SCHOOL-BOY HEROES:

THE STORY OF

MAURICE GRAY AND CARL ADLER.

BY THE LATE

REV. J. W. ALEXANDER, D.D.,

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BURIED IN THE HAY

page 87

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THE LUNCH IN THE WOOD

Preface.

THE two following tales are chiefly intended for boys, and the object of the lamented author (whose name alone is a recommendation) appears to have been to represent true religion, as displayed during the trials and temptations of school-life, in an attractive and manly form.

In both tales, the teachers are men of the right stamp; but the boys, as must ever be the case, are of varied characters. The scene of the longest story is the United States of America, where so many German emigrants now find a home.

If any young readers are led, from the perusal, to seek a deeper experience of the power of truth and love, as exemplified by the conduct of Maurice Gray and Carl Adler, they will have good cause for gratitude to the author of this little volume.

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THE STORY OF MAURICE GRAY.

I.

The New Scholar.

"NEWS, boys! I have some news to tell you," cried Frank Henley, running towards the play-ground, where a number of boys were assembled. He was soon surrounded by a group of them.

"What is it, Frank? what is it?" asked many voices.

"We are to have a new scholar, and he is coming to-morrow," answered Frank. "Not a half-scholar, as I call the day-scholars, but a whole one—a boarder."

"How do you know?" "What is his name?" "How old is he?" "Where is he from?" were questions rapidly asked.

"I can answer but one of these questions," said

Frank. "I heard Mr. Harding say so himself to Mr. Neville, the assistant; so it is true, you see."

"Did you not even hear his name, Frank?" asked one.

"No! I have told you all I know," said Frank, "and you will have to wait until to-morrow to find out the rest."

"Oh, dear! that is a great while to wait," said Bob Newton. "But one thing we know, he cannot be younger than eleven years, for none are admitted here younger; and it is not likely he is more than sixteen, for boys generally leave school at that age. I hope he is a real good-natured fellow."

"Come now," said Dick Wells, "suppose one of us should go and ask Mr. Harding about him. There! he is just walking down the garden towards the summer-house, with a book in his hand. He is going there to read, I suppose; a capital chance to ask him."

"I will not ask him this time," said Harry Blake, "for it fell to my lot last time, and Mr. Harding will think all the curiosity of the school is centred in me."

"How can you be so foolish?" said Philip Graham, a tall, slender boy, fourteen years of age, with an uncommonly sedate countenance, small light blue eyes, and rather a precise air. "To-morrow is time enough to know. What difference can one day make?"

"Oh! Phil would not condescend to be curious," said Bob Newton; "it is too undignified for him."

"Come now," said Frank Henley, "all who wish to find out about the new scholar stand round me, and we will cast lots who shall go and ask Mr. Harding, and then there will be no trouble about it."

The lot fell upon little Joseph Green, one of the smallest boys. Joseph was very timid, and it was a hard task for him, but he felt ashamed to own it, or complain of his lot.

"Now," said Frank, "it will not answer to ask too many questions of Mr. Harding, for he would think that rude, and perhaps not tell us anything."

"Well," said one, "ask his name of course. There is a great deal in a name; it seems to tell one how a boy looks."

"Ask his age," said another. "Ask where he is from," said another. "Where he will sit," said a third. "Where he will sleep," said a fourth. "What kind of a boy he is," said a fifth.

"Oh, that is too many," said some of the older boys. "It would never do to ask so many. I think three questions are as many as it will do to ask.'

"I think so too! I think so too!" said several voices. "Three are enough; what shall they be? Three will tell very little."

After some discussion, it was decided the three most important items were his name, his age, and whether he was from the city or the country, and little Joe Green was despatched to acquire the important infor-

mation. He soon reached the summer-house where Mr. Harding was sitting, who raised his eyes from his book as he heard the approach of footsteps.

"Well, Joseph," he said, kindly, "what do you wish?"

"Please, sir," said Joe, hesitatingly, "the boys sent me to ask you if you would tell us the name of the new scholar who is coming to-morrow."

"How did you know there was one coming?" asked Mr. Harding, smiling.

"Frank Henley heard you tell Mr. Neville so, sir," replied Joe.

"Well, his name is Maurice Gray," said Mr. Harding.

"Please, sir, tell me how old he is?" asked Joe.

"He is several years older than yourself, Joe," answered Mr. Harding. "He is fourteen, I believe."

"The boys told me to ask you, sir," continued Joe, "whether he was from the city or the country?"

"He is from a small country village a hundred miles from here," replied Mr. Harding.

"Thank you, sir," said Joe, bowing, and preparing to run away.

"Would you not like to know something more of him?" asked Mr. Harding, good-naturedly.

"Yes, sir, very much," answered Joe, "but the boys told me I must not ask you but three questions, or you would think me very rude;" and, without waiting

for further information, Joe left Mr. Harding, and hastened back to the play-ground.

"Maurice Gray—fourteen years old—from a country village"—he said, as soon as he could, and as fast as he could speak, and in a very loud voice, as if he was anxious to complete all the duties of his mission as soon as possible.

"Maurice Gray—a pretty name, is it not?" said Frank Henley.

