same way?—Tell me sincerely, Elizabeth, what is your opinion?—What ought we to do?

“We ought to adopt the child,” said she, cheerfully and kindly. He who was born at this time, has said—‘What ye have done to the least of one of these, in my name, ye have done it unto me.’ “Anthony seems to me to be a very mild, noble-minded child;—he appears also to be simple and pious; and, although he begs, he is not at all bold, nor saucy. He must be the child of honest parents.

He speaks so well; and his red jacket, though it is old, is made of very good cloth. Where five can eat, there is enough for six.— We will keep the boy.”

“ You are a good, kind-hearted woman,” said the Forester, (pressing her hand.)— God will reward you: and our children will never be the worse for what you have done to a poor wanderer. But we must first examine the child, and see whether he is deserving of our kindness.

“ Anthony, come here, my child,” said the Forester, aloud. Anthony came, and stood upright in front of him, like a soldier before his officer.

“ You tell me your father was a soldier; and died in battle. Well, that is what men call a glorious death. But tell us something more about your parents. Where were you before the war? How did your father die? And your mother, too? How did you come

into our wood?—Let us hear all.”

Anthony began. “ My father was a sergeant in the hussars. Our regiment was quartered at Glatz, in Silesia. My mother worked at her needle, and gained a good deal of money:---She was very clever. One day my father came in great haste to us; and said,—‘ War is broke out!—We must set off to morrow.’ “ He was a valiant man; and knew what he had to do.—My mother was much alarmed, and wept bitterly. She would not let him go alone; she could not bear to take leave of him. After many entreaties, he consented to take her. We marched very, very far. The enemy approached. The hussars were sent to attack them. My mother and I remained behind. We were very anxious when we heard the distant firing. ‘ Ah!’ said my mother, ‘ every time that they fire, I feel my heart tremble: For I do not know whether their fire

may not have pierced your father's.' She wept and prayed as long as the firing continued. My father came home safe and unhurt. Thus it happened several times. But one day, after a battle, an hussar came into the village, leading my father's horse; and said, that he was dangerously wounded; that he lay about two miles off; and that he had not long to live. My mother and I hastened to him. He lay under a tree.--- An old soldier knelt beside him, and held him gently in his arms, so that my father's head rested on his breast. Two other soldiers stood by. My poor father was shot through the breast; and looked as pale as snow. We perceived that he wished to speak to us; but he could not utter a word. He looked at me with his dying eyes, and then he looked mournfully at my mother, and then at Heaven. A few moments afterwards, he died. My mother and myself did nothing but cry.

The dead body was buried in a neighbouring church-yard:---Some officers accompanied it to the grave. The trumpets sounded so strange and so mournful in my ears, I could fancy that I hear them still. They shewed him the last honors, and fired over his grave. My mother and I were so much affected by this mark of honor, that we were almost as though we were shot ourselves. Many of the soldiers wiped their eyes as they returned from the grave: But my mother could not cease from weeping.

My mother wished now to return to her own country. "I have no relations there," said she, "but I have kind friends. They will take us into their houses; and by my needle I shall be able to support both myself and you." "But we had not travelled many days, when my mother fell ill. It was with difficulty that we reached a little hamlet. No one would receive us.

At length, we found shelter in a barn. My mother grew worse. As night came on, the peasant woman to whom the barn belonged, said, 'You are very ill!—I must fetch something for you.' She went; and brought back with her a stable lanthorn, in which a lamp was burning: She hung it upon a beam, and went away:—And this was all she did. I remained with my mother, quite alone; and sat near her, upon a bundle of straw, weeping bitterly. Towards midnight, (as far as I could observe any thing by the light of the lamp,) I perceived she became paler. She sighed deeply. I burst into a fresh flood of tears. She took my hand; and said, 'Do not weep, my dear Anthony!—I go to my Father and your's:—For I know that my Redeemer liveth!—and that he careth for the fatherless. Be pious and good;—pray constantly, and have God always before your eyes: Then will he give you

another father and another mother.' " But so good a mother I shall never have again! She looked a long time towards Heaven; and prayed silently; blessed me with her dying hands, and departed. The peasant and his wife had promised my mother to take me as their own child. They did take the little which my mother had left—her cloathes and some money; but in less than three weeks, they turned me out of doors; saying—' That I had consumed more than three times as much as the value of my mother's property.' I proposed to myself, to return to my school-fellows at Glatz; but no one could tell me which was the way to Silesia. So I wander about here and there, and beg:—What else can I do?"

The forester's wife was much affected; and said to her children, (with tears in her eyes,) " It might also happen to you, my dears, that you might lose your father and

mother; and then what would become of you? Pray daily to God that he would please to preserve your parents.

The forester said—"As far as I can judge, my dear Anthony, you had very worthy parents? But have you no written papers about you?" Oh! yes," said Anthony, (and took a pocket book out of his bundle,) "my mother gave me these papers on her death-bed; and desired me to take care of them, and not to let them out of my own hands. But I may let you see them." They consisted of—the marriage writings of his parents; the register of his own baptism, and a certificate of his father's death. This certificate was signed by the Chaplain of the regiment; and the Colonel had, with his own hand, given a very honorable testimony to the brave and heroic conduct of the worthy Sergeant, and of the blameless life of his widow.

“Well,” said the forester, “this is all very well; but tell me now, Anthony, how are you pleased here?” “Very well,” said Anthony---so well, that I could fancy myself at home.” “Should you like to remain with us?” said the forester. “I should like nothing in the world better! Your wife is just as kind as my mother was; and you are such a good man;---and you have got just such mustaches as my father had.”

The forester laughed, and stroked his whiskers. “Well, my boy,” said he, “remain with us. I will be a father to you, and my wife will treat you as her child. But be a good son to us; and do no harm to your new brothers and sisters; do you hear---you are now my son, Anthony.” The child was very much affected;---he looked very attentively at the forester to see if it was really true. He had been so much accustomed to misfortunes, that he could scarcely believe

the forester would really adopt him as his child. "Well," said the forester, (holding out his hand) do you not agree to it, Anthony?" Anthony burst into tears; seized the forester's hands; kissed those of his wife, and embraced the children, even the little one, although it could not understand what it meant. Christian and Katherine were overjoyed. "It is very good!" said Christian, "we shall be able to play so nicely, now that we are three!"

The forester now very seriously said,—
"See, my child, this is the way in which God has provided for you. The blessing of your parents rests upon you. God heard the prayer of your dying mother!—and your prayer also, when you knelt trembling in the snow: He guided your steps hither! He led you into this house! Had you not heard our song, you would have fallen asleep on your bundle; and I should have found you

in the morning frozen to death. God saved you just in the right moment: He led you by night to our dwelling (which you would hardly have found by day,) at a time when our hearts were particularly filled with the love of our Heavenly Father;—who gave his well-beloved Son for us. You must thank God and our Lord Jesus Christ;—who came into the world nearly twenty centuries ago; and who also died upon the cross for you, and for all poor sinners. Acknowledge this mercy; do not forget it while you live; and preserve ever a grateful heart towards God and your Redeemer. Have God always before your eyes; and act always as becomes a christian.

Anthony promised to do so, (with tears in his eyes.) “Oh! my good God,” said he, “Thou hast fulfilled the words of my dying mother; and hast given me another father and mother! I will also fulfil their

last injunctions, and keep Thy commandments ; particularly the fifth ; and be obedient to my new parents." " Well-said, Anthony," said the forester, " do so, and you will do well." The good mother took the child into a small room, and they all went joyfully to bed.

The next morning, the children assembled around the representation of the Infant-Jesus in the manger. This was their great delight, at this season. But these their innocent Christmas amusements were soon disturbed. A certain Mr. Reed, who was a great lover of hunting, and who often visited the forester, came into the room. He made all sorts of scornful observations upon these kind of representations,

" Why do you do so ?" said the forester, " Look out of the window ; look on the deep snow, which covers the earth, and which causes the trees to bend under its weight.

Not a flower is to be seen ! Neither apples nor pears hang on the trees which surround the house ; and there is not a green leaf visible ; every branch and twig is white, and covered with the hoar frost, and long icicles hang from the roof of the house. The poor children are here, as it were, prisoners in the room ; for they can scarcely go a step beyond the house. “ Now, where is the harm of placing before them, a Spring landscape, in this bitter Winter weather ? And indeed, this is almost the only pleasure they have during this season.”

“ But that is the least of it ; the principal thing is this :—At this season, we Christians celebrate the goodness of God towards men, in coming down to us in the person of Christ in a human form ; and we could wish, that our children, as far as they can understand it, should take a part in our joy. I know that the greatest painters have been in the habit

of representing the holy family in pictures which have been the admiration of the whole world. I have, myself, seen that celebrated picture at Dresden, which is called—"The Holy Night." "But the objections which you make to my very imperfect representation of the Child in the manger, might just as well be made against that master piece of art. Such costly pictures too, are only for great men; and are not at all suited to children: I am sure that my children would not exchange their manger for the celebrated picture at Dresden.

Therefore, my dear Mr. Reed, let us simple folks here in the wood, continue to follow the customs of our ancestors. I remember when in the days of my childhood, the manger was my best friend:—Nor was it without its blessing to me. May it also be a joy and blessing to my children!"

CHAP. III.

The forester, who had adopted this poor orphan boy as his own child, was a very upright man. He feared God, and loved his neighbour, and was a faithful servant of his Prince. He was much attached to the customs of his ancestors, and of his parents, who were also of the same mind.

In the morning, his first business was, to begin the day with family prayer; he ended the day also in the same manner. "How can we omit," said he, "to begin and end the day in thinking on Him, who prolongs the hours of our existence; and, who gives us meat and drink, and every good thing? I think it is a sight which must be pleasing

to the very Angels, when they behold a father and a mother kneeling, in the midst of their children, and holding up their hands in prayer and thanksgiving to God. Our Heavenly Father will certainly crown these acts of praise with his blessing.

He also prayed with equal devotion before and after dinner. One day, just at dinner-time, he brought Mr, Reed in from hunting. The young man seated himself at the table without joining in the grace. But the forester, who never concealed his thoughts on such occasions, said, very seriously:—“Fie! fie!—the wild boars in the wood do thus: They devour the acorns without looking up to Him from whence they came.” Mr. Reed objected to this observation; and said, “He did not consider grace at meals very important.” But the forester very emphatically said, “Whatever tends to make us better men, is of great importance. Godli-

ness is good in all things ; but on the other hand, I have never seen any good fruits arising from a neglect of God ; but many evil ones. Join with us in prayer, as becomes a Christian, and a reasonable creature ; or this is the last time that you join me in the hunt. I will have nothing to do with a heathen ! I cannot sit at the same table with one !” “ But,” added the forester, more calmly, “ I know you have never given the matter any consideration. You have, perhaps, seen some young gentlemen of rank who did not pray before their meals ; and you imitate them, without farther reflection.

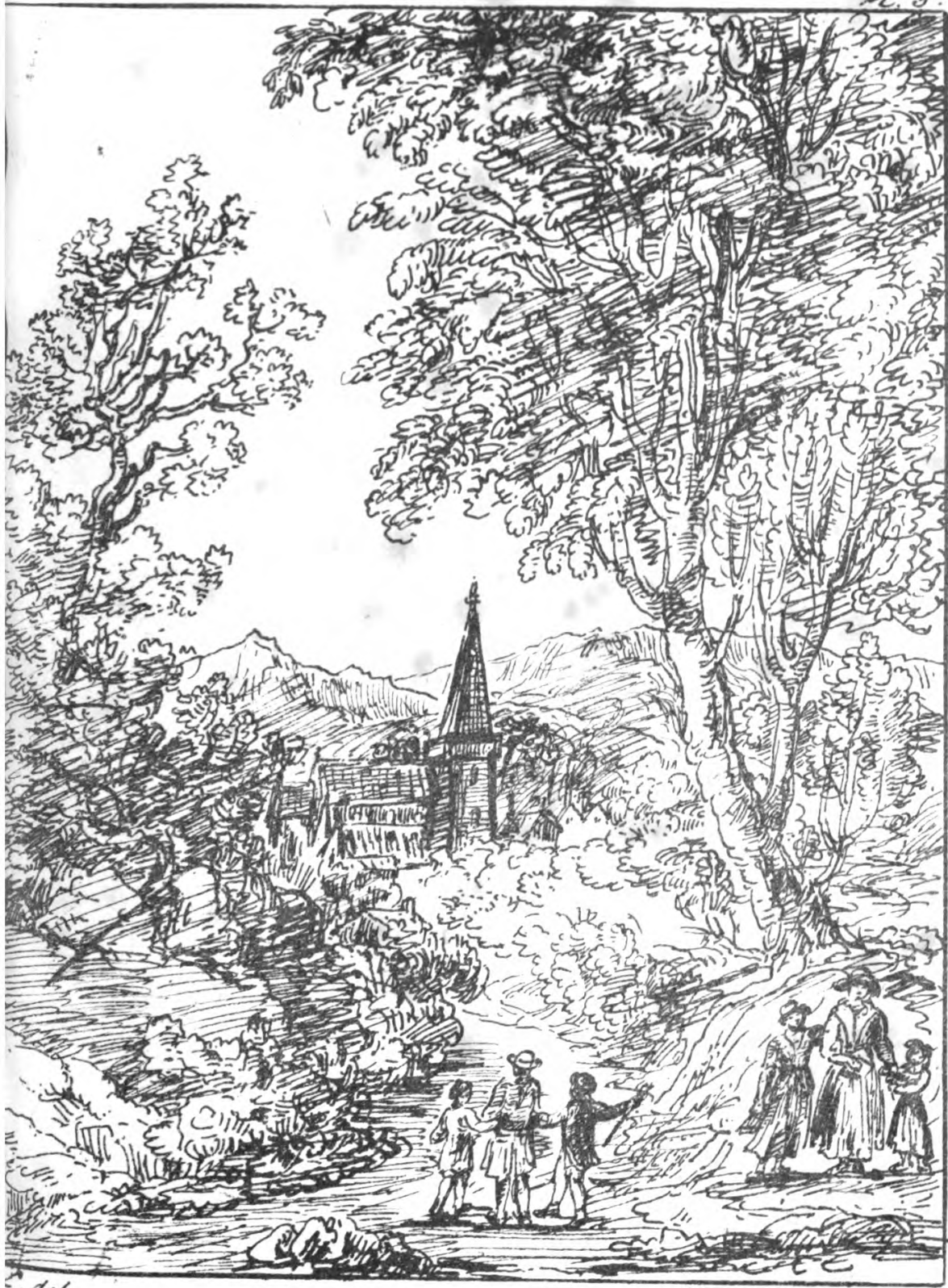
But, my dear young gentleman, do not, although your name be *Reed*, do not resemble the reed in nature ! which is empty within, and tossed about by every wind that blows ! The young man rose up, and prepared himself for prayer : but he did it not out of devotion to God, but merely out of his love of the chase.

