CARL,

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT:

A MEMOIR OF

SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

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The arrival of Emigrants.—p. 185.

PREFACE.

THE pages which follow contain scenes and dialogues, rather than a story or plot. If the lessons which are offered should gain the attention of young persons, and especially of young teachers, I shall not regret the little veil of fiction which is thrown over them. Neither argument nor observation has lessened my respect for the moral narrative, the apologue, or the parable, and there is good reason to believe that the present century will not destroy a predilection common to all preceding centuries, for this vehicle of instruction.

If the tale shall win one additional favour or kindness for the European emigrant to our shores, I shall thankfully rejoice. Equally glad shall I be, if it contribute to elevate the name of the teacher in any one's estimate, or to cheer on any beginner in the path of instruction. The book, such as it is, is for the lovers of children: those who are not of this fraternity had better lay it down. The religious truths inculcated are increasingly dear to me, and my humble prayer is that they may be impressed on the heart of every reader.

CARL, THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE OAKS.

THE boys were all gathered under a spreading chestnut-tree, not far from which a stone-quarry had been opened and then left to grow up with gorse, brambles and tufts of grass and weeds. It is such a cavern as children love, affording a hundred amusements to those who are inquisitive. Barry was, for the time, one of the boys. He sat in the shade of the mighty tree, with book in hand, but unopened. His eyes were looking over at the distant hills, and the intermediate landscape checkered with field and orchard, and seamed with hedges and brooks. But the noise and antics of his young

companions kept him from musing long on any one thing. Grave as he might be, it was impossible for him not to turn his head and smile, when he saw the cheery faces and high gambols of these healthy, happy fellows. Now they are trying to bury the Newfoundland dog in new hay, from which he rises like an animated hay-cock. Now they are repeating the experiment with Bob Bolton, the biggest and best-humoured of the set. Now they turn somersets down the green side of the quarry; and now they are off, like a herd of antelopes, in a race to the foot of the green hill, where a silver rivulet marks the lowest spot in the extensive field.

Timorous parents are sometimes greatly afraid of bones being broken or health being endangered in such sports. But they are ignorant of the safeguards of Providence, and occasionally interfere to the injury of their children. It is wonderful how rare such evils are, among tens of thousands of instances. I think I have observed that in many families the eldest sons are the most feeble and fearful:

when the little flock increases, the sports become more gay, and the adventure more bold. And home-sports, such as these, when unaccompanied by ill tempers and ill words, are good and laudable, even though their noise should sometimes jar on the ear of the nervous. Unless we would rear a generation of effeminate creatures, we must put up with some noise and some soiling and tearing of raiment.

Barry was almost disposed to join in the sport; though he half-doubted whether his dignity as an usher might not suffer by the condescension. The scruple was unnecessary: but Barry had not reached the point in his experience where this is found out.

When the sun began to draw towards his setting, he rang his little bell, and was instantly surrounded by the whole company, at least twenty in number. There they sat or stood around him, red and panting and covered with healthful moisture. What sight on earth is lovelier or more hopeful? Who is happier than a loving teacher? Barry felt this, and

gazed on them with a new and swelling emotion. What hope, what joy, what confidence in these countenances! Even two or three lads, who had been sullen and refractory in the school-room, were here contented and docile, and clung to him, with a readiness to do whatever he should order.

"Look yonder, boys," said Barry, rising as he spoke, and stretching his hand toward the west. All the boys turned in the same direction, and their faces were illuminated with the blush of the setting sun, which at that instant was just sinking among a clump of distant trees. "Oh, how grand! Oh, how beautiful!" burst from several. Indeed, the sight was glorious.

"What do you think, boys?" said Barry. "Can you see any thing like that in a show? Can any painting, or any panorama equal that?"

Various exclamations were uttered by the more animated boys, for the spectacle was uncommonly fine, even in a land where we have to bless God for so many brilliant sunsets. Little Carl was silent. His hands were crossed

upon his breast, and his blue eye drank in the lights of the west, as if none had been present.

"Carl," said Barry, turning to the little foreigner, "that is what you call, in Germany, the *Abendroth*, and it is a beautiful word."—"Yes, sir," said Carl, and the tears filled his eyes: he wiped them away with his little checked handkerchief. The boys were affected: they knew he was thinking of "Bingen on the Rhine."

Burnham, who led the school, turned to Mack and said, in a low voice, "Mack, there's something in the Dutchman, after all; let's not quiz him so hard!"

A distant bugle-note broke up their sentimental gazing; it was the signal for the evening worship. Barry led the way to the school, and the boys fell into an irregular procession. It was plain they had received benefit by even this momentary contemplation of a great object in nature. Why should it not be a part of education to draw forth the admiration of youth

towards such wonders, and to graft upon them the needful lessons?

Dr. Newman was not the man to neglect such means of usefulness. He had been gazing on the same western sky, as he sat in the portico, holding the hand of his motherless daughter. Both were in mourning, but both seemed revived by a transient gleam from the sinking luminary. As Dr. Newman led the way into the little chapel, the lingering rays of the sunset were just gilding its eastern wall. He rose in the pulpit, and read the beautiful 104th Psalm. At the 19th verse, the youthful worshippers all felt, at least for the moment, the meaning of those words, *The sun knoweth his going down.* They were therefore very attentive, when the Doctor began his little address:

"My dear children," said he, "I dare say you have been looking at the beautiful sunset. It is good to do so. Those lovely curtains of coloured clouds are hung there to attract our eye. They are pictures in the book of nature, from God's own hand.

"See how God directs us to study these works of creation. It is plainly so in the chapter we have just read. So also in other places. In the book of Job (xxxviii., xxxix., xl., xli.) God speaks out of the whirlwind; but all his discourse is concerning the wonders of creation.

"We must not confine ourselves to the book of nature. If we had no other guide, its characters would be unintelligible. They would speak a strange language. The heathen have the book of nature; but they read it amiss. Blessed be God for this other Book, the Book of revelation!" (and here Dr. Newman laid his hand on the great folio Bible which lay before him.) "Here we learn, what brilliant sunsets can never teach us, that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. But, after we have learned this blessed gospel-truth from the Scriptures, we can come back to the book of nature, with its beautiful sunsets, and behold, in every hue and every cloud, an emblem of God's love and

mercy. Therefore, my children, believe in God, and then, when you turn your eyes towards the crimson and gold of the gorgeous west, you may say to yourselves, 'The God who displays those lovely signs, is my Father, through Jesus Christ.'"

Then they joined in singing the following version of the 19th Psalm:

I love the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

Who knows the error of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

It is a happy thing for our children, when they go to a school where religious service is not made a drudgery, but is connected with pleasing associations. Such was the case at the Oaks. There was no boy who remained there long who did not love the sound of the bugle, which called him to this short but interesting exercise. Dr. Newman almost always made an address, but it was seldom longer than that which has been given above. It was customary at the Oaks, after tea, to spend some time in walking, or, if the time of year were forbidding, in athletic games, in a large covered play-room, called the hippodrome. This was not indeed the hour for their regular gymnastic exercise; but it was spent in this place, because of the large space allowed for walking and running, and for forming little groups for conversation. However inclement the weather might be, here the boys found themselves warm and sheltered; and the recreation was good before returning to the short tasks of the evening. But the plan of the school did not admit

of much work by candle-light, for early rising was the order of the day. Into this hippodrome the larger boys went at all times during play-hours; and here they were assembled in considerable force on the evening in question.

A large lamp of stained glass hung from the centre of the roof, and cast a pleasant gleam over the space below. A knot of gay young fellows, in loose summer-dress, was seen in the inner circle, some leaning on benches, and some arm-in-arm, against the column in the midst. It was evident that some plan was on foot; for boys are planning creatures, and it is well when their schemes involve no mischief. I am glad to say, such was now the case. They were talking in a low tone about the pale German boy, Carl Adler. Carl had come to school with scarcely any knowledge of English, and a few months had not sufficed to remove his oddities of pronunciation. He could not for his life say, "Thirty thousand thorns thrust through the thick of their thumbs." The attempt to utter this formidable formula, which

he never refused, used to produce peals of laughter, such as are heard only from a group of boys. Few at this age can abstain from running rigs on a comrade. But Carl, though he used to redden, and hang his head, never lost his temper; and this won him some favour. Though he could not talk English well, he was the best Frenchman in the school; indeed, he spoke the language fluently. Then he was far before the rest of his age in Latin. He could swim, wrestle, and fence; and was always ready to do a favour. That evening, the boys had observed him weeping under the chestnut-tree.

Boys are as sagacious about such things as men: they knew he was thinking of home, and the word *home* is sweet at a boarding-school. But little Carl's home was far over the sea, on the Rhine; and he was an orphan; and, what was more, the boys had learned, within a few days, that he was poor, and that his uncle, Mr. Schneckenburg, had written to Dr. Newman that he must be taken away and put to a trade. Now they began to regret their ridicule of the

stranger, and were busy contriving some way to help him: for they could not bear the thought of losing so amiable and clever a companion.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Murdock, who was the son of Captain Murdock, of the army, "I'll give all my pocket-money for the year, rather than let the Dutchman suffer."

"Dutchman!" cried Merriman, who slept in the same chamber, "I tell you, he is no Dutchman; he is a German boy, from Bingen on the Rhine, and his father was a judge in that town."

"Never mind, Merriman," said Murdock, "Dutchman or German is all one; he is a fine little man, if he does call *think*, *sink*, and *bath*, *bass*. Put my name down for as much as you choose. Dr. Newman has my money for the quarter, and he says it's too much by half."

"We are all ready," said Mack, who was a square-built, rosy-cheeked, brave-looking boy: "I don't believe there is a fellow on our side who will refuse to give something—all he can—but the thing is, how shall we do it?"

"True enough," said Burnham; "it will never do to hurt the little man's feelings. He is quiet, and he is poor, but then he is very proud;—no, not proud, exactly; I don't mean quite that. But he is above begging, and above being helped; and he never would forgive us if he knew what we are saying."

"There is no danger of that," said Merriman; "for I left him writing a letter to his sister, in those funny, little, slanting, peaked German letters, that we used to quiz him about. I'm sorry I laughed at him so much, for once I saw him dropping tears over the sheet so fast that it must have blotted the paper. He will not be down for an hour."

"I tell you," said Murdock, "we are in danger of all going wrong, unless we take advice; and there is no better way than to talk it over with Mr. Barry. He is always ready to help everybody, and he thinks the world and all of Adler."

"Good! good!" cried several; "Barry is the man."

"Yes," said Mack; "and what is more, Mr. Barry has been in Germany, and understands a good deal of the language. I am glad you thought of it."

So it was agreed to lay the matter before Mr. Barry; the boys meanwhile determining to be ready with their contributions. The bell rang, and they went to the school-room, with faces full of earnestness and animation.

CHAPTER II.

TRIALS OF THE EMIGRANT SCHOOL-BOY.

THE cooler days of summer, in our American climate, are admirably suited for open-air exercise; and boys at school know how to enjoy them. Did you ever know a healthy youth who did not like to spend such days out of doors? Especially at large schools, where they have not their parents to go to, young persons seek recreation in the fields and woods. Here they learn a thousand things which are useful to them in after-life. It is not the least important part of their education. For this reason, those schools are best where the pupils have a wide range of meadow and grove, pleasant brooks and safe bathing-places. This was remarkably true of the Oaks, which was so called on account of a number of great and ancient trees, relics of the forest, which were scattered in clumps upon the hill-side in front of the house.

It had been the seat of an old English family before the Revolution, and bore many characteristic marks of the aristocratic mansion. The spacious but irregular house was of hewn stone, as were the stables and offices. A gentle rill stole along the bottom of the declivity, passing, in its course, through an old-fashioned spring-house, which was of snowy whiteness, and overshadowed by a gigantic sycamore. A green lane behind the principal dwelling ran off among cherry-trees, till it was lost in an extensive wood, and, through this shaded walk, conducted to a stream called by an Indian name, Wicomico.

Upon the bank of this stream several boys were seated during the noon of a half-holiday. The voice of Carl Adler might have been heard in pensive but continued discourse: he was giving an account of his native town on the Rhine. I will not attempt to imitate his broken English, for it is not my purpose to excite a smile at his expense: and what he said was worthy of no ridicule. He was telling of the rapids in the Rhine, near Bingen, and of

the antiquity of this little town, which is said to have been known to the Romans.

"But now," said he, "I feel that I am quite an American. My uncle lives in America, and"——— The boys knew what he meant: his father and mother were dead.

"Yes," said Merriman, "you are as much an American as any of us; and, before the year is out, you will lose all the little German burr that is on your tongue."

"He is losing it already," said Burnham. "Who could have spoken the address of Antony better than Adler did last night?"

Carl smiled, and said, "I am glad you have come to think better of me. Everybody is kinder to me than before. For you must know, I was beginning to think I never should open my lips without uttering something laughable."

"Come, come," said Merriman, laying an arm across his shoulder, "no more of that. Let by-gones be by-gones. You can take a joke; and that is the surest way to avoid one. And if anybody imposes on you, let me hear of it."

"And *me*,"—"and *me*,"—said two or three at once. It was evident that some remarkable interest had been awakened in the stranger. Carl, however, drew himself up, and said, "I believe you have all found out that I do not often need help. I'm not fond of quarrels, but I was taught by my mother not to fear."

"Where shall you spend the holidays?" asked Mack.

"Heigh-ho! that is more than I can tell," replied Carl. "Probably my holidays will begin rather too soon."

"What do you mean by that, Carl?"

"Why, I mean that I am going away sooner than I wished. Instead of going to college, as I hoped, I am informed by my uncle that I am to be placed with a mathematical-instrument maker in New York."

There was silence for some minutes. Though all had expected this news, no one knew what to say. At last, the smallest boy, Frank Shaw, looked up in Carl's face, and said, "Carl, it will never do; we can't let you go. What can we

do to keep you? Can't we write a long letter to Mr. Snakebug, and get him to let you stay?"

"Schneckenburg is my uncle's name," said Carl, with a smile; "but his mind is made up, and he has good reasons for what he does."

"What reasons?" asked Frank, eagerly; but the other boys prevented a reply.

"Never mind about the reasons," said Merriman; "I hope something will turn up to change your uncle's purpose.—But who are these horsemen?"

As he spoke, Dr. Newman rode up, in company with Mr. Barry. They had been riding out to the neighbouring village, and now paused to chat a few minutes with the boys. This broke up the conversation for a moment. The group was dispersed, and presently no one was left on the bank but Carl, who waited a few moments, and then began, with a sweet, touching voice, to sing a little German song, beginning:

*Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn?**

* Goethe.

Presently he walked slowly along the forest-path leading back to the Oaks. Why did he so often pause under the green branches? Why did he reverently lift his cap, and look upwards? Why did the drops twinkle in his eye, while his pale, thin lips moved? Why did he take that little worn volume from his bosom, and undo the silver clasp, and kiss the gilded name upon the cover, and eagerly turn over the pages, as if in search for some passage? These questions may be answered by some readers without my prompting.

The truth was, Carl was a boy of many deep reflections. He had been brought early into the school of sorrow, and had borne the yoke in his youth.† This had kept alive in him the instructions of his mother and his grandfather, now in heaven. Among the scholars, he found none to sympathize with his serious feelings. Some of them had even laughed at him when he would sing his German hymns, and he even

† Lam. iii. 27.

began to feel a shyness creeping over him in regard to religious things. The only person to whom he dared to open his mind was Mr. Barry; for Barry had been in Germany, and was himself an orphan; and, what was more, Barry did not conceal his persuasion that religion is the main thing, and that no one can be happy without it. It was, therefore, with pleasure that Carl saw, on leaving the wood, that Barry was walking towards him, in the green lane, having given his horse to a servant.

"Carl," said he, with a joyful look, "mein freund, fassen wir uns kurz: hier sind die Briefe!" (But I must give the substance in English.) "Here, friend Carl—quick, my boy! Here are the letters!" And upon this, he placed in the trembling hand of the boy a couple of sealed papers. He lost not a moment in tearing them open. As he read, he turned pale and red by turns, and at length burst into tears.

"Well," said Barry, "what have you to say now?"

"I have to say," said Carl, looking upward,

"that God is a hearer of prayer. How soon has he answered my poor little petitions! See! See! Mr. Barry—read for yourself! I'm too happy to tell you! I shall stay, I shall stay! No leaving school for me! No instrument maker! Uncle says I shall stay! Oh! happy, happy Carl Adler! Thanks, thanks!"

Barry could not but be affected by the joy of his little pupil. Boys began to gather around. There are few secrets at their age. By general request, Mr. Barry read aloud parts of the letters, by which it appeared that a grand-aunt of Carl's, in Darmstadt, had authorized Mr. Schneckenburg, who was her son, to expend as much money as should be necessary for the education of Carl and his sisters, Charlotte and Ursula.

It is hard to say whether the little commonwealth of the Oaks was most gratified by the approaching fireworks, or by the news about Carl. While he was only "the Dutchman," he was a butt for every one's arrow; as soon as he became "poor little Carl," he grew into

a favourite. There was much shaking of hands and congratulation; and, what is worthy of notice, none of the boys made any allusion to their plans for his relief, which were now happily frustrated.

Some of the duller and coarser boys thought it odd that Carl should frequently be caught with wet eyes, at a time when he had so much cause for joy. They perhaps learned to understand the thing better when they grew older. As for Carl himself, I will not undertake to explain his emotions. It is an effect of early grief to give the appearance of greater age; and Carl had, at fifteen, gone through more vicissitudes, seen more countries, and learnt more lessons, than many a man of forty. Well was it for him that he had a gay, elastic temper; and better still, that he had been bred in the right ways of the Lord. See him, in the dusk of the evening, in his chamber. The shadow is deepened by the enormous oak which extends its branches almost to the eaves of the house. The vociferous sports of the school below form

a contrast to the silence of the chamber. Carl sits in the window, with his arms folded, while next his bosom he has two miniatures, and a letter in one of his hands. What can he be thinking about, if not the blessed days when he sat with his father and mother under the lime-trees of his native town? As he mused, he grew sadder and sadder, till at length he was about to become quite womanish in his tenderness, when, all of a sudden, a smart blow on the shoulder woke him from his revery, and he looked up, to discover that Barry stood over him.

"Come, come, Adler," said the usher; "this will never do! There is such a thing as pondering too much on one's troubles."

"Troubles, Mr. Barry! I was thinking of my joys; how happy I was at home—and how happy I ought to be now!"

"Yes, you have much to be thankful for—youth, health, strength, friends, and new prospects of education. Don't mope, don't give way to melancholy."

"You mistake me, Mr. Barry. I never was more brimful of joy in my life, and yet I can't help thinking and thinking. And I have just been saying to myself, Oh, how happy would father and mother be, if they could see me so well off!"

"They are happier where they are, Carl. Heaven is better than earth. Who knows but that they are even now informed of your condition, and rejoicing in it? At any rate, they are, we trust, in Christ's presence, where there is fulness of joy; and the thought of this ought to lead you to follow their steps. But come out, and take some exercise: you can never fulfil your duty in life without strength of body; and you will never have strength of body without exercise."

Down they went, for a long walk upon the high-road, where there were houses in abundance, and carriages and horsemen and pedestrians enough to break the thread of Carl's pensive thoughts. This was exactly what Barry intended; and he further promoted the same

end, by a constant series of questions about things the most remote from his companion's present affairs. Some people have yet to learn that this is the true method of quieting disturbed minds and diverting sickly thoughts.

But just then, a more violent interruption took place. A horse suddenly appeared, running away with a carriage, in which two ladies were seated. The driver had been thrown out; and the vehicle was rapidly approaching a rude bridge, over which it seemed impossible that they should pass unharmed. Barry disengaged himself instantly from Carl, and rushed towards the frantic animal. What he apprehended really occurred; the passage was too narrow, the carriage was overturned into the dry bed of a little summer-brook, and the horse, entangled in the harness, lay struggling and kicking, in the most alarming manner, while the women, really in the greatest peril, were shrieking, and unable to extricate themselves. Barry threw himself on the floundering horse, and, holding his head close to the ground, pre-

vented his rising, while he rapidly separated him from the vehicle; all the while shouting to Carl to take care of the women. It seemed a most dangerous position for a man no stronger than Barry; but he succeeded in separating the horse, which he took out and made fast to a neighbouring post, and afterwards repaired to the green bank where Carl had deposited his charge. One of the women was unhurt, the other was bruised and bleeding, and shortly the young farmer, who had been thrown from his seat, came up, more frightened than hurt, and full of apprehension about his wife and sister.