"Fourteen years old—that is just our age, Dick," said Tom Bailey; "he will be one of the oldest scholars. I hope he has not an old sober head like Philip Graham, who thinks it such a condescension to play with us now and then, and seems to think it is wicked to laugh, or have any fun at all. Mr. Harding thinks him a model of good conduct, and a pattern for us all. I think he is a very disagreeable fellow. He is proud, and never notices the younger boys at all, and seems to think boys are made for nothing but to study and go to church! I hope Maurice Gray is a real hearty fellow, Dick, like you and I."

"Yes, indeed I do," answered Dick. "I hate 'pattern boys,' like Phil Graham. One never feels at ease with them. If the fellow that is coming is to my mind, I shall be quite polite to him, for I like a new friend once in a while. As he is from the country, I suppose we shall have to teach him a thing or two. I suppose he is not much of a scholar. This is probably

his first coming out into the world. Well, we shall see what he is like to-morrow. I wonder if he will come in the coach at eleven o'clock, or whether his father will bring him. To-morrow is not a great way off."

To-morrow came in its proper place, and a bright lovely summer day it was; and, at eleven o'clock, every ear was opened as the old stage-coach came rumbling leisurely along, and great was the satisfaction that beamed from divers faces as it was heard distinctly to stop at the front door. Mr. Harding left the room to receive his new pupil, and, after being absent half an hour, returned without him, to the evident dissatisfaction of the many eyes that were fixed upon the door, for they all knew they must now wait until after school to be introduced to the new scholar.

They had not been long assembled on the play-ground after school, before Mr. Harding and Maurice Gray was seen coming from the house together.

"Here he comes! Here he comes!" said several voices; but no—they walked down the neat gravel-walk, and then into the garden. Mr. Harding was talking very busily to Maurice, who was listening with great attention.

"He is not so tall as I am by an inch or two," said Philip Graham, drawing up his thin figure to its full height, "though he is fourteen years of age."

"Oh, he cannot equal Phil Graham in anything, of course," said Tom Bailey, aside. "No one pretends to

equal the model scholar—the 'pattern of propriety'—even in outward appearance. I am sure I hope Maurice is not such a stiff conceited fellow, looking down upon everybody else."

"Why," said Dick Wells, "how should we know how straight we ought to walk, or how sober we ought to look, how perfectly we ought to recite, how still we ought to be in school-hours, how obedient to the rules of the school, if we had not some such perfect pattern before us as Phil Graham!"

"Mr. Harding says," said Louis Tarleton, a lame, sickly-looking boy, leaning on a crutch, "that if we all kept a Bible on our desks as Philip Graham does, and studied it each day, we should all know how to do right."

This was a long and a bold speech for Louis Tarleton to make, and he coloured deeply, for all eyes turned upon him.

"It is one thing to keep a Bible there, and another thing to read it," said Dick, whistling, and walking off.

"Oh, here they come!" said Frank Henley, "certainly, straight towards the play-ground," as Mr. Harding and Maurice approached. Mr. Harding introduced Maurice to his new friends, and all were agreeably impressed by his kind gentlemanly manners, his fine open countenance, and his pleasant smile; there was also a dignity and self-command about him above his years, which inspired a feeling of respect.

"Well, Maurice," said Mr. Harding, upon leaving him, "I see you will soon make friends here, and I hope we shall make you happy."

"I will try to deserve friends, sir," said Maurice, bowing respectfully; "and then I do not fear but I shall make them."

"I love him already," said Mr. Harding to himself, as he walked towards the house. "He will be a friend to me, and an ornament to the school; I see it in the very expression of his face. He is a serious-minded, conscientious boy, or I am much mistaken, though his eye and his lip have a merry smile."

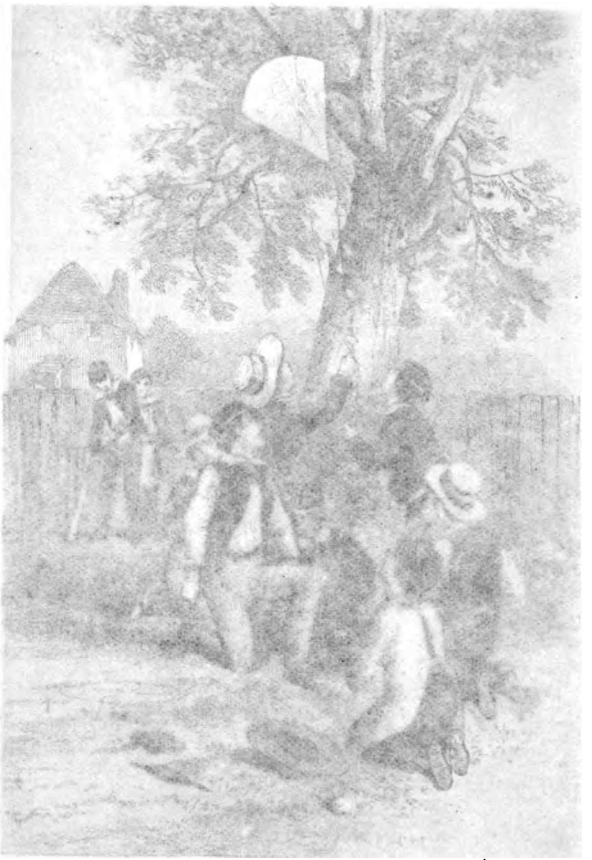
Maurice Gray joined eagerly in the games proposed, and showed himself expert in them all, and seemed as much interested in the plays of the youngest boys as those of his own age. He left his game of ball to disentangle little Joe Green's kite from a high tree, and gave his arm most kindly to lame Louis, as they walked towards the house, at the ringing of the dinner-bell.

