Glenville in Autumn.

A

WEEK

AT

GLENVILLE.

BY SARAH LLOYD.

With Nnmerons Illnstrations.

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CONTENTS.

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THE STORY OF

JANE BIRMAN AND EMMA ELWIN.

CHAPTER I

Jane and Emma were very intimate at school. They loved each other so much, that they were scarcely ever apart.

They were sitting in the arbour one day, with their arms round each other, and Emma was inviting Jane to spend the next Christmas holidays with her, when Miss Valentine,

the teacher, brought in a letter sealed with black.

It was from Emma's mother, giving an account of the death of a favourite little sister, with a request for her to come home to Glenville, the name of their beautiful cottage, which Emma had often talked about to her schoolmates.

Emma cried very much when she heard of her sister's death, and Jane cried too, from sympathy, though she had never seen little Dolly, the baby. They sat still, and sobbed a good while, till the teacher told Emma she must remember there would be several things to get ready before she could start, so she

must try and compose herself. Although she was very sorry to part from her schoolfellows, yet she wanted to see her dear mamma, and her sweet home very much. She knew that she ought to try and do all she could to comfort her parents in distress. She went to bed soon, and thought of home, and how sad they must all feel there, and wondered what the old nurse would do without little Dolly, until at last she went to sleep, and dreamed about them all.

The carriage was to be at the door at eight o'clock. So she got up early, and washed and dressed herself, and read her Bible, and said her prayers, and was all ready to start.

After breakfast she kissed Jane two or three times, and her teacher, and said, "Good bye," to the scholars, and after making Jane promise to write to her, she seated herself in the carriage. After a ride of fourteen miles, through a beautiful part of the country, she was admiring the trees in their bright autumn colours, and just remembered what the teacher had said, made the woods look so bright. The gum and maple trees turn red, the buttonwood or sycamore a deep yellow, the oak brown and yellow. She was thinking all this over to herself, when Sammy, the servant, who was driving, called out, "Look, Miss Emma, there

is Glenville, and you will soon be at home!"

She first saw the chimneys, and then the cottage, exactly as it used to look. In a short time she arrived there, and was greeted with a warm embrace by her kind parents. "Now you have come, my dear Emma," said her mamma, "we shall not feel so desolate. Your father and myself wished to have you with us, but we did not like to take you from school, and from your young companions. We hope, however, you have acquired a taste for reading, and will improve yourself in that way, during the few months we shall have you with us."

"Indeed, mamma," said Emma, "I shall do all in my power to comfort you for the loss of little Dolly, and will try also not to waste my time."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Emma's mother took her to the churchyard, about half a mile distant, to visit her sister's grave. Emma read the verse on the tombstone which had been placed there, but was not pleased to see how bare and brown little Dolly's grave looked, while those around were covered with green grass and adorned with flowers.

Her mother reminded her how short a time had passed since the earth was placed there, and that nothing had yet time to grow—but gave her leave to have it covered

with sods, and told her to get some flower seeds of the gardener and rose bushes. She thanked her mother, and assured her she would gladly attend to these things, as nothing could more delight her than to gather flowers there sometimes.

On their way home they met a poor woman with two ragged little children, who had travelled nearly twenty miles. The bare feet of the taller boy was torn and sore, and the younger child was crying bitterly. "What ails you?" said Emma. "I am tired and hungry," answered the boy. "We are hunting papa and cannot find him." "Where is he?" asked Emma. The woman then told

On their way home they met a poor woman, with two ragged child.en.—
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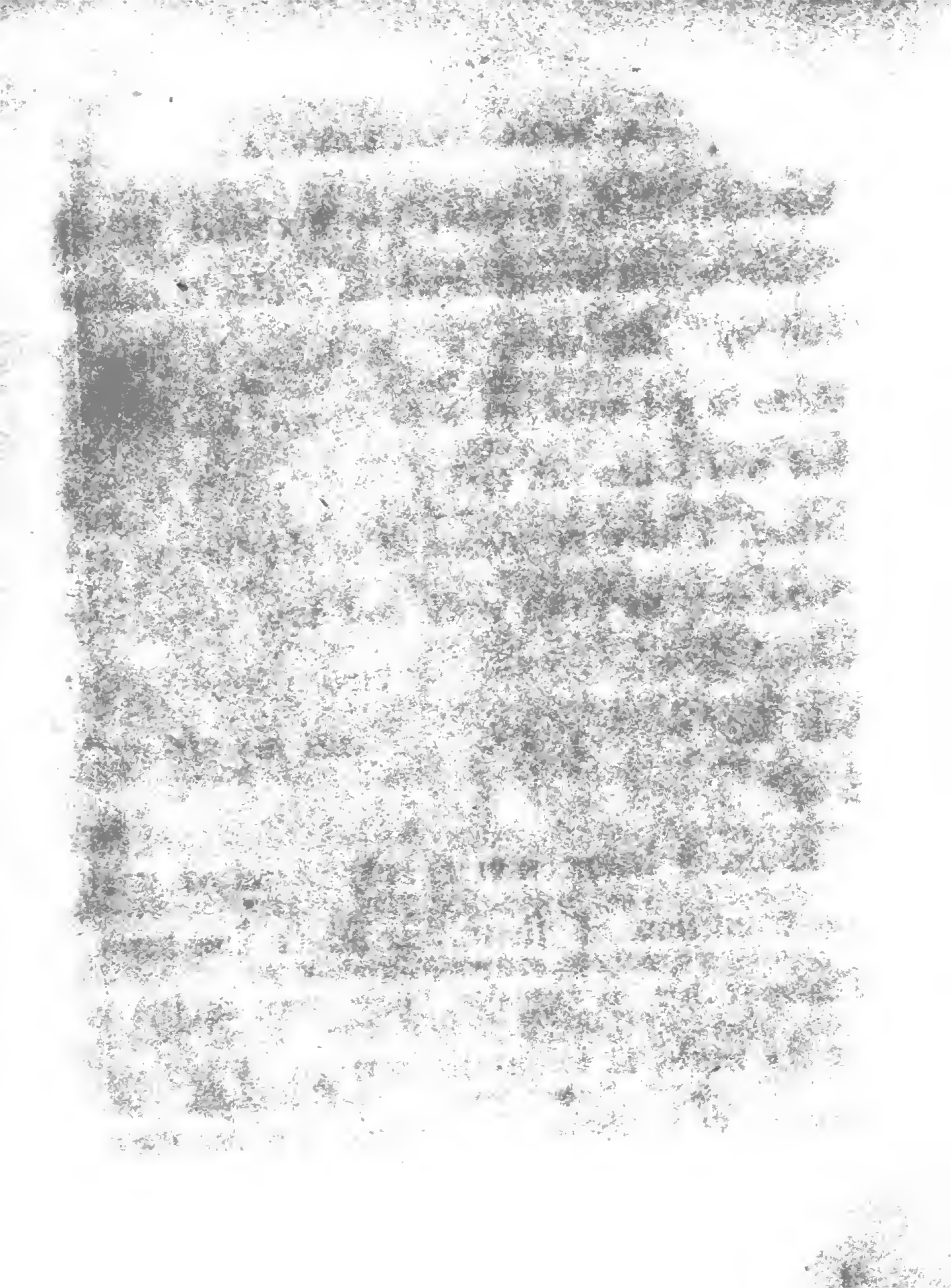


her tale. "My husband lost his place during sickness, and was afterwards unable to obtain employ. He went to Manchester, hoping there to get work, so as to support his family, but was taken ill, and I greatly fear is not living. I have no means to enable me to get there only as I can walk and drag along my weary little children. I have already gone half the journey, and feel that my strength fails."

Emma's heart was deeply touched with the condition of these friendless creatures. Through her persuasion they were sheltered for the night at Glenville cottage. Food and clothing were obtained, and money given them

by Mr. Elwin to pay their passages in a stage which would take them the whole journey.

Emma pitied this poor woman and her children so much, that she could not think of any thing else. Next day she asked her mother why it so happened that some people were rich, and had every thing they wanted, while those poor creatures we met yesterday were almost starving for food." "This, my dear daughter," replied Mrs. Elwin, "is a question which has puzzled wiser heads than yours, one which is difficult to answer. Most of the misery which we see in the world is brought on by wickedness of different kinds. One evil springs from another. Were you

older, I might talk to you of many things which you cannot now understand. Let what you have seen raise grateful feelings in your heart to your heavenly Father, the Author of all good, for your many blessings. The commandment of your Redeemer, "To feed the hungry and clothe the naked," will, I hope, never be forgotten. Do You remember those lines from the hymn you used to repeat?"

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
And beg from door to door.

CHAPTER III.

Emma had not received a letter from Jane, though she expected one every day. She began to wish very much to see her, as there were no little girls of her own age in that neighbourhood, and she had no brothers and sisters. She looked forward to Christmas with pleasure, because some cousins were coming to visit her then. Her mother had given her leave to write an invitation to Jane to come spend the holidays at Glenville.

Nearly all the leaves were blown off the trees, and it was beginning to look wintry

and cold; but the nice books that Emma's father brought her to read made the evenings pass pleasantly.

Late one afternoon, when she and the dog Bruce were returning from a short ramble, her father walked towards her, with something in his hand, which she at first thought was a new book; but as he came nearer she saw it was a letter, which had just come from the post-office. It was from Jane. "Oh, my dear friend," wrote she, "you cannot tell how much I miss you! I have had permission from my parents to accept your kind invitation, and can hardly wait till the time arrives. How many weeks will it be? Two and a

half! what a long time! eighteen days! Now let me see how many hours—two hundred and sixteen! Oh, to be all that while expecting the visit! Shall we not have merry times? Shall we hang up our stockings, and let Kriss Kingle come down the chimney as of old?"

When Emma read this to her mother, she asked what Kriss Kingle meant, and said that when she was little, and used to hang up her stocking, the old nurse would tell her she must be quiet, and then Kriss Kingle would come down the chimney and put some good things in it, and she believed, to be sure, there was such a person, a real man.

Her mother was pleased that she asked an explanation, and hoped she would always inquire about what she did not understand.

"Although the Christmas festival is for the celebration of the nativity of our Saviour, yet it is of heathen origin. The ancient Scandinavians, or Northmen, had a December feast, over which one of their gods presided. This god brought good things to the children when they were good, and a rod when they were naughty—like St. Nicholas in Catholic countries. The word Kriss Kingle is, I think, from the German, whence comes many stories and fanciful legends."

"I wish, mother, you would tell me some

German legends." Mrs. Elwin promised her she would sometime, and said, "I do not object, my child, to let you be indulged in this way, especially as there is so decided a taste, in the present age, for German literature. I hope you will not be ignorant, when you enter society, of all customary topics, lest you be tempted to join with the petty gossip and scandal, which I regret to say are very much in vogue in certain circles."

"And yet you assure me, dear mamma, that those tales are not true."

"That they did not actually take place," replied Mrs. E., "is certain; but are, notwithstanding, much less calculated to do harm

than many things which really happen, and are continually related as matters of fact. The legends we have spoken of are sometimes founded upon interesting incidents of real life. I have an allegorical tale to read you, but at present am too much engaged."

Emma thanked her mother, and said she would remind her of it soon.

CHAPTER IV.

The days passed rapidly on, and Christmas came, and the cousins arrived, and Jane, dear Jane, too! Oh! how glad every body seemed! It was a charming day. And such preparations as were made!

I must not forget to tell about Christmas eve. There was the most beautiful evergreen tree in the parlour, brilliant with lights; little wax tapers on the ends of the branches, and it was laden with candies, and fruits, and nuts, all so tastefully arranged. And next morning, when they came down, they found

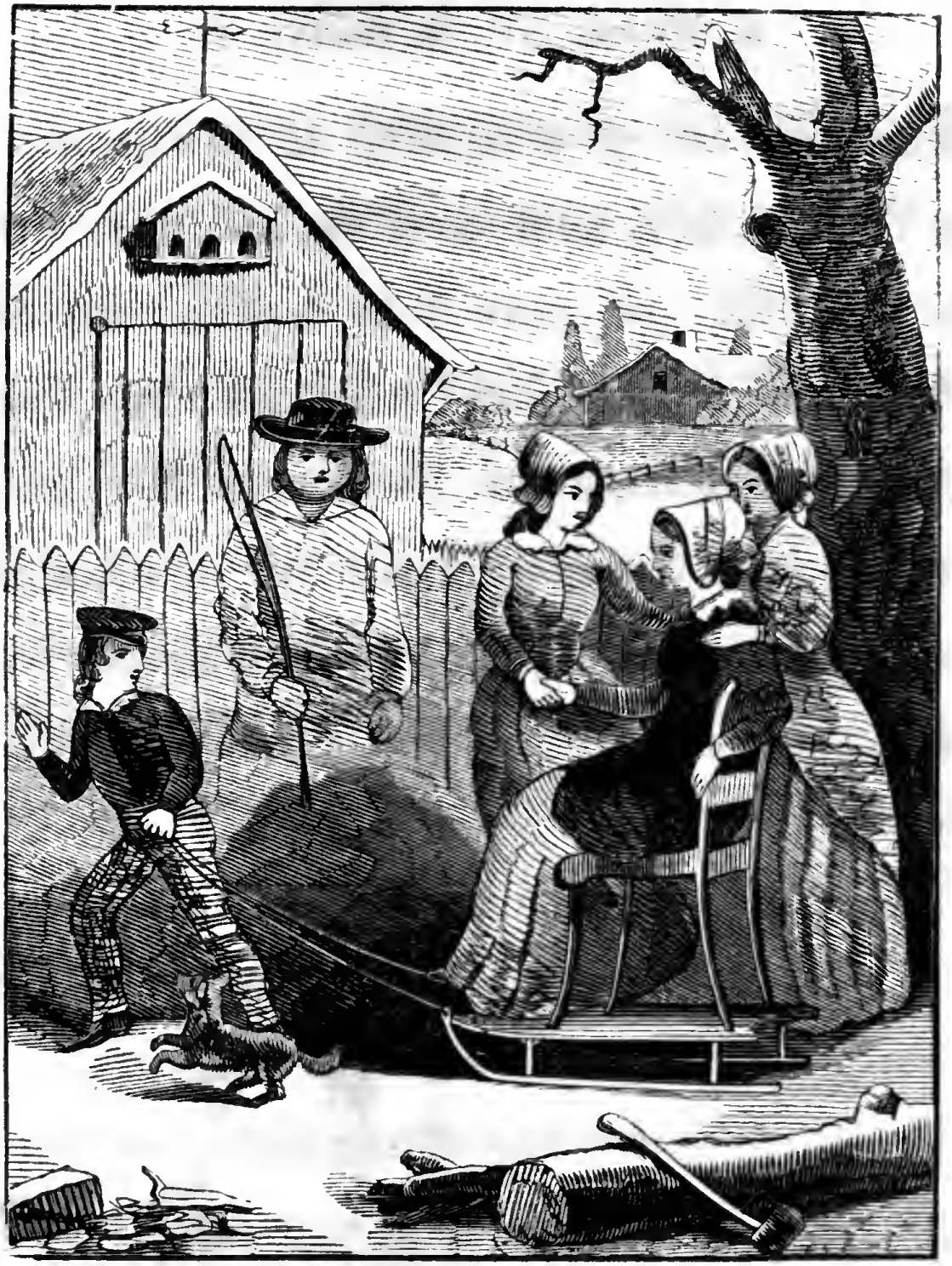
the centre table set out in the middle of the room, covered with elegant gilded books—a present for each of them. All that day and the next, Cousin Fanny, Cousin George, Cousin Emily, Jane and Emma were so occupied reading their annuals, that nobody was disposed to talk.