The good forester was never so happy as when he was surrounded by his family. He would say, "Why should I go abroad for pleasure, when I can have it so much better and cheaper at home." After his day's work, he drank his glass of beer; and on Sunday, he added to it a glass of wine! enjoyed the society of his wife; and related instructive and religious histories to his children.— Sometimes, when he had leisure, he would take his harp. "This," said he, "serves us instead of opera or concert." In his youth he had learnt to blow the bugle horn; but he had been obliged to give it up; and as he was very fond of music, he turned his attention to the harp. His wife knew several beautiful songs and hymns, which the forester would accompany on the harp; and the children had learnt some songs suited to their age; which they warbled together like birds in the wood.

Christian and Katherine went to school at Aeschenthal, the nearest village. As soon as the Christmas holidays were over, and the road through the wood was passable, they resumed their studies. Anthony accompanied them joyfully; and soon out-stripped all his school-fellows. His industry and his talents were very great. In the evening, when the forester returned home, and was seated in his arm-chair, near the stove, the children always told him what they had learnt during the day, and shewed him what they had written. Anthony had always the most to repeat;—his writing was the best; and he soon read with the greatest fluency. After supper, the children took it by turns to read; but every one had most pleasure in listening to Anthony. “He reads most naturally,” said Mrs. Grunewald: “If one did not see that he had a book before him, I am sure one would not believe he was reading

the history, but one would rather think he had heard it, and that he was relating it to us!"

Sunday was always the happiest day in the week to the children: On this day, their father did not hunt; and they spent the whole day with him. "I spend six days continually and indefatigably employed for my master; but the sabbath is dedicated to the service of a greater Lord. Besides, a day of rest is also very good for me, and for my wood-cutters." On the Sunday morning, the forester went with his wife and children to church, at Aeschenthal. This was a great joy to the children, particularly in the Spring and Summer. The way led through woody hills and narrow vallies, which were bounded by rocks and high trees.— "Oh, how delightful it is in the wood!" would Anthony say;—"how bright the trees look when the sun is shining on them!— The wood appears to me, most beautiful on



The Fontston's family going to church.

a Sunday: The trees seem as if they had a livelier green.—The birds on the branches sing more cheerfully; and all things else are silent!—One hears no sound of the axe; no shooting; nothing but the church bells in the distance. It is all as quiet and peaceful as in the church.”

“As solemn as a temple!” said the forester. “The wood is also a temple of the Lord: He, the Almighty, planted these trees like pillars, and caused their branches to form a green vault above. All, from the great moss-grown oak, down to the daisy at our feet, proclaims His power and His goodness! The whole earth, and all within the limits of the vault of Heaven, is a temple of His glory! On Sunday, particularly, should we praise Him in this temple, and meditate on His glorious works. In this temple of His own building, we perceive His unmeasurable and incomprehensible greatness and majesty.

in our churches, although they are built by the hands of men, He reveals to us His counsels, and the decrees of His will. In a hundred-thousand churches and temples, will His name be this day proclaimed to millions of sinners, whose only refuge is in Him, who came down from Heaven to save those who were lost! Take care, therefore, my children; and be attentive to every word that you hear to-day in the church, that you may keep it in your hearts." Such, and the like discourse, beguiled their way to church.— On their return home, he spoke upon the sermon: And they were all anxious to make their observations.

On Sunday, the forester was always particularly cheerful at dinner. "I seldom enjoy the pleasure of partaking of this meal with you during the week," said he to his wife and children: "I generally eat my dinner in the wood; and, praised be God!

I eat it always with an appetite; but on Sundays, it tastes better than other days;—not because my wife prepares me a better meal, but because I enjoy it in the midst of my family.” He helped the children himself, with the most cordial welcome. “Eat, children,” said he; “and thank God for his gifts.” After dinner, he went with the children into the wood; pointed out to them the trees, the herbs, and the fruits; and made them acquainted with their manifold uses, and beauties. “Thus,” would he say, “has God created all, even the most insignificant plant, for the use of man:—The forest is a book in which, on every leaf you may read of the wisdom and goodness of God.”

When the Spring or Summer evenings were fine, Mrs. Grunewald laid the supper table under a lime tree, not far from the house. After supper, they would sing two or three

evening hymns. The forester played his harp; and the birds on the trees joined in the harmony.

Anthony was truly happy with these good people, with whom dwelt true piety, unity, and love; industry order, and contentment. "God has been very good to me," would he often say, "He could not have led me to better people." The good child was full of pure gratitude towards his kind protectors. When the forester returned home at night, Anthony hastened to fetch him his light grey coat, with green cuffs; and his slippers. If Mrs. Grunewald was employed in cooking, he would bring her wood, (unasked) or to save her the trouble, would run into the garden and fetch chives, parsley, or whatever she wanted: Many of her wishes were accomplished before she had even made them known.

But he was particularly serviceable to the forester; who had drawings made of all the different trees in the woods which were under his direction; these drawings were coloured, and were very pretty to look at. In the corner of each, was the name of the wood written in large letters: Anthony was soon able to copy these drawings very neatly and accurately. But the decorations which he made use of, were of his own devising, and so well executed, that the forester was astonished. For instance—"He would draw an oak; against which was placed a shield, with the name of the tree; and under it, was, a wild boar eating acorns. Or the name of the tree would be engraved in the rocks, which were crowned with fir-trees; and under the rocks, would repose a stag, with branching horns. Wherever he could find the smallest piece of white paper, or an envelope of a letter, he would draw a

bird, a flower, or the branch of a tree.—
He could not be an instant idle. The forester and his wife loved the dear child as if he were their own;—their own children were even encouraged by Anthony's example, and became much more industrious and active than they were before.



L. del

Anthony meets the painter.

CHAP. IV.

The forester one day sent Anthony with some snipes to the neighbouring Royal Hunting Seat of Telseck. The administrator had some company there, to whom he wished to present these birds. On the way, Anthony passed by a waterfall, which rushed down white as snow from a rock between the dark-green firs. Not far off, sat a gentleman, in a dark-blue coat; who was drawing the waterfall. Anthony went up to him; looked over his shoulder at the paper; and could not refrain from exclaiming, "Oh, how beautiful! Ah, that is painting!" He asked, and obtained permission, to examine the beautiful

picture nearer. "It seems," said he (as he looked at it,) "as if the paper were a mirror, in which, the waterfall, the rocks, and the trees, are represented in small. How beautifully clear does the water rush out from between the rocks; and how lovely is the white foam beneath, which winds between the mossy stones! And you have also painted a stag, which is drinking out of the stream. How well it stands upon its feet; one can perceive that he can go rapidly through the woods. The stags which I paint stand so lamely, that they appear ready to fall! I cannot make them look alive!"

The painter took great pleasure in the unsophisticated praise of the child, as much as in his feeling for the art. He said, (smiling,) "You are also, as it appears, a little painter?" "Ah," said Anthony, "hitherto I did not think myself a *little*, but a *great* painter. But now I see that I am but a

little one.' The painter said, "But I should like to see your productions. I will pay you a visit; and you must shew them me. Who are your parents? and where do you live?" "Ah!" said Anthony, "I am a poor orphan child! Mr. Grunewald, however, has adopted me as his own child.

"Ah!" said the painter, "you are related to him, I suppose, a brother's or a sister's son?" "No," said Anthony, "I came a stranger into his house; but he and his wife immediately took me as their own." "That is very good," said the painter; "but how came this about?" Anthony related his whole history. The painter listened attentively till the conclusion; and then said, "The forester and his wife must be very worthy people! Present my compliments to them; and say, that I will call on them to-morrow, to thank them, in the name

of humanity, for the kindness they have shewn you."

The painter's name was Reidinger. He had arrived a few days before, at the Royal Hunting Seat; where he was to repair some old pictures. He took advantage of this opportunity to make some drawings in the neighbourhood. In the afternoon of the following day, he called on the forester. The two worthy men soon found that they were of one mind; and consequently they were friends. The painter desired to see Anthony's drawings. Mr. Grunewald praised them very much. But Anthony stood blushing at the door; and said, "Mr. Riedinger, you will see that they are nothing at all!" The painter, however, encouraged him; and Anthony produced his drawings. Mr. Riedinger looked at them one by one, with great attention; sometimes he laughed; and although he found many faults, he was much

pleased upon the whole. "Really," said he "this boy was born a painter! Mr. Grunewald, confide him to my care; and you will have cause to rejoice in his talent."—"Agreed," said the forester.—I have long been considering what I must do with him. He is now in his fourteenth year; and he can make no farther progress in the school at Aeschenthal. He is too delicate and too compassionate to become a huntsman. He is more like his tender mother, than his valiant father. If you think he is likely to become a good painter, I wish you would undertake to instruct him. What will be your terms?" "Terms!" said the painter, "I can make none. You have given me the example of how a poor orphan is to be received. As one taper gives light to another, so does one good deed always bring another in its train; this is a natural consequence. Therefore let it be so. As soon

as I have completed my task at the palace, Anthony shall go with me to the town, if he pleases; and I will spare no pains to make him a good artist." Anthony jumped for joy. But when (a few days after this,) the painter drove up to the door in a carriage, to take him away, the poor boy burst into an agony of tears. But the forester said, "Do not weep, Anthony; we are not far from the town; and we shall often visit you, and you will come to us when ever you can." "I must make this condition," said he; (turning to Mr. Riedinger,) "That Anthony comes to see us whenever you can spare him; and that he must always spend the whole of the Christmas holidays with us:—You will permit this?" "Willingly!" replied the painter—"willingly!"—And, if you will admit me also, I will likewise come sometimes with him." This was agreed to. Anthony returned his thanks to his second parents.—

They admonished him to honor his new instructor, who proposed doing so much for him, as a father. After receiving the blessings of the parents, and the embraces of the young people, Anthony went into the carriage, and he and the painter set out for the town.

Mr. Riedinger kept his word, in every respect. It was a great delight to him to instruct so clever a pupil. He frequently went with him to visit the forester. Sometimes they spent several days, drawing in that picturesque and lovely neighbourhood. The master sometimes did not know how to praise his scholar sufficiently. "Between ourselves," said he to the forester, "he will be a painter whose pallet I shall not be worthy to prepare."

Some years after this, Mr. Riedinger and Anthony (who was now a blooming youth,) came to spend their Christmas with the forester. Anthony and the children were

one night already in bed, while Mr. Riedinger, the forester and his wife still remained at the supper table. Mrs. Grunewald observed, that the painter had something of importance to communicate. At length, he began: "Anthony has learnt all that he can learn from me, He must now travel. He ought to see Italy:—This will cost no trifle; but it is well worth while. No capital could be better laid out. I am certain it will produce rich interest; and the capital itself will be paid off in due time. The expences of such a journey are certainly beyond the limits of a moderate fortune. But I have considered the matter in this manner:—Anthony must not travel wholly at the expence of others; he must earn something for himself. But he will require a considerable sum. As far as I am concerned, I will do my part. Encouraged by your example, I determined to instruct Anthony in painting, gratuitously.—

I have sold some of his productions at a very good price. This money I have put aside; and it shall be employed for his journey;—but it is by no means enough. Are you willing to add what is yet wanting?—But it is no small sum!—A good work begun, must be carried through.” He held out his hand to the forester, expecting him to take it. The forester took great delight in Anthony’s good conduct and progress in the arts. He possessed a moderate fortune. He looked at his wife; who nodded approbation. The forester then shook the painter by the hand; and said, “If the sum does not exceed my means, I will contribute it.” They made a calculation of the expences of the journey; and it was agreed, that, Anthony should set out the following spring.

The next monday, the painter and Anthony returned to town in a sledge. The forester and his wife were employed during the Win-

ter in making preparations for Anthony's projected tour. The forester purchased cloth, that he might be well provided with proper dresses. He had his own trunk new-covered with deer skin. Mrs. Grunewald and her two daughters worked and knitted very assiduously, to fit him out with linen. In the beginning of Spring, Anthony was to spend a few days with his kind friends in the forest. Mr. Grunewald gave him much good advice; and was particularly affectionate in his behaviour towards him. The good man packed his trunk himself. Anthony was much affected at so much kindness. "Ah! how much, how very much, you have done for me; my own parents (had they been living,) could not have done more!" The trunk was sent on before to a celebrated painter; to whom Mr. Riedinger had introduced Anthony. For he intended to make the journey on foot. Christian, however, had taken care to pro-

vide a small portmanteau, in which he might carry with him what was necessary for daily use.

At length came the day of separation!—Anthony was to go after dinner, and join Mr. Riedinger in the town; and from thence, proceed on his journey. Mrs. Grunewald prepared an early dinner; and once more they partook of this meal together. It was a friendly, but an affecting scene. The forester looked around on the circle. A mournful silence reigned “Do not be so sad, my children,” said he:—“And you, my dear wife, dry your tears. It must be thus!—when our sons are grown up, they must go into the world;—you also, my daughters, will be soon arrived at an age in which you may, perhaps, have to quit your father’s house. But though our bodies may be separated by intervening space, yet in the spirit are we always united: And though it must

always be painful to be removed from those we love, yet we shall meet again, either in this, or in another world, with renewed and encreased pleasure!" By this sort of discourse, the worthy man calmed all their minds. He brought out a bottle of good wine; of which he gave some to his wife and daughters, although they declined taking it. "Give wine to the mournful," said he, (smiling.) Anthony and Christian did not require to be pressed. At the end of the repast, the forester took his glass; and said, "Now, Anthony, here's to your prosperous journey, and to your happy return!" "May God grant it," said Mrs. Grunewald, (as she touched their glasses.) Christian, Katherine, and Louisa, did the same. They all stood up with their eyes full of tears; but Anthony seemed to feel more than any of them. He could no longer restrain his grief; and said, "Oh! my beloved parents, what do I

not owe you!--What should I have been, but for you! Ah! never can I repay you for what you have done for me! God will reward you! He will place me in a condition to prove to you and my dear brothers and sisters, by my deeds, that I have a grateful remembrance of all your kindness."

"Yes, dear Anthony," said the forester, "I cannot conceal it from you, that we have done much for you; and when I look on my children, I could almost say, too much.—As to my wife and me, we want but little more; our hairs are nearly grey: As long as we live, we are not likely to want bread. But, my dear Anthony, should either your brother or your sisters be in want, do not forget that we helped you in your necessities; and do not leave them unassisted in their distress. Give me your promise, Anthony, you will not forsake them?" "Oh! my dearest father," said Anthony, "I must

be the most ungrateful person in the world, if I could ever forget your benefits! Certainly, I shall never cease to remember your kindness. It will ever be my greatest happiness to be able to prove this to you and my dear mother, and my brother and sisters."