"Nothing of a scholar, of course, or he would not be so fond of play," muttered Philip Graham to himself, looking very wise, as he put a book in his pocket.

"A right merry, pleasant fellow," said Dick Wells and Tom Bailey.

"How obliging and good-natured he is," said Joe Green.

"'A new broom sweeps clean,'" said Frank Henley.



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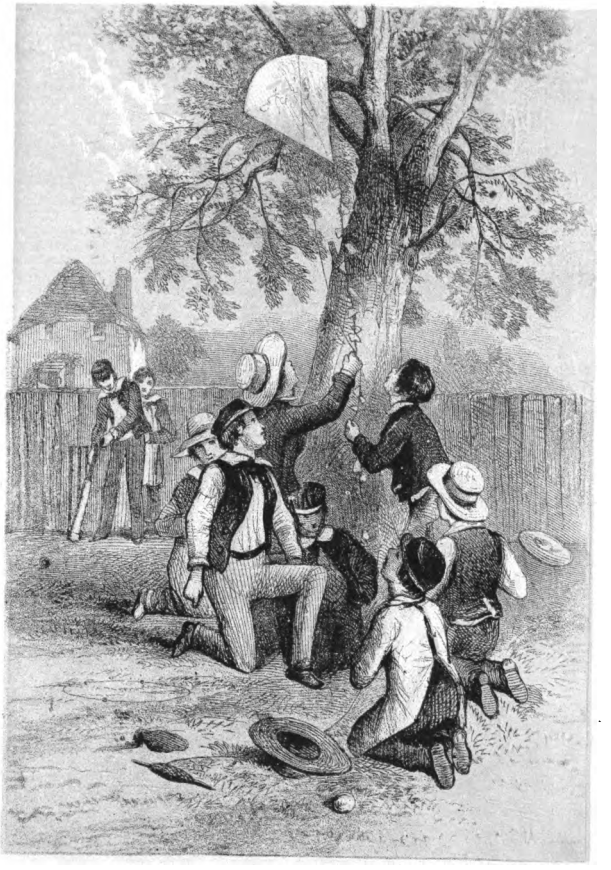

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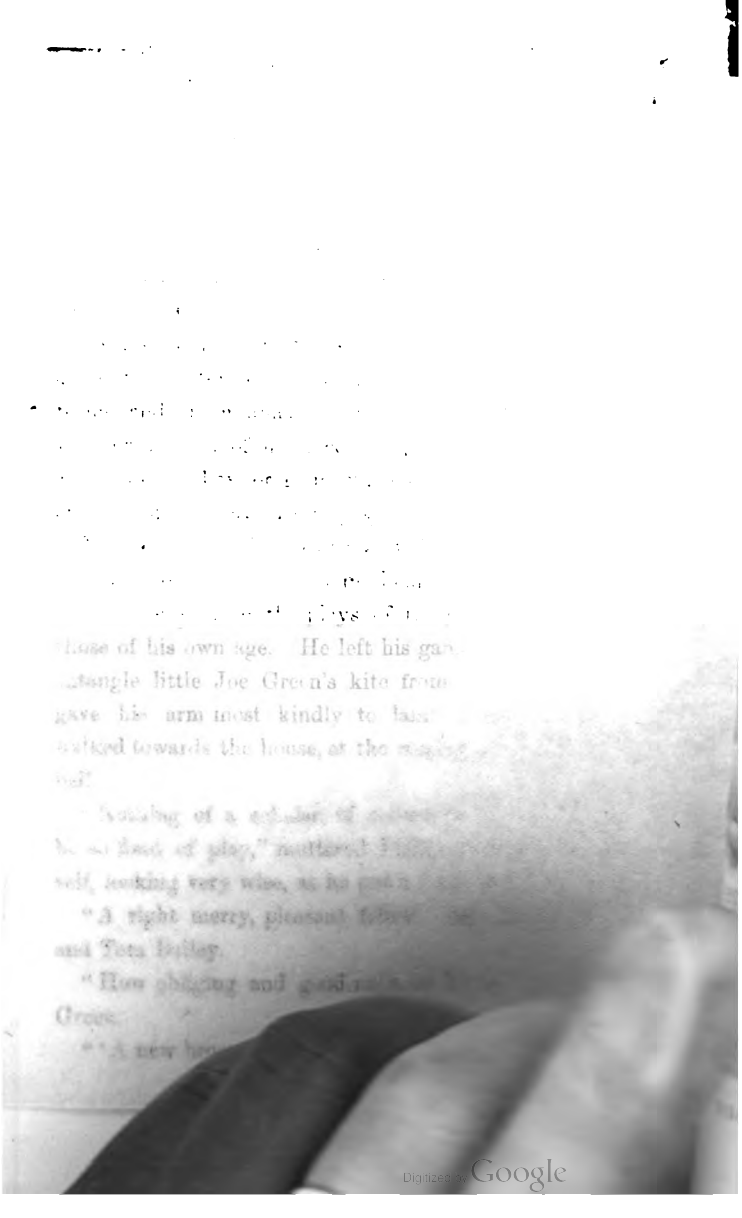