George begged them to listen to a Christmas rhyme he had found in his book.

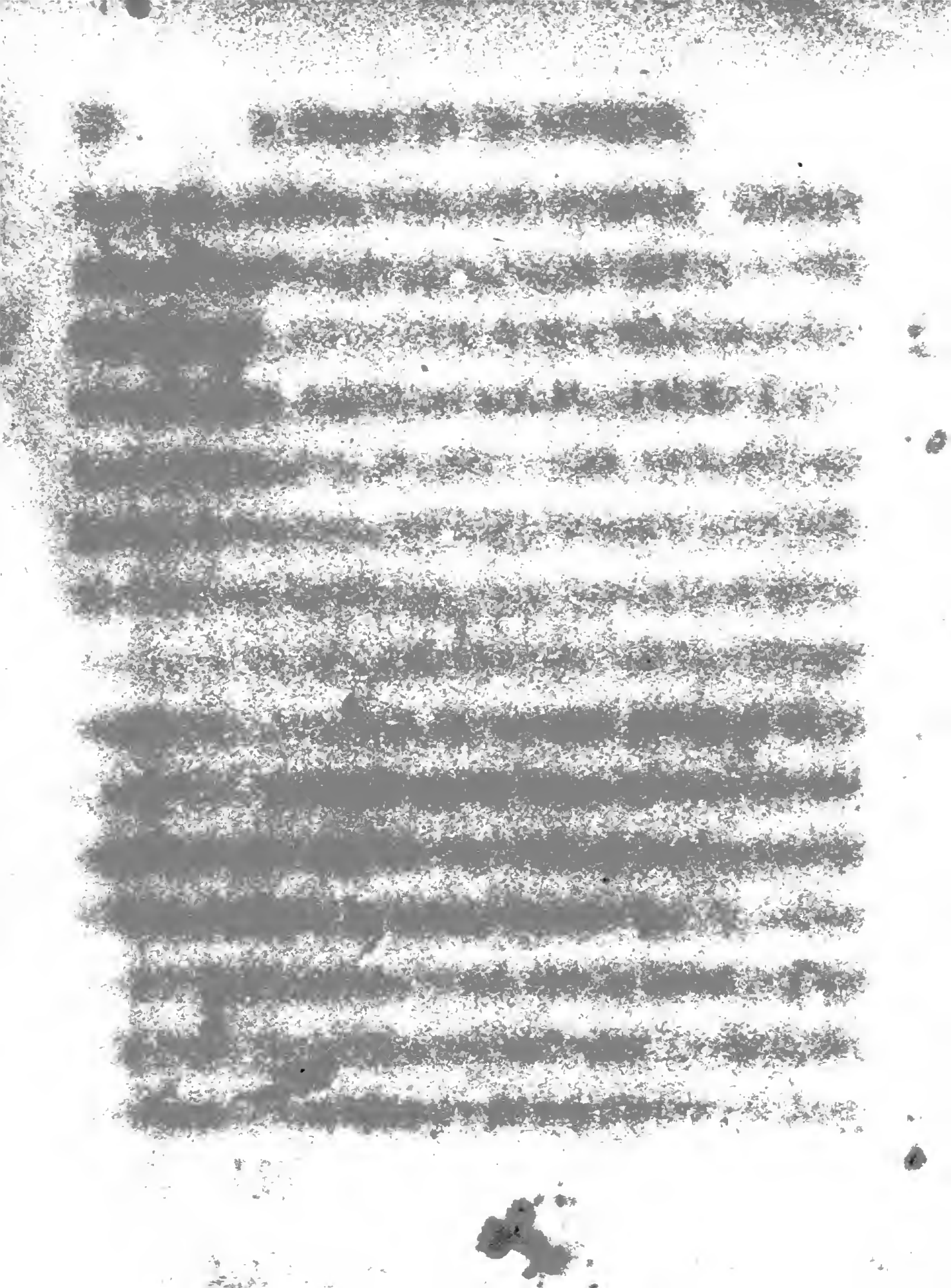
"God bless the master of this house,
Mother and children dear;
Joyful may their Christmas be,
And happy their New Year!"

After they had read their books, they went to games for amusement, and played at bat-

tledoor and every thing they could think of; and George proposed they should all get on the sled that Sammy had made, and he would pull them. Oh! what fine fun they had! In the evening they were too tired to romp, and Emma begged her mother to read the tale she had promised. Her mother smiled as she took up the book, and commenced



George riding the Ladies on his sledge.



THE STORY OF

THE MAGIC FLUTE.

CHAPTER I.

In a pretty village in Germany, lived an old farmer named Nicholas—he was not, however, an honest man; for at night he would go into his neighbours' fields, and dig up the finest plants he could see, and transplant them into his own garden; and the next day would declare he did not know how

they came there. Now this was very wicked indeed, for him first to steal, and then tell falsehoods, to conceal it. But there was one person who had seen him, and this was a little orphan boy called Love-Truth, who lived with him.—This little boy felt as if it was wrong to conceal his knowledge of it any longer, and so he told the village magistrate, and several other persons; but as they had only his word for it, without any proof, they did not believe the story, especially as old Nicholas told them he would pay them well if they would refuse to commit him to prison for it. This they did, and instead, sent poor little Love-Truth to the house of

correction, saying he was a wicked and malicious boy, who had tried to ruin the reputation and good name of Farmer Nicholas.

"This is a sad business for me," thought Love-Truth, as he sat in his prison, and looked at the water jug, which stood beside a piece of coarse bread. "All this comes from my telling the truth; while sly old Nicholas, who has told lies, sits over his beef and white bread, in his comfortable parlour. But no matter, Mother Martha, my old nurse, told me that truth was a good thing, and I shall always tell it, even were I to suffer far more for it than I am now doing."

At last his term of imprisonment expired,

but Farmer Nicholas told him he might go where he pleased, as he should not live with him again. The fact is, the old man was afraid he would discover more of his thefts, and therefore determined not to have any thing more to do with so honest a little boy. Poor Love-Truth did not know where to go, but he marched straight out of the village, following the high road, and not knowing where it would lead him. Towards evening, however, being very tired and hungry, he stopped at a cottage door, and begged for a crust of bread, and a night's lodging. "We will take you to the innkeeper," said the people of the house, "and if he should ask

you any questions, tell him you fell in with robbers, and were plundered by them. This will excite his compassion, and he will be kind to you."

"No, no," said Love-Truth, "I shall not say that, for it would be a falsehood. The truth is always the best, and you should be ashamed to try to make me tell a lie!"

The people hearing this called him a saucy fellow, and turned him away from their door. He was thus forced to sleep in the open air, and would have died of hunger, had he not found some berries upon the bushes, under which he slept, which stayed his hunger a little. In this way he travelled on for a con-

siderable time; but his strength was beginning to waste away, and his clothes became so tattered, that he was almost ashamed to let himself be seen.

After a time, however, he reached a beautiful house, the master of which was standing at the door, and asked him what he wanted. Love-Truth told him his whole history, from beginning to end; and when he had finished, the stranger took a flute out of his pocket, upon which he played a beautiful air. The boy listened for a few moments, and then exclaimed, "Do not take it ill, kind, good sir, but I cannot help repeating to you, that I have told you nothing but the truth; and

that I am not capable of uttering a falsehood."

"Very good, my dear boy," said the gentleman, putting the flute into his pocket. "I am not a bit angry with you, for interrupting me. You shall, for the present, come into my house, and be taken care of." Then he ordered the servant to prepare for Love-Truth a delicious repast of fruit and milk. After which he gave him a new suit of clothes, and chattering kindly with him awhile, at last dismissed him to bed, which was prepared in a quiet and retired apartment.

"This is pleasant," said Love-Truth to himself. "For the first time in my life I

have been kindly treated, because I told the truth. I am so glad those bad people did not get me to tell a lie!" There is no doubt our little friend would have thought a great deal more, had he not been overpowered with weariness and fallen asleep in the midst of his reflections.

However, in his dreams he saw old Mother Martha, who looked tenderly on him, and said, "You must not grow tired of doing what is right, my child; in the end, be assured, it will make you happy and prosperous"—with these words she disappeared, and Love-Truth slept soundly till morning.

After a delicious breakfast, Love-Truth felt

very sad at the prospect of leaving his kind friend. "Heaven help me," said he, "where shall I ever find so good a gentleman! Oh! keep me with you! I will gladly labour all I can for you, and I will be most grateful for the love you have shown me."

"It cannot be, my son," was the reply. "There is no post in my household which you could fill, and besides, you would not then have an opportunity of advancing in the world, which I am sure you will do one day or other. I would advise you, therefore, to resume your journey without delay; here is a purse full of gold pieces, and I wish you success."

"Farewell, then, my kind host," sobbed the boy, "I shall follow your advice."

"One word more," continued the gentleman—"Do you see this little flute, which I played yesterday when you were speaking to me? I will give it to you. Keep it carefully and prize it as one of your richest treasures. Do not be suspicious, but should you ever meet any one, who appears to be given to telling falsehoods, play on this flute, and you shall see something wonderful.

Love-Truth received this gift with the greatest gratitude. "I must now go," said he, "but first give me your blessing, for I

love and honour you as much as if you were my own father."

"That I will," replied the gentleman. "Go forth into the world, withstand evil, do good, and you shall be happy all your life long. But be on your guard lest you fall into the snares of falsehood; for if you do, it will be beyond the power of man to rescue you—so farewell, and remember my words."

CHAPTER II

It was a fresh and lovely morning when Love-Truth again resumed his wanderings. He could not help feeling very happy, for all he was so lonely in the world; for he had done right, and he thought God would take care of him. While he was walking along, he drew out his flute without thinking of it, and began to play, in order to pass away the time. But the little birds sang on, unconcernedly; they were not afraid to listen, for they can tell no lies; and so they continued warbling their merry lays, and hopping

lightly from bush to bush. He soon entered a wood, and after he had walked about a mile, he began to feel tired. He turned aside, therefore, from the main path, and soon found a quiet spot, entirely surrounded by bushes, where he could rest himself, without interruption. He laid himself down here, on the mossy turf, and fell into a sound sleep. You may be sure he dreamed about the good gentleman who had given him the flute, and he felt, when he awoke, very much as if he should like to try its powers. An opportunity was not long wanting, for presently a multitude of huntsman came by, one of whom was dressed in green, richly embroi-

dered with gold, and wore at his side, a silver hunting horn. They stopped awhile to rest themselves, when this stately person said to a man near him, "Call my cup-bearer." Presently there appeared an officer, also richly dressed; he approached, and made a low bow to the king, for it was no other than him.

"Bring me a cup of my favourite wine," said he, to the officer, "I am thirsty." "May it please your majesty," replied the cup-bearer, "the chest in which your wine was packed has been broken by the carelessness of the servants, and it will be some time before I can get any more."

"That will do me no good now," said the

king, angrily. "It is too bad that I, who am obliged to pay so much for it, cannot get enough to satisfy my thirst; bring me some water, at least."

Meanwhile Love-Truth had been looking sharply at the cup-bearer. "Ah! my good friend," thought he, "we shall soon see whether you are speaking the truth." In an instant he seized his flute, and put it to his lips. The instrument began to give forth the most delightful music, and in a moment the cup-bearer commenced speaking a second time.

"Yes, your majesty," said he, "the wine which I bought for you is no longer to be

had; but it was not spilled—no, no, I drank it all myself, with the help of a few friends, thinking the other wine was quite good enough for your majesty." The unfortunate cup-bearer, as he spoke this, sorely against his will, was trembling from head to foot.

"Ha!" said the king, "what is this?"