"I believe, you, my dear Anthony;—but it is now time that we part." He stood up, and said, "Kneel down, my dear son; and receive my blessing." Anthony knelt. The forester raised his eyes to Heaven; his manner and countenance were solemn and elevated. He blessed the young man; and said, "May God be with you in all your ways; may He make His face to shine upon you; may He preserve you from sin, and bring you back again to our arms, unspotted by the world." Mrs. Grunewald and her children clasped their hands, and emphatically said, "Amen." The forester raised Anthony from the ground; clasped him in his arms; and said. "Go;

and God be with you! Keep Him always before your eyes; and do not forget that He is every where present; that He knoweth your down-sitting, and your up-rising; and understandeth your thoughts long before, and that there is not a word on your tongue, but that the Lord knoweth it altogether. Riches, and the pleasures of this world, are not worth the pain and the burthen which they lay on the conscience. Remember that it is but a short time, and our pilgrimage on this earth will be ended.— We live for eternity. Do not only avoid evil, but avoid the temptation to evil. And above all things, avoid the company of free-thinkers; who laugh at religion, and lead immoral lives. Now, once more,—adieu!— May God be with you!”

Mrs. Grunewald (with her eyes full of tears,) said, “Anthony, behold my tears!— for their sake remain faithful to your God:

Be good, be virtuous. Remember my tears when you are tempted to do ill. Hitherto, you have caused us only joy; do not in future give us pain. And though I weep, I feel comfort in my tears. But if I should hear a bad report of you, I should then weep tears of bitterness. Do not forget our heartfelt paternal admonitions.; do not forget the last dying words of your mother, while you live: Adieu!

The whole family accompanied the broken-hearted youth nearly to the end of the wood; where, once more, they took leave. Anthony went on; but they stood looking at him, and waving their hats and handkerchiefs; till at length, a high hill concealed him from their view.



L. d. l.

Anthony sets out for Italy.

CHAP. V.

The third Christmas after Anthony's departure was already arrived. One day, the forester, with his son Christian, returned home earlier than usual. The weather was very cold; the evening sky shone bright and red upon the windows: The panes of glass began already to be covered with frost; and shone like precious stones with the rays of the evening sun. The forester placed himself in his arm chair near the stove; he put on more wood: The flames soon rose up; caused a general light in the room, and increased the brilliant appearance of the windows.

Mrs. Grunewald came in. "Is there no

letter from Anthony?" said the forester.—
"None!" said she, (with a mournful countenance.) "It is surprising!" said the forester, (and shook his head.) "At Christmas we ought to hear from him: He generally writes at this time; and his letters are to me the most agreeable Christmas treat. I wonder what he is about that he does not write!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when a messenger entered the room. He held a letter in his hand; and on his shoulders he bore a deal box; which was of such a height, that the man was obliged to stoop, in order to bring it into the room. "There must be a mirror in that box," said Katherine. The messenger gave the letter to the forester; and laid down his burthen. "The letter is from Mr. Riedinger," said the forester:—"How is this? I fear our poor Anthony has met with some misfortune!" He opened

the letter hastily, and eagerly glanced it over by the light of the fire. "Only think!" said he, "Anthony has sent us a picture from Rome, as a Christmas present. He sent it in a roll to Mr. Riedinger; and desired him to have it handsomely framed;— and to take care that we should receive it on Christmas eve. Mr. Riedinger writes word, that, the picture is a master-piece. Anthony is an excellent young man: I should be truly happy to see him again! "Katherine," said he, "now bring a glass of wine for the messenger. It will do him good before supper; for it is very cold out." The man drank the wine, thankfully; but excused himself from the supper, saying,— "That he had some relations at Aeschenthal, and that he wished to spend that evening and Christmas day with them." "Well then," said the forester, "give him something more to drink; reward him plenteously, and let

him go." "Now," added he, "sit all around; here is Mr. Riedinger's letter, and one from Anthony, enclosed within it:—I will read it aloud." Louisa said, "Let me first fetch a light." "Well," said the forester, "I shall read the letter with greater ease; but make haste!" "Louisa brought a lighted candle very shortly;—and now they all sat round in a circle. The forester read as follows:—
"Dearest; best parents, and brother and sisters,

With this you will receive a picture, which I have painted with great care. It represents the Infant-Jesus in the manger. Several artists have assured me, that it is well executed. I only wish that it may afford you half as much delight as the representation of the same subject afforded me the first time that I came into your house. You would then certainly have no small pleasure in it.

Oh that I could accompany the picture, and present it to you myself! This is, however, a delightful country. Now (in November,) whilst I am writing this, it is already cold with you; and your roof, and the trees around you groan under the weight of the snow. But here,—the orange, and lemon trees display their silver blossoms and golden fruit. Yet, in the midst of these glories of nature, I long for that country wood-fire, near which I have past the happiest days of my life.

I owe it to your kindness that I now live under a mild Italian sky; and that I am become an artist, (if I deserve that name.) That natural representation of Jesus in the manger, however imperfect it might be, first awaked my talent. It is still ever before my eyes; and though I constantly see things, incomparably better executed, yet have I never been so enchanted as by

that. Ah! the happy days of childhood!— they surpass all others. Then did every thing around appear enlightened by the golden beams of the morning dawn. It is a pity that it so soon should vanish!

In the moment when you are reading this letter, I shall be with you in my spirit.— I remember, with a feeling heart, how I came into your house half starved with the cold; how my good mother revived me with warm food; how you both adopted me as your child; and how Christian, Katherine, and Louisa, shared their Christmas presents with me. Oh! my dearest father, receive my warmest thanks. Give my kindest love to my brother and sisters. I enjoy in anticipation the prospect of, not only being present with you in the spirit but that of saying to you, face to face, that I am, with my whole heart,

Your most grateful and
affectionate Anthony.

Rome, Nov. 15, 1756.

“This is a letter!” said the forester; (and wiped his eyes: “All that we have done for this young man was too little: I had great hopes about him; but he surpasses them all. I never expected such a joy as this.—But (added he, smiling.) I believe supper is waiting for us. We will afterwards look at the picture.” “Oh, no! cried they, all at once; “let us see it now!” “That is better than supper, (added Louisa.) I will fetch another light, that you may see it the better.”

Christian brought a chisel and hammer; and opened the box. “O! how beautiful! how lovely!” was the general exclamation: “What heavenly forms!—what fine colours!” The forester placed the picture against the wall; and set the two lights near it. All eyes were directed to the beautiful painting. Mrs. Grunewald said, “Really, I cannot conceive any thing more beautiful! I

could fancy myself on the spot! How kindly does the Heavenly Child look at us! What a beautiful and affectionate attitude is that of the Virgin holding the child in one hand, whilst the other lies upon her deeply-affected heart; looking at Him, she seems to forget all the wretchedness of the miserable stable! How venerable and pious Joseph appears with his folded hands and up-lifted eyes! The shepherds shew their sincerity in their eyes! And how heavenly are the angels!—How beautifully painted!—how light and hovering!—And how brilliant is the glory round the child; giving light to all around it; and surpassing the brightness of the angels!”

Hitherto had the forester contemplated the picture in silence. At length, he said, (as if awaking from a dream, and putting his arm-chair on one side, he placed himself where he could see it best.) My dear

children, we will first turn our eyes to the Heavenly Child in the manger; but we will not yet consider his Divine original; we will consider Him as a child of man, weak and helpless, bound in swaddling cloathes, and lying in a manger;—but his mother receives him with a friendly countenance, and watches over him with the tenderest care. The good old man stands looking on, ready to protect the mother and child, and to support them by the work of his hands. A faithful father; an affectionate mother; and a child who is ready to return this love as soon as his reason begins to dawn, is a sight over which, the Angels in Heaven might rejoice!

Oh, my children, consider that you were once weak and helpless; and that you must have perished, if your parents had not received you kindly. But the little Stranger was received with joy; and all was pre-

pared to meet his arrival. Your mother cloathed you in your first covering; which she herself had spun, bleached, and made-up. All her care, day and night, was for you; carefully did she watch over your cradle, whilst you slept; and many a sleepless night have you caused her! Your father took a part in her care, and laboured to procure you bread. Think on this;—and thank God that he gave you affectionate parents! For it is He, who imparts his unspeakable love to the mother's heart, and causes the steadfast love of the father to his children. Therefore, do not be ungrateful to your parents! A son, or a daughter, who can forget what their mother has endured, and what their father has done to feed, cloathe, and educate them, must be devoid of human feelings! Now, my children, after we have considered the holy family, we will look at the Angels, who hover above,

and then at the cattle in the stable. Then shall we clearly see the dignity and the distinction of man. Look first at the blessed Virgin; look at her countenance, full of heavenly innocence, and unspeakable maternal tenderness. Look at the upright appearance of the venerable Joseph;—how he directs his eyes, full of piety and feeling, towards Heaven! Look at the Holy Child; whose countenance is full of smiles; whose eyes are brilliant as the stars! and now behold the rough heads of the beasts, of the oxen, and of the ass. How dull and irrational do they appear! How they extend their mouths, and give us to understand, that they are careful for nothing but their food; and that they know not of any thing higher or better. They cannot even afford us a friendly smile! How does man here shew the superiority of his existence! Truly he does belong to a higher order of beings! The

most unpolished man considers himself dishonored if any one says to him, "You are no better than the ox that draws the plough, or, than the ass which brings grist from the mill!" No!—man is more to be compared to the Angels of God; who can distinguish their Creator;—rejoice in Him, and sing praises to His name. Man is the only creature on earth which is capable of this:—Though, in some respects, he may resemble the beasts of the field; he is still more nearly related to the Angels in Heaven. Though he comes weeping into the world; though he has much to suffer and endure, before he attains to perfection; and though he then soon fades away, and, like the beasts, returns to the earth; yet, this is only his earthly nature that perishes. He has within him, an immortal soul, which is destined to endless bliss or misery."

“The painter has done well in introducing a lamb and a basket of fruit. All living creatures are subject to man. He tames the beasts of the field; and they serve him:—The sheep give him their wool; the earth produces for him its choicest fruits. God has made man a little lower than the Angels; has crowned him with glory and honor; has made him the lord of his creatures, and put all things under his feet.”

“Even the palace in which we see this Child and his parents, the manger and the wretched stable, is not unimportant. Man does not require a palace to fulfil his appointment here on earth. Under the poorest thatch may he live and die at peace with God and man. In the stable we see only want and poverty. But to be truly happy, one requires neither velvet nor silk; neither silver nor gold. It is precisely on the most important of all points, that God has made

men equal. Here, we see the most Holy, the most blessed of men, the Inhabitant of a miserable stable.

“ But, my children, though what I have just related to you, is of a very pleasing nature, it refers only to the earthly beauties of the story. The heavenly origin and the high importance of this Child’s appearance on earth, is, that which chiefly concerns us. For Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, came into this world to save fallen man; that all who believe on Him, might have eternal life. God’s loving kindness appeared in Him, in a visible form. He was born in the greatest poverty; as a child, he lay in a manger;—often he had not where to lay his head; and he died like a malefactor, on the cross. But without any human resources, without riches, without armed power, by his Divine wisdom, his love, and his Almighty strength alone, has He changed

the whole face of things. He has snatched man from destruction; and He has enlightened and ennobled the human race." "The people that walked in darkness, have seen a great light."

"See all around, it is night;—a profound darkness covers the gloomy scene; but the light which proceeds from the Child, enlivens all with its splendour. Thus was the earth covered with the gross darkness of ignorance, and heathenism, at the period when Jesus came into the world. But He was "a light to 'lighten the Gentiles; and the glory of his people Israel." "Mankind had fallen into sin; there was not one found who did the will of God, and kept His commandments; there was not one;—therefore, who could be saved? But through Jesus Christ, by faith in His blood, and by the merits of His perfect righteousness, man becomes a new creature, sanctified by the

graces of the Spirit, and at peace with God Mankind were as wretched, as they were sinful and ignorant. But see how all those that surround the manger, rejoice at His coming. Mary, Joseph, the shepherds, feel themselves elevated above all earthly cares, at the sight of the new-born Redeemer!—Already, at His birth, was the beginning of that happiness experienced, which His atoning blood was to purchase for His chosen people. The words of the Angel resound still in our ears:—“ Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.”

“ He first revealed Himself to poor simple country people—the shepherds; his mother also was poor; his reputed father, a carpenter, who earned his bread by hard labour. The poverty of the manger shews us that

Jesus did not value riches, high rank, or earthly wisdom. He only wishes to be surrounded by men who look up to Him in faith as the promised Redeemer; such as those whom we behold in the group before us;—but still, He does not reject the greatest sinners, who repent, and come to Him in simplicity and truth. His name even expresses this: On this account, did the angel bear the Divine message to Mary in a dream, saying, “Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for he shall save His people from their sins.” Fallen men were to be raised again; were to become His people, the holy people of God. And therefore, do we see the open sky above the manger. He would re-open Heaven, whose gates were closed, and found His kingdom on earth; and thus would He unite Heaven and earth, once more. Therefore do the holy angels praise God, and say, “Glory to God in the high-

est, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

That which was proclaimed to us by the birth of Jesus, has Jesus Christ himself fulfilled, notwithstanding all the hindrances which obstinacy and want of faith laid in his way:—His birth and death were lost to those who either would not acknowledge, or, who opposed Him. He founded a heavenly kingdom on earth; and His work has stood. Many conquerors have founded earthly kingdoms; but either their kingdoms did not long out-live them, or, even during their lives, they saw them fall into ruins. The kingdom of Jesus, alone—true Christianity—is that which always acquires new strength, and which will stand to the end of time.—Whole nations came to Him, in faith; and kings took up the cross, as an ornament to their crowns. Heathenish cruelty, and human sacrifices disappeared from the face of

the Christian world; multitudes of temples and churches were reared, in which the true God was adored, and Divine truths were taught. Numberless schools, alms houses, and hospitals, were founded; and owed their existence to Christian charity. Without these, how many would have perished in ignorance, vice, and misery! Millions of men, through faith in Christ, have received remission of sins. Even now, though infidelity and corruption have so much sway, hearts, without number, are united to Him, daily; and find in Him a refuge in distress, and a rock of deliverance in death. The Gospel, His messenger of peace, is proclaimed to the heathen; and savages are converted through faith in Him:—They rejoice in heavenly truth; and they become mild and gentle. The birth-day of Jesus is therefore one of the most important in the history of the world. Every year we should

celebrate it as the birth-day of light and salvation to all men who will see with their eyes, hear with their ears, and understand in their hearts. Let us then, my children, renew our vows of fidelity to our Redeemer, this day and to-morrow, and join our song to that of the heavenly host."