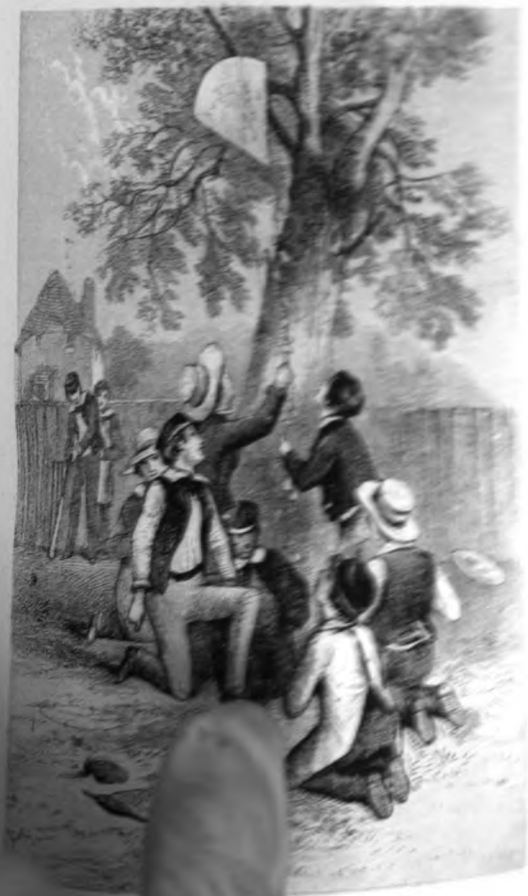

DIS E KITE

"It is not often I have anything but my crutch to lean on," said lame Louis, looking up gratefully into Maurice's face with his sad eyes, as the other boys all passed quickly by, and left the two far behind.

"My arm shall always be at your service," said Maurice, "if it suits you."

"I can get along much faster with it," said Louis; "and then I do not feel so lonely either to go with some one, for the boys always reach the house and get seated at table long before I can get there."

A smile of satisfaction might have been seen on Mr. Harding's expressive face, as Maurice Gray entered the dining-room with lame Louis leaning on his arm, and a look as if he would have said, "I am not deceived, I am sure, in my first impressions of this boy."

II.

Lunch in the Wood.

MR. HARDING'S residence was about two miles from the beautiful village of N——. There was a fine garden in front, a large play-ground at one side, and behind the house were a farm-yard and vegetable garden. Beyond were thick woods, pleasant fields, and shady roads. He built the house expressly for his school, and all was well arranged according to a plan of his own. The chambers were large and airy, each containing four beds, one in each corner of the room. A door opened near each bed into a light, good-sized dressing-room. One of these was appropriated to each scholar, to contain his clothes, &c. Each was fitted with a neat writing-desk and chair, so that it was a pleasant and quiet place for a boy to retire for study—or solitude, if he felt so disposed.

In addition to his boarders, Mr. Harding received at his school day-scholars from the neighbouring village. One wing of the house was occupied by Mr. Harding and his family, which consisted of a wife and twin

daughters, Minna and Rose, eight years of age. They attended the school each day regularly, occupying small seats by their father's desk. They were allowed occasionally to visit the boys' playground as spectators of their games, and considered it a great treat so to do. But they were always attended by one of their parents, or placed under the especial care of one of the most trusty boys. Philip Graham had this honour conferred upon him oftener than any other boy, and he was quite proud of the trust reposed in him.

Once in three months, Mr. Harding had what he called a public day, when gentlemen from the village and the neighbouring country-seats were invited to attend the school, and hear the recitations, or examine the boys as they pleased. Mr. Harding would allow no special preparation for this day. He wished the boys to show exactly what they were, and this was a great incitement to them to be diligent students. He allowed the boys free access at all times to his fine garden, under certain restrictions, and it was seldom his laws in this respect were broken.

"Look here, Dick. Quick, or I shall be discovered," said Tom Bailey one day, about a week after Maurice Gray had entered the school, as he was creeping stealthily from Maurice's closet. "Come quickly, Tom." Tom obeyed. "Here," said Dick, "is your good, merry fellow, we have been calculating upon. Why, he is worse than Philip Graham. See here! Phil has

only a Bible on his desk, which I do not think he opens very often, though he would have Mr. Harding think he does; but Maurice Gray has a Bible, and a book of sermons, and some tracts. They are all for show, of course. No boy would ever read such books, I am certain, unless he was compelled, and I would not believe Maurice ever reads them if he told me so. He is worse than Phil Graham, is he not?"

"He may be," answered Tom, "in some respects, but he is a much pleasanter fellow than Philip, and does not think half so much of himself. He loves a good game so well, that I guess we can make something of him. I suppose he has been living in the country with some old grandmother, who has made a parting present of her whole library for a keepsake; but whether he reads such dry books or not, he is nothing like Phil Graham. He has none of that sanctified, long-faced, stiff look, that Phil has."