The cup-bearer, out of his wits with terror, flung himself upon his knees before the king. "Oh! your majesty," said he, "it was not I who uttered these ill natured words, it was some mischievous goblin, in order to get me into difficulty. I am as good a man as any in your empire, and incapable of any thing dishonest."

"Stay a moment," thought Love-Truth, "I must put an end to this"—he stepped from his concealment, among the bushes, and bowing to the king, said, "Do not believe him, your majesty—what he says about drinking the wine is true, but this is false."

The cup-bearer cast a savage look upon Love-Truth, as if he would have choaked him on the spot, if he dared.

"What silly fellow is this," said the king, fixing his eyes upon Love-Truth.

"My name is Love-Truth, my lord, king," he replied. "I am an enemy of all lies, and I delight in bringing them to light. Question this man again, and ask him whether he has

not often been at these tricks before, and you shall hear what will astonish you."

The king followed the boys advice, but the cup-bearer declared he was an honest man, and that the king had not a more faithful servant in his dominions. Meanwhile, Love-Truth began to play upon his flute, when, on a sudden, the cup-bearer commened speaking again.—"Ah, your majesty," said he, "do not place any confidence in what I have just said! I cannot conceal any longer that I am one of the greatest cheats in the kingdom—you pay for good wine, it is true, but I always buy miserable stuff, and keep the balance of the money for myself."

The unhappy man seemed compelled to speak these words, while the flute was playing—he could not help himself; but some of the rest of them, who had not clear consciences, began to run away—they were afraid they would have to confess their evil practices also; and they said Love-Truth was a conjurer, and he ought to be sent away. However the king did not think so; he had taken a great fancy to the boy, and the pieces he played on his flute; and therefore he ordered them all to be silent, while he called Love-Truth to his side, and asked him about his history.

Love-Truth told it to him without re-

serve, and all about Mother Martha, who had taught him to tell the truth, and the gentleman at the beautiful house, who had given him the flute.

The king was very much pleased, and begged Love-Truth to enter his service, and take the place of the dishonest cup-bearer.

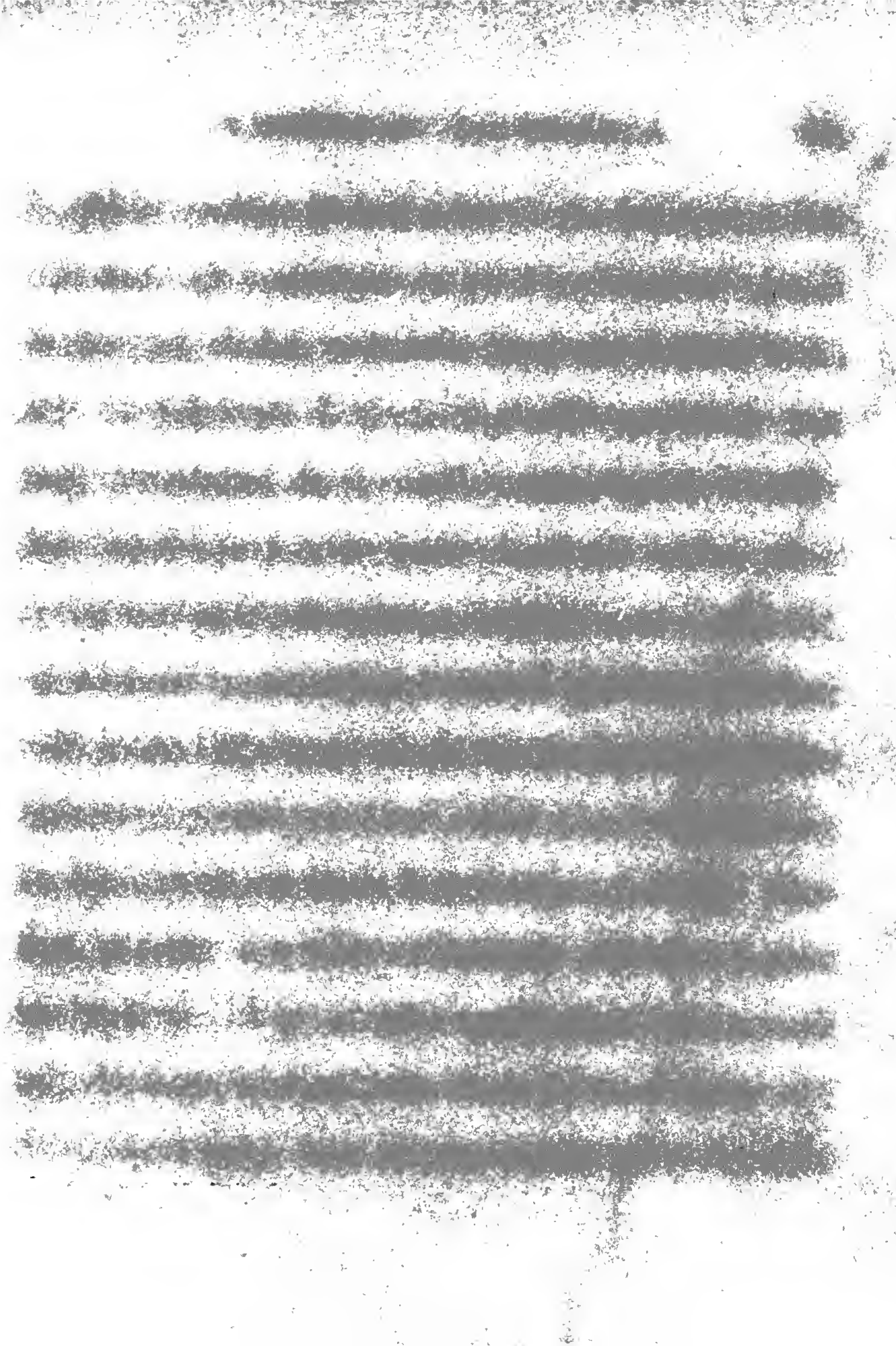
Love-Truth did not answer at once, but put the flute to his lips. Instantly the king said, "You may trust me, my son; I mean well by you, nor am I angry at you for putting my words to the test, and discovering by your wonderful flute, whether I was speaking the truth. I now, therefore, again ask you, whether you are willing to enter my service?"

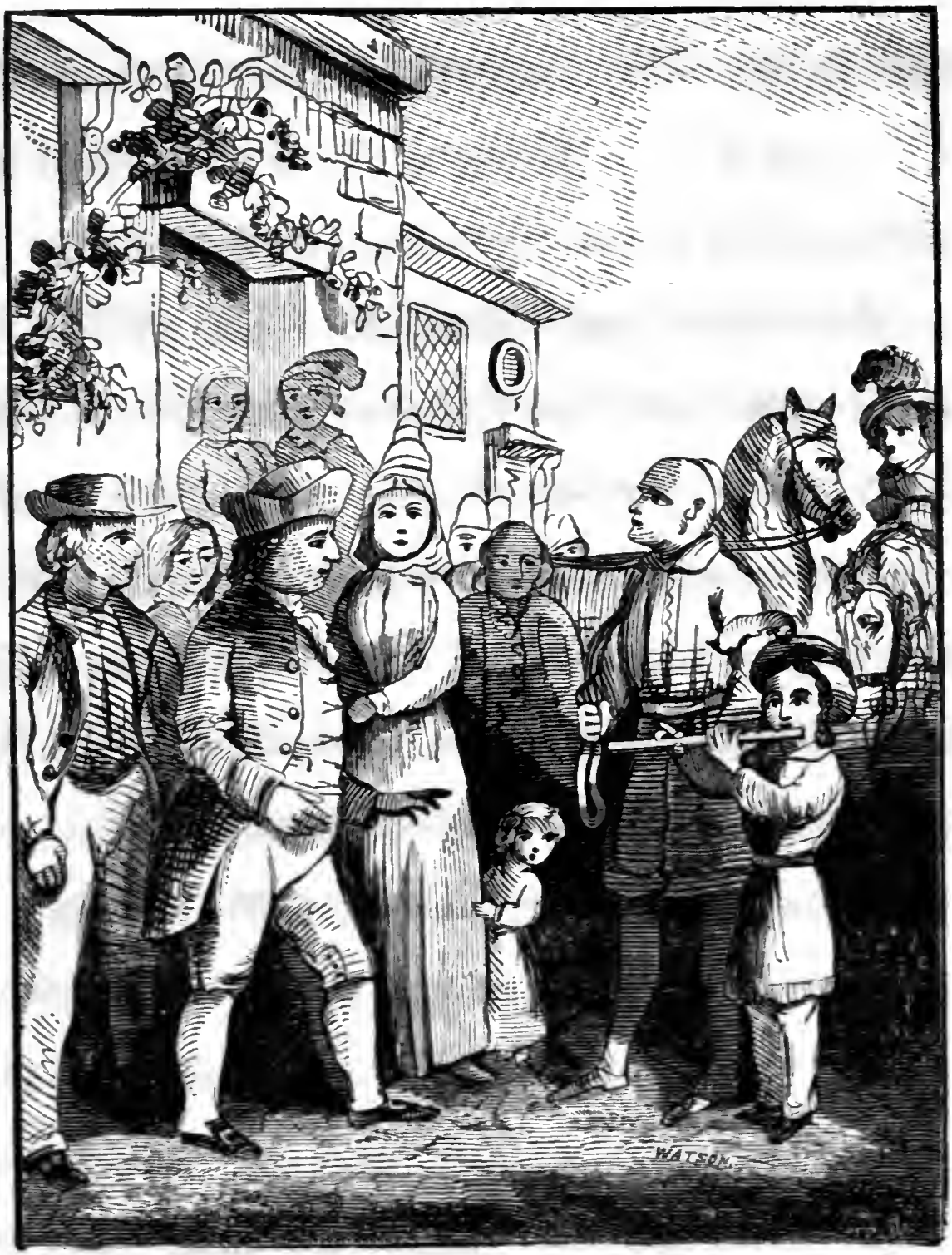
"You are a noble king," Love-Truth answered. "I will do as you wish, and I shall be happy if I can attain to your friendship; but first I should wish to make a visit to my native village. I should like to make Farmer Nicholas and the magistrate confess that they have accused me wrongfully."

The king not only granted his request, but also gave him a number of attendants to accompany him.

You may be sure it caused no little wonder, when Love-Truth made his entry into his native village. Old and young ran to see who had arrived with such a splendid retinue; but when they saw it was little Love-Truth,

their astonishment was great. They clapped their hands together in amazement, and ran after him with loud shouts; while he, without noticing them, marched straight to the village courthouse. Now it so happened that just as he arrived, the magistrate and old Nicholas were standing together, at the door, talking. They knew him at once, and looked at each other, as if to say, "What is the meaning of all this?" But the magistrate said, "Let him alone, I shall soon get rid of him." Little Love-Truth approached, and demanded that they should publicly declare his innocence before the inhabitants of the village.





Love Truth, with his flute, before Old Nicholas, and the Magistrate.—
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"Do you hear," cried the magistrate, in a rage, "what the little rascal says? He left here without a penny—now he returns splendidly attired, and with his pockets full of gold. He must be a robber, and the fellows he has with him are no better." But in the mean while, Love-Truth pulled out his flute, and began to play upon it. "My good neighbours," interrupted the magistrate, "do not believe a word I said to you about this boy, it is all a falsehood!"

The villagers were all struck dumb with wonder, and the amazement became still greater, when Farmer Nicholas cried out, "Yes, the boy is innocent; we invented

lies against him, because he brought our knavery to light! we now confess that we are great cheats! there is not a man in the entire parish, whom we have not robbed of some portion of his property, to enrich ourselves."

This was enough—Love-Truth put up his flute once more, and said to the people, "I am satisfied that my character is vindicated; whether you will tolerate their knavery any longer is no concern of mine. Fare you well, then; here are some gold pieces, with which you may drink my health."

You will be anxious to hear what became of Love-Truth after this. He returned to the

king's service, in which his flute proved of immense value, both to himself and others.

Every one respected him—for even though at first they were afraid of him, they found him worthy of confidence, because they could always depend upon his word. When he grew up, he married the king's daughter, and he often felt grateful to Mother Martha for teaching him the wickedness of lying. Had she then lived, no doubt he would have taken care of her in her old age. He often went to see the good gentleman who had given him the "magic flute," and thanked him for it over and over again, saying "he

would not part with it for all the riches in the world."

Farmer Nicholas still continued his evil ways, but they brought him no happiness, and Love-Truth always felt thankful when he thought that though he had often been tempted, yet he never actually told a lie.

As soon as this was finished, they all exclaimed, "What a beautiful story!" and wished her to read another; but she told them it was too late, and that she did not intend to have read all that in one evening. They pretty soon retired to rest, after wishing each other a happy Christmas again.

Next morning they rose as merry as larks, and took a romp before breakfast, and then, when they came in, and had finished their meal, they all seated themselves round the fire, ready to hear Mrs. E. read the tale she had selected.

THE STORY OF

QUINTIN, THE BLACKSMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THERE stood a long time ago, near the city of Antwerp, a blacksmith's cottage. It was not much better than a hut, however, it was so small and low, and contained only two rooms. In these the blacksmith and his good wife Bertha lived, and with them little Quintin, their only child. He was of a slight

frame, and rather delicate looking, but his countenance was one of uncommon intelligence; and his dark eyes had a mild and beautiful expression. He was dressed in the dutch fashion, which made him appear older than he really was.

His mother was now sitting at her spinning, waiting for her husband to return from the forge. He came in a few minutes, for it was nearly sunset; and before eating the nice supper, which the kind Bertha had provided with her own hands, asked, "Where is little Quintin?"

"I am here, father; do you want me?" said the child, lifting up the long lashes which

fringed his eyes, and fixing them on his father's face.