As they resumed their walk, Carl said to himself, "One thing is certain, whatever the fellows may say, Mr. Barry is far from being a coward: I shall tell this to Mack and Merriman, the next time they utter such a slander on our usher."

CHAPTER III.

WHAT MAKES THE HAPPY TEACHER?

To those who love it, teaching is as full of interest as hunting to the huntsman, or flowers to the gardener. Why should it not be as interesting to contemplate different kinds of boys as different kinds of minerals and plants? Why should we not examine the ways and habits of girls, as eagerly as those of fish, fowl, and insects? Next to parents, the persons who get the clearest insight into children and youth are teachers. Some of these only teach for a living; it is a drudgery to them; they mean presently to leave it and go to something else: how can such persons be happy teachers? Others love their work, and ask no better employment. Hence, they always meet their pupils with a smile, and hear every lesson with animation. The scholars, in their

turn, see this, and are all alive; teacher and scholar pull together, and there is more progress made in a week than at one of the drudging schools in a month.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Hotchkin, who was on a visit at the Oaks,—"What! take pleasure in teaching such a set of uncombed colts as those yonder!" And she pointed with her parasol to the green, over which the boys, just dismissed for their nooning, were bounding and shouting. "The thing is impossible, Mr. Barry."

"I dare say, you think so," replied Barry; "yet, I say what I think and feel. It is a positive pleasure to me to be their teacher. And, then, allow me to speak a word for the young fellows. They are now in their summer trim and school-jackets, and you see them just at the moment of release; but some of them are already gentlemen, in every sense of the word, and several of them are already scholars."

"But such a noise, Mr. Barry! And such violence!"

"Noise, madam, is not always amiss. In a sick room, at a funeral, during worship or study, noise would be altogether out of place. But what say you to the noise of a mill or a cascade? And what say you to a pack of hounds, a parrot, or an aviary? It is as much the nature of growing boys to exert their limbs and lungs as for young kids to do the same. It is healthful, it is unavoidable, and to me it is agreeable."

"Oh, sir, you shock me! Had I boys under my charge, they should never be allowed to bellow like those fellows,—nor"—

"Nor," said Barry, smiling, "to have a torn coat, or a speck on their shoes; all should be starch and rose-water. It is not in this planet, however, Miss Hotchkin, that your ideal seminary can be conducted. The earth will soil, cloth will wear, and youthful spirits will break over the brim: our great task is to keep matters within bounds, and to prevent ill words and ill tempers."

"Can you ever persuade me, sir, that those

vehement fellows, who are now so busy in saddling yonder calf, are fit for study?"

"Among the first boys in the school," replied Barry, "and among the best in every sense. You now see them full of spirit and fun; you will presently see them silent, collected, and studious, as eager to master a difficulty in algebra or grammar as yesterday they were to win at a rowing-match."

"You amaze me! I thought play and study were exact opposites."

"So they are; but the charm of life is made up of these delightful opposites. It is the transition from hilarity to seriousness which gives a zest to school-boy life, never to be forgotten. I sometimes think we Americans might gain something by carrying the same a little farther into life. It might prevent some wrinkles and gray hairs, even though it should interrupt us a little in our race after money or office."

"So you let them do as they please?"

"By no means, madam! You see they are

this moment under my supervision: in half an hour, I shall be relieved by Mr. Cole. Let a single step be made into the field of impropriety or danger, and it becomes our duty to check them. But why repress the genial flow of a season which can never return? Even Paul could say, without a word of disapproval, 'When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child.' Dr. Newman often says to the boys—and I agree with him—'*Work while you work: play while you play.*'"

"They are too merry, by half. Just think of the troubles which await them in life! What a preparation is this for them?"

"I might answer you in the words of Gray, written in view of such a scene:

'To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender, for another's pain,
The unfeeling, for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would disturb their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.'

But," continued Barry, "I will not rest on the poet's answer, which is open to some exception. It is safer to say, what is unquestionable, that high animal spirits and the indulgence in animated boyish sports is in no degree inconsistent with the most sober views of life that are proper in boyhood. Surely, you would not have a boy to look on his future course with the eyes of an old man! God never intended it. Attempt to rear a child on this plan, and you violently and cruelly resist Providence. No, no! If you would make men of them, send your boys to a school where they shall have wide range, free exercise, and where the teachers shall not be in perpetual fear lest they break their necks. If observation teaches me any thing, it is, that they will study all the better for it.—But here is my colleague, Mr. Cole, who takes my seat

of inspection, while I go to correct the Latin exercises."

Mr. Cole was a tall, raw-boned young man, who had lately taken the place of second usher in Dr. Newman's school. His eyes were deeply set in his head, and he wore spectacles. His smile was so reluctant and sour, that the boys used to say he laughed with the wrong side of his mouth. Yet he was a conscientious and a learned young man, and had gained a number of prizes for solving tough problems in mathematics.

He approached the bay-window, in which the visitor was seated, and made a very angular and jerking bow. It was well meant, and Miss Hotchkin received it in good part, though she could not help saying to herself, "How much some people fail in the graces of life, by overdoing matters and not letting themselves alone!"

"This spot," said Mr. Cole, "is one on which I must intrude, as it is the only one which commands a view of my entire field of battle,

and it will not do to leave these outlaws to themselves."

"Outlaws! do you call them, Mr. Cole? Are they not scholars? And are they not gentlemen's sons?"

Mr. Cole smiled, in his peculiar way, and said, "You may be sure, madam, they are such that I would not stay another day among them, if it were not to enable me to prepare for a professorship of which I have the offer."

"Then, you do not love teaching?"

"Love it! Talk of loving to drive cattle, or herd swine! No animal known to me is so annoying as a half-grown boy."

And here Mr. Cole picked off from his coat-tail an impudent label, which he had just discovered, and which some wag of an urchin had attached to him by means of a pin.

"Why, Mr. Cole, your estimate of boys is not like that of Mr. Barry."

"No, no, indeed it is not. Mr. Barry is a young man of genius; especially versed in the modern tongues; not bad, I must own, even

in the higher mathematics; a good fellow, too,—but, but,"—

"But what?"

"But he is a boy himself; and, therefore, he loves boys; loves to teach them, loves to be with them—strange to say, loves to play with them. He therefore looks on his situation here with eyes very different from mine." And here Mr. Cole wiped his spectacles.

"You are very right, Mr. Cole. This way of encouraging freedom and mirth in striplings, and letting them vault over fences, run like wild goats, and bellow like oxen, is a way I was not brought up to. And as to teaching them, I can judge what it is, by an attempt I made to teach a chambermaid of ours to read: my temper was so curdled by her stupidity, that we never got beyond the alphabet. But what success has Mr. Barry on his plan?"

"Oh, better than I can account for. No classes show better than his. Indeed, truth forces me to say, that his pupils make extraordinary progress."

"Perhaps it is because they like him so much?"

"I dare say that is it, madam. They will do any thing for him, though he is perfectly inexorable as to his rules and regulations, and, in some respects, is the strictest man in the house. But he has singular ways of interesting them in their work. Indeed, he seems to be actually interested himself, and goes over a geography lesson with as much zest as if he were the youngest among them, and were getting the lesson with them."

"That is singular, indeed; but it shows how light his labour is."

"It does, Miss Hotchkin. And all this is in great contrast to my case; for I go into school with the spirit of a turnkey, and come out with a wish not to behold the face of a lad during the interval."

"Well, well, Mr. Cole, we all have our weak points and our strong points; and it is very plain that neither you nor I were ever intended to gain eminence as teachers."

Mr. Cole reddened, and said, "Excuse me, madam; you do not exactly take my meaning. I would not have you to suppose that I am deficient as a teacher. On the contrary, I have the pleasure of believing that I am as well instructed and as laborious as any man here. But, the truth is, I do my work against my will."

"Then, sir, be assured, you do it poorly," said Miss Hotchkin, with a shrill laugh, for she loved to say things which sting. "Yes, you do it poorly. So should I, but I take good care to shun every thing like school-teaching, and so should you. Good morning, Mr. Cole." And here she tripped away, to walk five miles before dinner, and to gain spirits for a party in the evening.

Mr. Cole, though somewhat mortified at the turn the conversation had taken, was led to some new reflections. Especially was he drawn to consider the secret of his past troubles as a teacher. These reflections were much seconded by a remarkable coincidence. It was the day for him to correct the English compositions of

the boys. Among these was a little one by Carl Adler. Here it is, in its corrected form; for it had numerous violations of idiom.

Carl's Composition.

Methought I was admitted one evening to a room full of boys and girls, who had their books before them. The teacher seemed to be a capable and worthy person, but still the children did not advance. Some were careless, some were stupid, and some were cross. The teacher was concerned, and even vexed. He went first to one, and then to another. He advised, he threatened, he even chastised them. Still there was little progress, and the poor teacher went to bed quite disheartened; but before he fell asleep, he offered a prayer that he might know what it was that he needed.

The next morning, I looked into the same room, and saw the same teacher, and the same little boys and girls, getting the same lessons. But what a change! All were on the alert; all were diligent; all were delighted. The

frowns and the rod were both laid aside. Joy played upon all the happy countenances; and the happiest of all was that of the teacher.

But now I perceived a new inmate in the room. Wherever the teacher went among his children, a bright and beautiful form accompanied him, or hovered over him. It was fair and benignant, and smiled gently on every part of the work. I approached with diffidence, and asked the name of this new assistant. With a heavenly smile, she turned to me, and answered, "I am LOVE."

It was only one instance, out of many, in which scholars instruct their teachers, without knowing it. The lesson was not altogether lost on Mr. Cole, though he never carried it fully into practice.

CHAPTER IV.

LESSONS OUT-OF-DOORS.

A LARGE garden affords some of the best amusements and safeguards, of either family or school. Not only does it keep the young folks out of mischief, but it benefits their health and teaches them many useful lessons. The garden at the Oaks had been originally laid out for a gentleman's estate. The great greenhouse still remained; the grape-vines were ancient and knotty, and clambering over the largest trees. The box-borders were several feet high, and made fine hiding-places for the boys. A trumpet-creeper had hung its green mantle over the whole side of a building which lay on one boundary of the garden. In the middle stood a stubborn-looking holly, beset by its prickly palisade, with every leaf separately armed; a noble tree, both for beauty and for associations.

When a boy came to school, he was allowed free access to this garden and the tool-house; but it was not until he had been there a month that he was allowed to have a plot of ground to cultivate for himself. Before this month was out, more than half the young gentlemen threw up the spade and dibble: but there were always some who continued to till their little gardens. These were separated by narrow gravel-walks, edged with box. The boys were permitted to choose any sort of cultivation—vegetables, flowers, or fruits; the only condition being that they must stick to what they began.

Donald, the old gardener, was invested with absolute authority in the enforcement of these rules; and sometimes the young gardeners were on the point of insurrection. Like other emeutes, however, in larger governments, these were mostly unsuccessful. Princes have smiles as well as frowns, rewards as well as punishments; and though "King Donald," as he was called, had neither blue ribands nor embassies in his gift, he had green-gages, seckel-pears, and de-

licious grapes and peaches. Hence, the latter part of summer was almost always a time of peace in his government; there was little work and much fruit, and subjects were exceedingly quiet.

One day, about noon, when every thing was radiant in the sun—it was about the middle of August—Donald was cleaning and trimming the dead leaves from a fine pomegranate-tree, wheeled out on the north terrace. The deep green of the foliage, contrasting with the laughing red of the blossoms, caused Helen Newman to break out into admiration. She was in mourning, for she had lately met with that greatest loss for a child, the loss of a mother. But the sweet works of creation, it may be observed, do not interfere with the sacredness of grief. What God has spread out in the sky and on the earth soothes the ruffled spirit, which would revolt at a gay speech or a boisterous jest. The old man pitied the young lady. He had served her mother many, many years; and, what was more, he had been tried with afflic-

tion; he knew how to sympathize with those who suffered. He wisely drew Helen's attention from one to another beauty of the garden, till she was entertained and refreshed almost against her will. He showed her how the lady-slippers flaunted in their parti-coloured coats; and how the large altheas, from good pruning, were all over flowers. Tiger-lilies, late roses, and the stately yucca, were in season. Old Donald pointed out the beauties of each. But, not content with this, he went to a choice corner of the green-house, and brought her a bouquet of rare and exotic flowers; and his hard, withered old face softened into a fatherly smile, as he placed it in Helen's hand. But, while she was examining its colours, and enjoying its fragrance, and for a moment forgetting herself in these flowers of the field, she was violently interrupted by a rush of the young gardeners into their place of labour. She could not but smile when she saw Bolton, Burnham, and Merriman, with coats off, and faces flushed with expectation, pressing around

Donald, beseeching him to furnish them with some strawberry-plants, to set out in their beds. It so happened that King Donald was not in the best humour with them, by reason of a trampling down of his newly-sown turnip-beds; he therefore held out some time against these requests. At length, however, Carl entered the garden, and joined in the petition; upon which the old man instantly relented.

"What is the reason, Donald," said Helen, "that you always seem so partial to the German?"

"Because he *is* a German, miss. I mean, because he is a foreigner. I was once a newcomer in this land, myself, and I 'know the heart of a stranger,' as the Bible says."*

"I thank you for your kind feeling," said Carl; "but, indeed, I am suffering very few of the troubles of a foreign boy, just now. It was rather different when I first arrived; but a text in the same good book often came into

* Ex. xxiii. 9.

my mind, when I was walking in the crowds of New York: ['The Lord] doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and LOVETH THE STRANGER, in giving him food and raiment.' "*

"Well said, my boy!" said Donald, smiling and patting Carl on the shoulder; "keep up your courage, and the day will come when you will feel as much at home in America as ever you did on the Rhine. I do, as much as ever I did at Kelso and Hawick. It is so with trees and shrubs. See that ailanthus, or celestial tree, how kindly it grows here, though it came from the Moluccas; and see this double althea, or *Hibiscus Syriacus*, which has forgotten its native Asia."

"Very well, Donald," said Carl, "I hope it will be so. But I see by the knots and marks on this althea, that it has had a good deal of cutting and pruning, and so have I."

"Look again, my young friend," said the

* Deut. x. 18.

gardener, "and you will observe the effects of this cutting and pruning. The little tree has become more vigorous, and has put out thicker branches, and is covered with ten times as many flowers as if it had never known affliction. This is one of the lessons of the garden."

"I see it, I see it!" exclaimed Helen; "and I trust we shall all profit by the hand of our merciful Lord."

"Just so, young lady," replied the old man, with a benignant smile. "For, what says our blessed Master? 'Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.'"

* John xv. 2.

CHAPTER V.

TEACHING AND TRAINING.

THE Oaks was a famous place for active and manly exercises. Not only did the boys all learn horsemanship, as a necessary part of their education, but the teachers frequently made little excursions, in the same way, to greater distances than they could have reached on foot. One day, the two ushers were seen mounting a couple of bright sorrel horses belonging to Dr. Newman. The Doctor himself was looking on with satisfaction, as they set forth.

"There are few things," said Mr. Barry, "more exhilarating than a ride on a fine horse. It puts the blood in motion, and agitates the frame; it cheers the spirits and exercises the courage; it carries one rapidly through changes of scene, and gives much pleasure

at little expense. What a pity its value is so much unknown to sedentary men!"

"All true," said Cole, "provided a man is a good rider. For my part, you see, I sit my horse like a pair of compasses. I could see the stable-boys tittering, as I rode through the gate."

"They are severe critics in their own department, Mr. Cole. But why should you not practise till you become expert?"

"I am ready enough to practise, but every one laughs at my awkwardness. I seem to make no progress."

"You must have had bad teachers," said Barry, "for you seem to be a willing scholar."

"Why, do willing scholars always make proficiency?"

"Yes, unless incompetent from some natural defect; and you appear to have all the usual limbs. You must have had bad training."

"I can't altogether admit it," replied Cole, though with some embarrassment, for his horse

showed strong dispositions to throw him over his head. "I can't altogether admit it; for some of them are excellent riders, and they are every moment pointing out my faults, and every moment trying to laugh me out of them."

"I have seen that method tried in schools, Mr. Cole"—

"I have tried it myself," said Cole.

"But I have never seen it succeed. It discourages, it disheartens, it sours the mind, it disgusts the beginner."

"What! you would not point out faults!"

"I would point out faults; but it is the very smallest part of the teacher's work."

"Suppose, Mr. Barry, you exemplify your rule, in regard to my riding," said the other with a smile.

No sooner said than done. Barry dismounted in an instant, and, applying himself to the stirrup-leathers, lengthened them about three inches.

"That is the first step," said Barry. "No

man of your dimensions can ride, either safely or gracefully, when trussed up after that fashion. In the next place, good sir, allow your heel to withdraw itself a little from the horse, as every motion makes him feel the spur. The same means will help you to what is called the *clip*, by which you will hold on the better."

After a few roods had been passed, Cole said, "I feel much easier already. I think I am improving."

"Certainly, you are; and the reason is worth your notice: I have given you a little *training*."

"You seem to lay an emphasis on that word, Mr. Barry."

"I do, sir. Did you ever consider the difference between *teaching* and *training?* And did you ever apply it in the schoolroom?"

"I am not sure that I take your meaning. But I am willing to be informed; especially as I have long observed that you have a knack

of bringing on your pupils, which casts me altogether in the shade."

"As to that, Mr. Cole, I am not a fit judge: but I am persuaded of one thing, namely, that in school-keeping, in forming habits, in moulding manners, in every thing connected with education, we must not only teach, but train."

"Do not keep me in suspense, Mr. Barry; pray what is your meaning?"

"Let me state a case," replied Barry. "A boy comes into school, who writes a very bad hand. You laugh at him, you storm at him, you punish him. You say a hundred times that he writes ill, that he writes horribly, that nobody can endure it, and this you consider *teaching* him. Still he writes as illegibly or as scrawlingly as ever. You think your duty is done, but you have as yet had no effect on him. He pouts, mopes, flounders, and despairs: but no progress. Ferule, keeping-in, black marks, extra tasks, all are tried, and all fail."

"Yes," said Cole, "I know just such a case. But what remains to be done?"

"I will tell you, Mr. Cole. It remains that you *train* him. Show him, not merely wherein he goes wrong, but *how to go right.* Sit down beside the boy. Show him how to lay his book, and how to hold his pen. Take his hand in yours, and direct its motion. The negative part is not enough: give him the positive part. Pat him on the shoulder; forbear sneers and threatenings, and show him precisely what he is to do. Do it before him. Encourage him. Put him in the way, and hold him up in it, as you would teach a little child to walk."

"Barry, there is really something in what you say. Suppose you give me another example!"

"Very well. Take the case of Tom Mowbray. He had an ugly trick of speaking in a very cross manner to his little brother. When I began to deal with him, I did nothing but point out his error. This he saw, but still he was as cross as before. At length Dr. New-

man took him in hand, and, in a smiling way, said to him, 'Mowbray, I see you disapprove several things in little James. Now let me advise you to speak to him thus.' And then he showed him how to address his brother, and how to reprove him with a kind and persuasive tone. After a few days' training, the whole manner of the youth was altered. Both the boys improved rapidly, and every one observes the increase of their mutual affection. The Doctor brought him out of the wrong way, by putting him into the right."

"But you would tell him of the wrong way too, would you not?"

"Certainly," said Barry; "but this is telling him only part, and, as I said just now, the lesser part. The great thing in all training is to lead along in the right way. Look at old Donald when you return, and observe how he trains his vines. Just so would I train a boy to learn his Greek verbs. And allow me to say, Mr. Cole, no amount of hard words will drive Greek verbs into a boy's head."

"Ah, I see your drift! You overheard me berating Bolton yesterday; but what should I have done?"

"Let me tell you what I would have done. I would have sat down by him half an hour, in the verandah, with a Greek grammar, and would have shown him how to get the lesson. *I would have got it with him.* The method, thus attained, would then be his own for life. And so of every thing else."

"That reminds me of what we read in school, that Julius Cæsar did not commonly say to his soldiers, Go, but COME! For he went before."

"Yes, and when he meant to punish them, he ceased to call them *commilitones*, or fellow-soldiers. But we must turn our horses' heads homeward, and if you are for a gallop, I will try to suit the action to the word, and show you how to go over the ground more speedily than you ever did before."