"Well, time will show," said Dick, "what we can make of Maurice Gray. Though he is sociable and talkative, he manages somehow to keep one at an awful distance. I cannot understand it, for he is anything but proud or haughty. I saw him to-day helping Peter to lift a large box into the house, which was too heavy for him. I am sure Phil Graham would have let Peter break his back before he would raise a finger to assist any servant boy."

"There is one thing very certain," said Tom, "and

that is, that Mr. Harding takes a great liking to Maurice. Never since I have been here has he invited a boy to take tea with him during the first week of his being here, and Maurice last evening not only took tea with him, but took a walk of an hour after tea with Mr. and Mrs. Harding, and Minna and Rose. I saw them returning. Minna had his hand, and Rose was skipping by his side, and they were both talking to him as if they had known each other for a long time."

"Well, to-day is Saturday, and our afternoon for the woods," said Dick. "I fancy we shall find out a little more about Maurice on our walk. Bob Newton is coming out to go with us. I gave him a little commission to execute for me in the village. Some half-dozen of us older boys will separate from the rest, and go along together, and Maurice shall be one. I wish Bob Newton was a boarder; don't you? He is such a clever fellow."

"He would not be so useful to us if he was," said Tom Bailey, smiling significantly. "I had rather trust him with my errands in the village than any other day-scholar we have, or even Peter. He knows so well how to manage things, and keep an innocent face on all the while. It requires some talent to do that. Do you think we can trust Maurice Gray?"

"No knowing until we have tried him," said Dick. "I am not sure but it is too soon to begin; but he is such a pleasant fellow, he is worth trying for; if he has

a few rusty notions, I think we can wear them away, and make a friend of him."

It was a glorious summer afternoon, and as soon as dinner was over, the whole school set off to enjoy their half holiday in a long ramble through woods and fields. Soon after entering the woods, six or eight of the older boys separated themselves from the others, Dick Wells so managing that Maurice Gray should be one of the number. They were shortly after joined by Bob Newton from the village, who carried on his arm a basket, which he delivered to Dick. After wandering about until they were weary, amusing themselves with chasing squirrels, searching for wild-flowers, &c., they seated themselves to rest near the outskirts of the wood, in a lovely spot, commanding a view of fresh and flower-bespangled meadows, and thriving fields of corn and grain.

"Here is a nice place to take our lunch," said Dick, throwing himself on the grass, and opening his basket. The others gladly seated themselves round him. Dick removed slyly part of the contents of his basket, and passed the basket containing the remainder to the boys as they sat. It contained a generous supply of cakes and dried fruits, which were soon consumed with great relish by the little party.

He then produced a couple of bottles, and proceeded to uncork them. "You got them from the right place, Bob," he said, "so we may be sure it is good, for poor champagne is bad enough."

He poured out a glass, and presented it first, from courtesy, to Maurice Gray, as he was a stranger. To his surprise and mortification, Maurice politely, but decidedly, declined it.

"Do you not drink champagne, Maurice?" said Dick. "If not, just try this. It is very nice, and quite refreshing after a walk."

"No, I thank you," said Maurice, "you must excuse me, Dick, I had rather not take any."

"Why, you are not very polite," said Dick, "to decline taking it, when I got it on purpose to treat you with, thinking to give you pleasure."

"I am sorry you should consider me impolite," said Maurice. "I do not intend to be so, but I would rather be thought impolite than do what I feel to be wrong."

"Wrong!" said Dick; "why, what can there be wrong in a simple glass of champagne? Do not be so queer. A young man, fourteen years of age, is certainly at liberty to take a glass of wine if he pleases. We no longer consider ourselves children. I am sure I, for one, feel capable of judging what is right and fitting for me to do; but there are plenty to drink it if you will not, Maurice;" and the bottles were speedily emptied by the other boys.

"You lost a most excellent glass of champagne, Maurice," said Bob Newton. "What is there wrong in taking it, I should like to know?"

"Would you have done the same, if Mr. Harding had been here?" said Maurice, gently. "Would you, Dick, have done the same as you have done, if Mr. Harding had been of our party?"

"Well," said Dick, hesitatingly, "to speak the truth, Maurice, I should not; but we are not obliged to be all the time under his eye. He will know nothing of it."

"My father placed me here," said Maurice, "to be under Mr. Harding's care, in his absence from home. He told me to regard him as a friend, master, and protector, and expects me in all things to consult Mr. Harding's wishes and opinions; and I should feel as if I was acting very wrong to do anything contrary to them. I would not do, when absent from him, what I would not do in his presence; and besides that, I know my father would disapprove of it. He is far away at sea, thousands of miles from here, and would never know it; but I love him too well to do what I know he would condemn."

"Oh, you are too particular, altogether!" said Tom Bailey. "You will lose some of these ideas after you have been here a while, and see what capital times we have. A boy of fourteen must begin to act a little independently, and to think a little for himself, or he will be a baby all his life."