"I want to know what you have been doing all day," said the blacksmith, drawing his son on his knee, and kissing him affectionately. The boy returned his father's loving embrace, and then jumped off his knee, saying, "Wait a little, father, and I will show you." He ran to a far corner of the room. His mother looked after him, saying, "Quintin often alarms me; he is always getting near the fire, and working and hammering. When I speak to him, he only says, he is doing like his father."

The blacksmith laughed cheerfully, and

Quintin at that moment appeared, bringing with him two armlets, as he called them, ingeniously worked in iron.

The father took one of them from his son's tiny wrist, and put it on his own great thumb, laughing more than ever. "How did you make this clever little article?" asked he.

"Pray do not be angry, father," timidly answered the child, "but I found an old horseshoe in the forge, and brought it home, and then I made it red hot, and hammered it into this shape with the poker."

"And how did you contrive to make this pretty little hand, that fastens the bracelets?"

"I made it in clay, and then took the

shape in sand, and poured the molten iron into it."

"Clever boy, clever boy!" cried the blacksmith; then recollecting himself, he said in a loud whisper to his wife, "Quintin will be a genius some day, but we must not tell him so, lest we make him vain."

The mother shook her head, smiling all the while, and little Quintin, who doubtless heard every word, grew red and pale by turns, as he stood by his father's knee, proud and happy at the admiration his work excited.

"I'll tell you what, my boy," said his father, "you shall come with me to the forge,

to-morrow. I had no idea you could work so well. Let me see—how old are you? I forget exactly."

"Quintin will be ten years old at Christmas," said Bertha, adding, with tears in her eyes, "he was born just two years after Luli; poor little Luli! and she would have been twelve now, had she lived."

The father looked grave for a few moments, but soon recovered his cheerfulness. He stroked Quintin's curls, and said, thoughtfully, "Well ten years old is not too young to begin. I was a year younger myself, when my father made me work—to be sure, I was stronger than Quintin but he shall do no

hard work, and it will teach him diligence and activity, always good things for a labouring lad. So to-morrow, if you like, Quintin, you shall begin to learn how to be as good a blacksmith as your father."

"And may I make plenty of bracelets, like these?" inquired the boy.

His father laughed merrily. "You would take a long time to get rich, if you never did any thing but these little fanciful things. You must learn how to forge tools, and horse-shoes, and nails; but," continued he, noticing that the boy's countenance fell at this information, "do not be unhappy; you shall make bracelets now and then if you like, and rings

too, if you are clever enough. And now go and ask your mother what she says to this plan."

"I am quite willing, husband," said Bertha; "you know best; but I shall often be very lonely without the child. However, you must send him over to see me sometime in the day."

"Very well, wife; and now, all being settled, put out the fire, and let us retire, for it is long after sunset, and little Quintin will soon be half asleep here on my lap."

Bertha kissed her little son, heard him repeat his prayers, then undressed him, and laid him in his straw bed. In another hour,

the quiet of night was over the cottage, and the little household it contained, had all sunk into that deep slumber, which is the sweet reward of labour.

CHAPTER II.

Christmas drew near merrily. In the blacksmith's little family, there was nothing but hopeful anticipations. The weather was clear and frosty, yet all was gaiety indoors. Bertha had bought her winter furs and gay ribbons; and Christmas gifts she had also purchased, to bestow, as tokens of love, on her friends and neighbours. Having made all her preparations for the Christmas dinner, she looked round the cottage, to see that all was right, and, wrapping her warm mantle over her head, went outside the door to watch for

her husband and child. It was a fine day for winter. There was no sunshine, but the white snow made every thing light and cheerful. The frosty weather caused the bells of the cathedral to sound louder and nearer; their merry peal rang out, as if to drive away all care and melancholy thoughts, and, while Bertha listened to them, she felt soothed by their influence. Her reflections turned on her husband and little Quintin. She thought of the industry and perseverance of the former; how he had gone through all the struggles of their early days, and how the fruits of his labour were beginning to flow in upon them. Their cottage was as small as ever, to

be sure, but still it boasted many comforts, which it had not when they first began life; and it was all through the exertion of her dear, good husband. She never thought how much her own careful economy had contributed to their well-doing in life, and how she had helped, in every way she could, to increase his earnings. Then she looked forward to the future, wondered how long it would be before he could leave off work, and Quintin succeed him at the forge. And then she pictured Quintin grown to manhood, and smiled, as she thought of his taking a wife, and living to be an old man like his father.

She was in the midst of these reflections,

when the sound of her husband's forge ceased. It was earlier than usual, but she was not surprised, as it was holiday time; and she thought he had got through his work sooner than usual, that he might be at home to enjoy Christmas eve. So she went into the cottage to wait his return, and warm her cold hands at the fire, which she took care to keep blazing, in readiness for the cold and weary labourers, (for Quintin now always worked with his father at his trade.) She waited longer than common, but neither of them came; the short twilight had passed away, and it was nearly dark—still she feared nothing, but sat quietly by the fire.

At last the door opened and little Quintin came in. He hid his pale face on his mother's bosom, crying bitterly.

"What is the matter? who has vexed my little boy," said the mother, soothing him.

"No one, mother, no one!" cried the child anew; "but they told me not to tell you."

"Where is your father? is he coming home?"

"Yes, he is coming home—they are bringing him; but he will not speak, and he looks pale and still, like sister Luli did, and that is what frightened me."

At this moment some neighbours entered; they were carrying the blacksmith. His wife ran up, and flung her arms round him,

with wild exclamations; but he made no answer, and she could not see him clearly for the darkness. They drew her away, and laid him on the bed. At this moment a bright blaze sprang up from the fire, and then poor Bertha saw that her husband was dead. They told her that he had been shoeing a horse at the forge, when suddenly it gave him a violent kick on the head, and he fell on the ground insensible. He only lived a few moments after this, but never spoke again.

It was a mournful Christmas day in the home of the solitary widow,—instead of rejoicing and gladness, they were now weep-

ing with sorrow, over the cold corpse of the husband and father they had loved so dearly. In two days he was buried, and when they returned again to the cottage, it seemed doubly desolate. Bertha burst into tears, and sat down on a chair, little Quintin standing by her. "My child, my child!" she said, embracing him, "we have no hope, we are indeed desolate."

"You did not say that, mother, when Luli died; you told me to be good, and then God would never forsake me."

"I did, I did indeed, Quintin; we must trust in God—but go away now, and leave me alone, all alone."

"Remember, mother," said Quintin, raising himself up, "you are not quite alone in the world—you have me, your little son. I will take care of you."

"But," said she, "how are we to live? Your poor father worked too hard to save money, except for the last year; and how are we even to find food, now that he is no longer here to work for us?" You are too young, my poor child, to keep up the forge; it must go into other hands—there is no hope for us, we must starve."

"We shall not starve," cried the boy. "Mother, we shall not starve. I shall be a man soon, but until then, we must be content with

little. I can work well, even now ; and whoever takes the forge, will have me to help. I know you can spin, mother, until I get stronger, so as to be able to get money enough. You told me once, when I was trying to do something difficult, ' when there is a will there is a way.' Now mother, I have a *will* to do something, and never fear but I shall make a *way*."

New comfort dawned on the widow's heart. She was no longer hopeless as before. The boy who, a few days before, had clung to her knee, in childlike helplessness, now seemed almost like a man, as he told her he would try to fill the place of his dead father.

A kind-hearted neighbour took the forge, and was so pleased with Quintin, that he gave him good wages for a boy. These he always brought home, and poured into his mother's lap. It was little, it is true; but it was all he could earn, and his mother often thanked God, for having given her so good and dutiful a child. He never wasted a moment, but as soon as he returned from the forge, he always assisted his mother in her household duties, suffering her to do nothing that he thought too much for her strength, which had been weakened by so much grief. Quintin even learned to spin, for he thought nothing beneath him that could lighten his mother's

duties. And during the long summer evenings, they sat together at their work, till long after the inhabitants in the few cottages around them had gone to rest. But they began to fear the long, bitter winter, and worked early and late, to put by enough to keep them from poverty, during the severe frost of their climate.

But, alas! they failed to save sufficient for their wants; the unusual severity of the winter soon drained their little store, and they now knew, for the first time, what poverty and hunger were.

CHAPTER III.

It was on a cold, dreary, February day, that a little boy, poorly and thinly clad, was seen returning from the forge. His face was pale, and his hands were blue with cold; he looked weak, too, and walked very slowly. It was little Quintin, who was coming from his daily labour, to his sorrowful home. He thought he would go round by his father's grave, and say his prayers there, hoping that God would hear them, and send him some comfort. His shoes were nearly worn out, and every now and then, sharp pieces of ice

pierced his feet. He came, at last, to the grave where his father was buried. It was not green now, but covered with frozen snow, and looked cheerless and wintry. He knelt down and prayed, and wept bitterly. Just as he was about leaving the churchyard, a little girl, who had been standing near another grave, came timidly up to meet him.

"Will you tell me who you are?" said she, putting out from her mantle a warm little hand towards him.

"My name is Quintin," said the surprised boy.

"You are very cold, poor Quintin, if that is your name; let me warm your hands under

my furs." Quintin put his hands into her muff, and she said, "Where is your father?"

"Here," said he, pointing sadly to the grave. "My father has been dead a year."

"They tell me my mother is dead too," said the little girl, "because I never see her now. I sometimes come here to think of her. No one misses little Luli."

"Luli!—Is your name Luli?" said Quintin, eagerly. "I had a sister Luli once, but she was much older than you."

"I will be your sister Luli," said the little girl. "I like you—you look good;" and she put her arms around his neek, and kissed him. Quintin returned her embrace, and

then asked her more about her father. He was a painter, and had been living near the village ever since his wife's death.

"And now I must go home," exclaimed Quintin. "My mother is ill, and I have staid too long already; but I will not leave you all alone here, Sister Luli."

"Why did you not tell me your mother was ill? I live close by, and we will go away together;" and she took hold of his hand, and they set out.

The two young friends had not gone many steps, when Quintin turned pale, and sank on the ground.

"What ails you, Brother Quintin?" asked the frightened child.

"I do not know," said Quintin, faintly.

The little girl tried to encourage him. Then she drew from her pocket a sweetmeat and put it into his mouth. He ate it very fast, and then, looking wistfully at her, said, "Have you another? I have tasted nothing since yesterday!"

"Not eaten since yesterday!" exclaimed his little friend. Poor Quintin! no wonder you are tired; and your mother! has she nothing to eat?"

"I fear not, indeed, unless some charitable neighbour has given her some dinner."

Luli felt again in her pocket, and produced a biscuit, which she made Quintin eat; and then, as soon as he was able to go forward, she drew him on. "I will go home with you, Quintin," said she. "Here is a gold piece that my father gave me; we will go and buy some supper, and take it together to your mother. I am very hungry, too, and I will sup with you," she added, with great regard for Quintin's feelings.

He yielded to her gentle persuasions, and he and Luli, laden with good things, entered his mother's cottage. She was sitting, almost exhausted, beside the cheerless hearth. A small, rush candle in one corner, just showed

the desolation of the cottage, for they had been obliged to part with almost every thing, to buy food. The two children entered, hand in hand. Bertha looked surprised, but did not speak.

"Mother, dear mother," cried Quintin, "I have brought you a good angel, who has come to save us from dying by hunger." The child stepped forward, and took her hand. "There is plenty for supper, let me stay and share it. I am Luli—little Luli."

"My Luli! are you come back to me again? No, no, it is not my Luli," she said, sorrowfully.

"I am not your own Luli, but I will try

to be," answered Quintin's friend, while the boy came forward and explained the whole. His mother was full of gratitude and joy. Without more words, Quintin lighted the fire, while little Luli, active and skilful as a grown woman, got the supper ready. All three of them then sat down to a cheerful meal.—"You will not faint again, Quintin," said Luli. His mother looked alarmed.

"What has been the matter with you, Quintin? have you indeed fainted from hunger? My poor boy! I thought you told me they were to give you some dinner at the forge!"

"Yes, mother," said, Quintin, "but they

forgot all about it; so I thought I would not come home until after dinner time."

"That your mother might have it all! My own boy—my dear Quintin! God bless you. You are every thing to me," cried the widow, embracing him closely.

Luli looked on with tears in her eyes. "I wish my mother was here to kiss me, as yours does, Quintin," she said.

"Have you lost your mother, poor child?" said Bertha, turning towards her; "then come to me, you shall be my own little Luli."

"I am Quintin's sister already; so we shall all be happy together," said the pleased

child, who would willingly have staid all night, had not the thoughtful Bertha told Quintin to take her in safety to her own home. The children parted affectionately, and Quintin went home that night a happy boy ; and was glad to hear his mother praise Luli. Both mother and son felt as if there were better times coming for them in the future.

CHAPTER IV.

From the time of Quintin's first meeting with little Luli, the fortunes of the poor widow and her son began to brighten. Luli's father assisted Quintin to obtain work, but he was poor, and could not assist them much. Quintin worked hard, however, and his mother spun, so that they managed to get along quite comfortably, but with great economy. Luli came to see them very often. Her little heart seemed overflowing with kind words and good deeds. She was never gloomy or unhappy, because her whole delight consisted

in bestowing pleasure on others; and therefore she never knew what it was to be sad. A good man once said to his daughter, "Why is it that every one loves you?" "I do not know," answered the child, "except it is because I love every body." And this was Luli's power of winning affection; she seemed to love the whole world!

When Quintin was fourteen years of age, a change took place in his fortunes. He had one day worked a number of iron rails, with such beautiful ornaments, that the purchaser, a rich man, living in Antwerp, sent to inquire who had done them. Quintin's master told him who it was, and he imme-

diately sent for him, and found him employment in the city.