"I thank you for your teaching and your training," answered Cole. But the words were scarcely audible, for his hair was soon stream-

ing in the wind, and I know not but he would have cried to his lively companion to halt, if he had not been restrained by shame. As it was, they reached the Oaks in safety, and were soon exemplifying their principles amidst the hum and buzz of a well-filled school-room.

CHAPTER V.

FRIENDS OF THE STRANGER.

NEAR the scene of the principal events which have been related, there was a country school, taught by a young woman named Brewer. It was in a small stone house, of a single story, situated, as country school-houses love to be, on the edge of a wood, where the grassy bank was overshadowed by oaks and maples. Mary Brewer loved the spot, because it gratified her admiration of nature, while it afforded her the opportunity of improving her mind, and at the same time of supporting her aged parents. There is something not only pleasing, but heroic, in the going forth of so many daughters in America to relieve their families from the burden of maintaining them; and I could name not a few of these persons who have subsequently become

ornaments to the highest circles. Properly viewed, indeed, every faithful teacher already belongs to the highest circle; but I use the phrase in its common worldly acceptation.

Go by the Maplebank school, about noon, and very likely you will see Mary Brewer seated under the grape-vine at the door. It is September, and the purpling clusters are hanging over her head. The pigeons, that swell and coo around her, show that they know who is their friend. But, hark! What a jocund shout! It is the noise of the little boys and girls, amusing themselves at their swing, all fun and frolic, full of health and activity, learning as much from flowers and trees as they could possibly do from books. If the swing should break, they would not have very far to fall, and the grass is almost as soft as a bed. So, as long as they do not quarrel, Mary remains contented at her embroidery, every now and then stealing a side-look at a volume which lies open beside her.

The rosy-cheeked girl at Mary's feet is a

little child whom she has taken to bring up, and whose parents were carried off by the cholera. You might guess, from the clear red and white of her complexion, the pearly teeth, and the bright blue eyes, that Hannah is of Irish blood. But she knows nothing of Ireland except what is in her geography-lesson, and has no thought about any friend but Miss Mary.

The boy who is entering the little enclosure around the school-house, and taking off his hat to Mary, is no other than our friend Carl Adler. His face reveals that he has had a rapid walk; but Carl is a youth who can bear a good deal of fatigue and exposure. Perhaps I ought to tell how he became acquainted with Mary Brewer. He met her, on a visit of mercy to a poor German family, in the neighbourhood of the Oaks. Carl had been drawn to their assistance by hearing from their hovel, as he passed one day, the well-known melody of a German hymn. He first stopped, then opened the door, and then joined heartily in the chorus. The effect was instantaneous.

The poor woman sprang up from the bedside of her husband, and almost clasped Carl in her arms. No other introduction was needed.

There is something very pleasing in the power of Christian hymns over the German mind. The Protestant emigrants, who come by thousands to New York and New Orleans, are seldom without their pocket hymn-books. The tunes of their hymns are not so often changed as ours; many of them are hundreds of years old, and a hymn is seldom sung to more than one tune. Hence, the associations with certain melodies are very strong. Just as is the case among ourselves with certain song-tunes,—for example, the "Star-spangled Banner," which at once suggests the patriotic words. Those who visit German Christians in humble life should learn their tunes.

Carl was naturally desirous to help his coun tryman, who was a worthy joiner, but who had been brought very low with ship-fever. Often, when no one knew where Carl had strayed, he was seated by the invalid's bed, reading to

him from the Bible, or the Hymn-book, or from Arndt's True Christianity, or Luther's House-Postils. Blessed employment for a pious youth! It educates the heart, and teaches the affections early to flow in right channels. During one of these visits, Carl was surprised at the entrance of a young woman, plainly dressed, and much older than himself, but of comely appearance, and with a face flushed with exercise, and perhaps with modest confusion at seeing him. She was bringing some little diet-drink for the poor man, in a white pitcher, covered with a still whiter napkin. After a few moments' rest, she was glad to avail herself of Carl as an interpreter. Thus, the acquaintance began. Miss Brewer was so much older than Carl, that even waggish boys could not banter him about his intimacy; and the friendship became a source of mutual advantage. Mary Brewer was one of those young women, in humble life, who abound in America; and whom every patriot ought to prize and honour: modest, but

firm and enterprising; first supporting themselves, and then, in many cases, supporting their aged parents, or educating their younger brothers for college and the ministry. My heart warms towards them while I write, and wishes them every blessing. Mary was well-instructed, and amply furnished for teaching her little rustic school; but her thirst for knowledge was unsated: and it seemed to her a romantic wonder, when she found there were so many things which she could learn from a little German emigrant. She caused him to be invited to Farmer Black's, where she had her abode, and where he met another visiter, in the person of a young physician, Dr. Smith. Carl had sagacity enough to discover that this bashful, but learned, young man was about to take Mary Brewer as his wife. The doctor was not only pleased to meet with the bright, fair-haired boy, but was ready to help him in his studies, and willing, in his turn, to take lessons in German. He paid for these, by giving instruction to Carl, in many little

branches, of which, as a foreigner, he was yet ignorant. He corrected his English; he drilled him in grammar and composition; and he even entered him in chemistry and botany. Carl taught the two young friends to read musical notes, and diligently brought them forward in the study of the German Bible, and some beautiful poems of Schiller and Burger. These were happy and profitable days for all the three. Carl began to learn the delights of a truly Christian friendship. He was soon introduced to the Sunday-school, and gathered around him a class of German and Swiss children from the neighbouring paper-mill. Meanwhile, he became more accurately instructed in the great principles of scriptural religion, in which he had been sincere, but with obscure and puerile notions. Here was exemplified his own maxim, that the great helper, in teaching, is Love: and he learned more in a single evening of autumn, at the Cherry-hill farm-house, than during a whole day at the Oaks.

What can make up to a loving child the loss of parents? Certainly, nothing on earth. Yet, when father and mother are gone, we may find some relief in the presence of sincere and affectionate friends. Carl found the truth of this at Cherry-hill. When the nights began to grow longer, he was permitted by Dr. Newman sometimes to spend a long evening at the farm-house. Then, when the doors were closed, and the curtains pulled down, the family began to gather in what they called the "living room." Mrs. Black was at her wheel or her knitting. The rosy-cheeked girls were busy with their needles, altering winter clothes for the younger brothers. The brothers themselves were playing with Ponto, or trimming sticks for their kites, or perhaps mending their bridles. The farmer generally had on his steel-rimmed spectacles, and was toiling through his newspaper, before reading in Henry's Commentary, which he always looked at before going to bed. Dr. Smith and Mary Brewer had little chats in the shady

part of the room: but when Carl's well-known rap was heard at the door, they usually made a place for him. Then, the conversation was sure to turn on something which might cheer up the little German, and make him feel at home. There is a great difference in people as to this. I have known some who seemed to take a pleasure in always speaking of those things which tended to revive the remembrance of sorrows and mortifications. Not so the benevolent Christian; not so Smith and Mary. They respected and loved the clever young Prussian; and they talked with pleasure about the things which he knew better than they.

"Come in, Carl," said Mary, on one occasion, "come in, and taste some of our grapes;" and she handed him a fine cluster. "Did you ever see any so fine?"

Carl thanked her, but smiled.

"Ah, Carl! do you pretend to think you have ever seen finer?"

"Yes, surely, Mary," said Smith, "you

must remember, Carl comes from a country of vines, from the famous river Rhine."

"Come, then, and tell us about it," said Mary, with much animation. "Tell us about Bingen; tell us about Ehrenbreitstein."

"Ah! my dear young miss, if I should tell you all the thoughts I have, about our vine-yards, our groves, and about my shady home, the tears would run down my cheeks. But you have taught me that I can be happy here, too; for here I have found friends."

"Better, these, than grape-vines!" cried the farmer, in his gruff, but hearty, voice; for he had overheard the conversation.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Carl; "better than all the vines, rocks, and rivers in all Germany; but not—but not better than"—

"Than what?" said the farmer. "Speak it out, my lad."

Carl did not finish his sentence; and a tear was in his eye. So, to draw off attention, he seized an old guitar of Mary's, and struck up a little innocent German ballad, beginning

Mit dem Pfeil und Bogen,
Durch Gebirg' und Thal,
Kommt der Schütz gezogen
Früh' im Morgenstrahl.*

Then, seizing his leathern cap, he made a formal little bow, and dashed away, leaping and singing, across the low grounds which led to the Oaks. As he bounded along he felt the blessings of health and courage, and thanked God inwardly for the blessing of Christian friends.

* Schiller.

CHAPTER VI.

WORK AND PLAY.

DR. NEWMAN, Mr. Barry, and Mr. Cole had been talking all one afternoon about the right way of mixing up amusement with instruction. They all agreed that the thing might be carried too far, and that it would never do to have spelling lessons in gingerbread and philosophy in games at cards; still the Doctor admitted that there was an extreme on the other side; for, said he, every valley lies between two hills, and I would not have Jack a dull boy: I would not keep the pupil always grave, always tense, always feeling the bit, always in heavy harness. But my maxim is, *when you work, work: when you play, play.* Do not try to variegate your common lessons too much, because part of the discipline of all education is to keep the mind at one thing, to hold it in

one place, and to learn to do and to bear things which at first were disagreeable.

"Would you not," said Mr. Barry, who was particularly fond of lively ways, "would you not enliven studies by anecdote and illustration and experiment?"

"Yes, to be sure I would. For example, it is very hard to fix in young people's minds any notion of the planetary system."

"I have observed it," said Cole. "They learn the names and recite the figures, but have no conceptions of the relative size of the bodies, or the dimensions of the orbits."

"This is the very thing I mean," said the Doctor; "and this is a fair case for illustration. Now, do me the favour to call up the group of fellows whom I see yonder at the swing; they look as if they were at a pause for amusement."

Barry walked towards the swing, which was a great grape-vine, suspended from an oak; but the boys came leaping towards him before he came near. Presently the whole cluster was

gathered at the green place under the bow-window. There were Bob Bolton and Merriman, glowing with exercise; there were Burnham and Mack, ready for mischief; and there was our blue-eyed Carl, with fair curly hair, looking sad at one moment and indescribably merry at another.

"Boys," said Dr. Newman, "how many of you can tell me the number of the planets?"

All answered pretty well except Burnham, who seemed to have been asleep ever since there were seven planets only.

"I am going," said Dr. Newman, "to give you some notion of the size and distances and orbits of the planets, and you must try to imagine the picture as I draw it. It is the illustration of a great astronomer.* Are you ready?"

"Ready, sir!"

"Now, suppose yourselves over a great green plain or prairie, miles across."

"Yes, yes, that is fine; go on, sir."

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* Sir John Herschel: "Outlines," 1849.

"Let it be very level and smooth, because our planets must have free room for their rounds. In the very centre of this plain, imagine a globe, two feet in diameter. Call this globe the SUN."

"Ah! I see it already," exclaimed Carl.

"Wait a little, my boy; you don't see it all yet. Around this globe, let a grain of mustard-seed go round and round, in an orbit one hundred and sixty-four feet in diameter. The mustard-seed is MERCURY."

The boys laughed heartily at little Mercury, and guessed he could scarcely be seen at that distance.

"Next place a pea, going round a circle two hundred and eighty-four feet in diameter. The pea is VENUS."

"I have seen it," said Bob, "as the evening star."

"Yes," said the Doctor; "and if you would only rise a little earlier, you might see it as the *morning* star. But we have a great way to travel. Here is pea number two, which is"—

"Our poor little Earth!"

"Even so; this pea is the EARTH, on a circle of four hundred and thirty feet. Then comes MARS, a rather large pin's head, on a circle of six hundred and fifty-four feet. But what have we here? Four grains of sand, in orbits of from a thousand to twelve hundred feet: these are JUNO, CERES, VESTA, and PALLAS."

"I don't know any of them," said Bob Burnham.

"Perhaps, then, you will be better pleased with this orange, of moderate size, moving in a track nearly half a mile across: it is named JUPITER. Next comes a small orange, on a circle of four-fifths of a mile: it is SATURN."

"I thought," said Mack, "that Saturn was larger than his son."

"A very common error," replied the Doctor. "But here we have URANUS, or Herschel, a full-sized cherry, or small plum, upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half. Lastly, NEPTUNE, a good-sized plum, on a circle two miles and a half in diameter."

"I thought, sir," said Burnham, "that Neptune was the god of the sea;" and the good-natured boy scratched his head in much perplexity.

This was the signal for an outbreak of pent-up fun. All broke out together on Burnham; and even Carl could not help saying, "And now you find him only a good-sized plum—eh?"

"No, no," replied Burnham, with an air of injured pride. "What I mean is this, young gentlemen: Neptune, to my thinking, is a heathen god, the son of—of—of"—

"Never mind his father and mother," said Bob Bolton. "I see your perplexity: you thought he was a water-god, and you wonder at his being in the sky."

This little badinage led Dr. Newman and Barry to explain to the boys the whole subject of the constellations and their names. And when the beautiful clear night came on, all the boys were assembled at that part of the portico where a glass-door extended to the floor.

A large celestial globe was placed within the window, so as to be under shelter; while the little company looked abroad upon the vault of heaven. Teachers should all make themselves acquainted with this easy and delightful branch of science. Nothing is more interesting to youth; nothing is more elevating. It connects itself with the higher parts of astronomy, with history, mythology, and poetry; and, above all, with religion and the word of God.

After they had satisfied themselves with star-gazing, Mr. Cole said, with animation, "Well, I must acknowledge, here is high entertainment mingled with high instruction. I hope to be a wiser and happier teacher, in consequence of this lesson."

"Do you love teaching?" said Carl to Mr. Cole.

The assistant paused, remembering the composition; but seeing that Carl was innocent in his question, he replied, "Not so much as some—Mr. Barry, for instance—but more than I did. But why do you ask?"

"Because I have been thinking myself of trying to teach."

"You! Carl. I thought you were going to college."

"Ah!" replied Carl, "I should like to do so, indeed, but"—

"Ah, my good fellow, I see how it is. You want to make an honourable support. *Res angusta domi*,* and so forth. I know how to feel for you."

"Then," said Carl, brightly, "you have had the same experience?"

"Yes, indeed, like many other New England boys, of whom hundreds, if not thousands, have begun life in this way. And I am not ashamed to say my father was a poor man, who brought up a family of five sons and a daughter, on a farm of thirty-five acres. Three of us have been to college, and have all made our way by teaching. Perhaps we may comfort the old age of our parents, and keep our

* Straitened circumstances.

sister from hard work. I only wish I had the same liking for the work which I observe in Mr. Barry."

"I know I shall like it," said Carl, warmly. "I always loved to tend and rear plants and flowers, and these are living, thinking, immortal plants and flowers!"

"You grow poetical, Carl."

"So the boys are always saying to me," answered Carl. "But how can I help it? I think our German blood runs faster than that of the English."

"At any rate," said Mr. Cole, "you let your feelings overflow more readily in words. When you are much moved, your only rule seems to be, *out with it!*"

"Very well," said Carl, with a smile, "that will be all the better in a schoolmaster; for how can we teach much, unless we express something? And how can we teach pleasantly unless we are in earnest? I always find I learn most with an animated teacher."

Mr. Cole looked grave. "I know," said

he, "you do not mean to reprove me; but I am touched by the truth you have spoken. Dull and drowsy teaching is heavy work to both parties."

"Certainly, Mr. Cole, I did not mean *you* in what I said. And let me tell you one thing; all the boys have observed how much more we learn from you than we did a month ago."

Mr. Cole retired to his chamber with pleasanter thoughts than he had indulged for a long time.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EMIGRANT YOUTH ADVANCING TO MANHOOD.

It is not necessary to dwell on every link in the chain of Carl's history, as if we were writing a chronicle. Already has the reader been informed that the young German had formed the plan of setting up a school for himself. Let us hasten to the accomplishment of the purpose, leaping over the years which intervened between the point where this narrative began, and the day of Carl's instalment at the little school of Sunnyside. Suppose I try to sketch the scene: it is one worthy of a better pencil than mine.

Among the numerous little coves which indent the island-beach near to the city of New York, there is one of singular beauty, not far from the turbulent passage from the East River into the Sound. The boiling torrent

dashes fearfully against the rocks, which are often covered with foam, and smooth from the dash of the waves for ages past. But, above this rocky girdle, the land slopes with a gentle curve, and is covered with the richest verdure. Just beyond this natural lawn, the remains of the forest overshadow the green, and give retirement to many a strolling fisherman and fowler; as in former days the mightier groves protected the Indian, before these waters were ever entered by Hendrick Hudson and his crews.

From some points, the steeples of the great city, not many miles distant, may be clearly seen, and, at most times, a heavy cloud from the smoke of chimneys and furnaces overhangs the spot. The wide river, or arm of the sea, is frequented by craft of every description, from the enormous steamboat, winding through those difficult rocks and whirlpools towards the Sound and the Atlantic, to the petty skiff, in which city-boys too often venture their lives. This makes the view from Sunnyside a

perpetual panorama; and it went to the heart of Carl with a thrill of delight, when he first sat and viewed it from the door of his humble school-house.

Humble, indeed, it was; but it was in a site which made up for all defects. The little edifice was of stone, and had been cast, by the whim of the builder, into the shape of an octagon. The door and chimney occupied two sides, and there was a window in each of the remaining six. One room took up all the space; and it was well that the school was small, for you might almost have leaped from the threshold to the hearth. But without, the landscape was enchanting. The background was massy foliage and black recesses of shade among the old trunks and scattered rocks. In front was, first the gentle, grassy bank, and then the moving waters; while, beyond, the eye rested on the farms and villages of the adjacent country. The school-house was precisely at the right spot for combining all these beauties; being just where the last trees

of the wood knotted their roots together, among vines and moss. The well, which supplied the school, was under the shadow of immense buttonwood-trees.

How many scholars, think you, formed the corps of our young leader, at this romantic spot? Do not smile, nor despise the humble beginnings. There were only nine: but Carl felt that his hands were full. Most of them were quite small children; but one was fifteen, and one, strange to say, was twenty! He was a German and a Roman Catholic, and had been drawn to the place by love of his native language, and by the opportunity of learning English. The scholars were mostly collected by the kind offices of young Dr. Smith and his wife, who had come to live near the neighbouring carpet factory of Black & Bedloe. This lady, as the reader will have conjectured, was no other than Mary Brewer, already mentioned. It is a kind providence, thought Carl, which brings me so near a Christian friend and a good physician. More favours

still, however, were in store for the lowly boy. Smith and his kind-hearted Mary insisted that Carl should be a boarder in their cottage; and their secret intention was that he should pay nothing for it, any more than if he were their own brother. True, his chamber was very near the roof, and had but one window; but, then, it was almost smothered in honeysuckles, and a bluebird held his little mimic housekeeping exactly opposite, in a box fixed to the maple-tree.

Carl did not complain that his pupils were too few. Indeed, he wondered how he should ever get along with so many. Out of nine boys, he had to make five classes, if that can be called a class which contains but one, as did two of his: for the big boy and the man could not be put with any companion, and his largest group contained just three. He managed, however, to make some little array at scripture-reading, in which the whole seminary stood up together, not excepting Ludwig Ewald, who read very comically indeed.

You must not think, because the institution was small, that the teacher did not feel some little importance. It would be surprising to relate how many little paper books he prepared; how he set down their names in order; how he ruled lines in black and red ink; and how he engrossed the rules in printing letters, with a flourishing head in German text. These innocent preparations showed the zeal with which he set out. Other people have done the like; and those have not been the worst teachers who have most anxiously settled their preliminaries. I must not conceal that, on the first evening, about twilight, our young schoolmaster walked very gravely into the meadows, and returned with two very smooth birchen rods, the use of which he never communicated. But, as he trimmed off the ends of these wands and put them into his desk, it is said that he smiled. No president of a college ever felt more weighty responsibilities.