"I have begun to think for myself, and to act independently," answered Maurice, "and that is one reason

why I declined taking wine. I scorn the character of a hypocrite. To think one way and appear to act one way, and in reality be doing things directly contrary to the principles and appearance, is what of all things I despise. I am afraid to begin at fourteen years of age to drink a glass of wine, for in a short time I might want a bottle, and then, losing my relish for wine, I might be induced to take something more stimulating and powerful, and who can tell what the end might be? I might become an indolent, useless man, or a habitual drunkard, and perhaps lose soul and body both. I do not say this would certainly be the case, but it has been the case of very many, and I might add another to the number. It is best to be on the safe side, depend upon it; and I am determined to do what I think is right in this case, even though I should lose your good opinion by so doing. I should be glad to join you any time in an innocent frolic, when my conscience does not interfere; but when that speaks to me, I must obey its voice. My father allows me plenty of pocket-money; and a treat of cakes and fruit on our walks, if Mr. Harding does not disapprove of it, I shall always be ready to give in my turn; but you must never expect wine from me, nor invite me to join with you in drinking it. And now, suppose you all make up your minds to give it up, before it becomes necessary to your pleasure to have it. It will cost you now but little self-denial, and by-and-by it may cost you much, or

you may have imbibed so strong a relish for it, that you will think you cannot give it up at all."

"I am not ready to agree to any such proposition," said Dick; "but you will not inform on us, Maurice?"

"I shall never do anything to bring you into difficulty," replied Maurice; "be assured of that: but you must not invite me to join your parties as long as you use champagne, or wine of any kind. I shall be quite content to join the younger boys on a walk or in a play."

Maurice stood up as he spoke, and though at first some of the boys were inclined to ridicule him, he spoke with so much dignity and independence, and commanded so much respect by his manly bearing, that no laugh was raised, and all seemed desirous of conciliating his good-will.

"He is a fine independent fellow," said Frank Henley. "If his notions are strict, I am not sure but they are correct. I like a boy," continued he, rising, "who is not afraid to express an opinion, though he knows every one is against him. Give me your hand, Maurice —I stand by you—and though I drank the wine, I think it would be better not to do it, and for the very reasons you have given."

Maurice gave his hand cordially. "If you would all reflect a little upon the subject," he said, kindly looking around, "I do believe you would all be of my mind. By doing when absent from Mr. Harding what

you would not do in his presence, you show more respect to him than you do to your Maker, in whose presence we always are."

The last words Maurice uttered with solemnity, and a pause followed, which was presently interrupted by the sound of some one approaching from the meadow which out-skirted the wood. The boys started, and looked eagerly in that direction, to ascertain who was coming to interrupt their retirement.

One figure only appeared. Bob Newton, who was nearest the meadow, said, "It is Philip Graham, but he sees nothing but the book he is reading. He does not know we are here—but look! Dick, Tom, Frank—stand here just where I am. He is now leaning against a tree. See, he has a cigar in his mouth; and do you not recognise by the cover of that volume, that it is no book from Mr. Harding's library, I am sure? We know where it came from, de we not? Mr. Shaw's circulating library—plain as the sun. I can tell the cover of his books as far off as I can see them."

"So can I," said Dick; "I am quite sure it is from Shaw's. There is your 'pattern, model boy,' stealing off alone to break two of Mr. Harding's rules. He little suspects his 'model' of such deceit. That is the way your stiff, long-faced fellows often turn out."

"Why," said Bob Newton, "do you remember, Dick, what a time Mr. Harding had, when I brought that cigar to school to give you, and set you a few lessons

in smoking—what a long speech he made to us about boys at fourteen getting into such habits, and how he strictly forbade any one ever to bring a cigar to school?"

"I remember it well," said Dick. "Mr. Harding would hardly believe that his best boy would stealthily break two of his rules. The circulating library is forbidden, as we all know, decidedly and entirely."

"Well, that is a foolish rule, I think," said Tom; "and whenever I get a chance, I must say I get a book now and then, but I do not set up to be a pattern like Philip."

The boys had unawares raised their voices, and Philip started, and looking in the direction from whence they proceeded, discerned, through the trees, the group that was watching him. He hastily pulled the cigar from his mouth, and concealed it, and pocketing the book, he approached the woods with a grave aspect.

"That must be a very interesting book, Philip," said Bob Newton, "as we have been looking at you certainly for ten minutes, without you being aware we were so near you."

"And a fine cigar, I should imagine also," said Dick. "Pray, where do you buy your cigars, Mr. Graham? Does Mr. Harding furnish you? We need not inquire whose circulating library you encourage, as the cover of the book speaks plainly enough for itself. There is no mistaking that."

Philip looked exceedingly embarrassed. The colour flew to his face, he made an attempt to speak, but turned and walked away, without a word.

"Well," said Bob, "the next time Mr. Harding tells us to imitate Philip Graham, I shall think of this."

Mark the difference between Philip Graham and Maurice Gray: Philip served in the letter, Maurice served in the spirit. Philip loved best the praise of men: but Maurice the praise of God.

III.

The Faithful Nurse.

TWO or three weeks after the last-mentioned incident, a group of boys were assembled on the play-ground, when there appeared at the gate an aged woman of quiet and quaint aspect. Her dress was old-fashioned and peculiar, and her manner and appearance were those of one who seldom crept from her own homely fireside, to mingle in the great world. Her face, though bearing deeply the stern mark of time, wore such an expression of peace, and sweet, holy serenity, that none could look at it without loving it, and feeling that they were in the presence of one who walked with God. She opened the large gate timidly, and looked rather dismayed to find herself suddenly in the midst of a large party of boys, all curiously looking at her.

"Is Maurice Gray here?" she asked.