A grand event was this, in the boy's life. He had never been to Antwerp, but he and Luli often sat together on summer evenings, watching the beautiful spires of the churches, while the little girl told him all the wonders it contained.

His mother and Luli felt very sad to part with him, and Luli asked him how long he would be away. "Only two or three months—perhaps not that," he replied.

"Three months seem a long time, when you have never left your mother before, in your whole life," said Bertha, sadly. Quintin

felt very sad, too; but he tried, like a good, thoughtful boy as he was, to cheer his mother, by telling her how much more he would make to support them, and that she need not spin any more in her old age.

Nevertheless, when they all sat down to their last meal together, Bertha's courage failed. She looked at her son, thought how soon his place would be vacant, and burst into tears.

Quintin tried to comfort her, yet he felt almost ready to cry himself; but he suppressed his tears. Luli did not speak, but wept silently.

"Come, mother dear," said Quintin, at last,

" we must not be so very melancholy. This will be the best winter we have had yet, for I mean to get rich as soon as possible; and three months will soon pass away. Luli will be near you, and I am sure, mother, you can trust me to be good, to remember all you have taught me, and to love me as much as ever, though a few miles away from you." With such words did Quintin cheer the little party, until the time came for Luli to go home. Her father, absorbed in his studies, though he loved her dearly, noticed her but little, and was always well pleased when she was at the cottage, with Bertha. It was now dusk, and, hand in hand, the children went

home together. It was a sad parting.—"Do not forget Luli," were the last words Quintin heard, as she shut her father's door. He had never felt so sorrowful since his father died, as he did on this evening.

The next morning proved dull and dreary, yet Quintin took his bundle of clothes, and his stick, bade farewell to his good mother, and set out on foot. He reached the city of Antwerp before night, and went right to the house of the iron worker, who had sent for him. The man appeared much pleased with him, and immediately gave him work. He received his wages regularly, and always sent them to his mother, and the master workman

was very kind to him; but still he had his troubles. Many of the apprentices were envious of him, because his skill was greater than theirs; and one day, some of them said, he pretended to be younger than he was, so as to gain the favour and applause of the master, for his readiness and skill.

This roused him to anger—"I tell a lie!" cried the indignant boy; "I would not do it for the king himself. How dare you say so to my face?"

His companions saw they had gone too far and said no more that day. Quintin went home, feeling very lonely; and when he had shut the door of his little room, his anger

melted into sorrow. He threw himself on his bed, covered his face with his hands, and wept freely. But he thought of his mother, and determined not to give way to feelings of anger or grief.

Next morning he rose, and went courageously to work. He was making the iron cover to a well, in a manner in which he alone could do it; therefore his master had intrusted it to him, which made the rest jealous. When Quintin came to look for his tools, his hammer and file were missing. He inquired for them, but his companions would not give him a satisfactory answer.

"How will you make your fine well

cover, without hammer or file?" said one of the boys.

"Here is a pretty plight for the first workman in Antwerp to be in," said another.

"The young genius will never finish his work," exclaimed a third, bursting into a loud laugh.

"I *will* finish it though," said Quintin, with a determined air, though his face was very pale. "I will finish it in spite of you all."

He turned away, took up the rest of his tools, locked himself and his work in another part of the establishment, took no notice of their taunts, until the given time expired. The master then came, and asked for the well

cover. It was done! Quintin had finished it without hammer or file, and in a beautiful manner. His master, greatly pleased when he heard all about it, raised him still higher, and in a few years, by industry and perseverance, he became one of the best workers in Antwerp.

The good Bertha lived to see her son handsomely settled in life, and married to Luli, who had now grown into a beautiful woman. She was surrounded with comforts, and often used to speak of the time when Luli first came to her desolate little cottage.

Thanks were expressed for this entertain-

ing story, and they wished another read ; but it was luncheon time, and Emma's mother said they and she both needed refreshment, and that in the evening, if not prevented, she would read to them again ; so after enjoying themselves all day, and spending part of the time in the fresh air, they were just in the mood to enjoy reading after tea, and were all glad they had not had the stories in the morning. Mr. E., Emma's papa, had just brought home a volume of "Chambers's Miscellany," and asked leave to choose for them. He handed the book to his lady, who read

THE TRUE STORY OF

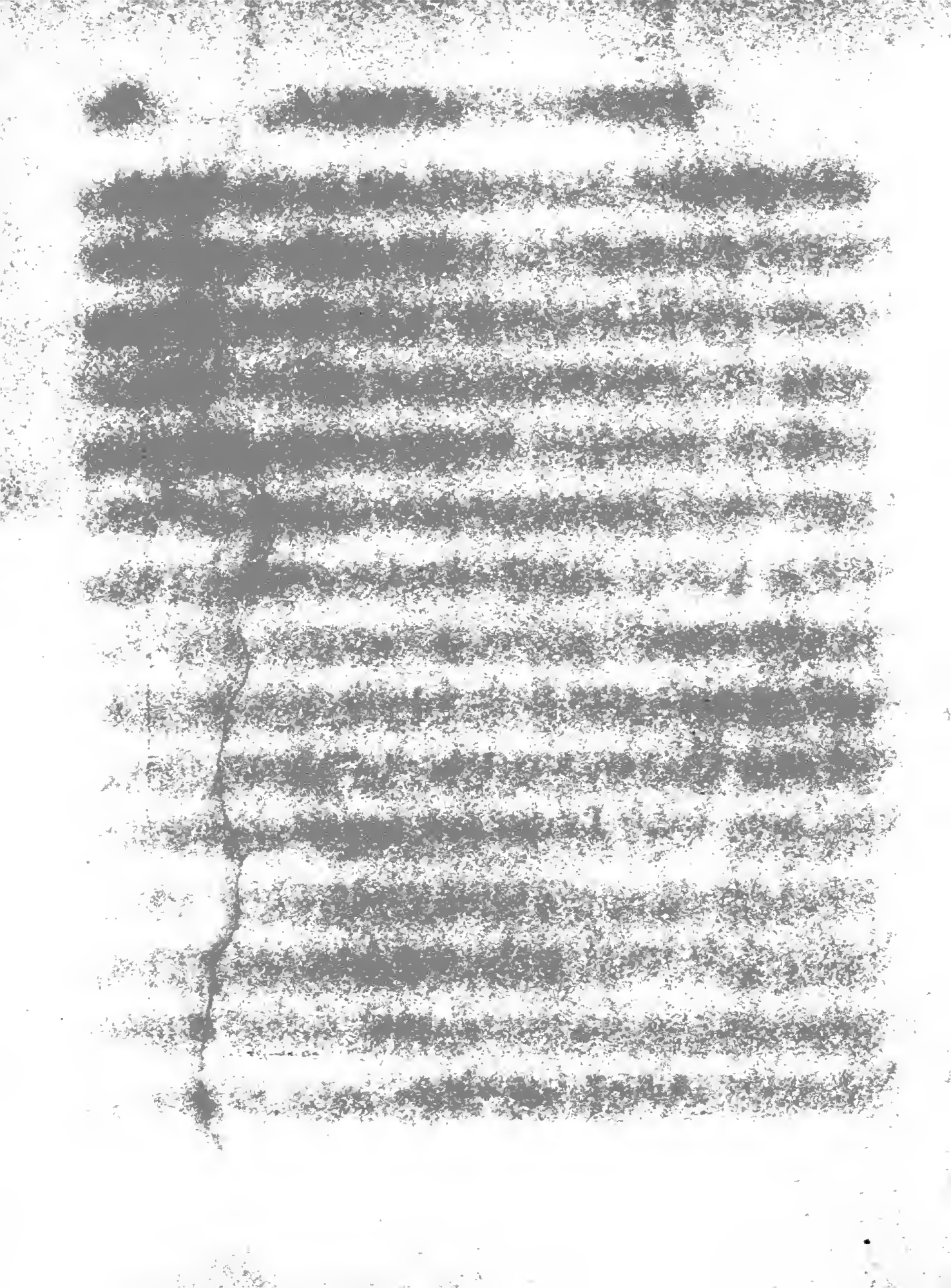
AN ITALIAN PAINTER.

In the year 1276, about forty miles from Florence, there lived a poor working man, named Bondone. This man had a son, a little peasant boy, whom he could not afford to send to school. But this child was always very wonderful; and though he had no learning, he was so quick in his perception, and so smart and clever, that he was the delight of his father, and of the people among whom he lived. At the age of ten, his father in-

trusted him with the care of a flock. Now the happy little shepherd boy strolled at his will over meadow and plain, and amused himself with lying on the grass, and trying to draw, as well as he could, with a hard stick, or sharp piece of stone.

One day, as he lay, in the midst of his flock, earnestly sketching something on stone, there came by a traveller. Struck with the boy's deep attention to his work, the stranger stopped, and went to look at what he was doing. It was a sketch of a sheep, drawn so well, that the traveller beheld it with astonishment. "Whose son are you?" cried he, with eagearness.

Giotto the Shepherd Boy.—Page 94.



The startled boy looked up in the face of his questioner. "My father is Bondone, the labourer, and I am his little Giotto, so please the signor," said he.

"Well, then, little Giotto, should you like to come and live with me, and learn how to draw and paint sheep like this, and horses, and even men?"

The child's eyes flashed with delight. "I will go with you any where to learn that; but," he added, "I must first go and ask my father. I cannot do any thing without his leave."

"That is quite right, my boy, and so we will go to him together," said the stranger. It was the painter Cimabue.

Great was the wonder of old Bondone, at such a sudden proposal; but he consented to it, and went with his son to Florence, and there left him under the painter's care.

Giotto soon learned to paint, because he had a natural talent for that art. He after a time surpassed his master.

One morning Cimabue came into the studio, and, looking at a half finished head, saw a fly resting on the nose. He tried to brush it off, and discovered that it was only painted.

"Who has done this?" cried he, half angry, half delighted.

Giotto crept trembling from a corner, and

confessed his fault; but he met with praise instead of reproof, from his master, who could not help admiring this proof of his pupil's genius.

Giotto lived to be a great man. His fame spread far and wide. He was a good man too, as well as great. A good Christian, and an eminent painter. He died at Milan, in the year 1336, regretted by all his friends.

George was the first to speak. "Oh!" said he, "how I love to hear about painters. I hope one day to be a painter myself; they are so good and generous."

"Indeed," said his sister Emily, "you are

somewhat mistaken, for I read about a painter the other day, who was one of the meanest men in the world, and one of the greatest misers." "He could not have been a very great painter," George thought, "or he could never have had such a mean spirit."

His sister then told who it was—an Italian named Rembrant; and that heaps of gold were found in the cellar after his death. He was collecting all this, while almost starving himself and wife.

Mrs. E. observed that it was not always a man's pursuit that caused him to be generous, but that painters and other great men as well as those not distinguished, should

endeavour to cultivate a disposition of love, not only towards their own families, but towards the whole human race.

The boys and girls wished they could hear more of painters. It was only ten o'clock, and Mrs. E. consented to entertain them with the history of a very celebrated artist, who had executed one of the most famous pictures in the world, called the "Lord's Supper." This was—

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

He was born in Italy, and was one of the most accomplished men of his time. He was greatly admired and beloved, and regarded as a universal genius.

What is uncommon in a painter, he cultivated all the sciences of the age—chemistry, anatomy, and mathematics. He was, besides, versed in poetry and music.

When Andrea, Leonardo's master and teacher, died, he called him to his couch, and bade him cultivate a patient and humble temper, and to subdue his irritable nature.

"Thou hast within thee, my son," said he, "the seeds of great good and great evil. To mature the one, and repress the other, must be the perpetual object of thy life. Tread with generous steps the path of fame. Be willing for others to attain eminence, as well as thyself, and never stoop to meanness and envy. I have looked at thy pictures, and feel that thy gift is beyond mine. I rejoice that it is so. Farewell! and remember my dying words."

In a few minutes after these his last words, Leonardo's tears fell fast and bitter, on the lifeless form of his good old master, as he gently closed his eyes.

"Yes," he exclaimed, kneeling by his side, "thy prayers shall be fulfilled. I will subdue the evil passions of my nature, and not for myself, but for the world will I labour, in the art which I learned from thee, and of which thy last lesson has now taught me the true spirit."

He tried always to remember the sayings of his old master, to reflect on his lessons, and model himself by his precepts. He examined his own works carefully, and found more to condemn than approve, and destroyed a great number of his own performances.

The duke of Milan, who possessed an ardent love of the fine arts, loaded him with

honours, having great regard for his high talents. But there was a person, constantly with the duke, who regarded the Florentine with an evil eye. This was the monk, belonging to the Dominican convent. He was envious of Leonardo's fame, and did every thing in his power to excite his passions, which were hasty and violent. No one could help feeling distrust towards this monk. Having him so near, caused the painter to be gloomy, and tempted him to destroy his works when they were nearly complete.

In a passion he destroyed a portrait of the duke, which he had been requested to paint; and when questioned why he did it, boldly

avowed it was madness! The monk or prior wished to induce the duke to punish him; but the duke loved him so well, that he only said, "I forgive you, if you accept my conditions."

"Name them, my prince, and you shall be obeyed. I will devote my best art, day and night, to redeem my crime, and to render myself worthy of your goodness."

"Be it so, then," said the duke. "I wish you to decorate the convent. You shall have one year in which to do it."

Now this was the very convent where the wicked monk dwelt; and he no sooner heard the prince's words, than he cast a malicious

glance at the artist. It was hard to be shut up with such a man a whole year, and to be subject to the petty vexations he might inflict. But he determined to bear, with fortitude, the evils he had drawn upon himself, and to labour to redeem the confidence of his patron. But what subject should he select? This was a new perplexity, and months passed away before he had conceived any work of art.