So spake the forester.—Mrs. Grunewald said, with emotion, "Yes, my children, so let us do! This beautiful picture which Anthony has sent us, is the best Christmas present he could have made us. And the devotion with which you have listened to the pious observations of your father, is the most edifying mode of celebrating this festival. We will thankfully receive the salvation which God, through the birth of our Saviour, has prepared for us. For the birth-day of the Redeemer, is also the birth-day of our salvation."

CHAP. VI.

Several years had now passed since the departure of Anthony. The forester's children were grown up; his son was a healthy active young man; his daughters well-educated and fine young women. The good old man began to perceive the weight of years; and he thought of resigning his office to his son. The Prince, whom he served, was in the habit of visiting the hunting seat of Telseck every year during the Autumn; for hunting was to him, a great recreation in the midst of weighty employments. He was a very affable master; for he listened with complaisance to all his subjects had to say to him, and conversed with

them with pleasure. One day, when he had had very good sport in the wood of our forester, he meet him; and shaking him by the hand, said, "How do you do, my dear forester?"

"May it please your Highness," said the old forester, "these shoulders can scarcely bear the burthen of the day: I could wish to deliver it over to younger ones." "Well," said the Prince, "there is your son Christian, he is a good huntsman; and what I value much more, a very good forester. I perceive that the woods are in an excellent condition. You may depend upon it, no other person shall have this office. It could not easily come into better hands. But I could wish you still to retain the inspection and the title of forester. The best of young people are sometimes careless; and are liable to be carried away by prosperity. It will be for my, and for your advantage, that you should retain the office a little longer."



C. del.

The Gonsker muds the Prince.

The forester expressed his thanks to his Prince for his kind assurances; and said—
“ There is also another circumstance which I should mention:—My son would willingly marry the daughter of an old friend of mine, the late forester, Barck. The young woman has lately lost her mother, also; and has no home. She is poor, but very pious, industrious, good, and kind.” “ Ah !” said the Prince, “ I am much pleased to find that he has fixed his choice where these virtues reign, rather than on money or estates. I give my approbation to his marriage, and add to it, the reversion of the place of forester. I will immediately order the decree to be made out.”

Christian, who stood not far off, in anxious expectation, came, on a signal from his father, and returned his thanks to the Prince. A short time after this, he married: His wife brought a new blessing on the house; and

peace and harmony dwelt under the forester's roof. The old man had the happiness of beholding his grand-children around him ; and his wife felt as though she was young once more. Katherine and Louisa felt the affection of sisters for their brother's wife ; and the whole family were happy.

But a great reverse awaited them. It arose from an old story which the forester had nearly forgotten. Mr. Reed, who had formerly been in the habit of accompanying the forester in the chase, had allowed himself, since that, to go into the wood without permission, and to shoot every thing that presented itself, without any distinction. The forester meeting him in the wood, said, "It is absolutely prohibited to shoot the game. If you desire to hunt, come to me, as formerly ; and I will take you willingly with me ; and will point out to you the best places ; and where you may shoot as much as you please : But I cannot permit

you to shoot at your pleasure alone, in a forest committed to my care." The forester meeting him again after this, took his gun from him; saying, however, "I do this unwillingly; but it is my duty. The commands are absolute; and I cannot do otherwise.—Should I meet you here again, I must give information of the circumstance—and then, it will not be so well for you." Besides this, the good man went to Mr. Reed's father; and requested him to forbid his son's hunting. The old gentleman generally allowed his son to have his own way; but on this occasion, he feared the displeasure of the Prince; and threatened to disinherit him, if he continued to hunt in the forest alone. But the young man was not in the habit of obeying his father. The forester, soon after this, heard the report of a gun; he went to the spot whence it proceeded, and found the young man with the stag

which he had killed. The forester gave information. The father went himself to the Prince, to request his son's pardon. The Prince said, "According to the laws, the young man ought to be put in the house of correction; But this time, I will pardon him: However, should he be found trespassing again, he may depend upon it, that will be his punishment! And you may easily believe that I shall never choose a counsellor, or a servant of any kind, from the house of correction!" The matter rested here. But the young man now nourished a cruel hatred against the worthy forester. And although many years had elapsed, he still glowed with a desire of vengeance against him.

The Prince died suddenly;—and his son being yet in his minority, and on his travels a guardianship was appointed;—and many changes were made in the government and household arrangements. Mr. Reed, who

was very rich; and whose relations had considerable influence, was appointed superintendant of the forests: A part of the hunting seat of Telseck was appointed to him for his dwelling! He was now the good forester's superior. And he tormented the poor old man in every way. There was no end of his complaints:—The forester could do nothing to please him.

The Prince at length took the reins of government into his own hands;—but the superintendant, Reed, who was very courteous, adroit, and eloquent, knew how to gain the hearts of the principal foresters; and became so much the more inimicable to and haughty towards Mr. Grunewald. One day, he said to him, “You are no longer fit for service;—I shall therefore, propose a more competent person in your stead.” The forester replied, “I resign my office most willingly; and should have done so long ago,

had the late Prince admitted of it. My son, therefore, will now be forester." "Indeed!" said Mr. Reed, (in a contemptuous manner,) "that requires to be considered of." The forester appealed to the royal decree, in consequence of, and in confidence in which his son had married. "Psha!" said Mr. Reed; "I know it very well:—But that was only a promise on condition of good conduct; nothing more. Your son is good for nothing! I know how to choose a man fitter for the station."

The good old man did all in his power to conceal the tears which started into his eyes. "Do not act unjustly," said he to the superintendent: "You imagine that you were once injured by me; and therefore you should be so much the more careful not to return that injury."

"What!" said Mr. Reed, (his eyes sparkling with rage,) "do you yourself remind

me of your own bad conduct!—do you yourself remind me of your having deprived me of the pleasures of my youth; and of your having blackened my character in the eyes of the Prince!—You are an insolent and an impudent fellow! Hitherto you have had no respect for persons of rank; and have troubled yourself only about beggars.—You have married your son to a girl who had not a penny; and you have expended your fortune on that beggar Anthony!—You were not able to take care of your own:—How then can you be a proper person to have the care of another's; and that your Prince's property! I hope that in a short time, we shall have nothing farther to do with each other!"

The forester went away. "Ah!" thought he, on his way home, "the superintendant may say what he will; my forests are in the best order. However much he may be averse

to me, he cannot produce any thing against me." He did not mention a word at home of what had occurred, in order not to cause uneasiness to his family.

But he had not been long returned home, when a messenger entered the room, and presented to him a letter; in which, he read, "That in consequence of his incapacity to fulfil his duty, he was superannuated;—and that the office of forester, which he had hitherto held, was placed in the hands of the forester of Waldenbruch." There was not a word of an annuity for the old man; there was not a word of any other appointment for his son. He was much shocked on reading this paper; his hand trembled as he held it. At length he composed himself, and read it aloud to his family. His wife and daughters were pale with terror; his son glanced with indignation at the wickedness of the superintendant; the young man's

wife stood for some minutes speechless, and then began to weep aloud. There was an universal lamentation: The old and venerable forester alone remained calm in the midst of them, and said, "Do not forget that God still protects us! My dear wife, do you be the first to give over weeping; and give to our children and grand-children an example of faith and confidence in God. Bad men cannot injure us without His permission. This trial comes from Him; and it is sent for our good. Therefore, take courage!—If God is for us, who can be against us? *He* does not reject us; though the world may do so. Our good and rich Father will never let us want for bread. We will trust in Him, and be comforted!

"But," continued he, "I will not neglect doing whatever is in my power. I will set out to-morrow, and go to the Prince. He is of the same disposition as his father was;

He will attend to me, although he may be much engaged in affairs on his first coming to the throne. He is just; and he will not suffer an old man, after forty years service, to be cast out with his wife, children, and grand-children, to die of hunger. Christian, you must accompany me. We may now be both absent without asking the permission of the superintendant. We will go on foot; for it would be too expensive, in our present circumstances, either to ride or to go in a carriage; it is also unnecessary. Our hunting bags will contain all we shall require to take with us: therefore make your preparations, that we may have all ready to set out tomorrow morning."

The old forester arose before day-break the following morning, and awoke his son. "It would be too tedious to wait for the day," said he; "it is moon-light, and we know the way so well; let us go! Mrs.



L. del.

The Forester and his son set out for Zelsig

Grunewald folded up his green-and-gold uniform, and put it in a clean linen cloth, that it might go the better into the hunting bag. Katherine put up linen, and some food for the journey; and Louisa and her sister-in-law, made the breakfast, and brought it into the room. The little children were still asleep. "When do you think of returning?" said Mrs. Grunewald to her husband. "I scarcely know," said he; hardly in less than a week." "To-morrow fortnight," said Mrs. Grunewald, "is Christmas eve;—you will surely be back by that time!" "God willing," said the forester, "I hope to be home again to-morrow sev'n-night. But, at any rate, I must celebrate the Christmas holidays with you." "God grant us peace!" said Mrs. Grunewald. "Watch and pray," replied the forester, "and rely upon God:—He will ordain things as is best." They all accompanied them to the door of the house. It

was still night; not a gleam of the morning dawn was visible. But they went cheerfully on their way, though the night was cold and stormy.

All those who were left behind, were much occupied in thinking on the travellers; especially on the good father. The first eight days, however, they thought on them with comfort; but when day after day passed on, and they did not appear; they became extremely uneasy; especially as the weather was very bad and stormy; and it rained almost incessantly. "Ah!" said they,— "Christian, strong as he is, will have enough to do to withstand this! But how will his father be able to bear it!"

Thus did a second week pass in care and sorrow. In addition to this trouble, a huntsman belonging to the superintendant, had brought an official letter, shortly after the departure of the two foresters. Mrs. Grunewald did

not venture to open it; but she feared that it contained no good news; for the huntsman had said, (contemptuously,) "What folly for the old man and his son to be running off to the Prince. The superintendant knows what he is about. They will effect nothing; and they will return home with shame and contempt." Every member of the house prayed continually for their safe return; and that they might meet with a gracious reception from the Prince.

CHAP. VII.

In the midsts of these mournful circumstances, Christmas eve arrived. It was dark sooner than usual, for the whole sky was overspread with heavy clouds. A stormy wind blew through the old oaks and fir-trees. It rained tremendously, and the water ran down from the roof of the [house with as much noise as a mountain stream rushing over the rocks. "Alas!" said Mrs. Grunewald, after having looked a long time out at the window, "they do not arrive!—If they do not come to-day, I shall be convinced that they have met with some misfortune. I am unspeakably anxious!—The weather is such that one would not drive a dog from



L. del.

The Forster & his son return unsuccessful.

one's door; and the roads are so dreadfully bad; If they were but here, I should care for nothing else."

She opened the window, and looked out again; and exclaimed, "God be praised!—here they come!" They all ran out to meet them; and all asked at once, "How they had been received by the Prince? "I hope it may go well in the end," said the forester; but you must have been very unhappy on our account. We have been a long time absent. But I was taken ill on the road, and could not get on. And when I was better, the rivers and streams were so much swollen by the rain, that we were obliged to wait another day or two. But now, thanks be to God! we are at home once more!" He entered the house; changed his cloathes; and seated himself in his arm-chair, near the stove. Mrs. Grunewald brought a bottle of wine; two glasses, and a lamp.—

“Refresh yourselves,” said she, (as she poured out the wine;) “you must both stand in need of refreshment. Supper will soon be ready.” “Well,” said the forester, (looking around him,) it is good to be at home again; to be with one’s own family, where one sees none but friendly and cheerful countenances!

In the mean time, the young man had, in confidence, told his wife, that, matters did not wear a favorable appearance, and that most probably they would loose the appointment.” She was much shocked; and secretly told it to the others. The old forester observed all their countenances were suddenly changed, and full of care and anxiety. “Has Christian told you?” said he; “well then, there is nothing more to conceal.—You shall hear all. But do not be too sorrowful. On this night our Redeemer was born: In thinking on this joyful event, we

must forget our earthly cares ; at least, we must not take them too much to heart. As soon as we arrived in the city," proceeded he, " I went to the commissioner of the forests, Mr. Muller. He is a very good man, thought I ; he was formerly my superintendant, and my friend. All the other commissioners who knew me, are dead ; and though, on account of his old age, he is no longer in office, yet he can advise me how to proceed. Accordingly, the old man received me very kindly. I made him acquainted with my business. He observed, " You have a bitter enemy in the superintendant, Reed :—He wishes to procure your place for a young man, who was formerly his servant ; and, consequently, he spreads reports which are extremely prejudicial to you and your son. I much fear he will succeed ; and that he will deprive Christian of his employment." " Ah !" said I, " it will not go so far as

that; I think of appealing to the Prince.”

“Do so,” said the Commissioner: I will go with you. But you have come at the most unfortunate time. The Prince is so much engaged in affairs of state. You will scarcely obtain an audience. You must also go to the chief commissioner. But I fear you will not meet with a favorable reception there. Mr. Reed has blinded his eyes.”

“I found that all this was too true. I took many a walk in vain. The chief commissioner received me very coldly, and soon dismissed me. The others did not treat me much better. I met with nothing but frowns and hard speeches: I was not even admitted into the presence of the Prince. The superintendant must have slandered Christian and me exceedingly. I cannot just now relate to you the whole; it has a reference to things which you do not understand. All that we have to hope for, is—that an enquiry

will be made into the affair : It is, however, to be feared that it will fall into the hands of those from whom we have not much good to expect. But this conversation is too mournful;—and this evening there should not be a Christian soul which does not rejoice. It is Christmas eve:—We will think on the birth of our Redeemer; and that will enliven our sorrows !”

He turned his eyes upon Anthony’s picture ; it was hung in that part of the room where formerly a mirror had hung ; and in order to guard it from injury, it was covered with gauze. “ Now,” said he, “ we will sing our Christmas hymn :—But first, tell me if any thing particular has occurred during our absence.” “ Nothing,” said his wife, “ except, that shortly after your departure, a letter arrived from the superintendant :—But I have not opened it.” She gave him the letter. He opened it;—turned pale;—and

then turning his eyes towards Heaven, said, "Lord, thy will be done!" They all looked on him full of alarm and expectation.— "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Grunewald. "We must leave this house," answered he:—"We ought to have left it already. The superintendant desires that it may be empty, and all in order by Christmas eve, that the new forester may be able to enter on Christmas day. He threatens, that if we do not obey this order, we shall be turned out by force. We are not now one moment in safety.