"No, he is not, ma'am, he is in the house," was the answer. "Have you brought anything to sell? You seem to have a nice large basket."

"No, I have not," she replied. "I called to see Maurice Gray. Will you tell me where I shall find him?"

"If you will tell us what you have in your nice large basket," said Bob Newton, looking around him very mischievously, "I will promise to find him for you."

"How can you be so rude?" said lame Louis, who stood near. "I will go and find Maurice for you, ma'am; but I cannot go so quick as the other boys because I am lame;" and Louis walked towards the house.

"Now, please, old lady," said Dick, "just tell us if you are Maurice's grandmother, who taught him to be such a good boy."

"I am sorry," said the old lady, "that Maurice has such rude companions."

"We all know he had a good old grandmother," said Dick, "or he would not have such a pile of good books, and so many stupid notions about some things. It is a thousand pities it is so, for he is such a pleasant, good-tempered, merry fellow, and such a favourite with us all, in spite of his old ideas."

"Please give us a peep," said Bob Newton, "into your nice basket, and we will praise Maurice up to the skies."

The old woman made no answer. Her eyes were fixed on the distance, for she saw Maurice approaching,

and hastened forward to meet him. Maurice looked grieved and vexed when he saw her surrounded by the boys, all rudely looking at her; but running hastily towards her, exclaimed, "My good kind nurse, how glad I am to see you!" and giving her his arm, and relieving her of her basket, he led her towards the house.

"Nurse! He called her nurse!" said Dick; "then she is not his grandmother. I did not suppose she was."

"I fear she will think us but a rude wild set of boys," said Frank Henley. "I could not treat an old person so rudely."

"Why, it was all in fun," said Dick and Bob, looking rather ashamed. "It was only fun. I would not harm the good old lady for anything."

About half an hour after this, Maurice, with his old nurse and Mr. Harding, were seen leaving the house together, and quitting the grounds, proceeded down the road towards the village.

In less than an hour, Maurice and Mr. Harding returned together. Mr. Harding went into the house, and Maurice approached the play-ground.

"Now, Bob," said Frank Henley, "if Maurice was a quarrelsome, cross fellow, you and Dick would have a battle with him for your treatment of his old nurse; for he looked much vexed when he saw how she was situated." But Maurice came towards them with his usual pleasant smile.

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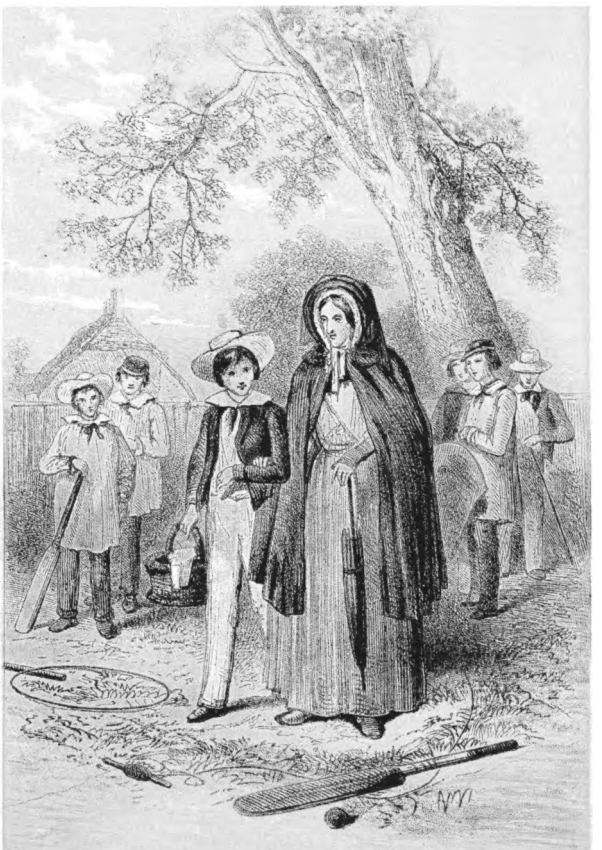

MAURICE AND HIS NURSE

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"What is the name of your good old nurse, Maurice?" said Louis Tarleton.

"Burton," answered Maurice, "and I am sorry she was not better received by my friends on her first visit to me; but probably none of you feel towards an old person as I do, or have had the same cause. But I must persuade you to love and respect her, for she is coming to live in the little green cottage, half a mile from the school, and Mrs. Harding has promised to employ her when sickness or any extra occasion shall require her services. I am sure, when you know her, you will never treat her disrespectfully again; let me tell you something of her."

The boys gathered round Maurice.

"I suppose all of you have mothers who watched over your childhood, wiped your tears, and gave you every pleasure; but I have no remembrance of my mother. She died when I was hardly a year old. My father, who is an officer in the navy, was absent on a long cruise at the time, and I was left entirely to the care of good Nurse Burton. She has often described to me my mother's farewell of me. She was very young —scarcely twenty—when she died. My nurse took me to her, and laid me on the bed by her side. She placed her feeble hand on my head, and prayed silently a few moments, and then said, 'I have put up once more, and for the last time, the only one prayer I have offered for my little Maurice since the first hour of his

birth. It is that he might be in spirit and in truth a follower of the blessed Redeemer.' 'O nurse!' she said, 'you watched over my motherless childhood—be the guide of this dear little boy—I commit him in confidence to you; and I give you but one injunction in regard to him, and that is, that you will teach him as you did me, from the earliest opening of his reason, to have the single eye that discerns clearly God's will, and the single purpose that fulfils it. As it regards this world's wealth, honours, or pleasures, I have no wish. God's will is mine. So long as my Saviour is his Saviour, through life and through eternity, I ask nothing more.'