One day, when the Passion week had just begun, Leonardo was walking in the beautiful gardens of Milan. His mind was pondering on the subject of his painting. The spring had already awakened the young blossoms

from their winter's sleep, and the trees and hedges were crowned with the fresh foliage of the season. "I will paint the scene sacred to our Lord!" he exclaimed,—"his last supper with his disciples."

That evening, about sunset, when his heart was filled with gentle and religious emotions, he called upon the Saviour of the world, upon him who died for the sins of human nature, and exclaimed, "How shall my feeble hand portray thy glory!" As he dwelt upon the subject, he gradually beheld the scene which he meant to exhibit in his picture—he beheld the long table, and the Saviour in the midst of his disciples.

He soon after this commenced his design, and worked unceasingly, though it was an arduous task, and soon one figure after another in the group sprang to light.

Spring had come round, and two of the heads yet remained unfinished—the Saviour's and that of Judas. His spirit shrank in horror from the task of portraying the visage of one so deceitful.

Before the easel, with his pencil in hand, he prayed for divine inspiration, to paint the Saviour of the world. Then, on a sudden, he beheld the countenance, the divine countenance, which he had been before, in vain endeavouring to impress with the heavenly be-

nevolence, and pitying forgiveness, which now irradiated that face. Once again he seized his brush, and the form and face were finished.

The last week arrived, and the head of Judas was still incomplete.

"Dost thou know the conditions?" exclaimed the exulting monk—"success or death; so said the duke, and his word is never recalled."

"I know them well," replied Leonardo, in a despairing tone.

"Then hasten on thy work," said the Dominican. "Is life so worthless that thou canst not afford a daub of thy brush to save it? Come, lend me thy brush: to-morrow is

the day. I will furnish thee with a head, and perhaps it will save thy own," fastening upon him a searching glance, with an expression of conscious power and triumph.

"Ha!" exclaimed Leonardo, "I thank thee, good Sir Prior, for this last offer—thou hast indeed inspired me."

He hastened to the refectory, closed the door, and through the rest of that day, and the whole solitude of that last night, sat, almost without intermission, at the glorious work which has immortalized him. The head of Judas was completed, and the picture ready at the last hour.

On the morning the picture was to be pre-

sented, Leonardo did not make his appearance, nor return any reply to the applications of the prior at the door.

When the hour arrived, the duke, accompanied by the principal nobility of Milan, proceeded in state to the Dominican monastery, and gave orders that the refectory should be thrown open. The picture, which was upon the wall at one end, was concealed by a curtain; and the artist stood, with his eyes cast down, and an expression of deep dejection. There was a confused murmur of voices. Curiosity and eager expectation were expressed in every countenance but that of the prior's; on his sat triumphant revenge.

The picture, he was confident, was unfinished in the most important figures.

"Let the curtain be withdrawn," said the duke.

Leonardo moved not; the deep emotion of the artist rendered him powerless.

The Dominican, unable to comprehend such feelings, was confirmed in the belief that the withdrawing of the curtain would be the death warrant of Leonardo. He hastily seized the string, and by a certain pull the curtain opened, and the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci stood revealed to the world.

Not a sound for a few moments broke the stillness that prevailed. At length murmurs

of applause were heard increasing to raptures, as the influence of the glorious work was more felt upon the minds of the Italians The duke arose, and stood before Leonardo.

"Well, noble Florentine, hast thou atoned for thy fault. I am proud to forgive thee all. On, on to glory and to immortality. High rewards shall be thine. But why, holy father," said he to the prior, who still stood pale and motionless before the picture, "why stand you speechless there? See you not how nobly he has redeemed his pledge?"

All eyes were turned upon the Dominican; then to the figure of Judas. Suddenly they exclaimed, with one voice, "It is he, it is he!"

The brothers and monks of the cloister, who detested the prior, repeated, "Yes, it is he! the Judas Iscariot who betrayed his Master!"

After the first surprise was over, suppressed laughter was heard. Pale with rage, the Dominican retreated behind the crowd, and made his escape to his cell.

And where now was Leonardo da Vinci? he who stood conspicuous among the nobles of the land! he whose might of genius had cast high birth and worldly honours into obscurity! Now surely was the hour of his triumph!

Alas, no! he stood humbled and depressed.

Bitter tears bedewed his cheeks, and when the cry was repeated again and again, "It is the prior!" he hastily quitted the presence of the duke, and in the solitude of his own apartment, on his knees, in an agony of repentance, he exclaimed, "Oh, Andrea, my master, how have I sinned against thy memory, our art, and my own soul! I have sinned, I have sinned! Revenge can have no part in a great mind, was thy last precept. Alas! for my weak and sinful nature!"

Such were the emotions of the artist, while all Milan and Italy rang with the fame of the work which he himself so bitterly repented. He shunned applause, and in an humble spi-

rit devoted himself to the pursuit of a nobler triumph than he had ever achieved—the triumph over himself.

This is the history of that celebrated picture, the "Last Supper." It is still in the refectory of the convent at Milan: it was much injured when the convent was occupied by French troops, at the close of the last century.

They had listened, as usual, with profound attention, and regretted when this history came to an end.

"But," said Jane, "both of these are stories of Italians. Are there no great painters in this country?"

"Very few in America," answered Mrs. E., "have attained eminence in the fine arts. More, however, have pursued this calling within the last ten or twenty years. There was one of our countrymen, who lately died in England, that was very successful in painting. Several of his pieces are to be seen at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia. "Christ healing the Sick," like the "Last Supper," is a Scripture scene. Several similar ones have been produced by the genius of West, but you must wait till evening, and then, if you are not tired, I will read or relate to you some passages from the life of this native artist."

As soon as the lights were brought, after twilight, the life of Benjamin West was called for; and Mrs. E., punctual to her promise, commenced thus—

BENJAMIN WEST.

CHAPTER I.

Benjamin West was born in Chester county, in the state of Pennsylvania, on the 10th of October, 1738. This branch of the West family are descendants of the Lord Delaware. They emigrated to America in 1699.

Thomas Pearson, the maternal grandfather of the artist, was the confidential friend of William Penn. Mr. Pearson, having been

requested by William Penn to name the part of the country where they first landed, called it Chester, in remembrance of his native city.

Not very far from thence, he formed a plantation, and built a house in a neighbourhood which he called Springfield, in consequence of discovering a large spring of water in the first field cleared for cultivation; and it was near this place that Benjamin West was born.

The parents of the artist were excellent and enlightened persons, members of the society of friends. They were amongst the first of that sect, who were convinced that it was contrary to the laws of God and nature,

that any man should retain his fellow creatures in slavery.

Near the time of the birth of Benjamin West, a minister of the name of Pecover, who had preached a remarkable sermon in a meeting-house, in that neighbourhood, paid a farewell visit to the parents, and prophesied that the child lately sent into the world, would prove a remarkable man; and he charged the father to watch over the boy's character, with the utmost degree of paternal solicitude.

The first six years of Benjamin's life passed away in calm uniformity; leaving only the placid remembrance of enjoyment. In the

month of June, 1745, one of his sisters, who had been married some time before, and who had a daughter, came with her infant to spend a few days at her father's. When the child was asleep in the cradle, Mrs. West invited her daughter to gather flowers in the garden, and committed the infant to the care of Benjamin, during their absence.

After some time, the child happened to smile in its sleep, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure which he had never before experienced; and observing some paper on a table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a

portrait; although at this period he had never seen an engraving or a picture, and was only in the seventh year of his age.

Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing; but the old lady, observing his confusion, inquired what he was about, and requested him to show her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing, with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally;" and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction.

This encouraged him to say, that if it

would give her any pleasure, he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand, for the instinct of his genius was now awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of those things which pleased his sight.

This curious incident deserves consideration in two points of view; the sketch must have had some merit, since the likeness was so obvious, indicating how early the hand of the young artist possessed the power of representing the observations of his eye. But it is still more remarkable, as the birth of the fine arts in the new world, and as one of the few instances in the history of art, in which

the first inspiration of genius can be traced to a particular circumstance. The drawing was shown by Mrs. West to her husband, who, remembering the prediction of Pecover, was delighted with this early indication of talent in his son.

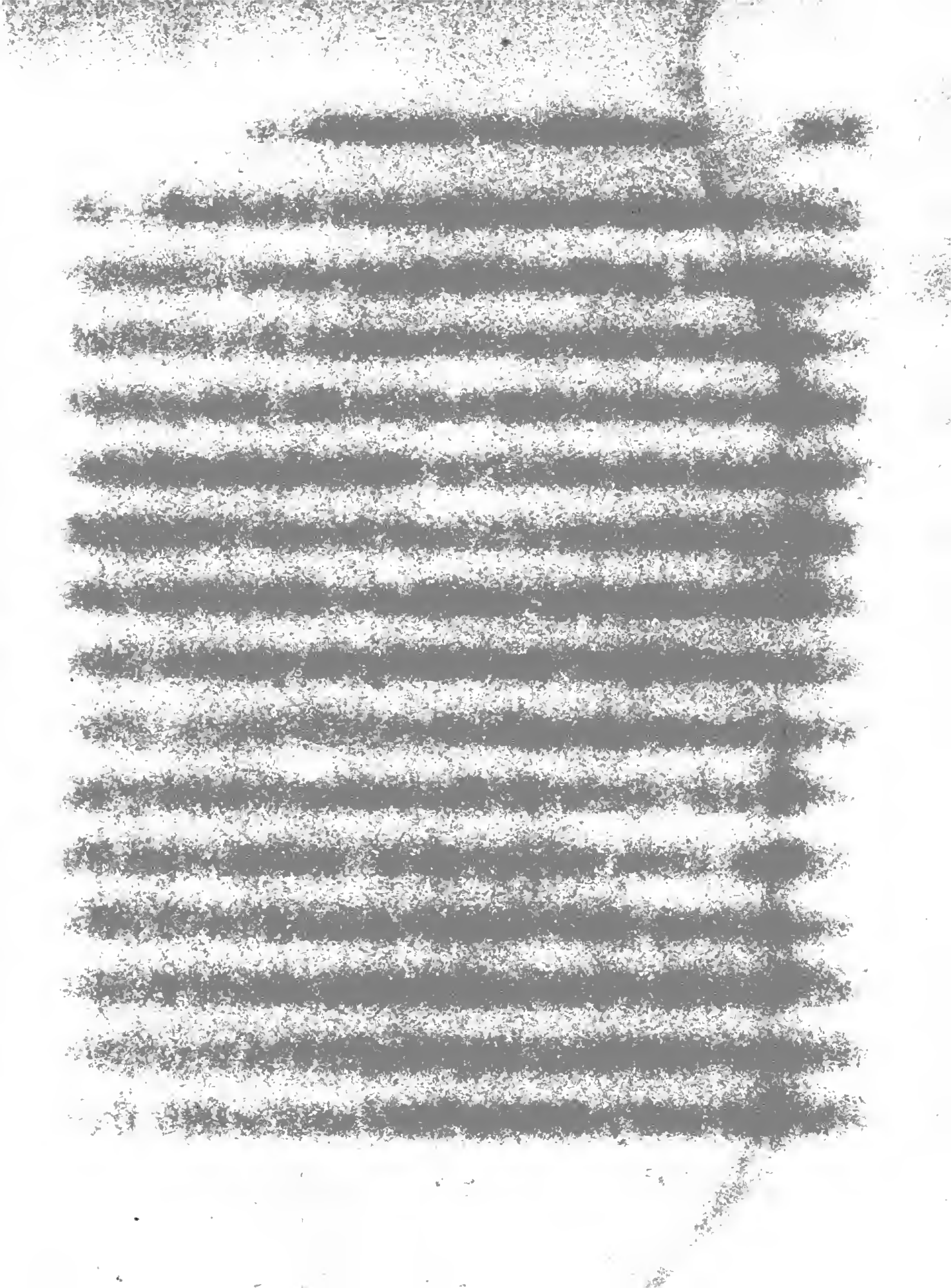
CHAPTER II.

At that period, there were many of the natives of the forest still in Pennsylvania. Such was the state of society, that the Indians in their simplicity, mingled safe and harmless among the friends, looking upon them as brethren; and in the annual visits which they were in the practice of making to the plantations, they raised their huts in the fields and orchards without asking leave, nor were they ever molested. The treaty made by William Penn was still remembered, and love and kindness subsisted, in full

force, towards those wild men who had been conquered by Christian benevolence.

Soon after the occurrence of the incident mentioned in the last chapter, the young artist was sent to a school in the neighbourhood. During his hours of leisure, he was permitted to draw with pen and ink. For it did not occur to any of the family to provide him with better materials.

In the course of the summer a party of Indians came to pay their annual visit to Springfield, and being amused with the sketches of birds and flowers which Benjamin showed them, they taught him to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they



The Little Artist and the Indian.—Page 127.

painted their ornaments. To these his mother added blue, by giving him a piece of indigo, so that he was thus put in possession of the three primary colours.

The Indians also taught him to be an expert archer, and he was somtimes in the practice of shooting birds for models, when he thought that their plumage would look well in a picture.