"Ah!" said Christian's wife, "will they turn us out this dreadful stormy night!—Listen how the wind blows!—How it rains! Where shall we find a shelter from the storm and rain?" She sank upon the chair, and caught hold of her two children. Her husband stood speechless before her, and looked at her and her two children, with tears in his eyes.

“ Oh !” said Mrs. Grunewald, “ to be driven out of the house in which I was born, in which my father and grand-father lived !— it is too much !

Katherine wept in silence ; Louisa stood trembling and shaking like a lamb that is going to be killed. But the old forester with his venerable countenance, his calm brow, and his grey head, looked in silence towards Heaven ; and then, calmly and composedly said, “ Yes, my dearest children, it is come to this, that we must leave this house. I know no one who can take us all in. We must be separated from each other. I had hoped to have enjoyed a peaceful old age, surrounded by you all. I had hoped that as you stand around me now, so you might in this house have stood round my dying bed. God has decreed it otherwise. We will resign ourselves to his will.”

He looked upon his grand-children, and proceeded: "Our hearts are moved at the sight of these weeping children;—God has also a tender heart towards us. He does not permit such severe sufferings without an object. He will even turn our lamentations to our benefit. When once things are come to the worse, then will they surely mend. We have enjoyed many a happy Christmas eve in this room: then let us take one mournful one cheerfully at God's hand."

"You are right; my dear husband," said Mrs. Grunewald, we will leave all to God; and we shall be comforted in our misfortunes. I have often thought, how cruel it must have appeared to Mary that she did not even dare to remain all night in the stable; but that she was obliged (as we shall shortly be obliged,) to leave her dwelling in the middle of the night, and; with the holy Child,

to travel into a distant land. Great as was her faith, I doubt not that, if not on her own account, at least on the Child's, she must have wept! But God does not allow any of his children to be without trials. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

At this moment, some one knocked at the door. "Here they come, said the forester; and we shall be driven out of this room." His son stood up; looked at his gun; and said, "They shall not do that! The first who attempts—

"Oh no, no, my son," said the old man, "do not utter the words which are on your tongue.—No opposition—no unlawful measures! God is above both them and us. He is the judge; He alone is our protector and our refuge. If our entreaties avail us nothing with these men who are come to turn us out of our house, then let us go out quietly; and seek for shelter, until it is day,

in the cavern, where we have so often been protected from the rain." "Ah;" said he, (as he rose from his arm chair,) I wish that each of you could with me say,—

“ Oh, Thou, by long experienced tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My love! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.”

CHAP. VIII.

The knocking at the door was repeated; but this time it was louder than before. "Go, Christian, and open the door," said the forester. Christian went. A minute or two afterwards, a handsome, good-looking man, whom they did not know, in a dark-green mantle, lined with fur, appeared at the door. "Here is the new forester," they all thought. The stranger appeared shocked to see so many weeping eyes and pale countenances. He took off his cap; stood some moments still; and said, (at length,) "Do you not know me then?" "Ah!" exclaimed Louisa, "it is Anthony!" "Anthony!"—said Katherine; is it possible?" "It is—

it is," said Christian, "it is Anthony!" "How did you come here, brother? I thought you had been in Rome." The old man rubbed his eyes as if he could not trust to them; went slowly up nearer to him; and then, suddenly stretching out his arms to receive him, exclaimed, "Oh, my son Anthony!" The embrace was warmly returned. They all rejoiced at this unexpected meeting; their mourning was suddenly turned into joy. The arrival of Anthony was like the rising of the sun, which dispels the shades of night.

Mrs. Grunewald was the first who spoke. "You reach us at a very mournful period, Anthony. You observed our tears as you came in; let me now relate to you the cause of them." "I know all," said Anthony; be at peace, my dearest parents! Your affairs are in a good train. I am just come from the Prince:—He sent a most gracious message to you, dear father.

“To me?” said the forester, “and how did you find access to the Prince? I do not comprehend it—I fear this is but a dream!”

“No,” said Anthony, “it is no dream;—but a real truth. Be seated, dear father and mother, and let me relate the whole, circumstantially.” He took off his mantle; fetched a chair; and took his place between Mr. and Mrs. Grunewald. The others all stood round them, and looked at Anthony full of astonishment and expectation. He began: “You know that our Prince was not long ago in Italy. There was an exhibition at Rome of the works of the modern artists. One picture pleased him particularly. He was informed, that it had been painted by an artist named Anthony Kroner; who came from his dominions. The Prince sent for me; praised my painting very much, and behaved altogether very graciously towards me. He asked me what value I placed on

the picture; and, with a princely generosity, gave me much more than I required. He wished to see the most celebrated pictures in Rome; and often desired me to accompany him: He took me in his carriage; and I even sometimes had the honor of dining with him. There was a large collection of pictures for sale; some of which, were very fine; the Prince took me with him to see them; some of them pleased him particularly, and he resolved upon purchasing them. The day was fixed when they were to be sold: but the Prince could not delay his departure from Rome so long, as he was obliged to return home to take the government into his own hands. He therefore gave me the commission to purchase the pictures, and to take care that they were carefully packed and sent to him. He told me what was the highest sum he would give for them, and placed the money in my

hands. I was fortunate enough to procure them for a smaller sum. As I had already seen all that was desirable in Italy, I determined upon taking charge of the pictures myself. On arriving with them at the Prince's palace, I found him in his cabinet: He welcomed me to Germany; and asked what I had brought him from Italy. "The pictures," I replied, "which your Highness commanded me to purchase." "How many of them?" said the Prince. "All," "All!" said he, (quite astonished.) He immediately gave orders that the cases should be opened; and he was quite delighted with the acquisition. The Prince is not only a lover of pictures, but he is also a connoisseur. I presented him the receipt for the money which I had paid; when he observed, that it was a considerably less sum than he had expected; and desired me to retain the remainder as some return for my trouble.

He then observed, that I must be fatigued ; and ordered me an apartment in the palace.

As I was sitting in my room in the evening, it suddenly occurred to me that I would call on Mr. Muller; he was the only person, besides the Prince, with whom I was acquainted in the city: And I remembered how friendly he always was to you, dear father, when he was here as superintendant. He asked me what brought me there. I told him, as I have told you now. "You come at a very happy moment," he observed; and then related to me the whole history of your distress; of your visit to the town, and of your return without having obtained the object for which you had come there. I wished to hasten immediately to the Prince. "Not now," said he: "To-morrow morning you must request a private audience. I will accompany you; and I hope we shall obtain a favorable hearing. Accordingly,

the next morning, we were admitted:—I began immediately to speak of you with great zeal. I related the manner in which I had first come into your house, and all that you had done for me. I was very circumstantial; Mr. Muller sometimes said, “Come to the point.” But the Prince would smile, and say, “Let him go on; I like these tokens of gratitude towards his second parents.”—At length, I came to Mr. Reed, and mentioned the reason why he was so very inimical to you; on having heard the whole history, he took Mr. Muller aside; and after conversing with him for some time, he desired him to write; and said to me, “You may be at ease; it will be settled so as to satisfy and please you.”

Whilst Mr. Muller was writing, the Prince conversed with me on the subject of pictures. “I have already a collection,” said he; and I should like to have your opinion of them:

Many are in a bad condition, and require repairs;—will you undertake the task?—“With the greatest pleasure,” I replied:—“But I observed, that I wished first to visit you in the forest; that it was on Christmas eve I had first known you; and I should be sorry that the Christmas eve which was approaching should pass without my seeing you; more particularly, as you were in such unhappy circumstances, and as I should be the bearer of good news.” “That is but just,” said the Prince: “I will willingly wait till you have fulfilled your duty towards your parents.”

Mr. Muller had now finished his writing: The Prince signed the paper, and said to me, “Tell the good old man that he need be under no apprehensions.”

The forester, as well as the rest of the party, often wiped his eyes during this relation;—when it was ended, he stood up;

embraced Anthony; and then taking the veil off from his picture, said, "Now let us join with the angels, in saying, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men!"

THE END.



THE
CANARY BIRD;

Translated from the German.



2023年10月10日

PART I.



AT the time of the French Revolution, when the monarchy was overthrown, and so many noble families were plunged in the greatest misery, the family of Erlau lived near the Rhine. Mr. Erlau was a noble-minded, excellent man; his wife, a very amiable woman; and their two children, Charles and Lina, were the exact images of their parents. On the breaking out of those troublesome times which cost Europe so much blood, and so many tears, Mr. Erlau removed from the city, to his estates in a remote province, between the Rhine and the Voight mountains. Here, in his castle, (which, together with the neighbouring village, was surrounded by

rocks, vineyards, corn-fields, and whole woods of fruit trees,) far removed from the affairs of the world, he and his family lived in the most perfect peace. His tenants, who looked up to him as their greatest benefactor, and who had formerly only seen him a few weeks during the whole year, rejoiced greatly at his now living constantly amongst them. He did them much good. The country around looked like a garden. The good man made it like a paradise!

Mr. Erlau thought himself happy in having time now to educate his children himself. His happiest hours were those in which he gave them religious instruction. He was firmly convinced, that religion alone can truly fashion a man—that it alone can impart to him any real worth; and that in it alone, can he find happiness or comfort in necessity, or in death. His wife, who was of the same opinion, was always present

at these lessons; and sometimes she also added a word; which was spoken from a truly pious, feeling, and maternal heart. Now, in times of so much peril, Mr. Erlau spoke with peculiar feeling on the providence of God; and of confidence in Him. Mrs. Erlau, when she looked on her children who had come into the world in such times, shed tears of grief and joy;—and her words were full of energy and life.— That which came so much from the heart, could not but reach the heart. The children listened with attention and devotion; and very often tears appeared in their eyes also. The parents and their children, in spite of the danger which surrounded them in all directions, were cheerful and composed.

Besides the most important points of religion, Mr. Erlau instructed his children in all other necessary and useful things: He did not neglect the ornamental, and all

that tends to render human life more agreeable. Amongst other things, he played on the piano-forte most admirably; and sung so well, that he could hardly be surpassed by any one except his wife. He taught Charles to play, and Lina to sing.

Mr. and Mrs. Erlau, Charles and Lina, were sitting together at the piano-forte one cloudy, showery evening, towards the end of the winter, (for music and singing formed their usual evening's amusement at this time of the year.) Mr. Erlau had written a hymn for the children, which he had himself set to music; and had so arranged the accompaniment, that the little boy could manage it with his little fingers. Mrs. Erlau knew nothing of it; the children wished to surprise her with it. After she had sung a few hymns, with her incomparable voice, accompanied by her husband; he said to the children, "Now let us hear what your art

can produce." Charles placed himself at the piano-forte; and Lina, with her soft voice, sung (rather timidly,) the following song:—

"In all the storms
That round me rise,
My soul alone
On God relies.

The lightnings flash,
The thunders roar;
God gives a sign,
Their rage is o'er.

And if the world
Should flee away,
I tremble not,
With God, my stay.

He builds on rocks,
And not on sands,
Whose heart is fix'd
On God's commands.

To God I lift
My steadfast eyes,
In all the storms
That round me rise."

Mrs. Erlau was in raptures with this first song of her beloved children. No royal

concert could have afforded her so much pleasure. She embraced her children with tears in her eyes: "Yes," said she, "God, who has hitherto protected you, will still be your protector."

At this moment, the door of the room was violently opened; and the national guard rushed in. The Captain produced a writ of imprisonment. Mr. Erlau was seized without opposition; and was immediately to be conducted to prison. He was accused of being a royalist, and an enemy to liberty. Mrs. Erlau threw herself at the feet of the ferocious Captain, who (with dark sparkling eyes, tangled black hair, and tremendous whiskers,) stood unmoved before her. She wrung her hands; her pale cheeks were drowned in tears. The two children raised their little hands, and prayed and entreated that their father might not be taken from them:—Their tears increased; and at length, they could

scarcely be heard for their sobs. All was in vain:—Nothing would they grant:—They would not even wait an hour, much less till the next day, that a few necessary articles might be put together to ameliorate the wretched state of the prisoner. They remained unmoved; he must go immediately; and whilst his wife embraced him, (with tears and sobs, and the children clung about his knees,) he was torn from them by force, and conducted to prison.

Mrs. Erlau and the children were indescribably miserable; the former, sat with her weeping eyes directed towards heaven; and the children clung about her, sobbing and lamenting. At length, Mrs. Erlau became more composed, and said, “My dear children, what is become of our confidence in God?. It is He who has sent us this great affliction:—He will, by his grace, enable us to support it: He will turn it to

our good, and change it into joy. Let us then in faith and confidence say, "Lord, thy will be done!"

PART II.

The unhappy wife did all in her power to procure the release of her beloved husband. She went into the town—to the judges—she affirmed that he was innocent—she appealed to the whole neighbourhood to confirm it, and to declare how quietly he lived; that he took no part in the affairs of the world, that he never made them the subject of conversation. She threw herself at the feet of the judges; but she might as well have spoken to statues. Not one of them was moved to compassion; she could not even obtain permission to visit her husband in prison; but she was told, that in a few days he would be executed.

At the end of three days, she returned home, and found the castle surrounded by soldiers. They had seized upon her property; had plundered the castle, and converted it into barracks. She found no admittance there; and went on, in mourning and lamentation, enquiring for her children; for no one could tell her what was become of them.— All her servants were scattered. It was already late in the evening. She did not know which way to turn, nor where to pass the night.

It was quite dark, when she met her faithful servant, Richard; who said to her, “Dear, dear Mistress! you are in the greatest danger of being arrested. You have in haste used the words “extreme injustice and cruelty:” You have spoken of oppression under the form of freedom; and evil-disposed men have heard, and reported these expressions. You cannot save your husband!—to

remain here, would be to sacrifice yourself. Your children are in my house: Do you also come in. My brother, the old fisherman on the Rhine, is already instructed what to do. I will convey you to him to-night; and he will take you across the river. Thus you will, at least, save your life.

She went into the faithful Richard's home; which was below in the village:— But here, another grief awaited her. Lina had fallen ill the very day that her mother left her to go to town. This evening her illness had encreased exceedingly. The poor child had a violent fever; she was delirious, and did not know her mother. Mrs. Erlau was resolved upon remaining, and nursing her child herself. The physician, who was there, dissuaded her very seriously from doing so. "Our patient," said he, "cannot recover;—we may already look upon her as dead. Your presence cannot save the

child; and it is your duty to think upon your own preservation."