Carl was glad that his pupils were all boys. The management of little girls would have

given him some embarrassment. His German accent had not wholly forsaken him: but he was at an age when peculiarities of this sort wear away rapidly; and it is not every one who would have detected his foreign origin. Now and then, a stray farmer or labouring-man would look in at the door, with or without reason; and this was slightly embarrassing to the young preceptor: but his mind was more and more taken up with the responsible business of teaching. Pens were to be made and mended. *Sums*, as the children call all arithmetical questions, were to be set or examined; paper-chickens, fly-traps and apples were to be seized upon; untidy faces and hands were to be sent out to the well. Then was the common round of reading, spelling, geography and grammar; the common adjudication of cases respecting crooked pins and scrouging; and the common rebukes of idle or quarrelsome children. Not a little difficult was it to still the convulsions of the little laughers, when poor Ludwig undertook to read aloud his English lesson.

It was a relief to Carl to go out under the fine trees, or among the rocks of the shore, at the interval of noon. A favourite spot with the youngsters was a spring half a mile inland, at the bottom of a small but deep basin, in the pasture-ground. Here they secreted their jugs of milk, and here they opened their little dinner-baskets, and ate with a zest unknown at city feasts; often exchanging the varieties of the different families, and joying in the superior cakes of other mothers and aunts. These simple cares and simple pleasures make up much of an humble teacher's life. Perhaps, in later days, he inclines to suspect that more ambitious vexations and delights involve the same principles, teach the same lessons, and reveal the same frailties. The heart of the child is very much like the heart of the man.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST LESSONS IN SCHOOL-KEEPING.

In a safe and secluded cove, Carl Adler sometimes gave lessons in a branch of education not common in all schools: I mean SWIMMING. He was both a bold and an expert swimmer, and under his directions every one of his young pupils learned this healthful and necessary exercise. He used to tell them of the daring adventures of his countrymen on the Rhine. He gave them, in English, Schiller's celebrated story of the Diver and the Golden Cup. He informed them that the Romans, in order to describe a person of extreme ignorance, said that he could neither read nor swim. He read to them what Horace says about swimming over the Tiber. He helped them to repeat Dr. Franklin's experiment about floating and the kite. He showed

them, on the map, the strait of Hellespont, and related in part the tale of Hero and Leander, adding Lord Byron's great feat at the same spot, as a comment. He read to them, out of missionary books, an account of the Sandwich Isles, and of the surf-boards, and of the almost incredibly early age at which the infants can take care of themselves in the water. When the tide made it safe, and the weather was favourable, this was a chief recreation of Carl and his boys.

Among the entertainments of odd hours, he formed the purpose of teaching all the school to sing, as he had himself been taught in Germany. The thing is much more easily accomplished than is commonly thought. Most of the difficulty complained of, resides in what is not always detected—the utter inability of the teacher to sing.

One fine summer evening, the whole company was gathered under one of the shadiest trees, on a knoll directly over the river. The sun had set, and a refreshing breeze was rippling the water,

without, however, interrupting the calm that everywhere prevailed. It was a favourable moment for impressions from sacred song, and the school let out all their voices with right good will, as people are apt to do who sing in the open air. Carl and Ludwig added a very good accompaniment, in certain parts, on the flute and violoncello. Such a volume of sweet sounds did not fail to reach those who were passing in boats, and, among the rest, a family party, who had come out from the city for an airing. Turning the head of the boat towards Sunnyside cove, they made directly for the land. Two boys, aged about sixteen and fourteen, leaped ashore and made fast the little vessel. A plank was run out, and two ladies, one old and one young, stepped ashore. Several children followed; a servant came out last, with two large hampers. The old lady addressed herself very politely to Ludwig, believing him to be the principal personage, and then to Carl, when she had learned her mistake. She asked leave to join their party, and declared

her fondness for good music to be such that she could scarcely refrain from this act of seeming forwardness.

Carl made all the courteous speeches that he could muster up for the occasion. He said his pupils were very young, and that they were beginners. He proceeded, however, with modest confidence, to lead them in an evening hymn, and wound up with a German song about the Rhine, in which Ludwig joined, both with voice and instrument. Mrs. Grayson (such was the lady's name) and her children were highly pleased, and next day sent from her green-house and garden a basket of flowers and a profusion of grapes, which Carl said put him in mind of Germany.

But all the visits which the young preceptor received were not equally agreeable. One morning, as Carl, with one or two of the boys, sat just in the door, engaged upon some lesson, a buggy or light chaise suddenly stopped in the road, and a young man, highly dressed, and foppish in his manners, jumped out. "It aint

possible! Sure, this is not the Dutchman? Why, Adler, is it really you?"

"It is I, Burnham," answered Carl; "and I am here teaching a little school."

"School! school!" shouted Burnham, in a high state of amusement; and then, turning to his companion—"Here, Murdock, get out quick, and see the Dutchman and his school. Who'd a-thought it! Come now, and let one of the brats hold the horse, while Murdock and I examine."

The two young dandies, who had been on a drive out of town and had taken wine at the ferry-house, now proceeded, in a way which Carl found to be highly insulting, to make him the object of their stupid jests. Carl was resolved, at any cost, to avoid sacrificing his proper authority in his own school. He ordered the little boy who stood at the horse's head to come instantly into the house. The horse would have escaped if Murdock had not taken his place; and the animal was so restiff that the young fellow found himself sufficiently occupied

in keeping him quiet. Burnham meanwhile pretended to examine the boys, addressing their teacher by the name of Dutchman, and other contemptuous terms. At length, casting his eye on Ludwig, he cried out, "Well, grand-daddy, and are you teacher or scholar?"

Ludwig replied, in broken English, but with great warmth, "I am the man what will put you there out into the street;" and seizing the overgrown but lubberly fellow by the nape of the neck, he gently, but effectually, placed him by his conveyance, into which he was very willing to get, with a sneaking look, and a dreadful rent in his fashionable coat. His companion gave him small consolation, saying, "Served you right, you chicken-hearted booby! I saw from the start that you would make a fool of yourself." And he gave whip to his horse, as angry drivers are prone to do, and was soon out of sight.

During this unusual scene, the little scholars appeared much frightened, and huddled together, like a flock of sheep before a strange

dog. But when they observed that their young teacher was quite collected, and when they saw the big insolent intruder give way in such a cowardly manner before the resolute German, they plucked up courage, and were almost ready to give three cheers.

Carl soon won the love as well as the respect of his pupils. This will always be the case where the teacher really loves his little flock. His labour will then be a pleasure, and his tasks will prove almost an entertainment. Instead of repining at his seclusion, and complaining about the wearisome business of spending so many hours with idle or disobedient children, he will experience a satisfaction not unlike that of a parent. The best maxim for a teacher is, *Love your scholars.* It contributes equally to comfort and success. Love will suggest a hundred expedients which never could be learned from the ablest treatises, or under the greatest professors. It will take the place of many a punishment. It will fix attention and shorten toil. It will win the froward and melt the

stubborn. In a word, it will, in almost every instance, insure a good school.

Fondness for the company of the children led Carl to pass many of his hours with them when they were not at their tasks. He could not, indeed, like some teachers, give them any expensive entertainments. Poor fellow! it was as much as he could do to procure food and raiment; and but for the generous friendship of the Smiths, he would have felt the pinching of want. But his inventive mind led him to a number of cheap means for communicating pleasure. Sometimes, on a Saturday afternoon, they would stroll together over the woods and meadows, and come home laden with flowers and minerals, which Dr. Smith taught Carl to arrange. Lessons in natural history were turned to account, at odd hours; and there is no pursuit which is more inviting to youth; none which exercises their faculties in a more safe way; and none which admits of more ready connection with divine truth. Carl often amused the listening group with

pleasant stories out of the Greek and Latin books which he was studying; which he found to have a good effect in fixing in his own memory what he had been reading. The very youngest of them soon became acquainted with Cyrus and the Persians, and could tell the anecdote of the two coats, as related by Xenophon. They could point out Troy and Rome upon the map, and talked familiarly of Anchises, Æneas, Dido, and the little Ascanius. They loved to hear the sounding lines of Greek, which deseribe the noise of the ocean, and the twanging of Apollo's silver bow, even though they could not tell the meaning of a word. In like manner they learned a pretty long German ballad, which they sang in parts. Carl further amused himself by drilling them in the questions and answers with which French conversation commonly begins. Harmless games and riddles and puzzles in arithmetic added to their holiday sports. But after all, it was not so much the particular thing which he did, as the cheerful, loving manner in which he did it, that

gained them over. In this way they were drawn towards him, as a friend who had their real welfare at heart, so that there was scarcely any thing which they would not have done to please him. And this was the more remarkable, because he did not attempt to turn their regular study into play. He remembered Dr. Newman's maxim, *When you work, work; and when you play, play.* So that when they were at their books, it was a serious business, and they soon found that no allowance was granted to idleness, inattention, or impatience.

In such a school as this, children learn fast. Every day leaves its mark. Parents found it out, and at the end of the first quarter, five new scholars were offered, two of whom were elder brothers of a child already there. One little fellow had been two quarters at a district school, and yet had not learned to read. The first pages of his spelling-book had been so thumbed and so worn by his chin and elbows, that the letters were almost illegible. By a little spe-

cial attention, Carl carried him through the book in a few months. His father, who was a fisherman, and who had no learning himself, was so much gratified that he sent the teacher a bushel of oysters as a token of his regard. Though Carl smiled at the donation, he received it in good part, and was glad of the means thus afforded for increasing the good cheer at the Doctor's cottage. But he was rather more pleased when James Donald, the smallest boy of all, son of a Scotch gardener, came to him one Monday morning, with two pots of mignionette and a number of hyacinth bulbs.

"I have one more than a baker's dozen," said Carl, to his friend, Mrs. Smith, one winter evening, as they sat over a bright hickory fire.

"I wish it was a hundred, for your sake," said Mary.

"Oh! not a hundred, my love," exclaimed the Doctor. "That would be almost a col-

lege, and our young president would have to employ professors."

"Very well," said she, gayly. "Stranger things have happened; and I don't despair of seeing our little Carl a learned professor yet."

CHAPTER IX.

GLIMPSE OF A CHRISTIAN HOME IN A STRANGE LAND.

GOOD friends are among God's most precious gifts to youth; and there are few places where a Christian can be cast, in which such may not be found. True religion is a power which draws together and holds united those who would otherwise be strangers. As we go on in the pilgrimage of this world, we have more and more reason to admire the unexpected ways in which Providence brings us acquainted with those who have done us the most good. Often the meeting is without any endeavour of our own, and yet the results are momentous. Some such thoughts as these passed through the mind of our young schoolmaster, on the evening which followed his introduction to Mr. Mill.

The Rev. Frederick Mill was the pastor of

the little church which Carl Adler attended; for you may be sure he did not allow himself to lack the blessed advantages of public worship. As a stranger, he had taken an humble seat in the gallery, until the rich tones of his voice drew the attention of the clergyman, who, indeed, had too few persons gifted in this way. His eye often turned on Carl, whom he found always intent on what was said, or devoutly joining in the acts of worship. As good ministers of Christ are used to do, Mr. Mill took an early occasion to learn the name of this punctual attendant, and at length detained him at the close of the service, and drew from him some particulars of his history. The interview was not without tears; for Carl found that Mr. Mill had been in Europe, and had even visited his native region. From this, it was an easy transition to visit at the parsonage, which was on a hill-side, about three miles from the school. The times which he chose for these visits were at the close of the week's work, and, when he became better

known, he was often invited to remain until Monday morning. The Smiths did not fail to rally him in regard to this, and to repeat the name of Matilda Mill in a sly, good-humoured way; but Carl maintained, with a pensive earnestness, that for him the charm of the house was in the excellent pastor.

Spring Hill, the residence of this pious and accomplished family, was named from a bold fountain which broke out from the side of a little mount, among rocks and vines, and dashed away over the banks to join a rivulet which coursed through the meadows below. The house was old but spacious, commanding a view of neighbouring bays and islands, with intervening fields and groves. The walls were overgrown with vines; and honeysuckles and sweetbriers clambered about the windows. Within, every thing bespoke competency, ease and comfort, rather than display or novelty. The chief room was the library, which was surrounded with valuable books, on which the eye of Carl rested with admiration and almost envy.

But that which most affected him was the religious atmosphere of the place. He had been in Christian families before, but never in one like this. The father, the mother, the only daughter, Maria, and the three little boys, nay, the very domestics, seemed to be under the power of a religious training. The Scriptures, without any violence or any affectation, were evidently the rule of the house, as they were the topic of daily but natural remark. Mutual improvement and gentle affection breathed over all the little society, and all their words and acts. Doubtless there was much of human imperfection and sin, but it was in a great degree hidden from the partial eyes of Carl.

The first Saturday evening which he spent at Spring Hill was long remembered by him. They combined to rid the diffident stranger of those feelings of restraint which he could not, all at once, shake off. As they sat on the broad portico, which overlooked a grassy hillside, the younger ones gambolled over the velvet turf, in sight of the placid father. The

mother and daughter were seated together, turning over the pages of a large book of plates, which Mr. Mill had just brought from the city. At a well-known signal, all the company repaired to the table, where the best of rural cheer was spread before them. The meal was not hasty, as meals are apt to be where the family gathering is only for the purpose of satisfying the cravings of nature. There was much delightful conversation, and Carl found that such a union at the domestic board may be made a class for high instruction. More than one choice passage from the poets was called for and repeated; more than one hard question was answered, and many religious precepts were inculcated from the word of God. By easy methods, all were reminded of the approaching day of holy rest; and questions were asked, to make sure that the week's business had been fairly closed up.

The few hours which followed, before retiring for the night, convinced Carl that he had never before known what was meant by the

union of intelligence and piety in a family circle. He had seen one, and he had seen the other, but here they were both together. Was it books? It looked to him as if a fortune had been expended on the costly volumes around the apartments, though in this he made the blunder of inexperience. The talk was natural, diversified, and playful, yet it was on the very subjects which Carl had hardly ever heard talked of. But above all was he delighted with the prominence given to the things of God. When the hour for evening-worship came, (and it was early, so as to suit the young ones,) Mr. Mill, as master and father, opened the word of God, and read that noble psalm, the 138th, which he followed by a few remarks. Then how passing sweet was the evening-hymn, in which the music was led by Miss Mill, while every child and servant joined, except a gray-haired African, who was past the age of singing. Solemn, united prayer closed the short service. Carl could not but say to himself, as, with moistened eyes, he rose from his knees,—

When, soon or late, you reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May you rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!"

When the affectionate salutations of the evening had been exchanged, Mr. Mill beckoned to his young visiter to take a seat beside him on the sofa.

"Mr. Adler," said he, "I am older than you, and I have, like you, been a schoolmaster."

"Is it possible!" said Carl, with animation. "Then, sir, you are the very person whom I need, for I have a thousand things on which to get your advice."

"All that I can give shall be yours, my young friend. I have observed your interest in divine things; and allow me to say, I perceive you in a capacity for better acquisitions; (here Carl's clear complexion became suddenly crimson;) so that I feel peculiar interest in trying to put you on the right path. But, first, tell me, do you mean to make teaching your profession for life?"

Here Carl explained to Mr. Mill the events which led him to engage in this little enterprise; adding that his views had undergone some change, and that he found such an unexpected pleasure in teaching boys, that he was half inclined to look on it as a regular business.

"I am not sorry to hear you say so. We want such teachers in America; I mean such as are willing to spend their lives in the work. Most of our schoolmasters spend only two or three years in the work. Some of them are seeking means to enter college; some employ themselves thus during the very time they are in college, in long vacations. More commonly they are persons who have taken their first degree, and are intending to be physicians, ministers, or lawyers. From this course great evils arise to the character of our education."

"I had not thought of any ill consequences," said Carl; "though I have certainly observed the fact."

"The evils are these," said Mr. Mill; "and I speak with some knowledge, for I have been

such a teacher myself. The young man so employed is only half-hearted in the work. He may be conscientious and punctual, but he has no enthusiasm."

"Ah! I see," said Carl; "nothing can be well done without some fire."

"True, and there is seldom any ardour in such a case. It is not the business of life. The man looks one way and rows another. His eye is on the bar or the pulpit, and to this he directs his wishes and his efforts. Then there is no attainment of experience. Teaching is an art, and one of the noblest and most difficult. It is not to be acquired in a year, or two years. Thus it often happens that, just at the moment the teacher begins to feel his strength, recover from his mishaps, and mature his methods, he breaks off from the work, and transfers the pupils to another."

"And so, perhaps, a school may be for years together under the hand of novices."

"Exactly. Indeed this is the case with a majority of our country schools."

"But how, sir, is this evil to be remedied?"

"Just as you have remedied it in Prussia; where the profession of teaching is as distinct and as honourable as most others."

"But allow me to ask yet further, why is it that young men even of promise and learning are unwilling to stay at their post and teach as long as they live?"

"You are coming to the very point," answered Mr. Mill. "The reasons are many, but they resolve themselves into one comprehensive reason. *The work of instruction is not high enough in the esteem of the American people.*"

"Ah! I thought no people made so much of education."

"We have many schools, many pupils, and many zealous writings and speeches about the subject; but what I say is still true. The very word *schoolmaster* is used by many with a sneer. The cry is for cheap teaching. Parents, of whom you would hope better things, grudge the pittance they bestow on the teacher,

and almost think it an alms. I have farmers in my parish, who lay out more on a breed of swine, or a threshing machine, than all they have ever given for their children's schooling put together. Half-starved instructors lose the stimulus of hope and grow weary."

Carl smiled, but said nothing.

"I honour the instructor of my children," continued the pastor, "as much as the doctor who cures my body, or the lawyer who attends to my estate. But this is not the common feeling; and the lower down you go in the scale of intelligence and culture, the more you find people undervaluing the schoolmaster. But, my dear fellow, the night is wearing away, and I must show you to your chamber. May the blessed morning find you refreshed for its sacred work!"

CHAPTER X.

REMINISCENCES OF GERMAN CHILDHOOD.

FROM our English forefathers, we have derived the custom of making the breakfast a cheerful and leisurely meal. There is something delightful in the assemblage of a whole family at a bountiful repast; and such repasts are common in our favoured and fertile country. The morning prayer and praise have ascended to heaven, and, if there is grace in the heart, the rays of holy contentment and mutual affection are reflected from every face. On the day of joy, the resurrection-day, the first and best day of the week, such gatherings take place in ten thousand Christian families of America; and thus it was at the Spring Hill parsonage.

"As I mean you shall return to spend the day with us," said Mr. Mill to Carl, "I shall

mount you upon Nero, the riding-horse of my son Fred, who is at college. But we must be on the alert, for Sunday-school opens at nine."

A long, light wagon, with two horses, carried the family, with the exception of the servants, who walked, and Mr. Mill, who accompanied Carl on horseback. The church was four miles off, and, according to a well-established custom, they did not return between services, but took with them a frugal collation.

After the usual services, and such greetings as are common between a good minister and his family with many of the people, they all returned to the parsonage. And here the evening hours were spent in a manner quite new to Carl. After early tea, the whole household assembled in the large sitting-room. Even the servants were there, as soon as they had supped, and, what is unusual, they retained their seats after evening prayers.

"I love," said Mr. Mill, "to see my family around me; and on no day do I love it more

than on the Sabbath. Why should not our domestics come in for a portion of the children's bread?"

Books were distributed, and an hour was spent in singing hymns, interspersed with occasional comments, and an occasional anecdote. Even Mrs. Mill, though a meek and retiring invalid, made bold to relate an incident of her youth, concerning her grandfather, an officer of the Revolution, and a pious man. Encouraged by such beginnings, Carl found his mouth opened, and, after a little embarassment, and in reply to several interrogatories, proceeded to give a narrative, which may be thus abridged:

"You must not expect much of a story, my good friends; I am hardly more than a boy yet, though sometimes, when I think how many places I have lived in, and how many people I have seen, I am ready to think myself quite old. When you were all engaged just now in repeating the catechism of your church, it carried me back to Bingen on the Rhine."

"Oh! did you use to say the catechism

there?" asked Tom, a bright child of eleven, who had already found his way to Carl's knee.

"Yes, but not the same that you know. It was Dr. Luther's catechism, which has been used these three hundred years and more."

"It contains the same precious doctrine," said Mr. Mill; "but go on."

"We were brought up in the old German way, which, I am sorry to say, has gone very much out of fashion. As the custom of the country is to have commonly but one church-service, we had Sunday afternoon and evening much to ourselves. Many people used to spend it in sauntering and worse, but we were generally taken to the house of my dear mother's father. My grandfather was wealthier and more learned than any of my kindred. He lived in an ancient stone house, among the vineyards. It had been in the family no one knows how many hundred years, and had carvings on the gables and ends of the oaken beams, which none of us could understand. The windows were narrow, some of them being

like slits cut in the thick walls. Musty old volumes stood in the heavy shelves, mostly in vellum, and some of them were fastened with clasps of brass, which we youngsters often tried in vain to undo.