His drawings at length attracted the attention of the neighbours; and some of them happening to regret that the artist had no pencils, he inquired what kind of things these were; and they were described to him as small brushes, made of camel's hair, fastened

in a quill. As there were, however, no camels in America, he could not think of any substitute, till he happened to cast his eyes on a black cat, the favourite of his father; when, in the tapering fur of her tail, he discovered the means of supplying what he wanted. He immediately armed himself with his mother's scissors, and, laying hold of Grimalkin with all due caution, and a proper attention to her feelings, cut off the fur at the end of the tail, and with this made his first pencil. But the tail only furnished him with one, which did not last long, and he stood in need of a further supply. He then had recourse to the animal's back—his depredations upon which were so

frequently repeated, that his father observed the altered appearance of his favourite, and lamented it as the effect of disease. The artist, with suitable marks of contrition, informed him of the true cause, and the old gentleman was so much amused with his ingenuity, that if he rebuked him, it was certainly not in anger.

In the following year, Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who had been on a visit to the West family, and was much pleased with the drawings of birds and flowers, by his young cousin, promised to send him a box of paints and pencils from the city. On his return home he fulfilled his engage-

ment, and at the bottom of the box placed several pieces of canvass, prepared for the easel, and six engravings.

The arrival of the box was an era in the history of the painter and his art. It was received with feelings of delight, which only a similar mind can justly appreciate. He opened it, and in the colours, the oils, and the pencils, found all his wants supplied, even beyond his utmost conceptions. But who can describe the surprise with which he beheld the engravings; he who had never seen any pictures but his own drawings, nor knew that such an art as the engravers existed! He sat over the box with enamoured eyes; his mind

was in a flutter of joy, and he could not refrain from constantly touching the different articles, to ascertain that they were real. At night he placed the box on a chair near his bed, and as often as he was overpowered by sleep, he started suddenly, and stretched out his hand to satisfy himself that the possession of such a treasure was not merely a pleasing dream. He rose at the dawn of day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread a canvass, prepared a pallet, and immediately began to imitate the figures in the engravings. Enchanted by his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner, without mentioning the

employment in which he had been engaged. He thus devoted himself to painting for several days successively. The schoolmaster, observing his absence, sent to ask the cause of it. Mrs. West recollected that she had seen Benjamin go up stairs every morning, and suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of school, went to the garret, and found him employed on the picture. Her anger was appeased by the sight of his performance, and changed to a very different feeling. She saw not a mere copy, but a composition from two of the engravings. He had formed a picture as complete in the arrangement of the tints, as the most skilful artist could have painted.

She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented himself from school, but would go herself to the master, and beg that he might not be punished. The delightful encouragement which this well-judged kindness afforded to the young painter, may be easily imagined; but who will not regret that the mother's over anxious admiration would not suffer him to finish the picture lest he should spoil what was already, in her opinion, perfect, even with half the canvass bare? Sixty-seven years after, Mr. Galt, the writer of "West's Memoirs," had the gratification to

see this piece in the same room with the sublime painting of "Christ Rejected;" on which occasion the painter declared that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass.

CHAPTER III.

Soon after these events, our artist, at the request of Mr. Pennington, visited Philadelphia, where he was introduced to a painter of the name of Williams, who invited him to see his pictures and drawings. He lent him the works of Fresnoy and Richardson, which West first read himself, and then took home to his father and mother, who also perused them with great pleasure.

It may be looked upon as a singular good fortune, in the life of our artist, that he was blest with the sympathy of friends and rela-

tives—a happiness which seldom falls to the lot of great men. From the account received of him, Benjamin West must have been a favourite, not only with his indulgent parents, but with neighbours and associates. It appears that about this time, the school-boys in Springfield were seized with so great a love of drawing, that their accustomed sports were neglected, and their play hours devoted to drawing with chalk and ochre.

It is related, that when West had entered his sixteenth year, his father being anxious that he should learn a trade, and yet reluctant to thwart so decided a genius, consulted several neighbours on the subject, and a meeting

of the society of Friends, in the vicinity, was called to consider publicly what ought to be the destiny of his son. It was there concluded that the artist should be allowed to indulge the predilections of his genius; and a private meeting of the friends was appointed to be held at his father's house, at which the youth himself was requested to be present, in order to receive in form the assent and blessing of the society.

A large company of both sexes were assembled on the day of meeting, and after sitting for some time in silence, a Friend, of the name of John Williamson, arose, and, in a long speech on the gifts of God, and of the

proper use of them, hoped that it might be demonstrated by the life and works of the artist, that his gifts and talents had not been bestowed in vain.

At the conclusion of this address, the women rose and kissed the young artist, and the men, one by one, laid their hands on his head, and prayed that the Lord might verify, in his life, the value of the gift which had induced them, in despite of their religious tenets, to allow him to cultivate the faculties of his genius.

Thus you perceive that every circumstance in the life of the boy, tended to the developement and use of the talents, which his Maker had bestowed upon him.

When it was determined among the friends that Benjamin West should cultivate the art of painting, he went to Lancaster for this purpose, but was soon recalled by the illness and death of his mother. About the end of August, in 1756, however, he took his final departure, and went to Philadelphia.

Governor Hamilton obtained some pictures for West to copy, and besides these he had constant employment in painting portraits. His original paintings were the "Death of Socrates," and the "Trial of Susanna." He was still surrounded by kind friends in his native land, but being aware that facilities for improvement in the fine arts were not af-

forded in the new world, his desire for visiting Italy and other countries was approved by his patrons here, and pecuniary means offered for the indulgence of his wish.

He left the American shores in 1659, and never returned. He went first to Italy, visited Rome, Naples, Bologna, Florence, and other cities, where he revelled in the beauties, both of nature and art, improved himself greatly, and finally settled in England, where he was patronized by the royal family. Several of his pictures were sent to his native country for exhibition. "Death on the Pale Horse" belongs to the Academy of Fine Arts,

"Christ Healing the Sick" to the Pennsylvania Hospital.

He was a member of several academies in the different towns in Europe, being well known throughout that continent. His death took place in England, a few years since, at an advanced age. By many, particularly by English people, he was thought to be an Englishman. Many persons there having never heard of his being an American by birth.

Mrs. E. informed her audience that she had already made her story longer than she had intended, and yet had not related half the

interesting events in the life of that gifted man. She promised to obtain for them "Galt's Memoirs of the Life of Benjamin West," which contains an account of the pictures which he painted, and the inducements for the subjects which he chose at different times; also of the astonishment exhibited by the Italians when they found that an American was not a savage!

A week soon passed. The cousins had only one more evening to spend at Glenville, and that was the Sabbath. Mrs. Elwin promised that if they went to church twice a day, and attended to the sermon, and profited by the service, and by reading their Bibles

morning and noon, she had a very good, true story, from American life, which she was sure would please them. It shows what a good effect a pure and unsuspicious little girl had even upon a hardened sinner.

The evening came. The still, small voice of conscience whispered peace to every heart present, and they were prepared for the entertainment, when Mrs. E. began to relate the story of—

THE SILVER TANKARD.

Almost a hundred years ago, near one of the small towns, then settled in the state of Maine, which you know is one of the New England states, lived a farmer by the name of Daniel Gordon. He was looked upon as the richest man in the district, as his farm was one of the most valuable in the neighbourhood, and his house the largest. It was full of the comforts of life, being completely furnished with neat and useful articles of furniture. He possessed, besides, considerable silver plate, among which a large tankard stood

pre-eminent. This silver had been the property of his father, and he had brought it over from England with him.

One pleasant Sunday morning, in the beautiful month of June, Daniel Gordon's two sons, and their hired man had gone to meeting, at a place called the "Landing," some ten miles distant, on foot, leaving the horse and chaise for the use of the older members of the family. As Daniel was standing at his door, waiting for his good wife, who had been somewhat detained, one of his neighbours rode up, on horseback and beckoned to him to come out to the gate.

"Good morning, neighbour Gordon," said

he; "I have come out of my way, in going to church, to tell you that Tom Smith, that daring thief, with two others, has been prowling about in these parts; and you had better leave your house well protected, lest they molest you. I have nothing in my house to bring them there, but they may be after your silver tankard and spoons. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal, the better. I don't think it safe for you to go out to church to-day. But I am in a hurry, neighbour, so good bye."

This communication placed our friend Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It had been settled that no one was to be left at

home but his daughter, Hetty, a beautiful girl about nine years old. Now he felt undecided whether to stay or go. He thought it right to worship God in his temple; but then he was a father, and his little Hetty was the joy of his heart. He thought a great deal about it, but he had faith that God would bless him, if he did what appeared to be his duty, and so he soon settled the point. "I will not even take Hetty with me," said he, "for it will make her cowardly. The thieves may not come—Neighbour Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house, they will not hurt that child. At any rate, she is in God's hands, and we will go to wor-

ship Him who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him." As he said this the little girl and her mother came out. The mother stepped into the chaise, and the father after her, first kissing Hetty, and saying to her, "If any strangers come, Hetty, treat them well; we can spare of our abundance, to feed the poor." With these words he drove off. But though he was so good a man, he felt not a little troubled at leaving his daughter alone, in such a solitary place, for the nearest house was six miles off.

Little Hetty was strictly brought up to observe the Lord's day. She knew that she ought to return to the house, but she thought

it would do no harm if she went first to see the brood of chickens; and after she had given them water, she lingered to hear the robin sing, and watch the bobolink as it flitted from bough to bough. She passed almost an hour out of the house, because she did not want to be alone; and when she was out among the birds and flowers, she did not feel lonely. But at last, she went in, took her Bible, and seated herself at the window, sometimes reading, and sometimes looking out.

After a while, she saw three men coming towards the house, and she was right glad to see them; for she was beginning to feel tired of being alone, and there was a long, dreary

day before her. "Father," thought she, "meant something, when he told me to be kind to strangers; I suppose he expected them. I wonder why they do not go to church. Never mind, they shall see that I can do something for them, if I am but little Hetty." So putting down the Bible, she ran to meet them; happy, confiding, and even glad they had come. Without waiting for them to speak, she called them in, and said, "I am all alone; if mother was here, she would do more for you; but I will do all I can." She remembered the last words of her father, were, to spare of their abundance, and she was glad to do good to others.

Tom Smith, for it was him, and his two companions entered, and almost as soon as they were in the house, Hetty asked if she should get them something to eat. Smith replied, "Yes, I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry." This was, indeed, a civil speech from the thief, who had been lurking in the woods, to watch his chance of stealing the silver tankard, as soon as the men folks had gone to church.

"Shall I give you cold victuals, or will you wait till I can cook some meat?" asked Hetty.

"We cannot wait," was the reply. "Give us what you have ready, as soon as you can."

"I am glad you do not want me to cook for you, because father would rather not have much cooking on Sundays." Then away she tripped, making preparations for their repast. Smith himself helped her out with the table. She spread upon it a clean, white cloth, and placed upon it the silver tankard, full of good home-made beer, with a large loaf of wheat bread, and a dish of cold meat. I do not know why the silver spoons were put on—perhaps little Hetty thought they made the table look prettier. After all was done, she turned to Smith, and told him dinner was ready.

The child had been so busy arranging her

table, that she took little notice of the appearance of the men. She did the work as pleasantly as if surrounded by her father, mother, and brothers. One of the thieves sat down, leaning his head on his hands, and looking very sullen. Another, a younger, and better looking man, stood confused, and irresolute, as if he had not been well broken to his trade; and often would go to the window, and look out, keeping his back towards the child. Smith, on the other hand, appeared to have forgotten all about his intention of robbing. He never took his attention off the child, following her with his eye, as she bustled about, arranging the dinner-table. His

chair was at the head, one of his companions at each side, and little Hetty at the foot, standing there to help her guests, and be ready to go for further supplies, if they were needed.

The men ate as if they were hungry, and occasionally took a drink from the silver tankard. When they had done, Smith started up suddenly, and said, "Come, let's go."

"What!" exclaimed the old robber, "go with empty hands, when this silver is here?" He seized the tankard. "Put that down!" shouted Smith. "I'll shoot the first man who takes a single thing from this house!"

Poor Hetty was much alarmed; but she ran to Smith, and took hold of his hand, look-

ing as if she thought he would take care of her.

The old thief looked at his young companion, and finding he was ready to give up the job, and also seeing Smith was resolute, put down the tankard, and went grumbling out of the house, followed by the other. Smith put his hand on the head of the child, and said, "Do not be afraid—stay quietly in the house, nobody shall hurt you."

Thus ended the visit of the thieves; thus God preserved the property of those who had put their trust in him. What a story had the child to tell when the family came home! How hearty was the thanksgiv-

ing that went up that evening from the family altar!

A year or two after this Tom Smith was arrested for the commission of some crime, and after his trial, was condemned to be executed. Daniel Gordon heard of this, and that he was confined in jail, awaiting the dreadful day. He thought he should like to go and see him; but when he entered the dungeon, Smith did not take any notice of him. He stood in silence before the unfortunate robber, who at last said, "What do you want of me? can you not let me alone, even here?"

"I am come," said Gordon "to see you, because my daughter told me all you did,

when she was left alone, with nobody but God to take care of her."

As if he was touched to the heart, Smith instantly said, "Are you the father of that little girl? Oh! what a dear, good child she is! Is she well and happy? How I love to think of her—that is one pleasant thing I have to think of. For once I was treated like other men. Could I see her once I think I should feel happier."

He said much more, in this hurried manner, while Gordon remained with him, and tried to prepare his erring brother for a better world.

"Now my dear children, I have finished the true story of the Silver Tankard; and may it be a lesson to you, that kindness will soften the hearts of even wicked men; and that, by overcoming evil with good, we are best fulfilling the commands of our heavenly Father."

The company of listeners begged to hear one more tale, so the lady offered to relate the true History of Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia. This, though published by Madam Cottin, as a work of fiction, is well known to have been founded on fact.

"The real incidents are quite as interesting, if not more so, than the celebrated romance of which I have just spoken, and which has,

for more than half a century, been read with eager delight, especially by young persons, such as my present audience. This, then, is the true history of—

THE HEROINE OF SIBERIA.