The afflicted mother stood by her child's bed, and could not make up her mind to depart. The physician took her gently by the arm to lead her away; and used the most persuasive arguments. She went a few paces towards the door, and then turned again with out-stretched arms, embraced her daughter; and, with an expression of the deepest grief, exclaimed, "No! my dear child, I cannot leave you!—I do not value my life!—I will die with you!"

The good old Richard and his wife entreated her, with up-lifted hands, to depart immediately; and they both faithfully promised her to do every thing for the poor child, as if she were their own. "The night is advancing," said Richard, "and it is only under its protection that you can make your escape. Every moment that you delay is

dangerous; and you may even cost my wife and me our lives, as well as lose your own. For to let any one remain a night in one's house, without permission, is forbidden on pain of death!"

"Well then, dear, beloved Lina, if I can do you no more service in this world—if my remaining here will only serve to bring these good and faithful people to the scaffold—I will leave you under the protection of God. Adieu, dear angel!—go to the dwellings of peace; where no tears are ever shed, and where there is no more separation from those we love.

Little Charles, who stood by his mother, took hold of Lina's hand; and, weeping and sobing, said, "Rejoice, dear Lina—you will be an angel in Heaven! It is better to be there, than here, where we are so frightened and unhappy. Oh! how glad I should be to be going with you!"

Mrs. Erlau knelt at the side of her child's bed; and, with her eyes directed towards Heaven, said, "To Thee, O God, may this sacrifice be made! and to Thy mercy and grace, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, do I commit this precious soul!" She was silent for some minutes; then she suddenly rose up; kissed Lina; took Charles by the hand, and hastened out of the room.

She now began to prepare for her flight. Richard had put together a few things for the journey. He went on before, heavily laden. Mrs. Erlau, with a bundle under her arm, followed him, leading her dear child, who also had a small parcel in his hand. Not a word did they speak. The night was very unfavourable; the wind blew, and the rain fell in torrents. At length, the old man broke the dead silence; saying, "This storm, these floods of rain, this tremendous

darkness, are so many mercies from God!— They protect us from our pursuers. Had it been a moon-light night, we should certainly have been discovered. Thus does that even turn to our benefit which appears to us the most tremendous, and least likely to do so:—so it is with all the sorrows, the storms, and dark events of our lives!”

They arrived at the dwelling of the old fisherman. They entered into a small room badly lighted by a lamp. The fisherman gave Mrs. Erlau and Charles a hearty welcome; and whilst he and Richard were occupied in conveying the boat down to the water's side, his wife put some hot soup, and bread and wine on the table. When all was ready, the two men returned; they conducted Mrs. Erlau to the Rhine: The moon was in the last quarter; from time to time it shone through the broken clouds, and relieved the awful darkness. Poor Mrs.

Erlau shuddered on finding herself in so tempestuous a night on the banks of the Rhine, and on the point of committing herself and her child to its waves, in a boat scarcely large enough to contain two persons. The men encouraged her; the old fisherman went into the boat; took the oar; and with pious confidence, said, "God will help us over!"

Richard now took leave; he had reserved a gold snuff-box, a gold watch, and a few rings set with precious stones, from the plunder of the castle. These he now gave to Mrs. Erlau; together with some money, which he had saved in her service, without saying that it was his own. He kissed her hand, wept bitterly, and caught the child in his arms. "Oh! my dear mistress," said he, "I am an old man; and probably I see you and dear little Charles for the last time. I can do no more for you; but God will



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Mrs. Erlau crosses the Rhine.

take care of you. You will yet live to see good days." "I have been young, and am now old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." I would willingly have accompanied you, but by staying, I may be of use in contributing towards my master's escape; I will do all in my power." They all wept and sobbed:—Mrs. Erlau recommended her husband and daughter again, and again, to his care. The old man promised; and helped her and Charles into the boat.

As it was putting off from the shore, Richard fell on his knees, and, raising his hands towards heaven, said, "Here will I kneel, and pray that they may reach the opposite shore in safety. I will not rise from my knees until my brother brings me the happy news of their being out of danger.—Would to God that I might also convey them the same intelligence from the dear friends they have left behind!"

PART III.

Mrs. Erlau crossed the Rhine in safety, but she could not remain where she then was : Emigrants were hardly admitted there ; and the seat of war was also too near ; therefore, according to the instructions which Richard had given her, she followed the course of the river towards Switzerland. Her money was getting low ; and a residence in that country was represented to her as too expensive. She was advised to seek for shelter in Suabia. After having travelled to many places in vain, she at length arrived on the frontiers of the Igral ; where, through the mediation of a kind-hearted man, an old Tyrolese promised to receive her in his cottage.

She and her little Charles hastened to the place without delay. A guide, who carried their cloaths, went before them.— They traversed high mountains, and deep vallies. After having crossed a mountain, they perceived a small green valley lying very much below them, at the right-hand side; under an over-hanging rock, lay some low, wooden cottages, with flat roofs. In the midst of them, appeared the steeple of a small church. On the left, was a fir wood; behind which appeared the summits of two mountains, which stretched themselves into the clouds; and, although the vallies were green and blooming, yet these mountains were still covered with snow. The guide pointed to the valley, and said, “That is Schawarzensfels, where the old man lives to whom you are going. Mrs. Erlau sighed, and went up the narrow path.

The old Tyrolese, who expected her arrival, came out to meet her with a cheerful and friendly countenance. He was unacquainted with the worldly forms of ceremony and politeness, but he had a true feeling of what was correct. In order to shew his respect to his new guest, he had put on his grey Sunday coat, and his scarlet waiscoat, and wore his beautiful green hat, with a plume of feathers. "I greet you, Madam, in the name of God," said he, "and am very happy to see you and your child under my roof."

His wife, a kind-hearted old woman, with white hair and red cheeks, stood at the door. She was also very nicely dressed; and as she came from the kitchen, she wiped her hand in her white apron, and presenting it to Mrs. Erlau, said also, "I greet you, in the name of God. Dinner is ready; but you must be satisfied with our slender fare, for

we eat scarcely any thing but milk and butter, oat-bread and apples."

The old woman led Mrs. Erlau into a room which looked out upon the wood and the snow-topped mountains. The whole furniture of the room consisted of a table, a bench, and two deal chairs; and adjoining this, was a small and very wretched bedroom. But Mrs. Erlau knew how to thank God for having allowed her such an asylum.

She arranged her domestic concerns as well as circumstances would permit. She dressed her own dinner, and spent the remainder of her time in knitting and sewing; by which she was able to earn a trifle.— To find employment for Charles was what she found most difficult. She was without the books necessary for his education; besides which, he had already begun to learn Latin, with which she was unacquainted. She was one morning engaged in thought

on this subject, when she heard a little bell tolling from the church tower. The Tyrolese woman came in haste to tell her that the minister of the adjoining village would that day perform Divine service in their church. Mrs. Erlau and Charles accordingly attended. After having listened to a sermon which pleased her very much, she introduced herself to the preacher; and found him a pious, sensible, benevolent man. He promised to procure the necessary books for the child, and to give him daily instruction, if he would traverse the mountains in search of it. To this, Charles consented with joy; and was very happy that he had now again a settled employment. He could scarcely wait for his breakfast to be over, so much was he in haste to get his books, and go to his new master. Sometimes when it rained two or three days successively, the poor child was almost deprived of any amuse-

ment. Mrs. Erlau was of opinion, that innocent recreation was as necessary as study. It was therefore her object to procure something of the kind for Charles.

A great many canary birds are bred in the Tyrol, which are afterwards carried into distant countries to be sold. The old man (their host,) had many of these birds.— Charles entreated his mother (as they were very cheap,) to buy him one. “Lina had always a canary bird at home,” said he; “so do let us have something here which shall remind us of our dear country!”

Mrs. Erlau consented; and Charles picked out of the number, that bird which he thought most like Lina's.

He took great delight in the yellow plumage, and the bright black eyes of his little bird. It soon became tame; flew on his finger, and picked the crumbs from his lips.

When he wrote, it would fly past him, and peck at his pen or his finger; so that he was often obliged to confine it in its cage, in order that he might not be hindered in his work. When the bird began to sing, Charles could not find words to express his delight. "You must teach it to whistle a pretty tune," said the old Tyrolese. Charles thought he was in joke; he did not know that birds could be taught. The old man took out a small fife. "Ah!" said Charles, "that is a beautiful little ivory flute!"—The Tyrolese played a tune, and then taught him the scale. Charles was in raptures with the clear, pure tones; and as he had considerable musical talents, he could soon play whatever he heard. He now often played to the bird, and repeated the same air over and over again: And when, at last, the bird sung it without a mistake, Charles jumped for joy; and his mother said, (smiling,)

“Take care, my child, that you also learn your lessons as correctly as the bird has done his.” The flute and the canary bird caused many a cheerful hour to Charles and his mother when the wind and rain made them prisoners in their little room.

But the fate of her husband and daughter was often in Mrs. Erlau's thoughts, and caused her many a mournful day, and many a sleepless night. She used every means to procure intelligence, but in vain. The only accounts which she could obtain from France, were, from the newspapers. These the good pastor sent her every week, by Charles. One evening, he came joyfully home, bringing the newspaper with him, and said, “My master has not read them quite through, but he has seen enough to know that they contain good news for you!” Mrs. Erlau read with avidity; and found indeed that the news of the war was very satisfactory.

The hope arose, that she might soon be able to return to her native land. But, behold! at the end of the paper, there was a long list of prisoners who had been executed on account of their attachment to the old government: And amongst them, was the name of her husband, Henry de Erlau. She started as if she had been struck by lightning!—The paper fell from her hand, and she fainted away. It was a long time before the people of the house (who were attracted by Charles's cries,) could restore her to life. She became dangerously ill;—her recovery was despaired of; and the poor child (who never stirred from her bedside,) seem to pine away by degrees. The old Tyrolese often shook his head, and said, “Next Autumn will scatter its leaves over the grave of the mother; and the poor child will scarcely live to see the Spring.”

PART IV.

The faithful Richard had waited at the water's side until his brother returned with the joyful tidings that Mrs. Erlau was in safety on the opposite shore. His great anxiety now was—to save his master from death; for it appeared to him extremely unjust that he should be brought to the scaffold for his fidelity to the lawful King. Therefore, the next morning, very early, he hastened to the city. He had there a son, named Robert, who had been compelled to serve in the National Guard. By the assistance of this courageous and enterprising youth, who occasionally kept watch over the prisoners, Richard hoped to be able to

to procure his master's liberty. He and his son projected several plans; but none of them were practicable. At length, they thought it was better to be on the look-out for the first opportunity, and to take advantage of it: But no such presenting itself, Robert began to give up all hope.

Mr. Erlau was condemned to death; the next day, the sentence was to be put in execution. He spent the night in his solitary prison thinking on his wife and children. He knew nothing of their fate, and was much concerned about them. But, what he said on hearing the sentence of death pronounced upon him, "Lord, thy will be done," was still the feeling of his heart.

He turned all his thoughts to his Redeemer. "In whom," said he, "but in Thee, O Heavenly Father, shall I find comfort in this last night of my existence?—What Thou permittest is always best; there-

fore, do with me and mine as Thou seest good. If Thou takest me from my dear wife and my beloved children, Thou wilt provide for them with a father's love:—for Thou never forsakest those who put their trust in Thee: Thou wilt comfort them in their affliction: And with faith and confidence in Thy promises, I will lay my head on the block; which is already stained with the blood of so many of my friends! But, if Thou wilt, still spare me for a time to my wife and children:—Thou canst open the doors of my prison, and save me from the power of my enemies!—Then will I dedicate my life to Thee; and I will sing of Thy mercies for ever!”

Whilst he was deeply engaged in these meditations, there was suddenly a great noise in the gallery. The doors of his prison were opened; clouds of smoke rushed in, and the whole building was in flames.

A young soldier stood before him, and said, "In the name of God, save yourself!"

This soldier was Robert. A fire had broken out in the prison, through the carelessness of some drunken soldiers. Those who kept watch over the prisoners, had thrown down their arms and great coats, and had run out to assist in extinguishing it. Robert had taken advantage of the first moment of confusion; and snatching up the cloathes and arms of one of the guards, hastened to Mr. Erlau.

"Put these cloathes on quickly," said he, and he helped him to put on the coat, hat, and sabre; he took a fire-lock in his hand, and thus was he equipped. His head, which he had never shaved since he had been in prison, made him look more like the wild ruffians of those times, and completed his warlike appearance. "Now," said Robert, "go boldly down the stairs, and out at the

great door. With this dress I hope you will escape without difficulty. Then hasten to my father, whom you will find with his brother the fisherman, on the banks of the Rhine."

The entrance of the young man was, to Mr Erlau, like the appearance of an angel; and his speech was as a message from Heaven. He instantly saw what he had to do. With a steadiness of manner, as if he had a most important charge, he hastened down the stairs, and called out to the people who thronged in with water buckets, "Make way!" Thus he succeeded in reaching the street without any hindrance. He walked boldly and steadily on to one of the gates of the city; and having the watch word, he escaped in safety. It was past midnight when he arrived at the fisherman's house: He knocked at the window; the fisherman came out, and was not a little shocked, for

he thought he saw a soldier who was come to seize his brother; who had many enemies in consequence of his fidelity to his master's family. But when the good man saw that it was Mr. Erlau, he lifted up his hands, and said "Blessed be God!" and led him into the house. Richard, who had been here ten nights on the watch, arose with the exclamation of—"Oh! my dear master!—and they embraced each other in tears. Mr. Erlau's first enquiries were—for his wife and children. Richard told him that Mrs. Erlau and Charles were in safety; that Lina had been very ill, but, that by the blessing of God, she had recovered; and was now in his brother's house. Lina, who slept in the next room, had been awakened by Richard's joyful exclamations: She knew her father's voice; with tears of joy she rushed into his arms; and he embraced her at the same time, returning thanks to the Almighty disposer of the affairs of men.

He resolved upon crossing the Rhine that very night, in order to leave that country; which from a paradise, had been transformed into the grave of the murdered. He and Lina set off without delay. The old fisherman went before, and Richard followed with a portmanteau on his back. It was a starlight night. They approached the Rhine in the most profound silence; and there stood the little boat ready to receive them; when suddenly they heard a noise of firing behind them, and a cry of—"Halt! halt!"—The fire in the prison had soon been extinguished. The soldiers had immediately missed their prisoner, and the cloathes which he had taken; and went instantly in pursuit of him. They approached with horrid noises. The poor fugitives were dreadfully alarmed. They hastened into the boat; Mr. Erlau, with Lina in his arms, went in first; Richard followed. They both seized the

oars, and pulled with all their might. The old fisherman, for whom there was no room in the boat, concealed himself in an hollow tree.