"My grandfather dressed in antique style; indeed, he seemed to pride himself on old customs. At certain feasts, such as Easter and Michaelmas, he took great pains to have certain flowers stuck up, which bloomed about those times of the year. At the winter holidays he always secured a Christmas-tree, which reached to the very beams of the vaulted hall, and was laden on every branch with trinkets, toys, confectionery, and tapers. It has made a deep impression on my memory. The good old gentleman carried a grave face to most people, and was thought to be cross; but I believe this was more from his gout than any thing else. To us he was always as gentle as could be; and we longed for Sunday to come round, that we might dine at grandpapa's, and look at the pictures in the old books. Of

these he had a great store, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, how he would sit in his great carved arm-chair, in what he called his book-closet, which was a small room cut off from his office. Placing me by his side, he would open one after another of those ponderous volumes, and descant upon the cuts, which were from designs of Albert Durer and Hans Holbein. One of these books I now possess. It was printed at Nuremburg, in the year 1608. But this was by no means the oldest of them. In these things he took the more pleasure, because he was himself an author, and had published a work on heraldry, in which he used to show me the painted coats of arms, with many strange pictures of lions rampant, griffins, and the like. But most of all he loved to show me the pictures of the Reformers and the Martyrs.* 'There, grandson,' he would say, 'thou seest (in Germany it is always *thee* and *thou* to children) Dr. Martin Luther at the Diet of

* See frontispiece.

Worms; and there thou seest him on his death-bed. Print it on thy soul, child; rather die a thousand deaths than give up the faith of thy fathers. Presently I shall be gone, and who knows what changes may happen? Thy poor father, the judge, has no knack at keeping the gold-pieces together. Perhaps thou mayest wander over sea. Well, God will guide; but mind this: go where thou mayest, contend for the faith once delivered to the saints!' I never look on the volume, or the portrait of Luther, without calling the scene and the words to my memory."

"I hope," said Mr. Mill, "that they will bring forth fruit in you as long as you live. I dare say you could sing us one of the fine old hymns of Germany."

"With pleasure," said Carl. "But our hymns are not heard to advantage when sung by a single voice. The slow and stately ancient tunes require the full organ and the great congregation. But I will do my best with a hymn of Paul Gerhardt's."

Carl then sang the closing stanzas of the famous Advent Hymn, *Wie soll ich dich empfangen*, which may be thus imitated in English:

Why should you be detained
In trouble day and night,
As though he must be gained
By arm of human might?
He comes, he comes, all willing,
All full of grace and love,
Those woes and troubles stilling
Well known to him above.

Nor need ye tremble over
The guilt that gives distress:
No! Jesus all will cover
With grace and righteousness.
He comes, he comes, procuring
The peace of sin forgiven,
To all God's sons securing
Their part and lot in heaven.

Why heed ye then the crying
Of crafty foemen nigh?
Your Lord shall send them flying
In twinkling of an eye.

He comes, he comes, for ever
A King, and earth's fell band
Shall prove, in the endeavour,
Too feeble to withstand.

All the company were gratified with the graceful performance of Carl, who sang with more than common ability, and who took the precaution to furnish an English version of the words before he began. He explained to them the methods taken in Germany to train the whole population in sacred music; and promised to show them a sixpenny pamphlet, one of many issued for youth, like tracts, with all the common tunes used in the churches.* It contains sixty-three tunes in one part, and twenty in three parts.

"You have made a fine beginning in your school," said Mr. Mill; "and my good friend, Mrs. Grayson, is so much pleased with what she heard on Saturday evening, on the bank, that

* Choralbuch zum Gebrauche in Schulen und für Confirmanden. Offenbach. pp. 12. 8vo. (Scharfenberg & Luis, New York.)

she is going to lend you her piano-forte, to accompany the hymns and songs."

"Bravo!" cried Tom, who was almost ready to beg that he might become a pupil at the little octagon school-house. But his father repressed this little burst, by calling for a volume, which soon engaged the attention of all present. It was the *Life of Luther*, by the Rev. Dr. Sears, himself a zealous admirer of the mighty German, and a labourer in the cause of education. The hour soon arrived for the departure of the younger children to bed; after which, a few words of religious conversation closed the day, and each retired to the private exercises of his own chamber.

CHAPTER XI.

PROMOTION AND SURPRISES.

CARL did not leave the friendly mansion of Mr. Mill without a suspicion that some plan was on foot for his benefit. The questions had been too close and searching to have proceeded from simple curiosity. Some plan must be on foot for his benefit. Why did the pastor inquire so particularly as to his residence at the Oaks? Why did he take down the name of Dr. Newman and Mr. Barry? Why did he inquire for the residence of each boy in the school? Carl was therefore less surprised at receiving a note from Mr. Mill, inviting him to accompany him, during the approaching fortnight of vacation, in a jaunt up the North River. To relieve him from all anxiety about expenses, this excellent gentleman asked, as a favour, that Carl would act as

his amanuensis, in recording certain matters which he was collecting towards a volume in the press. It was both benevolent and delicate in Mr. Mill, and it went to Carl's heart more than a munificent gift could have done, if unaccompanied by such considerate regard for his feelings.

The boys were dismissed for the brief holidays, the poor little quarter-bills were paid, except in the case of one stingy, dishonest guardian, who was willing to cheat the schoolmaster: and this man was the richest among them all. On a beautiful August morning, the travellers rose long before day, in order to be in time for the Albany boat, at the foot of Cortlandt street.

It may be safely said that there is no river scenery in America, which, in all respects, equals that of the Hudson. Single traits of beauty or grandeur may indeed be found as striking on other streams, but nowhere else is the combination so rich and varied. Our young traveller admired the breadth and depth and

clearness of the river; the massy foliage of the woods and verdure of the cornfields; the incomparable panorama of mountains, some blue in the distance, like the Catskills, and some boldly reaching to the water's edge, as in the Highlands; the multitude of vessels which they passed or met, and the endless succession of towns and country-seats along the banks.

On arriving at Albany, Mr. Mill procured a light conveyance, and spent some days in excursions among the towns and villages, on both sides of the river, above and below the capital. At the fine little city of Hudson, they dismissed their hired carriage and servant, and employed the public conveyances to carry them over the mountains, into Massachusetts. It was Carl's first sight of New England, and he was not slow to catch the beauties, both natural and artificial, of Berkshire county. At one time, he was struck with the picturesque scenery of the mountains and valleys, and wild pellucid streams; at another, he was charmed with the advancement visible in agriculture,

the neatness of enclosures, and the quiet snugness of the farm-houses; at another, he stood in admiration at the fresh and shining villages, which seemed to have sprung up in a night, so unlike were they to the hoary, irregular piles of European cities; and at every turn, he was impressed with the appearance of the people, who, almost without exception, bore the marks of education and morality.

After a short sojourn in Boston, Hartford and New Haven, they found themselves at home, much refreshed by exercise and change of air, and welcomed by a circle of affectionate friends. At leaving the steamboat which carried them from New York, they found all the Smiths and all the Mills, on the wharf. Here Carl had the pleasure of being made acquainted with Frederick Mill the younger, who had returned from college, a young man of genius and fine appearance, but of exuberant spirits, and not exempt from some of those infelicities of manner which grow up in college-life. But he was both kind and courteous to Carl, whom he

looked upon with the more respect on account of his French and German knowledge, which, among the young gentlemen of our colleges, is more prized than formerly. The talk was soon about Goethe, Schiller and Jean Paul; and Carl might have paid back some of the laughter spent on his early attempts at English, by amusing himself at Frederick's pronunciation of German.

Arrived at Spring Hill, the travellers took their favourite seats among the shrubbery, in sight of the dashing spring. Then it was that Mr. Mill beckoned Carl into his study. What was his astonishment to meet there his first warm American friend!

"Mr. Barry!" cried he; "can it be possible? And how came you here?"

"By coach and steamboat, Adler," said Barry, smiling.

"Oh, yes, of course; but what has brought you into these parts? and to Spring Hill?"

"Why, my dear fellow, do you think nobody

has a right to holidays and jaunts but yourself? But how nobly you have grown!"

A hundred topics were broached, and question followed question, till all obvious matters concerning their school-days at the Oaks had been exhausted. During this interview, Mr. Mill had left them alone. But at length he entered, and, with a grave and affectionate air, took Carl by the hand, and said:

"My dear Mr. Adler, I will no longer keep you in suspense. All our recent movements, however mysterious, have been tending towards a result which I hope will prove agreeable to you. Your good friends, Doctor and Mrs. Smith, are in the secret; and last, but not least, we have introduced Mr. Barry. But there is still another party in the affair, whom you do not know"—

"Leave that to me," said Barry; and throwing open the door which separated them from the parlour, he said, "I must have the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Barry."

Carl saw a graceful lady rising to meet him,

without at first discerning her features: great was his amazement to recognise in her, after a moment, Helen Newman, the daughter of his late preceptor.

"It is surprise upon surprise," exclaimed Carl, quite bewildered with these inexplicable proceedings. "I scarcely know where to begin, or what to inquire!"

"Let the truth come out at once, then," said Mr. Mill. "The plan is really my wife's, though with my hearty concurrence. You are no longer to be principal of the octagon school, Mr. Adler. We have secured a promotion for you. The new academy, near our church, has been several months in preparation. An adjoining house is very suitable for the reception of boarders. The company of gentlemen who set up the school have fixed on Mr. Barry and yourself as teachers. We shall give you a week or two of preparation; and the academy will open on the first day of October. Now the secret is fully out."

Let us cast a veil over the ingenuous confu-

sion and grateful surprise of Carl, upon receiving this shower of news. He was so overwhelmed that he did not even urge his inquiries about the beautiful building and the friendly arrangements. He was even absent in mind during a part of the evening, and often retired to the large bow-window, as if to conceal his emotions. When, at length, his considerate host conducted him to the retirement of his chamber, he closed the door, and cast himself on his knees before God. Tears streamed from his eyes, and more by groans and sobs than articulate words, he poured out his thanksgivings toward that heavenly Father, who had been his helper in a strange land, and had made his cup to overflow with unexpected blessings. Blessed religion of the gospel! which cherishes even in the young those sacred and generous emotions, such as were altogether wanting in the greatest heroes of antiquity. This youthful emigrant felt the enlargement of soul produced by the belief that the God of his fathers was making him his special care,

and that he who had guided Jacob, and delivered David, and glorified Josiah, would be his God also, even unto death.

As Carl turned over the pages of his dear mother's Bible, it was long before he could tear himself away, to throw himself on the bed for the night. The sacred volume seemed as if had been made for just such a case as his. Among them were such as these:

"And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall Jehovah be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee."*

"The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they

* Gen. xxviii. 20–22.

shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren."*

"Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto? And this was yet a small thing in thy sight, O Lord God; but thou hast spoken also of thy servant's house for a great while to come. And is this the manner of man, O Lord God?"†

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people."‡

"O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."§

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have:

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* Gen. xlix. 26.
† 2 Sam. vii. 18.
‡ Ps. cxvi. 12–14.
§ Jer. x. 23.

for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."*

The last verse was designated in the well-worn volume, by a distinct line drawn under it, in red ink—as Carl doubted not, by the beloved hand which was now in the grave. Deeply did he revolve in his mind those sacred words of promise, ICH WILL DICH NICHT VERLASSEN NOCH VERSÄUMEN. He called to mind also the observation which Dr. Newman had made, and which he found in his interleaved Greek Testament, that the original is much more expressive, having five negatives, which could be represented in English only by some such language as this: "I will never, never leave thee, and never, never, never forsake thee!"

Led thus from one thought to another, Carl remembered his hymn-book, and closed the evening with singing those familiar lines, which

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* Heb. xiii. 5.

he had first learned from the voice of Maria Mill:

In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days shall demand, so thy succour shall be.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no NEVER forsake!

CHAPTER XII.

SHADOWS IN THE PICTURE.

As a mariner is seldom favoured with fair winds and summer weather during the whole of his voyage, so the servant of God, in passing over the ocean of life, must expect to encounter some adversities. The teaching of Scripture is very plain on this subject. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." The ways of chastening are various, but all are visited with some admonitions, and those are blessed who turn them to good account. Afflictions in early life are thought by experienced believers to have a happy influence in forming the character. So the Scriptures seem also to teach: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him. He put

teth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope."*

The cup of Carl Adler seemed to be running over the brim, and now that all-wise Governor of human affairs, who doth not afflict willingly, but chastens for profit, and to make men partakers of his holiness, saw fit to add some bitter drops. Carl had been tried with one class of afflictions; he was now to experience another. He had been left an orphan; he had become an exile; he had been subjected to annoyance and scorn; he had been pinched by want, and he had been cut short in his career of education: the time was come when he must be laid on a bed of illness.

Having left Spring Hill in fine spirits, he accompanied Dr. Smith and Mary to their sweet cottage, and sat himself down at his fragrant window. The dahlias, in the garden, stood in a gorgeous show, and the grapes hung in heavy clusters over the arbour. Myriads of bees hummed in the trees, and summer-birds

* Lam. iii. 27–29.

sailed in circles around the elms. Carl was placid, but not altogether at ease. An unusual languor weighed on his limbs; and while all was warm around him, he felt himself shivering with cold. His strength and appetite forsook him, and when the evening meal was announced, Dr. Smith found him stretched upon his bed, flushed, and full of pain. His disease soon proved to be a violent fever. It was a kind providence that he was in the house of an intelligent and conscientious physician, who was at the same time his good friend, and that he was consigned to such nursing as that of Mary Smith. He needed these attentions, for the malady which assaulted him was violent and obstinate. For a week he may be said to have taken no nourishment, and his strength and flesh declined under the violence of the fever. At times, he was scarcely in his right mind, and during the intervals of comparative relief, he was restiff, harassed, and unfit for settled thought. One lesson he learned in this room, which is of great importance, name-

ly, that a sick-bed is no place to make preparation for the eternal world. The pain, uneasiness and languor of disease absorb the thoughts and deaden the sensibilities. The patient finds it next to impossible to turn his mind to any thing but what concerns his own case. If he has neglected religion until this time, it is not unlikely that he yields no additional attention to its claims. This was made singularly manifest to Carl, as he tossed in burning heats on his couch. The things of God and of eternity came much before his mind; but when he tried to think fixedly, fancies and images and dreamy musings would come between, and spoil his devotions. It was often the most he could do to hear a single verse of the Bible from the sweet voice of Mary Smith, or to join in a prayer of two sentences, offered by Mr. Mill. Neither he nor they could tell whether he should recover. At one time, when his delirium was great, the case looked dark even to the sanguine physician. For one whole night, he insisted on

talking in German; the case is not uncommon in diseases of this kind. If not prevented, he would have sung German songs, which he had heard in the nursery, and repeated lessons which he had learned at school. But at length, the prospect began to clear away. The Doctor was able to pronounce him free from fever, and now every means must be employed to raise up the wan and haggard youth from the infantile imbecility of frame in which the disease had left him prostrate.

The steps of recovery from a fever are not interesting, and they are familiar. It is best to hasten on to the time when Carl was so far re-instated as to make a short excursion for change of air. This had the expected result, and he came home with all the indescribable glow and exultation of restored health. Then it was that he felt how good God had been to him, in making all his bed in his sickness, and sparing a life that seemed to him so unprofitable. He could read with new emotions the 116th Psalm, and sing with understanding

those verses of the German hymn, which begins:

'Tis sweet to me that God, my help,
So faithful stands by me.*

And he chose this as the most fit occasion for surrendering himself to God, in a complete and unreserved dedication; especially as this deliverance concurred with so remarkable an interposition in behalf of his temporal support.

The Ashdell Academy had been opened a few days before Carl's return, under the direction of Mr. Barry, who was named principal. Besides other assistants, he was to have the aid of Carl, who was able to teach several branches of mathematics, and to render service in regard to German, French, and music. The school was to be visited at least once a week by Mr. Mill, who acted as its rector and chief patron. Every Monday morning, in particular, he engaged to be present, to

* Das ist mir lieb, dass Gott, mein Hort,
So treulich bei mir steht.

give religious instruction. The edifice, having been built for the purpose, was admirably suited to the wants of the institution. The school-rooms were spacious and numerous, so that there was no necessity for crowding. They were well lighted, and, what is quite as important, well ventilated. No one cause operates so disastrously on the health of teacher and scholars as corrupt air. In schools innumerable the atmosphere is perpetually foul, if it may not rather be called pestilential. This particular had been well cared for by Mr. Mill and Dr. Smith; and in this they had the hearty concurrence of Mr. Barry, who had had experience of the ill consequences of a few hogsheads of air breathed over and over. He told them the story of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and declared that, in many school-rooms, the greatest favour one could do, would be to knock out two or three panes of glass.

I will not deny that Carl felt a glow of some kind, when he first saw the printed "Circular and Prospectus of the Ashdell Academy." It

was concise and modest, but it contained, in very conspicuous capitals, the name of *Mr. Carl Adler, Assistant, and Instructor in the French and German Languages.* There are moments when trifles like this weigh as much in the scale as legacies, or prizes in lotteries. Carl had the comfort of reflecting that this honourable advancement, which was certainly considerable in the case of a youth, had been unsought by him; and he was earnestly desirous to make it contribute to the good of his fellow-creatures. And what situation is there in life, I desire to ask, in which this hope may be more reasonably entertained, than that of an instructor of youth?

Every one of Carl's scholars at the octagon was present as a pupil at the opening of the academy. This had been matter of special arrangement by Mr. Mill. But these nine had now increased to thirty-five! As they sat at their separate desks, on the cast-iron rotary seats, which had then just come into use, they appeared to Carl like a little army,

of which he was in some sort the commander. And he wrote to his elder sister, Charlotte, a letter, of which the following is an extract:

"You must not think me exalted, dear Lotte; my illness has done something to prevent this; but still more, I trust, am I kept humble by a sense of my daily and hourly shortcomings. Yet there is something not unlike elation, when I find myself admitted to such trusts. More than thirty boys are partly under my control. Some of them are advanced scholars, even in branches which I have not studied; but my task is well defined. The higher Greek and Latin classics are taught by Barry, and the whole domestic charge falls to his share. Oh! I wish you knew him! He is just such a man as you could not but admire and love: so self-forgetting, so many-sided in his tastes, so noble, so fervid. If I ever think the Americans cold, it is not when I am with Barry. From him it was that I first caught the idea of what it was to be a teacher. I had thought it dull, mechanical, and even irksome. He

made me see it to be a noble art—more noble than our darling music—more noble than painting, sculpture, and architecture. These work with dead materials, but the hand of the teacher moulds the plastic soul. The noblest cultivation of fields and gardens rears only vegetable life; but the teacher watches the development of a life which is spiritual and immortal.

"Often, dearest Lotte, have I unbosomed myself to you about the church. You know I have sometimes thought seriously of being a minister of the gospel—unworthy as I am—and, indeed, I sometimes think of it still. But is not this also a kind of ministry? May I not serve our blessed Redeemer, even if I pass my life in feeding his lambs? Thus I regard it. I would not learn to regard it otherwise. Some people, here, think religion ought to be kept out of schools! Do not laugh at the suggestion. They even attempt to put it into practice. Is it not like opening an hospital without medicine? or sowing fields with every thing except grain? You may be sure neither

Barry nor I would come into any such schools as these. The principal thing which a child needs to learn, and that which he must learn now or never, shall always have a chief place in all instructions of mine. But, hold! I catch myself talking large, and remember that I am only an usher, and not a president, (as Mary Smith prophesies I shall be;) yet am I ever and ever your loving, loving brother,

"CARL."

CHAPTER XIII.

SCHOOL-CHAT IN PLAY-HOURS.

"COME, come, oh, fellows! come!" cried a little, piping, shrill voice, from the great field back of the church-yard; "come, and see the kite that Bill Sunbury has got up! I'm sure it's a mile high!"

"Not quite," said Carl; "and besides this, you have forgotten the rule, Charles. No boy is to make any acquaintances out of the school; and Bill Sunbury is a youth whom we cannot admit on our premises till he amends his bad language."