The real name of our heroine was Prascovie Loupouloff. Her father, who belonged to a noble family, was born in Hungary, where the chances of life had induced his parents to settle. While he was yet under age, he entered the Austrian service, but afterwards married a Russian lady, and removed with her to her own country, where he served in the Russian army for many years, obtaining the praise and commendation of his superiors. Some time after his return from these campaigns, Loupouloff was arrested by the authori-

ties, tried, and condemned to be exiled to Siberia for life. His trial was conducted with such secrecy, that the crime of which he was accused never became known to the public; but it was supposed to have been a matter of personal pique, which induced his accusation by some influential person. He begged to have his sentence made more lenient, but his appeals were disregarded, and he, with his wife and infant daughter, were transported with other prisoners, to the district selected for his residence.

Siberia, as you may see by looking on the map, comprehends, not only a vast proportion of the immense Russian empire, but

nearly one third of Asia. It extends three thousand, five hundred miles, from east to west, and one thousand two hundred miles from north to south. It is the coldest region in the world, and part of it has been selected, owing to its being so unpleasant, as a residence for criminals. Some of the prisoners are also condemned to work in the mines, with which it abounds. Their families are allowed to remain in the place with them, only when their crimes have not been heinous. Whatever Loupouloff's offence may have been, it is clear it was of no great magnitude, since this indulgence was extended to him. It was fortunate that his family consisted only of his

wife, and the little infant Prascovie; for the poor prisoner felt that they were enduring great hardships for his sake. Prascovie, however, was too young to feel the full force of the punishment inflicted on her parents, and as she grew up, seemed happy and contented with her lot, because she had known no other. Before she was twelve years old, she was able, by the labour of her own little hands, to add a few comforts to her parents' bare subsistence. Sometimes she assisted the laundresses of the village; at others she helped the tillers of the soil, by doing such work as her strength permitted, working at harvest time with the reapers. In payment for such assistance

she sometimes received money, but more frequently eggs and vegetables. Her mother occupied herself entirely with the affairs of their poor and meagre household, and seemed to bear her deplorable fate with patience. Loupouloff, on the contrary, accustomed from his earliest years to affluence and active life, was less resigned to his fate, and often sank into the depths of despondency.

Some years of his exile had passed over, when he petitioned the emperor for a pardon, and sent it by an officer who happened to pass through Siberia on business of state, who promised to urge its acceptance with all the influence he possessed. Years, however, passed,

without any reply arriving, and poor Loupouloff was a prey to the most distressing torments of suspense.

During one of these wretched moments, Prascovie, returning from the fields, found her mother bathed in tears, and her father, with a countenance so pale, and so full of desperation, that she trembled with dread. She threw herself into her father's arms, entreating him to tell her the cause of his extreme misery; and he, touched by her affection, and her tears, told her that a court messenger had arrived, and that his petition still remained unheeded. For the hundredth time he bewailed the hard fate, by which, for his

fault, she and her mother were condemned to continue with him, for the rest of their lives, the miserable existence they now dragged on. Prascovie was deeply affected by this information. Till now, her father had never openly avowed his real situation, so that, up to this moment, Prascovie was not fully aware he was an exile.

And now she first entertained the idea of travelling on foot to St. Petersburg, to demand from the emperor in person, her father's pardon. She was about fifteen years old, and from the day she conceived this project, a degree of animation was infused into her character, for which her parents could not

account. She kept her resolution a profound secret, and revealed it to no one. Near the cottage was a wood, to which she retired when her leisure permitted, and there she prayed to God to give her strength of mind, first to acquaint her father with her intentions, and next to carry them into effect. After much hesitation, she at last found courage to tell her father. Having first gone to the wood and prayed, she returned towards the cottage, intending to tell her mother first; but as she approached, she perceived her father sitting at the door, smoking his pipe, and determined not to lose that opportunity. Courageously standing before him, she began

to explain her plan, and asked, with the most ardent importunity, permission to depart for St. Petersburg. Loupouloff listened, and did not interrupt her with a single word.

When she had finished, he rose, took her by the hand, and led her into the cottage, where his wife was preparing dinner. "Wife!" cried he, "I bring you good news. Prascovie has made up her mind to leave us, go to St. Petersburg, and ask the emperor to grant me a free pardon, without more ado!" He then, in a merry tone, repeated all his daughter had said.

"She would do better to mind her work,"

said the wife, "than to be filling her head with such nonsense."

Poor Prascovie! the ridicule of her parents seemed to annihilate her hopes; she cried bitterly, and her father, the moment his gaity had passed away, resumed the usual sternness of his character, but her mother soothed her distress by embracing her.

"Come, daughter," she said, handing her the table-cloth, "be a good girl, and you shall depart for St. Petersburg when you have more leisure."

This sense was better calculated to dampen the ardour of Prascovie than the severest reproaches. The humiliation, however, which

she felt at being thus treated like a child, soon passed away. At least one point had been gained—the ice was broken, and now that her parents knew her desire, she returned to the charge whenever she could find opportunity. Her entreaties were so often repeated, that at length her father lost patience, and forbade her to speak on the subject again. Her mother, with more kindness, tried to persuade her that she was too young to think of such an enterprise.

In this manner, three years passed away, during which Madam Loupouloff was dangerously ill, and Prascovie was obliged to be silent on her favourite subject. But she never

failed to think of it, and pray for its eventual success.

Loupouloff and his wife still considered it altogether a childish idea, and one that could never be carried out; yet the energy with which she urged her entreaties, had their effect, the more so, as her health and spirits were suffering by their repeated refusals to grant her request. They even tried to dissuade her from it, with tears and caresses. "We are old," they would say, "with neither fortune nor a friend, in the whole of Russia. How can you have the courage to abandon your parents, in this desert, when you are their only consolation?"

Prascovie could only reply with tears, but her resolution remained unshaken. During her meditations, a difficulty presented itself she had not before thought of—she could not travel without a passport, and it was by no means likely that the governor would grant her one. With her usual perseverance, however, she determined to apply for one, and after repeated failures, succeeded, at last, in getting it. Now, more than ever, she urged and entreated her parents to consent to her enterprise; but Loupouloff was so averse to her departure, that he kept the passport locked up, for fear she might be tempted to go without their consent. This, however, she had

no thought of doing, but continued to make the most touching and eloquent solicitations.

At length they found her health was giving way, and they concluded it was perhaps better to let her go, than to lose her altogether, which the state of her health made probable. "What is to be done with this child?" said Loupouloff. "I suppose we must let her undertake this extraordinary journey after all."

Prascovie, transported with joy, threw herself at her father's feet. "Be sure," she exclaimed, "that you will never repent having listened to me. I will go to St. Petersburg, ask the emperor pardon for you, my dear parents, and doubt not that Providence, who

inspired me with the undertaking, will dispose the emperor to listen favourably to me."

"Alas!" replied Loupouloff, "do you suppose, poor child, that you will be able to speak to the emperor as easily as you talk to me? No, no; sentinels guard every avenue of his palace, and they will not allow you to pass the threshold. Poor, and in rags, without influence, or any sort of protection, who will dare to present you to his notice? Prascovie felt the force of these observations, without being discouraged. The strong hopes of success she felt, overcame the most startling objections. She pressed more earnestly than ever the folly of further delay, and be-

gan to prepare for her departure. At last the day was fixed, the reluctant consent of her parents obtained, and the news flew to all the cottages round, that Prascovie Loupouloff was really about to start on her perilous mission. All their acquaintances, however, dissuaded her from it, with the exception of two. These were among the poorest and most obscure of the prisoners, but still they were intimate friends of the family. They had long looked with interest on Prascovie's plan, and disagreed with all their neighbours about the result of it.—"Go on, dear child," said they to her, "and may God bless your pious undertaking."

At daybreak, on the morning appointed, which was the feast of the Holy Virgin, the neighbours called to take leave of her. The two friends endeavoured to induce her to accept a slight addition to her slender means; all they had to offer was a few pieces of silver, but she refused their generosity, though deeply affected by it. "Rest assured, if Providence bless my undertaking, you shall not be forgotten," said she.

Prascovie, having embraced her parents, and received their blessing, tore herself from the cottage. Her two poor friends went with her the first mile, and then tenderly bade her adieu. Her father and mother stood on

the threshold, with tear-dimmed eyes, and watched her till she was out of sight. The first night of her journey she passed at a little cottage, and the next day continued alone; before she had gone far, a violent storm overtook her, and though she redoubled her speed, it was all to no purpose. A gust of wind threw a tree directly across her path, so as to prevent farther progress, and she was obliged to seek shelter in a wood. Here, though suffering intensely from cold and fatigue, she remained till daylight. Happily, a peasant happening to pass that way, in a cart, took pity on her, and drove her to the next village. From here she continued her journey, on the

next evening, meeting sometimes with good treatment, sometimes with bad; of the latter, we shall relate but one instance. On arriving late at a little town one evening, she sought a lodging in vain. At last an old man followed her, and invited her into his hut; there she found an aged woman. Both these people had a bad expression of countenance, which alarmed her not a little. The cabin was lighted by burning splinters of pine wood, thrust into a hole in the wall; and by their light she noticed the eyes of the old people were fixed upon her. After a while they asked her where she was going; she told them, and then the man said she must have

plenty of money, to undertake so long a journey. She declared she had only a few copper coins, and then they accused her of lying. However, they pressed her to go to rest, which she did, taking care to leave her pockets where she knew they would find them, and thus see she spoke the truth. No sooner did they think she was asleep, than they commenced their search. Finding no money in her pockets worth taking, the old woman awoke her, and searched her dress, and even her boots, then went away, and left her terribly frightened. Sleep soon overpowered her again, for she was almost worn out, and she did not waken till late in the morning. When

she descended from her room, she was surprised to find quite a change in the manners of the old woman, she seemed so kind and pleasant. She begged her to forget what had happened, and told her that her unprotected condition had softened their hearts. "When you next count your money, you will find, perhaps, even we have some feeling left;" and sure enough, after Prascovie had walked some distance, she had the curiosity to look in her purse, and found, to her astonishment, they had added quite a neat little amount to her stock, instead of depriving her of any. Thus her artless manner won the hearts even of professed robbers, for such they had

the character of being, as she afterwards learned.

Winter had now set in, and Prascovie was detained more than a week at a time, on account of the depth of the snow. At length she reached a large village, where lived a certain Madam Milin, of whose charities she had often heard. This lady, hearing of her filial piety, sent for her to her house, and after keeping her some months, and treating her very kindly, placed her under the care of a merchant, who was going to St. Petersburg. She reached it just eighteen months after her departure from Siberia.

But how to gain an interview with the

emperor was now the question; day after day she placed herself on the steps of the palace; day after day she tried to get the servants to admit her, but it was all of no avail; and she began, for the first time, to feel sorely discouraged. But hope dawned upon her at last, and by the influence of one of the officers of government, who had seen her frequently as he passed along, she was promised an interview with the emperor.

About a week after this she was conducted to the imperial palace. When approaching it, she thought of her father. "If he could see me now," she said, "how surprised and delighted he would be!"

His majesty, the emperor, received her with great kindness, and asked her many questions concerning her history, and her noble enterprise. She replied without timidity, and without boldness. "She did not," she said, "ask for mercy for her father, for he was innocent of the crime imputed to him—all she demanded was his liberty." The emperor praised her courage and piety, and finished the interview by ordering money to be paid her for her present necessities.

Prascovie could searcely believe the events of the few days past were real. All difficulties were now banished, and the emperor soon after informed her that he had sent her

father's pardon to Siberia, together with money enough to defray the expenses of his journey to St. Petersburg. He then asked her whether there was any boon she wished granted to herself; whereupon she requested a pardon for the two friends who had encouraged her, before she started. This also was granted, and the happiness of Prascovie was complete.

Let us now, for a moment, remove the scene to Siberia. Loupouloff and his wife mourned the absence of their daughter as one lost to them for ever. So far from expecting her to succeed, they feared she would not survive her perilous mission. During her

long absence, the only consolation they received was from the two prisoners so often mentioned. They never failed to instil hope into the bereaved parents, while the rest of the villagers only added to their fears, by their prognostications of evil.

At length the pardon arrived; neither Loupouloff nor his wife could for some time believe in the reality of their good fortune; as soon, however, as his joy would enable him to understand that he was indeed free, he hastened to impart the glad tidings to them. At first, they received it with the most cordial delight, but when, a moment after, they reflected on the contrast of their

own hopeless condition, they gave way to a feeling of despair. Loupouloff tried to comfort them, but he felt it was in vain.

On the night before their departure, they had taken an affectionate farewell of their two friends, and bidden adieu to the rest of the neighbours, when they were roused from their slumber by the arrival of a state courier. On opening the packet delivered by the officer, it was found to contain the pardon of the two prisoners, whose release was the only thing wanting to complete their happiness. He instantly repaired to their cabin, and communicated the joyful news. They fell on their knees, thanked the Almighty fervently,

and showered blessings on the head of their gentle benefactress, Prascovie.

Not many months elapsed before they were enabled to embrace their heroic daughter; and the joyfulness of the meeting none can imagine.

The emperor always continued interested in the family of the exiles, and Prascovie was a great favourite with all who knew her. She did not live to be very old, and died on the eighth of December, 1809, in a convent in St. Petersburg, having taken the veil some years previous to her death.

The cousins went home early next morn-

ing, and Jane and Emma went to school the next week—Emma's papa and mamma took them. These young ladies were only to stay at school one year longer. We were there when their parents bade them farewell, and we took our leave at the same time, and have not since heard from them, except that one of the scholars told us that Emma went home with Jane to spend the next Christmas.

THE END.