The boat was scarcely twenty paces from the shore when the soldiers reached it,— They began to fire on the fugitives; The shot whizzed about their ears. Mr. Erlau desired Lina to lie down in the boat: The rowers redoubled their efforts. One shot pierced through Mr. Erlau's hat; two others went into Richard's oar; The boat, which was but a few inches above the water, was nearly sinking; but at length, they happily reached the opposite shore.

Mr. Erlau fell on his knees, and thanked God for his preservation; Lina and Richard followed his example. They next seated themselves on the trunk of a tree, to repose, after their labours. As soon as they were a little recovered, Richard (who would not



del. Mr Estlin falls on his knees, Lina and Richard follow his example.

leave his master in his troubles,) went before, with his staff in his hand, and his bundle on his back; and his master, with little Lina, followed. He took the road towards the Black Forest, in Suabia.

PART V.

Mr. Erlau's first object was, now, to go in search of his wife. Richard was acquainted with a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of the black forest. Here they went first to get a few days rest, and to prepare themselves for a longer journey. But Mr. Erlau had scarcely entered into the farmer's house, 'ere he talked of leaving it again. "I cannot enjoy a peaceful moment," said he to Richard, "until I have found my wife and son. You tell me that they are certainly in Switzerland; But how are we to get there? Lina cannot go so far on foot; and I have no other mode of conveyance within my power."

Richard produced a purse full of gold, and pouring out its contents on the table, said, "My dear Master, you are not so poor as you imagine. All this is your own property!" Mr. Erlau looked by turns on the money, and on the faithful servant. "When you were rich," said Richard, "you were always generous. To how many have you not given money in their necessities? From some of these, have I procured money during the time of your imprisonment. And although it is but too true that there are many men who have neither gratitude nor justice, yet I have still met with many an honest soul, who has not only returned to me what you had lent; but who, out of affection and gratitude to you, has added something of his own!" Mr. Erlau counted the money. "It is a large sum," said he, lifting up his eyes to heaven with a look of adoration. "But how long will this serve

us?" "We will at least take good care of it, said Richard, "but still we will travel into Switzerland!"

Richard bought a horse and a light cart, over which, by means of some hoops, he intended to put an awning, to protect them from wind and rain. They set out on their journey. Richard went mostly on foot:— At his earnest entreaties, Mr. Erlau and Lina generally remained in the waggon.— Thus they arrived in Switzerland. But Mr. Erlau could gain no intelligence of his wife here. Every enquiry was in vain. He was convinced, she must have taken another direction; and accordingly they went on to Suabia.

At length Mr. Erlau's strength was quite exhausted. He had suffered much hard treatment in prison; much anxiety and dread as to the sentence which was pronounced upon him; great alarm and care on his flight,

and great daily fatigue during the journey. He fell ill; and was obliged to remain in a small town in Suabia till he should recover his strength.

Richard hired a couple of rooms, with a chamber for himself, and a kitchen; he bought the most indispensable articles of furniture; and as he was very clever in household management, he took upon himself the direction of it. Lina assisted him; and from morning to evening, she employed herself in all that was not beyond her strength to perform. At first, Mr. Erlau almost kept his bed:—It was a long time before he was able to sit up the whole day. Lina did all in her power to cheer him, and to shorten the time. Every day, she tried to procure him a new pleasure:—Sometimes she would bring him a new dish which she had dressed herself; sometimes she would sing a new song; and at other times, she would sur-

prise him with some agreeable intelligence ; while Mr. Erlau, in his turn, signified his satisfaction in the liveliest manner.

Lina's birth-day arrived : As soon as she arose in the morning, she returned thanks to God ; and prayed for her parents. On going to the window, she beheld her favorite flowers, the most beautiful red and purple stocks ; a canary bird of the most lovely yellow colour, with a little tuft on its head exactly like one she had formerly had, was hung in a very pretty cage, just above the flowers. The morning sun shone remarkably bright into the room, and made the flowers appear so much the more beautiful. Lina was quite delighted : tears came into her eyes : She thanked her father with the warmest expressions of tenderness and simplicity. " Take what I can give you, my dear child ; at present I have nothing more in my power ; formerly, when we were in our own house,

it was a different thing; then, your birthday was a matter of joy to the whole village: To day we will celebrate it in joyful devotion and thanksgiving."

A better dinner than usual was prepared. Mr. Erlau was in very good spirits, and insisted upon Richard's sitting with them at table. At the end of the dinner, this faithful servant brought in a tart covered with flowers, and a bottle of wine from his native country, Alsace. Mr. Erlau drank first to Lina's health, and then to the health of his wife and son. But grief was mixed with his joy, and his tears mingled with his wine. "Ah! Lina," said he, "where do your mother and Charles celebrate your birth-day? To how many dangers and difficulties are not a woman and a child exposed, who are driven out in the wide world without a friend or a protector!—Who knows whether we shall ever celebrate this day

altogether? I had once so cheerful a temper, and so firm a reliance in the providence of God; but now I have often mournful hours. I fear—I fear—”

Lina hung round her father's neck, and tried to compose him. “Be comforted, dearest father,” said she, “God has not forsaken us—He will bring us together once more—He has not hitherto preserved us so miraculously for nothing!” “Yes, that he will,” said Richard, and wiped his eyes. They were all silent. It was a moment of quiet pious emotion,

The canary bird began to sing the melody of the little air:—

In all the storms
That round me rise,
My soul alone
On God relies.”

Full of astonishment, Lina clasped her hands together and said, “What do I hear? That is the first song which Charles learnt

to accompany on the piano-forte, and I to sing—the same that we were singing, dearest father, when you were seized!” Mr. Erlau, Lina, and Richard, looked with wonder and amazement at the bird. He repeated the air three times. There was no doubt as to its being the same: Not a note wanting.

“This is most surprising,” said Mr. Erlau, and took off his cap. “Blessed God! I believe Thou wilt restore to me my wife, and my Charles. The bird can only have learnt this air from them; but how, I cannot imagine. Richard, by what means did you procure it?”

Richard said, that he had purchased it the day before, from a Tyrolese. “Oh,” said Mr. Erlau, “go, and do all in your power to find him. Perhaps he can give us some information.” Richard remained a long time out; and Mr. Erlau and Lina were in a

state of the most anxious expectation. "To what necessity must they have been reduced," said Mr. Erlau, "that they should have sold this little bird! Perhaps they are dead, and the bird is all that remains." At length Richard returned with the Tyrolese; but he knew nothing particular about the bird. He had bought it from a shepherd in the Tyrol. The name of Mrs. Erlau was quite unknown to him: But on being farther questioned, he assured Mr. Erlau that there certainly was a lady, with a child, such as he described, in his neighbourhood; and it might be very possible that this bird had belonged to them. He had seen the lady at church on Sundays; and he had often met the child going to school. He described them both so accurately, that they all three exclaimed with joy. "It must be them!" They all thanked God heartily, and with tears, that he had so providentially discover-



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The next morning they set out for the Tyrol.

ed to them those whom they were in search of. After having enquired most particularly as to the place where his wife was, and the road which led to it, he dismissed the Tyrolese with a reward for his information, which not a little astonished and delighted him.

They made their preparations for setting out immediately. Mr. Erlau forgot his want of strength: The good news did more to restore him than any medicine could have done. Lina helped him to pack; and Richard set about putting the little waggon in order; and went to fetch the horse from an inn-keeper, who had had the use of it in return for its keep. On the following day, they set out for the Tyrol. *They did not not leave the dear little bird behind.* Its cage was hung upon one of the hoops which supported the white awning; and Mr. Erlau and Lina had the delight from time to time of hearing it sing its pretty song.

PART VI.

Mr. Erlau and his travelling companions arrived safely in the village to which the hamlet of Schawarzenfels belonged. He went immediately to the pastor; who confirmed all that the young Tyrolese had related to him. Mrs. Erlau and her son were still living. "But the poor lady," he added, "is in the deepest affliction. She believes her husband to be dead; and she has known no joy since she heard this mournful news;—indeed, she was very near dying with grief."

Mr. Erlau enquired whence this false report had originated. The pastor produced the newspaper which contained it, and placed it before him: He read with his own eyes

the account of his execution on such a day. Although this at first astonished him, he was able afterwards to understand how it had happened: In those tumultuous times, there was a want of truth even in the smallest circumstances. And certainly they had either forgotten to strike out his name from the already-prepared list; or they had purposely allowed it to remain, in order to avoid any enquiries as to his having been suffered to escape.

Mr. Erlau was much grieved that his wife should have undergone so much affliction through this false intelligence. The good pastor expressed his opinion, that she must be prepared with the greatest caution for the joyful reverse which awaited her. They consulted together as to how this had best be brought about; and although it was late in the evening, and very bad weather, they proceeded altogether to Schawarzenfels. It

had rained the whole day; and now it began to snow. They reached the summit of the woody hill, from whence (between the branches of the firs,) they could perceive the snow-topped roofs of the cottages, and their smoking chimnies. Here they seated themselves under the thick firs, which protected them from the wind and snow, while Richard went on to the cottage which the pastor pointed out to him.

Mrs. Erlau was seated near a wood-fire which lighted the room; she was knitting; and Charles was reading aloud. The moment she saw her faithful servant enter she uttered a loud cry; and her work fell from her hands. She hastened to meet him; and received him at the same moment with tears of joy and grief. Charles was beside himself with joy. Mrs. Erlau desired the old man to sit down on the chair which Charles had placed near the fire.



L. dd.
Richards approaching the cottage of
Mrs Erlau.

“ Ah! Richard,” she began, and is it thus, that we must meet again! I must not talk of the cruel death of my excellent husband; it is too sad an event! But, do tell me, what of Lina? Is she dead! Ah! perhaps, her lovely form has long since been reduced to dust and ashes!” Richard then told her that the physician had given her to understand that the child’s illness was more dangerous than he really thought it, in order to induce her to effect her escape; that she had, shortly after, begun to recover; and that she was now rosy and well. Mrs. Erlau was greatly rejoiced at this news, and her eyes sparkled with delight. “ But,” said she, very seriously, and with an altered countenance, “ why did you not bring her with you? Why did you not bring her from that country where her life is not in security for an hour? How could you be so unfeeling as to come without her? Why did

you—” She could not go on, for the door suddenly opened, and Lina flew into her arms. Charles joined in their embrace.— Sweeter tears have not often been shed than those of Mrs. Erlau at this moment, in once more embracing both her children together.

But her joy was soon lessened by her habitual melancholy. “ Ah that my dear husband was still living !” said she, and looked with weeping eyes to heaven : Oh ! then would the measure of my joy be full : But, not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done ! And though you, my dear children, are poor orphans, the Lord careth for the fatherless. And though *I* can do nothing for you, *He* will not let you want.”

Richard now began gently to prepare her for the news of her husband’s safety : But Mrs. Erlau was more collected than Richard expected. The great joy, first of seeing the old man again, and then the still greater

one of embracing her daughter, had been the most natural and best preparations for the greatest joy her heart was capable of experiencing, that of seeing her husband again, after having believed that he had perished on the scaffold. He stood all this time outside the door with a beating heart, and hearing every word that passed.

As soon as Mrs. Erlau clearly understood from Richard's words that her husband was still alive, she burst forth into expressions of the greatest rapture; saying, "He lives! O! God be praised, who has saved him from his murderers! I am sure he is not far off!" At that moment, the door was opened, and Mr. Erlau rushed into his wife's arms! But she who had, till within a few minutes, lamented him as dead, was greatly affected by this sudden change; timid and fearful, she seemed almost to doubt whether he really stood before her. She

could not find words to express the feelings of her heart; and she only said, Oh! what must be the joys of heaven, where we shall not only meet those we loved on earth, and over whose bodies we have mourned, but where we shall also behold our blessed Redeemer! through whose voluntary sacrifice we obtain eternal bliss!"

The father and mother, son and daughter, pastor and servant, spent a very delightful evening round the rustic hearth. The old Tyrolese and his wife also partook heartily of the general joy.

The following morning, there arrived a guest, who, under God, had most contributed to this happy reunion. Richard brought in the canary bird, which he had left the evening before at the pastor's. Charles rejoiced exceedingly on meeting with his bird again. During his mother's illness, it had escaped out of the window; and he had

never been able to hear any thing about it. Mr. Erlau, related all the particulars of the canary bird's leading to the discovery of his wife and son. Mrs. Erlau shed tears of joy and gratitude over this providential occurrence. "Ah! my God!" said she, "Thou hast ordained it so: Thou hast made of this winged messenger an instrument to inform my husband in what corner of the world I was to be found! And had he not found me, I should most probably have died of grief before the winter was over: But, Oh how little is my faith!"

Charles joined his expressions of gratitude to those of his mother. "Was it not a happy thought," said he, "that I should have taught the bird just this very air!— But I never thought when I so much lamented its loss, that God only took it from me in order to restore to me my father and sister, and the bird itself too! Here we

see very clearly that a trifling misfortune can, in the hands of God, be turned into a great blessing."

"You are quite right, dear Charles," said Mr. Erlau, "in the same way, has God taken from us all our riches, only to give us what is much better, the riches of his grace. I hope that we have all through our misfortunes gained that experience, in comparison of which, all the pomp and splendour of the world is nothing! Perhaps, God may also restore to us our temporal goods in the same manner as He has restored to you your canary bird."

The shepherd boy who had sold the bird, which he had been desired to catch, was much confounded when the pastor called him to an account for having done so; and [informed him how the theft had been discovered in another country many leagues from thence. "I will never more act dis-

honestly," said the boy, "for I perceive that nothing can be so concealed, but that it will come some day to light."

Mr. Erlau resolved on spending the Winter at Schawarzensfels. The canary bird was restored to its original place. Lina took great care of it, and did not allow it to feel the want of fresh green leaves during the whole Winter; in return for which, it would often reward her with singing the melody; the first hearing of which, had caused her so much amazement and delight. She and Charles would often sing the whole song, from which they derived both comfort and edification. In the midst of many anxious cares and mournful circumstances which afterwards befell this family, it was always a source of consolation when the little bird struck up its song, which it always ended with a cheerful and bold shake. "We will trust in Him," said they, "who has helped us

in so wonderful a manner through the means of this insignificant little creature. He who can help in so many ways, and who has saved us hitherto, will not forsake us now!"

"Yes, yes," said old Richard, "I think so too. The sight of that little bird in the window, is always an affecting sight to me: I always remember the words—"Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them: Are ye not much better than they?" At the sight of the bird, these words make a deeper impression on my heart; and, even though I do not hear it sing, I cannot lose my confidence and faith, however outward circumstances may be against us. He, who cares for the birds, will not forget us!"