"Mother thinks you tie us up rather tight, Mr. Adler," said Charles.

"Wait a little, my fine fellow," said Carl, drawing the curly-headed child to his side; "wait a little, and you will see how wise and how kind the regulation is. Sit by me here, a

few minutes, till I finish this sketch of the old church. See, I am just at the steeple, and presently I shall dash off that clambering ivy."

"Don't you think I could learn to draw and paint, Mr. Adler?"

"Certainly, Charles; that is, if you have eyes, hands, and a good deal of patience."

Charles laughed, and said, "I believe I have as many hands and eyes as other folks, but I am a little afraid about the patience."

"Wait a little, then; it is one of the things we shall try to teach you."

"What, sir! teach patience?"

"Why not? Is it not a good thing?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it is a very good thing. I wish I had more of it; but who ever heard of teaching it! You must be quizzing me."

"No, indeed," said Carl; "I am in earnest. These things are not set down in our programme of studies; but why did your parents send you here?"

"To learn reading, and writing, and arith-

metic, and geography, and Latin and French; not to learn patience, and such like."

"If you inquire of your dear mother, you will find that she desires and intends more for you than what you have said. For, suppose you should go home to Brooklyn, two years hence, full of Greek and Latin, but cursing, swearing, and drinking"—

"Oh! dreadful, sir!" said the little boy, interrupting his teacher, who had by this time folded his port-folio, and taken the child on his knee. "That would be wretchedness. My mother would not have me learn such things for the world. But what can you mean, sir?"

"I mean, Charles, that if you would avoid learning such evil things, you must not put yourself under evil teachers."

Charles. Teachers, sir! I never heard of a school for teaching those things you mentioned! What teachers are there, I wonder, to teach drunkenness and lying and swearing?

Adler. Too many, too many. Suppose I should let you and your brother Edward go

every night, or whenever you chose, to the tavern at the ferry.

Charles. I should be afraid to go. Mr. Barry says, those who go there learn to drink rum.

Adler. True enough; and many other bad things, such as playing cards, talking wickedly, and taking God's holy name in vain. But suppose I should allow you and Edward to play every day with a person who curses horribly—

Charles. Then I suppose we should be in danger of learning to do the like.

Adler. Would not such a person then be your teacher?

Charles. Yes, sir.

Adler. And would not he be a teacher of wickedness?

Charles. I see, I see! You have been meaning Bill Sunbury all along!

Adler. Yes, to tell you truly, I have meant Bill Sunbury. He is a profane and wicked lad, and I feel it my duty to warn you against

him. But this is not enough. Don't you know that you and Edward are nothing but little inexperienced boys, and that you are not old enough nor wise enough to choose your own companions?

Charles. (Putting his arm around Carl's shoulder.) Yes, I dare say it is so; and I am willing to do what you advise me; and I will not complain of the rules any more.

Adler. Now you speak like a noble-hearted boy. Love your parents and teachers; trust in them; submit to their regulations, even when you do not see all the reasons. After a while, you will thank them for the very things which seemed strict to you before.

Charles. But you have not yet explained to me about patience, and how any one can learn to be patient.

Adler. I am glad you keep it in mind, for I am coming to that in a roundabout way. Patience, my Charlie, is a great thing in all learning. To learn to draw, you must be patient. To learn to write, you must be patient.

To learn geography, you must be patient. To be a great man, or a good man, you must be patient.

Charles. Yes, I know, I know—but how to learn it—how to learn to be patient?

Adler. Just see how little patience you have! You must wait a little, to learn; for patience is only a kind of waiting. And you are taking a lesson in it now, if you did but know it. Patience is learned by practising patience. How did you learn to swim? By trying to swim. How did you learn to play ball? By trying to play. How did you learn to cut a figure of 6 on the ice? By trying and trying again. Tell me, then, how you are to learn patience?

Charles. By trying to be patient.

Adler. Very well. You are an apt scholar, Charles. Now, observe, half the things we give you to do are helping you to learn this very thing.

Charles. How so, sir? Does getting my Latin verb teach me patience? Stop—you needn't answer. I see it myself. For I grow

very tired of my verbs sometimes; and then John Grose says, "With patience and perseverance, one may open an oyster with a rolling-pin." So I turn to my book again, and at last I know my verb.

Adler. Very good, indeed: though John's comical proverb is new to me, it is true. All your hard tasks, which seem so tedious, are helping you to govern yourself. If you live to be a man, you will find the use of this. Impatient people can never do much good in the world. But some day, you will be able to say to yourself, "Oh, how glad I am that Mr. Barry kept me closely at work! It taught me not only what was set down in the books, but it taught me to keep long at the same thing without getting tired; to repeat the same task a hundred times, if needful; to sum up the same figures, and keep my thoughts in the same channel. It taught me patience." Come, now, and I will give you a lesson in drawing.

Charles. Thank you, sir; I will try to be patient.

The conversation reported above is a very humble specimen of what is daily occurring between every faithful teacher and his pupils. There are, indeed, instructors who feel the toil of teaching to be such a burden that, in hours of release, they try to forget there is such a thing as a school. Not so the zealous and successful educator. Every moment he is the teacher. It is his honour and his delight. He loves to feel the pliable mass under his beneficent touch, all the day long; and it is not wonderful if he dreams of it by night. In addition to this specimen of dialogue with one of the youngest, the following may serve as an example of talk out of school, with one of the oldest scholars.

The scene is laid in Heron's Bay, and the persons are Carl Adler, Gregory Beale, and two fishermen who manage the boat. The time is Saturday evening, and the waters are reddened with the blush of the western skies. The parties are wearied with pulling the oar all the afternoon, and have turned the head

of their boat towards the point where the graceful spire of ——— Church rises above the trees, as a conspicuous landmark.

First Fisherman. Yes, yes, Mr. Adler, you speak English as well as German; but here am I, twenty years out of Hamburg, and yet everybody notices the burr on my tongue.

Second Fisherman. Fritz, you talk plainer now than when you used to take the bottle with you in the boat. I wondered, sometimes, whether the black-fish understood German, for we didn't take half as many as we do in these temperance days.

Adler. Let us forget past faults. Our old friend Fritz has repented of his evil ways. I will sing a hymn which he remembers.

Carl then poured out, in his clear manly voice, the *Seaman's Evening Hymn:*

Thanks be to thee, Almighty God,
Whose arm has been our guard, &c.*

* Dank sey dir, O du starker Gott,
Dess Schutz uns heut umfangen.
See Knapp's Liederschatz, No. 3101.

The two men listened with admiration, and the old German occasionally added his voice to the familiar tune, though he could not always hit the words; but he understood and felt them, and frequently put up his red sleeve to wipe the falling drops.

First Fisherman. Thank you, sir! It brings all the old days back fresh upon me. But do tell me, Master Adler, have you got the whole hymn-book by heart?

Adler. No, no, my good fellow, far from it; but I remember a good many hymns and songs which were taught me by my grandfather and my sainted mother. And I have to thank them for many little snatches of knowledge, which will stick to me wherever I wander. Luther's little prayer, at the end of the catechism, is as familiar to me as my alphabet. You remember it, Fritz?

Fritz. Yes, indeed, and say it over every night.

Gregory. I think, Mr. Adler, the German

boys must commit more to memory than we in America.

Adler. I have sometimes thought so, myself. My cousins, who were older than I, were full of verses out of Virgil and Horace, as well as hundreds of stanzas from our own poets.

Gregory. Mr. Poole, who teaches the Polymathic Inductive High School, makes a boast that no scholar ever commits a single sentence to memory, verbatim.

Adler. What! not the rules in grammar?

Gregory. Not one.

Adler. Nor the paradigms?

Gregory. Not one.

Adler. Nor the multiplication table?

Gregory. Ah! that and the A B C, we all happened to know before we went to the High School at Basedow Hill.

Adler. Do the boys learn no passages from Il Penseroso, the Seasons, the Task, or other poems?

Gregory. None, I assure you. Mr. Poole lectures on all these things; but he says the

other way is obsolete; that it turns the boys into parrots, and that the grand object is to understand, and not to remember.

Adler. He would be a better philosopher if his maxim was, "to understand AND to remember." Our Creator has given us memory as well as understanding, and we are to cultivate both.

Gregory. Mr. Poole says that boys, who learn other people's words, get nothing but words; and that they fill their heads with what they do not understand.

Adler. It is true of some. Just as it is true that some people have gilt frames without any pictures in them; but why not have both?

Gregory. I think I know boys who have only the frames.

Adler. But the frames may contain pictures. And if you have both frames and pictures, your frames help to keep your pictures. So, if you retain the very words, they help to keep the thoughts.

Gregory. What use is there in remembering the very words?

Adler. It is not always desirable, but sometimes it is highly so. In the first place, if you change the words, you generally change the thoughts. Thus you may recall to your mind something quite different from what you have learned.

Gregory. I have observed this in the texts of the propositions in Euclid.

Adler. This makes it very desirable that in elementary matters, and in rules, and in forms, the very words should be remembered. Secondly: there are cases in which the value of a passage depends on the very words. This is true of all poetry and all eloquence. What were the lines you repeated in your declamation this morning?

Gregory. They were from Denham:—

"Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Adler. Now please to give me the substance of these verses, as one might remember them,

who had caught their general meaning, without the words.

Gregory. Oh, sir! it would be folly for me to attempt it!

Adler. Then you admit the value of memory as to poetic words.

Gregory. Certainly. You could not change a single word without losing a beauty.

Adler. It is equally true of a thousand things, especially of Scripture. And it is important to practise this in childhood, because that is the spring-tide of memory. It is a faculty sooner developed than that of reasoning, and it sooner decays; therefore we should seize its brief time of bloom for purposes of education. As to abuses and excesses, here, as everywhere, "Wisdom is profitable to direct."

CHAPTER XIV.

RELIGION IN SCHOOL.

If religion is all-important to mankind, and if it is most deeply impressed on the soul in childhood and youth, then it ought unquestionably to form a part of every system of education. Shall we teach our children all worldly things, and never inculcate the principles which are necessary to save their souls? Every reasonable Christian parent admits the duty of teaching his children the words of life. But teachers take the place of parents, in the matter of education. In many thousands of instances, at large schools, the pupils are so much separated from their parents that they see them only for a few weeks in every year, during a considerable portion of early life. It would be a monstrous absurdity to hold that such children ought to be left without religious

instruction from their teachers. This is a very simple statement of the question concerning Christian education. None but an unwise or a wicked parent will place his beloved offspring, for several years together, in the hands of those who have no fear of God before their eyes, or who teach errors in religion, or who omit the teaching of religion altogether.

Carl Adler had entered on the work of instruction with a humble and devout mind. Often did he pray to God that he might be guided and enabled to pursue the right path. Though he was not a minister of the gospel, he felt that, in a certain sense, precious immortal souls were committed to his charge. The children whom he taught might, with God's blessing on his labours, be kept from manifold vices, and even led into the right ways of the Lord; or they might, through his influence and neglect, grow up to be little better than heathen. These thoughts made him ask divine wisdom to conduct him in the performance of his duty to their souls.

An attempt has been made by Roman Catholics and infidels to banish the Bible from the common schools. If it should ever succeed, the result is quite easily predicted. America will become popish, or infidel. But the best schools continue to give a high place to the word of God: and this agrees with the views of those who founded the Ashdell Academy.

It is Monday morning; a time when schoolboys are fresh and in good trim, with bright, shining faces. Who does not remember the healthful exhilaration of a Monday morning at school? The room itself is in uncommon order. Teachers and pupils look happy. The little preliminary hum has ceased, for the good pastor, Mr. Mill, is entering from a private door behind the platform of desks. He takes his place behind the principal desk, where the teachers have made room for him. At this hour of the week, Mr. Mill always visits the school, opens its religious services, and gives the first lesson of the week. It is a lesson in Scripture, which the boys have learned on the

preceding day. It is always a time of quiet, order, and pleasant looks. When Mr. Mill has large maps or plates to exhibit, he calls Mr. Barry and Carl to his assistance. The wall, back of the platform, is hardened like slate, to serve the purposes of a black-board. On this Barry draws outline maps of Palestine, or the sea of Cinneroth; and Carl gives rapid sketches of oriental antiquities. This, you may be sure, enlivens the lesson, and makes the hour one of the most delightful in all the week.

There is a recess of half an hour, for conversation and amusement, every forenoon. On Monday, it takes place after the Bible-lesson, and, of course, the pastor has an opportunity of being present. One day, they had been engaged upon the 127th section of Robinson's Harmony, in which there is much about the Mount of Olives.* The little lecture had taken hold of the boys, as a good lecture

* Matt. xxiv. 1–14. Mark xiii. 1–13. Luke xxi. 5–19.

always does. The upper class had much of it down in their note-books. Several clever boys had taken rapid copies on their slates of the outline sketch which Carl had drawn large on the black surface. There was a good deal of chat under the trees about olives and figs, and the Mount and Bethany.

Christopher Longworth. (A pale, but handsome lad, whose father is a painter.) My father has been in the Holy Land.

Mr. Mill. That is good. When we know people who have travelled in Palestine, it makes the scenes of sacred history more real to us. Perhaps you remember something that he reported.

Christopher. Yes, sir. My father says he saw old olive-trees at the spot which is thought to be Gethsemane.

Mr. Mill. A sacred spot, my dear young friends: though we must not regard those places with the superstitious veneration of the Papists and Orientals.

Carl. The modern garden of Gethsemane,

as it is called, is of small extent, being, perhaps, only a portion of what was there in old times. The site, however, agrees very well with all the accounts. I am told the trees are supposed to be lineal descendants of the grove which stood there 1800 years ago.

Christopher. My father brought me an olive-branch, carefully pressed and dried, and a folder, or paper-knife, made of wood from the Mount of Olives.

Barry. You must bring them with you, Christopher. We will not venerate them as relics, but they are valuable as testimonials.

A little boy. Mr. Barry, may I speak? There was a French gentleman at our boarding-house, at Newport, who said, at table, that he did not believe the stories about Jesus and the Apostles were true; or that there were ever any such people as Christ and the Apostles.

Several boys. Oh! dreadful!

Mr. Mill. Yes, indeed; dreadful impiety, and dreadful folly. French infidelity of this sort used to be more in fashion than it is now.

Christopher. But there are infidels now—are there not, sir?

Mr. Mill. Yes, there are; but the fashion of infidelity changes. So foolish and ignorant are the opposers of God's truth, that they are always confuted. But, as fast as one kind of infidelity is answered, another kind is invented. Volney had his day, and several after him; but the New Testament still abides.

Barry. Can any boy remember the figure which alludes to this, in last week's poetry-lesson?

George Mulligan. The rock beaten by the waves.

Barry. Right. Who can apply it?

George Mulligan. The waves continually come and break against the rock in the sea; one wave comes and dashes, and is driven away, and another and another follow; but the rock is unhurt. I imagine the rock is Holy Scripture, and the angry waves are the different sets of infidels.

Mr. Mill. Very well said. With Mr. Barry's leave, I will give you this for a theme.

Barry. Willingly. Let the class in composition try their hands upon this subject for Wednesday.

After some talk about verbenas, geraniums, and the painting of sticks to support the dahlias, as well as some inspection of butterflies emerging from their wintry coffins or cradles, and some peeping through microscopes, the school went in again, at the tinkle of a bell, to hard work at Greek, Latin, and mathematics.

Where the conductors of a school are truly pious, they are every day making religious impressions on the young, without any constraint or violent effort. They cannot help doing so; and the scholars imperceptibly, but surely, receive a large amount of religious knowledge. This is very unlike the sour, hypocritical, or sanctimonious method, which ungodly people ascribe to evangelical schools. Religious truth, interspersed among the common studies of

every day, is so far from making youth dull and unhappy, that it elevates and cheers them as truly as it protects and purifies them. But there are also more stated means, which promote the religious training of a school. A few of these may be mentioned.

Secret devotion is too sacred and delicate a matter to be managed by school regulations, yet it is too important to be neglected. A boy had better never go to any school than go to one where he shall lose the habit of secret devotion. Mr. Barry neglects no good opportunity of inculcating this duty in the short lectures, of five minutes each, which he makes in the prayer-room, at evening prayers. Then he takes care that everybody shall have time and place for suitable retirement, every morning and every evening. Especially on the Lord's day, a larger portion of time is afforded for these holy employments; and there are times when many of the scholars seem to be availing themselves of these opportunities.

Social devotion, of the whole school, including teachers, ladies, scholars, servants and visiters, is a daily observance. It is very short, but very delightful. The Scriptures are always read; sacred music is added; and prayer to God opens and closes the day.

The Lord's day is wholly spent in a religious manner, in public or private worship—in the reading of good books—in Scriptural lessons—in Sunday-school services, (for some of the older boys begin to teach)—in practising the praise of God—and in serious, but pleasing, conversation. Such Sabbaths are not wearisome, but altogether a delight. The parlours are thrown open at proper hours, and the boys feel as if the family of their teacher is the next thing to their own beloved homes.

Good books, from the well-chosen library, contain proper reading not only for Sunday, but for other days, when right-minded youth feel the need of spiritual improvement. No school-day ever passes without a short exercise on something connected with divine truth,

which is additional to the Monday-morning instructions of the pastor.

Religious conversation, such as a faithful parent would have at his own fireside, is attempted in a natural, unobtrusive way, with each scholar in private. Let me give one example, out of a thousand.

John Marshall is a quick-witted little fellow, from Newark, and a hopeful scholar, but rather too full of curiosity. One day, Carl Adler found him seated on the rustic bridge, under the shade of the willows, very busy over a large volume, which contained plates. As his teacher approached, John turned red, and hastily seated himself upon the book. With much gentleness, Carl took the volume, and perceived that it was not a proper work for so young a child.

"John," said he, "there are persons for whom this book is very useful, but it is not the book for you."

John. I did not know it was a bad book, sir.

Adler. It is *not* a bad book in proper hands,

yet it may be bad for you. A razor is not a bad tool, in proper hands, yet you would not give little Fan your father's case of razors to play with. This volume is excellent and necessary for Dr. Smith, who, I suppose, left it here, when he was visiting a patient; but what could lead you to pore over it?

John. I hardly know, Mr. Adler. I suppose—I suppose—it is that I am inquisitive; it is curiosity.

Adler. I believe you, John; you have made a frank answer. It was curiosity—vain curiosity—a source of many errors and many vices. (Here the tears came into John's eyes.) Do not go away, my little friend. I am glad of the occasion to put you on your guard. You are young, and without experience. You do not know Satan's devices. Now, let me give you a lesson for life, here in this pleasant shade, where nobody is near us.

John. Indeed, indeed, sir, I did not know I was about any thing wrong; I only thought I should like to know—

Adler. Yes; but there are many things which you should *not* like to know. There are many things which you had better know ten years hence. And there are some things which you and I had better not know at all. Fix it in your mind, John, that vain curiosity, or inquisitiveness about things which do not concern us, is the door at which Satan enters.

John. Please to explain, sir.

Adler. Are there not some things which your father and mother never mention to you at all?

John. Oh! yes, sir.

Adler. Yet these things are in some books.

John. Yes, sir.

Adler. And these things are talked about in your hearing?

John. Yes, sir.

Adler. And you listen with eagerness?

John. I believe it is so.

Adler. Then understand me. The less you listen to such things, the better. The less you ask about them, the better. The less you

read about them, the better. Always talk, read, and think, as if your dear mother and sisters knew all that employs you, or rather as in the presence of One who reads your thoughts. And now go and read how Satan gained an advantage over the vain curiosity of our mother Eve.

CHAPTER XV.

POETRY AND SCHOOLS.

SHENSTONE'S picture of the country schoolmistress has fewer and fewer resemblances in America. Some of my readers will remember that pair of old ladies, Miss Sally Martin and Miss Phebe Davis, who taught in the village of my boyhood, and whose scholars fill the pulpit, the, army and the senate. They pursued their good work till they were old.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust and sad repentance filled;
And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

But the modern school-teacher is a lighter,

gayer personage, and is almost always young. Mary Brewer may be taken as the type of such; and now, as Mrs. Smith, she still retained a fondness for her former tasks, and loved to renew the old associations, by surrounding herself with little folks. It was for this reason that she gave the strawberry-feast, on the 10th of June. And it was for this reason that she invited all the Academy teachers, as well as Dr. Newman, who was there on a visit. Carl, of course, was there; and in a retired part of the lawn sat a grave, but arch personage, surveying the scene with gray, twinkling eyes, who was none other than King Donald. He could not refrain from asking leave to visit Mrs. Barry, or "the young mistress," as he named her, and the Doctor could not find it in his heart to refuse him. Let us leave the boys at their gambols on the broad, grassy lawn, behind the cottage, while we listen to the talk of the elder group, under the vines. They have books on the garden-table, and seem to be turning up pages which

apply to the matters under discussion. This is not seldom the case, even in rural interviews, with bookish people. Dr. Newman, especially, was a great quoter of poetry, both Latin and English, and knew how to hit the nail on the head with an apt citation.