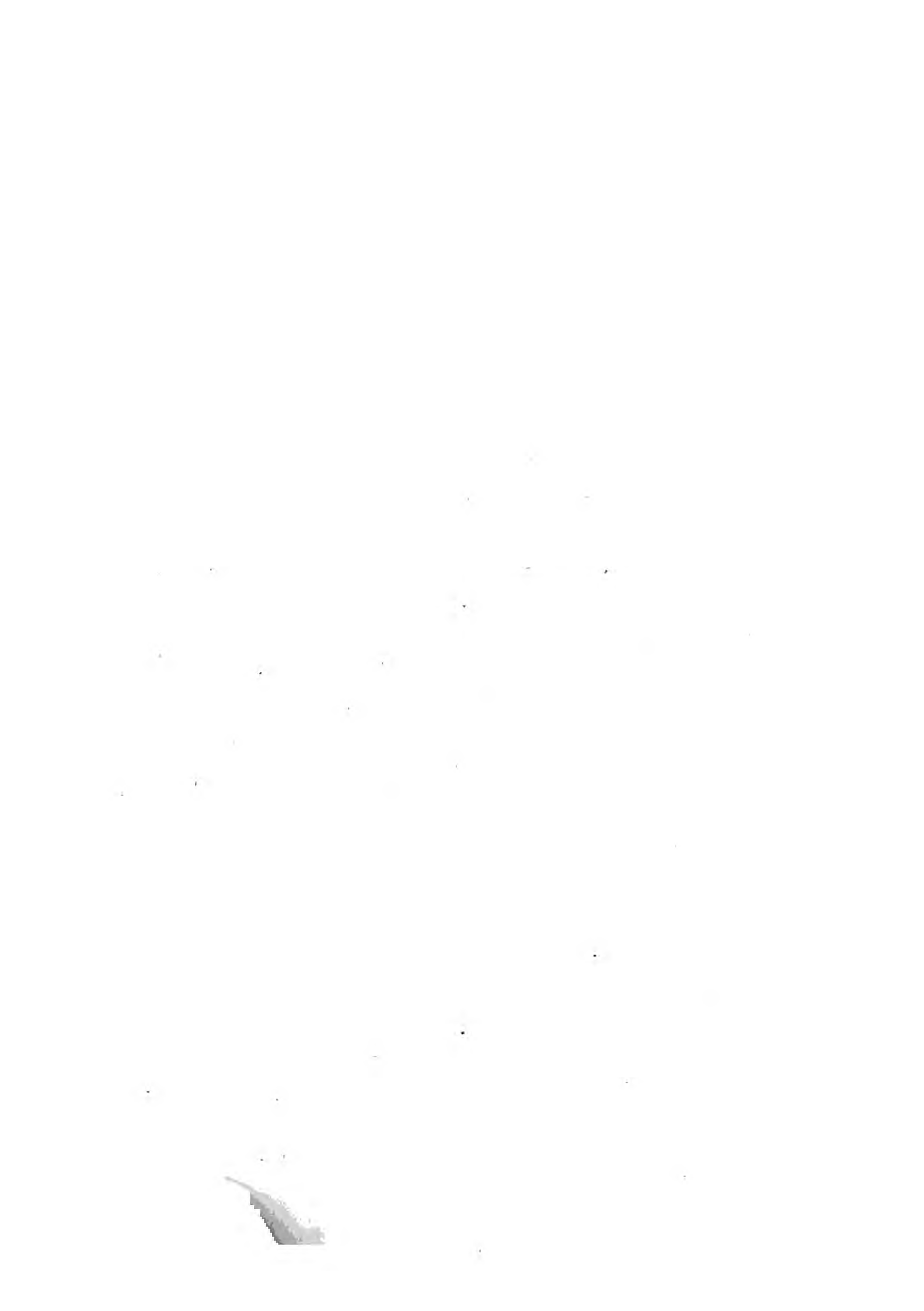
Mr. Erlau and his family lived a long time in very narrow and distressed circumstances. But at length they were restored to their

country, and to a great part of their property; and enjoyed the satisfaction of rewarding all those who had assisted them in their necessities.



THE
FIRE FLY;

Translated from the German.





L. del.

Mary & her son in the orchard.

PART I.



ON the evening of a hot sultry Summer's day, Mary, a poor widow, was seated by the open window of her little room, and was looking out on the orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass, which had been mown but on that morning, and which was already sufficiently dry, was made up into cocks; and the delightful and refreshing perfume was wafted in at the window. The sky was clear and cloudless; and the moon shone into the cheerful little room, and cast the shadow of the windows, and the vines which surrounded them, on the floor. Her little Ferdinand, a child of six years of age, was standing in the window,

leaning on the ledge, and his blooming countenance and golden locks, together with a part of his clean white shirt sleeves, and his scarlet waistcoat, were lighted by the moon.

The poor woman sat there to rest herself. But great as the labour of this hot day had been to her body, a still greater pain oppressed her mind, and made her forgetful of her weariness. There stood by her, a bason of milk and bread, of which she had scarcely tasted a spoonful. Ferdinand was quite disturbed, and did not play or make any noise, because he saw his mother so unhappy. He also, on observing that she wept bitterly, instead of eating his supper, had put his spoon aside; and his little earthenware bason stood nearly full, on the table; and the moon shining on it, cast a reflection on the ceiling.



L. del.

The funeral of Mary's husband.

Mary had become a widow in the beginning of the Spring. Her husband, one of the best young men in the village, had laid by so much by industry and frugality, that he had purchased his little cottage and orchard; but not quite without incurring some little debt. The industrious man had planted the green with young fruit trees; which already bore fine fruit. He had chosen for his wife, Mary, a poor orphan, with no fortune, but a good education: For she was considered the most pious, industrious, and much-beloved young woman in the whole village. They had lived most happily together when the typhus fever appeared in the place; and the good man was carried off by it. *She* who had nursed her husband with the greatest care, fell ill of the same disorder immediately after his disease; and she was also very near rejoining him in death.

Her illness, and that of her husband, had much embarrassed her circumstances: But she still hoped not to be obliged to quit her cottage. Her husband had long been in the service of the richest farmer of the place; who had respected and valued him much for his fidelity and industry; and had advanced him three hundred florins, to enable him to purchase this house and garden, on condition that he should repay him twenty-five florins yearly. This he had punctually performed up to the time of his illness; and his debt only amounted now to fifty florins. Mary knew all this very well.

The farmer also died of the typhus fever. His heir, the daughter's husband, proved the bond for three hundred florins amongst his father-in-law's papers. He knew nothing whatever of the circumstance; as the old man had never mentioned it. He therefore demanded the whole sum of the widow.

The poor woman assured him that her husband had paid the whole sum within fifty florins. But this availed her nothing. The young farmer called her a liar; and took her to a magistrate. As she could give no proof that she had paid any thing, she was declared to be liable for the whole debt. The heir was importunate for the payment; and as poor Mary had not any thing but her cottage and garden, these must be sold to pay the demand. She had entreated and implored the farmer and his wife to have pity on her: Her little Ferdinand joined his entreaties to her's; they both wept; but all in vain. The following day was appointed for the sale: She had, just an hour before her day's-work was ended, learnt this from a neighbour.

It was on this account, that she was now sitting so mournfully in the window; looking sometimes up to heaven, and then again

at her little boy:—At one moment, weeping bitterly; and the next, plunged again in the deepest melancholy.

“ Ah,” said she within herself, “ I have made hay to-day for the last time in my little garden! The first yellow plums which I plucked to-day for my Ferdinand, are the only ones which my child will enjoy from the tree which his father planted for him. Perhaps this is the last night that we shall spend under this roof. To-morrow, the house will be the property of another; and, who knows if we may not be turned out immediately?—Where shall we find a shelter to-morrow? Perhaps under the vault of heaven.” And she began to sob violently.

Ferdinand, who till now, had not even stirred, came a little nearer; and said, (sobbing,) “ Mother, do not weep so bitterly—for I shall never be able to speak with you again. Do you not know what my father

said to you when he lay dying on the bed?
“Do not weep,” said he, “God is the Father of the widow and the orphan:—Call upon Him in time of trouble; and He will take care of you.” “He said so.—Is it not true?”

“Yes, dear child,” said Mary, “it is indeed true!” “Well then,” said the child, “why do you cry so?—Pray to God; and He will help you. Oh, when I was with my father in the forest, and he was cutting wood, if I wanted any thing—if I was hungry, or if a thorn had run into me, I did not cry a great deal, I went to my father, (for he was then alive,) and told him; and he put his hatchet aside, and gave me bread, or took out the thorn. And God is as ready to help his children: He is not so hard-hearted as that rich man to whom we both knelt down, and who nearly trampled us under foot, and turned us out of doors.

Perhaps you think God is not rich enough? But he is much richer than the farmer.— Only look out at the window:—The moon and all the stars belong to Him: For father often said that the whole world was His. Then why should we weep and lament?— Come, let us pray to God; He will certainly help us!—Only begin; and I will help you: It will certainly turn out better than with the rich man.”

“ My dear child, you are in the right!” said Mary; and her tears were somewhat moderated; and comfort began to take place of grief. She raised her hands and eyes to heaven; and the little child did so too: and the moon shone upon the mother and child, and was reflected in their tears. Mary began to pray, and Ferdinand repeated each word after her:—

“ Holy and Heavenly Father,” said she, “ look upon the widow and her child:—A

poor widow, and a poor orphan, look up to Thee. We are in great want; and have no refuge on earth, but Thee. But Thou art rich in mercy!—Thou hast said it Thyself—“Call upon me when thou art in necessity, and I will be thy Saviour.” “We pray to Thee that Thou wilt not suffer them to drive us out of this cottage, nor take away the inheritance of a poor little orphan. But if in the wisdom of Thy unsearchable and merciful counsels, Thou hast seen fit to afflict us, suffer us at least to find another home; and give us comfort in our hearts, that we may not be overcome when we go away and behold our cottage for the last time!

Mary's sobs prevented her from proceeding; she looked towards heaven, and was silent; when Ferdinand, who was still by her side with his hands in an attitude of supplication, suddenly jumped up; and stretch-

ing out his hands, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, what is that? There is a little light hovering there! It is a star flying!—see it is hovering about the window! Oh, see—it is coming in!—how beautifully it shines—look now, it is a green light! It is almost more beautiful than the evening star!—how it is hovering about the ceiling! It is very wonderful!

"That is a fire fly, my dear," said Mary; by day it is an insignificant little insect; but by night it is very beautiful."

"May I venture to catch it," said the child; will it not hurt me; and shall I not be burnt by the light?"

"It will not burn you," said Mary, (and she smiled through her tears.) Catch it, and examine it more narrowly. It is also one of the wonderful works of God."

Ferdinand had now forgotten all his sorrow, and attempted to catch the glittering

fly, which was at one moment under the table; and at another, under the chair, and sometimes near the floor.

“But—Oh dear!” said the child—(for the fly had concealed itself behind the great chest which stood against the wall, at the moment when he held out his hand to catch it. He looked under the chest. “I see it very plainly,” said he—There it sits close to the wall; and the white wall, and the floor, and the dust, all shine quite bright around it, just as if the moon was shining on them; but I cannot reach it;—my arm is not long enough.’

“Have patience,” said Mary; “it will soon come out again.”

The child waited a little while, and then went to his mother; and with a gentle and entreating tone of voice, said, “Oh, mother! do reach it for me, or move out the chest

a little from the wall; and then I shall easily catch it."

Mary stood up, and moved the chest; and Ferdinand took the fire fly, and looked at it as he held it in the hollow of his hands; and it gave him as much or more pleasure than a Prince or Princess would have derived from the clearest, purest diamond.

But Mary's attention was directed to another object. In moving the chest, something which was between it and the wall, had fallen to the ground. She picked it up; and uttered a loud cry, "O God!" said she, "Thou hast brought us through our troubles. This is last year's almanack, which I have sought so long in vain. I thought it had been destroyed by some of those who were here during my long illness, and who, during a length of time that I lay almost without recollection, did not take the best care of the house. We shall now find

that my husband has paid the money which is demanded of me. Who would ever have thought that the almanack lay behind the chest which we took with the house; and which, most probably, has never been moved since it was first placed where it stands?"

She immediately lighted a candle, and looked over the almanack, with tears of gratitude running down her cheeks. All was regularly entered—what her husband still owed at the beginning of the year, and what he had paid off by his work, and in cash. At the end of the account, were a few words written by the old farmer:—"At Martinmas I settled accounts with John Blum; and he now only owes me fifty florins."

Mary clasped her hands with joy; embraced her child; and exclaimed, full of rapture, "Oh, Ferdinand, thank God with me!—for we shall not be turned out—we shall not have to quit our home!"

“ Did not I say so ? ” said the child ; “ now this is owing to me ; for if I had not entreated you to move the chest, it might have remained there an hundred years, and you might never have found the almanack.”

“ But,” Mary said, “ my child, it is God’s doing ; I feel overpowered with reverence and gratitude when I think on it : Even whilst we were praying, that beautiful fly came in ; and by his brilliant light, pointed out to us the very place where these sheets lay concealed. Yes, indeed God directs all, even the smallest things ; His holy Providence guards and protects us : Nothing comes by chance : Without His knowledge, not even a hair falls from our head. Remember this as long as you live, and trust always in Him, especially in times of distress. He can at all times help us. He does not require an angel to help him ; but uses a winged insect as an instrument of mercy ! ”



L. del.
Mary & her son on their way to the Judge.

Mary could not sleep for joy. Soon after the break of day, she set out to go to the judge; who caused the farmer to be brought to him. He came; and acknowledged the paper to be genuine; and he was much ashamed that he had accused the poor woman before the judge; who gave it as his opinion, that he ought to make her a recompense for having done so; and he declared himself willing so to do.

When the poor widow had related the whole story of her prayer, and of the entrance of the fire fly, the judge observed—“Here we may evidently see the work of God’s hand: He has visibly come to your assistance!”

The young farmer was much affected; and said, with a tear in his eye, “Yes, it is indeed true, that God is the Father of the widow and the orphan: He is also their avenger! Forgive me that I behaved

so cruelly towards you? It arose from error; and in order to recompense you for the injury I have done you, I forgive you the remaining fifty florins; and if you should ever be in want, come to me, and I will always help you. I clearly see now, that those who trust in God, will never be forsaken! And confidence in Him is a more secure capital than the greatest riches. And if I should be in want, or my wife a widow, and my children orphans, He will help us, as He has helped you."

"Trust in Him," said the judge, "with sincerity and uprightness, like this pious widow, and He will never disappoint your hope."

FINIS.

Directions to the Binder.

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