Mrs. Smith. Some of Gray's verse I never could enjoy; but how often have I looked upon such a group as that near us, and found myself repeating—

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Mrs. Barry. All good, Mary; but how fearfully dark are the stanzas which follow! I can scarcely read that famous ode without a pang.

Dr. Newman. Have you ever observed how fond our poets are of school scenes? It is so from Chaucer down to Crabbe.

Mrs. Barry. Everybody remembers Goldsmith's schoolmaster.

Barry. Yet no one ever wearies of it:

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For ev'n though vanquished, he could argue still.

Mr. Mill. Stop there, Mr. Barry, for I am ready to admit the description to be just.

Barry. Wait till we try our powers in an argument, sir. Meanwhile, I beg leave, as lately belonging to the class, to read, from this volume, Lloyd's account of a school-usher. You will remember Lloyd as a friend of Cowper, at Westminster school.

Were I at once empowered to show,
My utmost vengeance on my foe,

To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
"—— Yet still he's on the road, you say,
Of learning." Why, perhaps, he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still;
For little way his learning reaches,
Who learns no more than what he teaches.

Dr. Newman. Too severe by half; and like most highly-coloured pictures, untrue. The last couplet is, however, good indeed, though full of latent sarcasm.

Mrs. Barry. Father, you will surely not forget Lloyd's friend, the gentle Cowper, and his *Tirocinium*, which is all about education, from beginning to end.

Dr. Newman. Hush, hush, my dear! Don't you see that our craft is ruined, if you cry up the Tirocinium? For what is it, but a defence of private education?

Mrs. Barry. If it is, it nevertheless is full of wholesome and delightful truths.

Dr. Newman. Let us admit it, Helen; as we safely do, without yielding the advantages of good public-schools.

Dr. Smith. Here are a number of schools, and school-folk, described to the life, in Crabbe's Borough and other tales.

Dr. Newman. Yes; and, as in all his descriptions, he has given pictures which have an accuracy like that of the daguerreotype.

Carl. May I ask, sir, how it happens that schools occupy so large a place in the poets?

Dr. Newman. We have only dipped into the poets yet, Adler; this is but a taste. In regard to your question, however, many reasons might be given. The value and importance, and universality of schools, is one. Almost all educated persons, as poets generally are, went to school in their youth. The recollections of school-boy days are among the greenest spots in the retrospect of memory. Add to this, that hundreds of literary men and women have been themselves instructors. This is remarkably the case in America.

All which goes to dignify the occupation of the teacher.

Carl. Perhaps the seclusion and quiet of a rural school-life tends to foster poetic musings. Am I right, sir?

Dr. Newman. You are not without some ground for your conjecture, my young friend. But you probably reason from your own temper and experience. Ah! is it so? You blush, Adler. I must insist on your confession.

Mrs. Smith. I shall have to turn informer. I have in my basket two morsels of German poetry, by our young friend, written at his school-desk.

Adler. And one of them, I am forced to say, has been translated by Mary.

Dr. Smith. Mary is fairly caught; and as some of us read no German, we must insist on her producing the English.

Mrs. Barry. I will spare Mary the confusion of reading her own verses, which I find here enclosed in the other papers: so here

they are—we can have them before the strawberries are served:

Ye unseen powers that ever stand and wait
Upon the heav'nly Majesty, in love,
Say, do ye ever flag upon the wing,
And sink, like us, when ye should lightly move?
Or doth the sacred power that, flowing in,
Guides all your impulses, so lift you high,
That ye are ever active, ever glad?
Ah! wo is me! I would be angel too;
But the flesh drags, and I am scarcely man!
Sink then I will, since I am slow to rise,
And bending, plunge me in my nothingness,
Content in humble thought that Christ is all.

After the reading of the verses, which were pronounced respectable by the critics, King Donald came forward with the information that he was about to honour the anniversary of Mary's marriage with a specimen of strawberries, which he had brought with great care from the garden at the Oaks. These, being of superior kinds, were added to the stores from Dr. Smith's little beds. A table, spread under the elms, had a pastoral look, which became

almost Arcadian, when heaps of the ruddy fruit were seen to alternate with pitchers of cream. The conversation soon turned on the case in hand, and learned opinions were expressed as to the comparative excellence of the Dundee strawberry, (Donald's pride,) the Black Prince, to which Mrs. Smith gave the palm, Hovey's Seedling, a giant kind, and the several Hautbois and Alpines. The boys were in raptures, and their elders, if more quiet, were scarcely less gratified. Christopher remembered a Latin saying, and declared the day should be "marked with a white stone."

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL OF EMIGRANTS.

A LETTER was delivered to Carl, at the breakfast table, from a foreign consul in New York, which made it necessary for him to repair at once to the city. A vessel from Hamburg had just come in, with several hundred German emigrants, among whom was an old man, named Wolf, who had been a tenant of his grandfather, and who was about to settle, with a numerous family, in Missouri.

The arrival of an emigrant ship presents a bustling scene of varied interest. The small steamboat, which brought the passengers from the Lower Bay, was crowded with men, women, and children. Soon after they disembarked, amidst hundreds of boxes, bags, and piles of household furniture and kitchen utensils, greetings and earnest conversations began on the

wharf, and along the streets, and in the German taverns near the North River, and even in the carts which conveyed them to the appointed lodgings. Carl almost imagined himself in his fatherland. On every side he heard the language of his country. Here were the same dresses; the same hearty, sun-browned faces; the women with uncovered heads; the men with pipes and blouses. He felt at home among the blue-eyed, yellow-haired children of the Elbe and the Rhine. Some of the number soon became too merry, in the beer-houses of Washington and Liberty streets, and jugs of *lager-bier* circulated with painful frequency: but most of the emigrants were sober and discreet, and none more so than the circle around the venerable Gottfried Wolf. Carl directed the way of this worthy family to the retired lodging-house recommended by the consul. Here the conversation became, first lively and then affecting, as name after name of those most dear to him was mentioned, and as letters, books, and other tokens were produced.

Wolf gave an account of the embarkation, and put into Carl's hand a little poem of Freiligrath, sent to him by his sister, of which the following is a translation:

I cannot leave the busy strand!
I gaze upon you, standing there,
And giving to the sailor's hand
Your household furniture and ware:

Men, from their shoulders lifting down
Baskets of bread, with careful hand
Prepared from German corn, and brown
From the old hearth in Fatherland;

Black-forest maids, with sunburnt faces,
Slim forms, and neatly braided hair,
Come—each within the shallop places
Her jugs and pitchers all with care.

The pitchers, carried oft to fill
At the familiar village spring—
When by Missouri all is still,
Visions of home will round them cling:

The rustic well, with stones girt round,
The low stone-wall they bended o'er,
The hearth upon the family ground,
The mantelpiece, with all its store,—

All will be dear, when, in the West,
These pitchers deck the lone log-hut,
Or when reached down, that some brown guest
May quench his thirst and travel on.

Tired in the chase, the Cherokees
Will drink from them on hunting-ground;
No more from glad grape-gleaning these
Shall come, with German vine-leaves crowned.

Why, wanderers, must you leave your land?
The Neckar-vale has wine and corn;
Tall firs in our Black Forest stand;
In Spessart sounds the Alper's horn.

Mid foreign woods, you'll long in vain
For your paternal mountains green,
For Deutschland's yellow fields of grain,
And hills of vines with purple sheen.

The vision of your olden time,
Of all you leave so far behind,
Like some old legendary rhyme,
Will rise in dreams and haunt your mind.

The boatman calls—depart in peace!
God keep you—man, and wife, and child!—
Joy dwell with you!—and fast increase
Your rice and maize in yonder wild.

Carl smiled at the little slips of the poet, about Cherokees and rice on the Missouri; and thought it would not be hard to write another poem, of a corresponding character, on the *arrival* of emigrants in America; but his mind was turned to more immediate duties. As he looked on the gray-haired father, the meekly patient, but anxious mother, the three hardy young men, whose appearance betokened resolution and strength, and the younger ones of the party, who were all daughters, he was moved at the thought of the long journey yet before them, and the unexpected trials through which they might have to pass. Young as he was, he found it to be his plain duty to become their adviser. He put them on their guard against the sharpers who lie in wait for foreigners, and the infidel seducers who betray hundreds. He besought them, from the beginning, to reverence God and cling to the Christian principles of their forefathers. He even offered to go with them to church, where they might join in their own service and sing their

own beloved hymns. And he advised them to make no tarrying in the great city, but to hasten towards their Western home, which was to be in a beautiful section of the State of Missouri. There, as he informed them, they would find a large settlement of German Protestants, and would have a welcome among their own people. He explained to them the danger of giving themselves up exclusively to labour and gain, and recommended early and constant attention to the worship of God and the education of the little ones. And before he left them, he gave them letters to Mr. Spalding, a pious and learned schoolmaster in Missouri.

A day of much excitement was followed by a delightful return, on board the little steamboat which leaves New York every few hours, and lands its passengers near Sunnyside. The waves were calm, but speckled with craft of all dimensions. As the sun went down over Harlaem, gay boats, with parties of pleasure, and sometimes with music, passed and repassed.

The shores on either side were one mass of green, broken only by hamlets, villas, and mansions, such as every year more and more adorn the edges of these rivers and bays. The south-west wind breathed freshly over the vessel, as if sent to cool the youthful brow, not a little fevered by the warm emotions of a long and busy day. The hour seemed short, therefore, when Carl began to find himself among the boiling eddies near ——— Island, and at length caught a glimpse of the octagon school-house, where he entered on earnest life, and the dark rocks and nodding groves behind it. The school-wagon was in waiting for him, and a rapid drive conveyed him to the academy before it was entirely dark. But then he hastened to his solitary chamber, to tear open the letters which Wolf had brought from Germany.

The first was from his elder sister, Charlotte, and it enclosed another for little Ursula, who was living with her uncle Schneckenburg, in Baltimore. It told him of deaths and other changes; and made him laugh and cry by

turns, when it named one after another of his boyish comrades, and related anecdotes of comical old friends still surviving at Bingen, intermingled with allusions to sacred hours, when the family circle was yet unbroken. With all the gentle love of a faithful elder sister, Charlotte expressed her joy at his promotion and prospects, and poured out wishes and advices about Ursula. "We three," said she, "dearest Carl, are all that remain of that once large happy household on the White Hill. Let us be true to one another; and, in order to this, let us pray to be kept true to our Lord! You cannot know how anxious I was for you, and till I learned that you were living a decidedly religious life. Now I am at peace. I believe the prayers of our dear parents are about to be answered for their children. Perhaps we may yet see you serving the Lord in his ministry. But, if not, you are doing the next best thing, by caring for his lambs." Then, in a hurried postscript, with many erasures, and many injunctions of

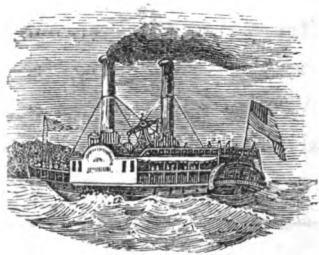
secresy, she confides to her brother the intimation, that her hand has been given by solemn betrothal to a young civil engineer, named Falck. And then, naming the marriage-day, she added, "After which, we expect to sail for Boston, in the good ship Irene, hoping to spend our days in America!"

Is Carl dreaming, or is he out of his head? He lays his forehead on the desk; he paces the floor; he stretches out his arms toward the heavens; he kneels and weeps. These are only the signs of a tumultuous feeling, awakened by the sudden news of such a favour. "Surely," cried he, "goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life!"*

The gathering of friends, and reunion of families, after years of separation, may be ranked among the most affecting circumstances of that emigration which is now so common. Not a vessel passes the ocean which does not carry some message or some person connected

* Ps. xxiii. 6.

with these touching scenes. Sometimes the children precede, and, after a while, are followed by their aged parents. Sometimes a young husband comes over, explores and prepares, and then returns, or sends for his wife and little ones. When the union is complete, and a whole family meets in the new home, in the rich wheat-lands of New York and Pennsylvania, or the prairies of the West, and the hymn of praise goes up from the domestic choir, amidst the indescribable beauties and glories of nature, the cup of Christian happiness, for a little while at least, runs over the brim; and hearts flow together and praise God in a full, irrepressible torrent of thankful love.



CHAPTER XVII.

DOCENDO DISCIMUS.

THE partnership of Barry and Adler, in teaching, was productive of many agreeable results. In all essential qualities of body and mind they were alike; good sense, good temper, good manners, and good principles, they had in common. But still they differed, as good people may differ; and it is likely the difference was an advantage to both. Barry was more inclined to out-of-door labour. He was what is called a practical man. He had, withal, a great hilarity and a sanguine temperament in regard to all his projects. He was kind-hearted, but not prone to undue pity. There was very little fancy or sentimentality in his character, and much more prose than poetry. Carl was equally robust, and more trained in gymnastic exercises, but his turn

was pensive and poetical. He often walked alone, at sunset or in twilight, along the sounding beach. Such poems as Beattie's Minstrel not only gained his attention, but expressed his character.

Both were fond of teaching, but they succeeded in different ways. Carl had owed to Barry some of his best thoughts about school-management; but now he began to improve upon them and strike out some paths for himself. Barry's remarkable turn for natural history led him to undertake extensive pedestrian tours; and he spent almost a whole summer in the swamps and pines of New Jersey, and along the sea-shore, collecting the plants of those rich localities. During this time, the government of the academy fell almost entirely into Carl's hands. He always had, indeed, his excellent friend, Mr. Mill, to fall back upon, in case of any doubt or difficulty.

There is nothing which brings out a young man's powers more than responsibility; and there are few persons by whom this is more

painfully or more early felt than young schoolmasters. This discipline makes men of them. It is one of the reasons why teaching is so extensively the road to success and promotion. Carl found this to be the case; he often paced the floor in anxiety, when some new study was to come on, or when some arrogant boy braved his authority, or when some perverse parent took the side of a rebellious child; but most of all was he filled with anxiety when habits of idleness or vice threatened any one of his school. Yet all these things together made him feel his accountability, and his need of divine aid. From day to day, he had a sort of modest feeling that he was getting stronger and stronger. While it was far from his nature to put on any airs of command, or seek authority over his lads by looking big, Carl perceived that they respected him; and gradually felt his strength. A hundred little experiments in teaching, or government, which he would once have shrunk from, he now felt free to undertake. As his confidence and skill in-

creased, he took the same lively and indescribable interest in managing his boys, which a dexterous driver has in controlling and guiding spirited horses, four or six in hand. Or, to use his own figure in his journal, "the same pleasure which a sculptor feels, as the statue comes into shape and beauty under his chisel."

WE LEARN BY TEACHING, says a Latin proverb.* Carl met with this remark in an old writer: "I seem to myself to have no accurate knowledge of a subject until I have tried to teach somebody else." There is nothing which gives such exactness of knowledge as endeavouring to communicate it. "It is," said Mr. Mill, "a benignant provision of our adorable Creator, who thus, as it were, puts a bounty upon what might otherwise be a task and drudgery." This was exemplified in the lessons which Carl gave in his own language. If there was one thing which he thought he knew above all things else, it was

* Docendo discimus.

German; yet, when he came to teach a class of the higher boys, he found that they put questions to him which he could not answer. Then he was driven to study them out. In trying to give rules for particular cases, he learned to express himself with clearness, precision, and brevity: it is one of the best results of education.

So it was in the lessons of his Bible-class in the Sunday-school: Carl learned while he taught, and instructed himself in more than he gave his pupils. Then he was led on to further attainments. If a child's question opened a new path, he was not content to answer it; he pursued the track into other unknown fields. Thus was he led to draft an outline map of Palestine, and to reduce to a table all the kings of Israel and Judah. He wrote a little memoir of the Apostle John, and borrowed books of Mr. Mill, in order to learn what the ancient writers add to the New Testament history of the beloved disciple.

Teaching young men of promise stimulates

the teacher more than the scholar. Carl had three boys who were at surveying. It was easy to keep up with all that they required, but he went further, and he did so with animation and delight. He made himself better acquainted with logarithms and geometrical problems. He gained a minute knowledge of the theodolite and the sextant, and took the boys out into the fields to survey with the compass, constructing the figure in the field, or registering the observations for subsequent plans. He even peeped into the volumes of Biot and Puissant. Carl was wide awake. His motto was ONWARD! To be a useful Christian teacher was the great wish and purpose of his life; and he exercised himself with this in view, just as one who means to be a great general exercises himself in military exercises. This made his labour light, and turned work into play. Instead of groaning under his daily burden, he made school-pursuits his recreation and delight.

Carl and Ludwig were seated in the back

piazza of the academy, trying to keep cool, on a midsummer morning. The earth was covered with its fullest green. The air was scented with the Bermuda grape, and valerian, and roses. Pinks and verbenas sparkled in the borders. A colony of martins kept all in a chatter about their mimic house. The two young emigrants were talking over their plans; for Ludwig had now caught the prevailing enthusiasm to be a teacher.

"Continue, Mr. Adler, if you please," said Ludwig, "the account you were giving me of young Sybel, out of the German volume which Mademoiselle Ursula sent you."*

Carl went to his room for the volume, and proceeded as follows.

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* Arnold August Sybel, zuletzt Diakonus zu Luckenwalde. Von Dr. Friedrich Liebetrut. Berlin, 1841. 8vo. pp. 409.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SYBEL, THE GERMAN TEACHER.

"You must remember," said Carl, "that Sybel died in 1838, at the age of thirty-four, at Lückenwalde."

Ludwig. Did he not live once at Potsdam?

Carl. He did. He was connected with a school there; but it was before he came out fully and clearly as an evangelical believer. And do you know, Ludwig, I think a man must be crippled in his teaching, who is not a true Christian?

Ludwig. You have taught me to think so, my dear friend; but how blind was I, when you took me up! Though nominally a Catholic, I had ceased to believe in the divinity of our Lord!

Carl. Neither did Sybel believe it, at first.

But let me recur to his boyhood. You know how dreadful was the war of 1813, 1814, 1815.

Ludwig. Ah! my father was killed in it.

Carl. You know, the whole of our countrymen seemed to start from the long sleep of every-day life, to a romantic interest, which we can scarcely comprehend. This inspiration was wonderfully breathed into the youth of the country. Arnold Sybel, at ten years of age, already longed to be a soldier, and wrote patriotic verses. To understand what follows, it is necessary to refer to the associations of the *Turnleben*, as it was called. These institutions were intended to revive the spirit of chivalry, in a fanciful connection with patriotism, manly vigour, and religion: a truly German conception, which resulted in much good and much evil. They stimulated the youthful mind in an unexampled degree, raising it to a seriousness, ardour, and precocious heroism, which had extraordinary fascinations. At twelve years of age, Sybel began to visit these earnest and awakening meetings, which

were spread over a large part of Germany, under the influence of Jahn, who was a type of German enthusiasm. Here boys were trained to sacrifice every thing on the altar of the *Fatherland;* and, after serving in the army against the invader, many of them returned to the *Turnplatz*, to throw fresh warmth into the circulation. It was a part of this beautiful dream, to restore the national integrity, to revive old German simplicity and valour, to cherish a tender brotherhood, and to connect all this with a sort of religion, which, however latitudinarian in tenets, was full of passion. The youth was introduced to a band of ardent associates; to a series of the most athletic exercises; to self-denials of the severest sort; and to songs and music which inflamed the soul. No wonder that they were frequented by multitudes, and that they absorbed all juvenile sports in their vortex. All distinctions of rank were levelled. They were met, according to Jahn's idea, to rescue and elevate their dismembered and endangered country.

It is impossible to comprehend the character of Sybel, unless we remember that it was formed in this unusual school. A Spartan discipline was brought in, to cure the effeminacy of luxurious ease, and this was accompanied by all possible appliances of poetry and art. One trait of this scheme is peculiar. It made war against the voluptuous curiosity and heats of adolescence, and inculcated a virginal chastity, in language, demeanour and life. If it were seemly, we might give striking proofs of the extent to which this prevailed. Under the harangues of Jahn, and the Tyrtœan songs of Koerner, Schenkendorf, and Arndt, the youthful assemblies were borne up to an extraordinary height of animation. It was the call of God, as they said, that they should save their country. Little armies of these youth, under their leaders, with chorus and music, traversed whole provinces and states on their expeditions. The effect may be imagined, which such stimulants would produce in a mind susceptible as that of Sybel, when, at fifteen, he

joined in such an expedition through Thuringia and the Hartz, and when, at dawn, from a mountain-top, he opened his eyes on the glorious prospect, amidst the swell of hundreds of voices, united in the morning-hymn. At this period, Sybel is described as a boy of lovely form and aspect. His complexion was fair and ruddy, and his blonde hair flowed gracefully over a high and ample forehead, while a light blue eye spoke out the fresh and jocund earnestness of his nature. The murder of Kotzebue, by Sand, and the animadversion of the government on Jahn, put an end to the patriotic associations, and left Sybel to the ordinary influences of domestic and academic life. He was already a poet, and he was rapidly advancing in his classical career. Between the age of seventeen and twenty, we find him agitated with religious emotion; though, as he afterwards found, this was more the religion of poetical mysticism than of the gospel. Yet it tended to form his peculiar character; and, though remote from what we

see at home, it is not uninteresting as a study. His biographer admits that "Christ was still in the background of the picture." After being confirmed and admitted to the communion, according to the Lutheran rite, the ardent youth thus writes: "Brother, it is done! The Lord has blessed me! With godly sorrow and deep emotion, I have received the blessing, and rendered to the Lord my vow. By the grace of our Father, I received the holy Supper, on Sunday, with reverent awe, and espoused myself entirely to Jesus. My dear friend, the church has now bound us together, and our tie has become stronger, holier, and more significant." The hymns and other sacred effusions of this period are numerous. What follows gives a glimpse of his studies and temper in 1821. "Yesterday, I had to go to Schönfeld, to work with him at Virgil: for this, I laid down my pen and tore myself from you. How far he makes up for your absence, is more than I can express. What above all attracts me, is his profound, noble

feeling for piety, love, and *Fatherland.* We labour together almost every day, and provoke one another to study and to virtue. I am now content with my pursuits. Cicero's Orations are not hard, and the style pleases me; but Virgil is not so much to my mind, as I read it along with Homer; otherwise I find it easy. Homer is my favourite, as Siebenhaar expounds him. This, and the religious lessons with Spilleke, please me most. The Anabasis, on the contrary, where speeches are to be translated, is more difficult than the Iliad. Spilleke and Siebenhaar are my dearest and most honoured teachers. My love for them does not decrease; nay, every day, every hour, it grows on me; and it is only in this class that I have begun fairly to penetrate their interior spirit."

Ludwig. There is something in this letter which may afford a lesson to young academics in America.

Carl. In 1824 and 1825, Sybel was at the University of Bonn; afterwards, for two years,

at Berlin. He then took charge of a female seminary, at Charlottenburg, for one year; at the same time preparing for the ministry, and for the rigid examination to which, you know, teachers in Germany are subjected. He then became an instructor in Berlin, where he remained till the spring of 1831. It was the period in which he became acquainted with Bertha Kistenmacher, who was afterwards his wife.

Ludwig. I have heard of the love of Sybel's pupils for him. It confirms your maxim, *Love begets love.*

Carl. Yes, a young man, who was long his pupil at Berlin, says of him: "The love of all his pupils for him was touching. It was increased by the walks which he took with us every week. When he left us for Potsdam, and was driving through the Kochstrasse, a hundred scholars accompanied the carriage with cheers, till at length he dismounted and walked along with them.

Ludwig. This would look odd in America.

Carl. But why should it? If we were as full of heart in our teaching as was Arnold Sybel, we should win the same affectionate enthusiasm. Sybel lived and moved in school-teaching and school-training, as his element. It was a darling idea of his, to bring the teachers of Germany into nearer fellowship, as a profession. This was, perhaps, encouraged by his remembrances of the gymnastic associations of the Turnleben.

Ludwig. Did he still practise the exercises?

Carl. Let his own words answer: "I feel the need of a public gymnasium, (Turnplatz,) where I may, at any time, run and take bodily exercise. I use one of my vacant hours, from two to three, for this, as it is unsuited for work; but, alas! I do it alone. Thus far, they have been mostly running, especially up hill. Now, I am adding motions of the arms. I gather stones, and cast them right and left, far into the air, or at a mark. To-day, I have practised with some pretty large stones, upon a somewhat steep hill. After such exertion, I

feel quite fresh and joyous." By the side of his desk, where he spent so many hours of study and prayer, he kept a pair of dumb-bells, for strengthening the chest. In his walks, he often carried in his pocket a cord, which he would use among the forest-trees in swinging and vaulting exercises.

Ludwig. I love this lively temper!

Carl. It was equally manifest in his whole career. He encouraged himself, amidst discouragements, by Christian hopes—and no men need such cheering more than teachers. In one of his letters, he writes thus:

"*The schoolmaster must not be too intent on gathering the fruit.* The seed ripens slowly. One waters, another harvests. Some may even pull up the seed sown, unless it be well rooted. And how much falls by the wayside! And, how often might the very wayside have become good soil, if the husbandman had only put in his plough with strength, and begun at the right place!"

Ludwig. It was good to be the pupil of so earnest a preceptor.

Carl. He always worked with his boys around him. In this, he resembled the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Before he sat down, he allotted to each his employment, so as to escape needless interruption. Yet, he was always ready to assist. When the day's work was over, every thing must be put into its place, for he was strictly observant of neatness and order. Every week, there was an inspection of the desks and other repositories, and every gross neglect incurred a trifling fine, which went into the poor's box. He was constant in accompanying squads of the boys in rambles and visits to works of art. In this way, it was a main object of his to cultivate gentle affection between the youth.

Ludwig. Had Sybel any children of his own?

Carl. He had; but they were left orphans by his early death. As you might suppose, he was a tender and a Christian parent. In

1833, he thus wrote concerning one of them:

"The dear babe is somewhat recovered. Oh, what joy! Dear Albert, at this season I have once more learned how great a weapon prayer is. I was able to think with cheerfulness of giving up my child. I should like to know what you think of prayer. It is a point in which, I think, we are much divided. For instance, in this, that I pray to Christ, in which you will acknowledge no difference. If so, it must be the same to you, and therefore you must pray to Him. For my part, I talk with him, as the disciples talked with him during his bodily presence, and cast myself on his promise, that he is with me, and hears me. I pour out my heart to him, just as it is, with all its joy, and all its grief."

Ludwig. Oh, Mr. Adler, have you no more letters of the same kind?

Carl. Here are numbers of them, in this volume. Try this one:—"B.'s letter has done me good. I agree with that faith of his, which

demands a formula, and only inquire whether he will agree with me in my formula, which says, with Luther's Catechism: I believe that Jesus Christ, *very God*, begotten of the Father in eternity, and also very man, born of the Virgin Mary, is my Lord, who has redeemed, delivered, and won from all sin, death, and the devil's power, (now comes a capital point,) me, a *lost* and *condemned* sinner; not with gold and silver, but with his holy, dear blood, and with his innocent sufferings and death, that I should be his own, to live under him in his kingdom, and to serve him in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; likewise he has arisen from the dead, and lives and reigns evermore. This is assuredly true.—So speaks Luther; and I have written it here, as fearing it might be unknown to B., as, within a few years, it was unknown to me."

Ludwig. And to *me!* But, let me hear a word or two concerning his death.

Carl. In November, 1838, Sybel was seized with what seemed to be the influenza. He

had been preaching a series of sermons, and was preparing one on the kingly office of Christ. Writing to his dear friend, the Rev. Mr. Karbe, he says: "Above all, I have this blessed experience, that I am his own, and live as a subject in his kingdom. He is the Vine, we the branches. How precious, to be *his* branches!" Meanwhile, he looked to the building of a parsonage, the planting of vines, and the planning of a little garden. "I wish yet," he writes to a Christian lady in Potsdam, "to plant three fruit-trees; an apple-tree, which is to be named *John*, a pear-tree, named *Martin*, and a heart-cherry-tree, named *Mary*." Soon after, he preached his last sermon. On the 15th of November, he took to his bed, which he occasionally exchanged for the sofa. Though often disqualified, by the violence of fever, from saying any thing as he wished to do, he sometimes exclaimed, with earnestness, "Oh, dear Lord, grant that, by means of my suffering and death, some one soul, at least, may be gained for thee and thy

kingdom!" Even after he was thought to be sunk in delirium, he revived, and cried aloud, "The Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Lord, will conquer: I am already happy, I am already happy! Hallelujah!" On recovering his usual clearness of mind, he said, "O Thou, who art my life! thou Prince of Peace; thou, mine Immanuel, thou Rose of Sharon, my Fairest One, thou brightness of glories!" And, again: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I am saved!—This is my death-bed; let me sleep a little, and then I am ready to die." To his children: "The blessing of Abraham, the blessing of Isaac, and the blessing of Jacob come upon you!" Again and again he said to his beloved Bertha, "Bear thy suffering like a Christian woman, when I am dead: seek Jesus, and his help; there is no help anywhere else." He prayed and sang as long as his strength held out. Among his papers, one was found, requesting that his funeral-sermon should be on the words, "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy*

of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

Ludwig. You have given me the history of so good a man, and so noble-hearted a teacher, that I would gladly learn more of him.

Carl. Then you had better take the volume with you. It was printed at Berlin, in 1841, and is by the Rev. Dr. Liebetrut, an intimate friend of Sybel.

CHAPTER XIX.

SCHOOL FESTIVITIES.

MARIA MILL, the eldest daughter of the clergyman, has scarcely been brought into this narrative. Yet, if the vote had been taken among all the people in and about Ashdell, the voice of highest approval would probably have been for Maria. Advantages of person were joined with sound understanding, delicate taste, and accomplished education; and these were crowned by that which Solomon says is the chief praise of the sex.* But so retiring was she, that many, who saw her every day, had no suspicion of her attainments or her force of character; and some in her vicinity were even unaware of her existence. During the feeble and declining health of her father,

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*Prov. xxxi. 30.

she was the manager of his domestic affairs, and the guide and example of her little brothers. It was her graceful hospitality and intelligent conversation which formed the principal charm of the Spring Hill parsonage.

The intimacy was very natural which sprang up between Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barry, and Miss Mill. Unlike in many things, they were united in the love of knowledge, and in true religion. Their plans were often concerted together, and this occurred in respect to the Examination festivities, which were approaching, and which it fell to Mrs. Barry to provide for.

Examinations are often hollow and unprofitable. At Ashdell, it was determined to turn them to account. Two ends were held in view; first, to give a fair account of what the school had accomplished in the way of teaching and learning; and, secondly, to afford a grand entertainment to the boys and their friends. A pleasant season of the year was chosen. Preparations were elaborately made,

not only in the school, but out of it. The ladies had to prepare accommodations and refreshments for numerous guests, including the parents of the pupils. It was a time of high enjoyment; and the little exhibition of declamations and dialogues, on the evening of the closing day, was the grandest time of all, when the boys were at the top of their glee, in their best clothes and most shining faces, while mothers and sisters were looking on and listening with indescribable anxiety.

Maria Mill assumed, under Mrs. Barry, the charge of the minor arrangements. It was she who selected the music and drew up the programmes, and decorated the school-room with green branches and flowers. It was she who gathered those stores of apples, pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, and grapes and melons, which loaded the table on the lawn; and every visitor remembered the dainty richness of the cream which she poured from her liberal pitchers. These rural festivities, under the shadow of lordly trees, and fanned by

summer breezes, were, perhaps, as delightful as a city-feast, or a dinner given to a member of Congress.

Why should I describe the wonders of an examination, and the delightful hopes of approaching holidays? Every one can recall the loud conferences under trees, and in playgrounds; the rehearsal of dialogues; the billets to friends, and the inquisitive scanning of arrivals. Farmer Black, of Cherry Hill, was the earliest visitor, in a newly-painted wagon, with white canvas top: he brought two grandsons to school, and a copy of Henry's Commentary, for the library; also a well-trained horse for the riding-classes. You would have thought that Carl and Maria had been his own children. Of course, he had his quarters at the Doctor's. The farmer had now become a rich man, and had two sons married in New York. Next came the Rev. Mr. Cole, no longer a schoolmaster, but a professor in the North-west—as awkward and honest as ever, and full of admiration at seeing in Mr. Carl

Adler the little German boy of former days. He inquired of Maria Mill whether Carl was married yet, which brought the colour into that young lady's countenance. Mrs. Grayson, the same old lady who had been attracted by the singing of Carl and his boys on the beach, gave notice of her own approach by the sending of a piano-forte, for the use of the academy: her little boys were already members of the school. Fred. Mill, now a dashing young doctor, appeared in dué time, with a brother physician fresh from Paris, in whom Carl recognised Burnham, the head boy of former days, who had so often taken his part at the Oaks. That venerable establishment, be it observed, was now given up, and the excellent Dr. Newman, being infirm with years, and having no other children, had come to reside with his beloved Helen, until further plans should, perhaps, remove them all to New York. The company was becoming large, but the parsonage was ample. Mr. Barry's accommodations were adjusted to just such gather-

ings, and Dr. Smith, considering himself one of the group, insisted on having Drs. Mill and Burnham at the cottage, as he said, to help in taking care of Farmer Black; who cried out, in reply, that he had never been ill a day in his life.

For some reason or other, the boys were in uncommon good humour, and seemed to have a secret among them, which was very much hushed up. King Donald, however, who had accompanied Dr. Newman, and was now head gardener, took part in their secret plans. On the gravelled walk, near the spring, where a thicket of shrubbery surmounts each side of the craggy pass, (the boys called it *Thermopylæ*, though the spring was not warm, but exceedingly cold,) great preparations were in progress for a sort of triumphal arch. The wind had blown it down twice, but Donald cheered the boys, and even sang part of Burns's lines to the Mouse, whose nest was turned up by his plough:

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,*
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,†
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

It was finally, however, completed, with beautiful wreaths of myrtle, and two fine ciphers of initials, which were carefully covered from curious eyes. Carl, especially, was forbidden to approach that darkened avenue near the cascade, and the small boys took a peculiar arch satisfaction in barring out the master from his own grounds. Christopher Longworth, the painter's son, brought two large canvas banners, executed in the manner usual in scenes, so as to look well at a distance. They were happily placed near the spring. Of these, more hereafter. There was great practising of a German glee; and Ludwig was the leader of the orchestra. Charles and Edward Lowe, with John Marshall, being little

* Not alone. † Awry, off the line.

boys, were drilled as pages, to scatter flowers at the proper places, in a grand procession. Gregory Beale brought a note from his uncle, the great confectioner, offering a number of pyramids of ice-cream, and the neighbouring florists sent in baskets of bouquets. In all this part of the preparations, it was observed that Maria Mill took no part. She was busy at times, about other matters, but was pensive, and often solitary in her work, and sometimes came weeping out of her mother's chamber of languishing.

The first day of examination passed off well. The neighbouring gentlemen and ladies, who favoured the school, returned home at night, but numbers remained to share the rural but abundant hospitalities, and to attend a concert of sacred music, and hear an address from Dr. Newman. When the second and closing day of the solemnities was drawing to a close, and the sun was near setting, a carriage drove up to the gate. Four persons approached, two gentlemen, a young lady and a little girl. The

quick eye of Carl detected in the lady his beloved sister Charlotte! She had just arrived in the steamer Hermann. The embrace of a brother and sister, so long separated, need not be described. The foreign gentleman was Captain Falck, Charlotte's husband. The youngest was Ursula. They were accompanied by Mr. Schneckenburg.

Happy, happy meeting! at such an auspicious moment. There are many such conjunctures afforded by an all-loving Providence, if we would but observe them. Every man, woman and child at Ashdell seemed to sympathize in the delight and gratitude of Carl. After evening-worship, which was attended by quite a congregation, the friends retired to a shady arbour, asking and answering questions of affection, and recounting the marvellous loving-kindness of the Lord. Here Carl confided to his dear friends a secret of his life, which the reader has only guessed.

An hour was spent in listening to the speeches of the boys, which were accompanied by music

of their own. The day closed with pleasing anticipations of the morrow, when the boys were to go home for the vacation. But there was to be another event, which may properly be made known in another chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

As this little work is far from being a love-story, it might very properly end without a marriage. Nothing has been said about Carl's courtship, but it is nevertheless true, that his wedding-day has arrived, and he is about to be married to Maria Mill. If intelligence, education, and piety can fit a young lady to be the ornament and blessing of a household, Miss Mill was so fitted. It was universally pleasing to all concerned, and to none more so than to Charlotte and Ursula, who loved Maria at first sight, and found it hard to keep down some worldly pride, as they looked around on the prospects of their once despondent brother.

There was not a boy in the school, nor a servant in the establishment, who did not feel

a glow of pleasure at the happiness of Carl Adler. They knew that he was soon to be principal of the academy, as Mr. Barry had accepted a more prominent situation in New York.

Confidence and affectionate respect are the natural consequence and sure reward of diligence, punctuality, and Christian love. A gay procession of youth moved along the serpentine walk, towards the spring; and at the shady spot called Thermopylæ, the festive arch presented itself, with the initials of the bridegroom and bride, in letters ingeniously wreathed of evergreens and flowers. In a rustic framework of the same were displayed the two pictures, representing, one, *Bingen on the Rhine*, and the other, *the Oaks*.

"Ah, my young master," said King Donald, "did I not tell you, in the old garden, that the day would come when you would feel as much at home in America, as ever you did on the Rhine?"

Just then, Ludwig's trained company of

musicians broke out in the strains of the famous German song of Arndt's, *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland.*

Their pronunciation was tolerable, and their execution admirable. At the closing stanzas, tears were in the eyes of all the Germans present, and Charlotte and Ursula could scarcely cease weeping for joy. The verses alluded to may be thus imitated:

"Where, therefore, lies the German land?
Name now at last that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where German hymns to God are sung,
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the German's fatherland!"

"That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than clasped hands,
Where valour lights the flashing eye,
Where love and truth in deep hearts lie,
And zeal enkindles freedom's band,—
There is the German's fatherland!"

"That is the German's fatherland!
Great God! look down and bless that land!

And give her noble children souls
To cherish, while existence rolls,
And love with heart and aid with hand
Their universal fatherland!"

There was a solitary hour of twilight, in which Carl looked abroad over the beautiful expanse of land and water, from the green knoll beyond the spring. A whole lifetime seemed to press for admittance into his bursting heart, and his soul went forth to God in thankfulness and praise. The God of the orphan and the stranger had been his God. United to the believing daughter of a devoted minister of Christ, he acknowledged the weight of tender obligation. His memory recurred to passages in the life of Sybel, his model of a Christian teacher, who was so happy in his married life. Especially did he recall the page in the memoir which relates that, about a year before Sybel's call to the High School at Potsdam, he ascended the eminence of Brauhausberg, and pointed out to his affianced Bertha the beautiful country around, which was new

to her. As they stood long in silent contemplation, Sybel said, "Ah, my Bertha, if you and I were ever to live in such a country, do you think we could sustain so great a happiness?" And before long, he was called to that very place, carrying his bride thither in the spring of the following year. As the party entered Potsdam, the chime of the bells was playing the familiar melody of the hymn,

"Praise the Lord, the King of glory,"

which had been sung at the time of their betrothing. Remembering these passages, Carl adopted as a motto for himself and Maria, the verse given to Sybel, on a like occasion, by his early and constant friend, Professor Pischon: "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*"*

Here the history of Carl Adler may properly end. Of his varied experience, in joy and sorrow, and his increasing usefulness and

* Rev. ii. 10.

piety, this is not the place to speak. The reader who has had patience to bear us company thus far will have observed the serious lessons which a simple and sometimes playful narrative is intended to convey. If a scholar, he will have read some things to encourage him to diligence, fidelity, and the fear of the Lord: if a teacher, he will have recognised the importance, and dignity, and delightfulness of the office, and the power there is in zealous regard for youth and unfeigned operative love.