"My dear mother died; and strictly and faithfully did my good nurse perform my mother's dying request. Her time, her strength, her mind, and soul, were devoted wholly to taking care of me. In health and sickness, by night and by day, she watched over me, studied my happiness and improvement in all things, and thought nothing a sacrifice on her part that might contribute to my welfare and pleasure. My father returned home about a year after my mother's death; but his home was so desolate, that after committing me again to the tender care of Nurse Burton, he left us. My nurse is a woman of excellent sense. Her mind is elevated by religious truths. She has a good common education, and she was the only instructor I had, or required, in my earliest childhood. She

patiently toiled with me through the first elements of education; but the chief and most delightful study to us both was the Bible. Before I could read, she told me pleasant stories from its pages, and instilled into my mind its sacred truths; and if there is now within me any desire of right, or any proper notions of duty, I owe them all, under God's blessing, to her pious and early instructions. As soon as I could speak, she taught me to pray, and endeavoured above all things to impress upon my mind that I was ever in the presence of the all-seeing God, and that outward forms, without the spirit of religion, were abomination in his sight. O how happily and quietly we lived together,—my father's visits to us alone interrupting and giving variety and delight to our humble home.

"My first grief was when, at the age of ten years, after having been a year under my father's instruction, he was ordered to sea, and I was sent to a school about six miles from our home; but I was to return every Saturday and stay until Monday, and my nurse would visit me during the week; and so we became reconciled. At that school I remained until I was thirteen years of age, when it was broken up, and for a year I was again under the instruction of my father; but on his again being ordered to sea the other day, he placed me here under the care of Mr. Harding, having, at the earnest request of my kind nurse, obtained a home for her in this neighbourhood, where she could often see me.

She gladly left her native village, and many friends who valued her, to come here among strangers to be near me. Only think what a desolate childhood mine would have been without her love and care, and how ignorant I might have been of the best knowledge, that of right and duty, without her faithful teachings. When you think of the love you bear your mothers, and remember this was the only mother I ever knew, you will not be surprised at the attachment and respect I feel towards her. I hope I shall have the pleasure of taking some of you to see her at her little green cottage, and when you know her you will learn to love her too."

The bell soon summoned the boys to their rooms to prepare for afternoon school. Several entered their chamber together. They observed the large basket which Nurse Burton had carried on her arm, on a table near Maurice's bed; and the cover being off, they saw it contained some plum cake, most temptingly iced, and a quantity of fine ripe peaches and plums. Maurice and Philip Graham first entered the room together.

"Maurice," said Philip, in a low voice, on observing the basket, "you had better put those things out of the way, if you wish to keep them. Conceal them among your clothes, or you will get into trouble if Mr Harding discovers that you have them.

Several other boys, entering at the same time, said the same thing, telling him it was against the rules of the school for any presents of that kind to be accepted.

"Indeed," said Maurice, "I did not know it was against the rules of the school, or I would on no account have accepted them from my kind nurse, though it would have disappointed her much had I refused them."

"Well," said Dick, "you have done it now, and so nothing remains but to hide them. You must do it quickly too, for there is the second bell."

The boys hastily descended to the school-room, and they had all taken their seats before Maurice entered; and to their surprise he held in his hand the basket, and walked directly up to Mr. Harding's desk, and addressing him, said—

"I did not know, sir, it was against your rules for us to receive presents of this kind, or I should not have accepted this that my good nurse brought me to-day; though it would have grieved her much if I had refused it, as she made the cake for me herself, and brought the fruit all the way from our own garden, thinking I would like it better if it came from home. Be so kind, sir, as to pardon me for accepting it, and not oblige me to return it to my nurse, as it would disappoint her much. I am willing you should do what you think best with it."

Mr. Harding's eyes beamed with pleasure, as he looked upon the open, ingenuous countenance of Maurice.

"Maurice," he said, "your honesty merits my

warmest praise. I give you permission to accept the present from your good nurse, and to do with it as you please."

Satisfaction beamed from the faces of many of the boys at this eulogium from Mr. Harding, and one only expressed envy and discontent. Philip Graham had always merited, by his outward conduct and good scholarship, the esteem of his teacher, who could only judge of his character by what he saw; but Philip had done nothing to win the affection of his teacher. The friendly confidence with which Maurice regarded Mr. Harding had evidently won his love. Philip saw a rival in the new scholar, who would take his place in Mr. Harding's esteem; and his cold heart, instead of feeling that there was room enough in the world for all, looked upon him with envy and dislike. But Maurice was wholly unaware of it, and equally unaware that he had done anything to excite praise or surprise in any one. He was habitually honest and upright. The Bible taught him that as God knows all things, it is of little importance to hide anything from the knowledge of man, and that deceit and hypocrisy were hateful in God's sight, and would sooner or later be unveiled.

"Come, boys," said Maurice after school, as they entered the play-grounds, "one and all take seats on the grass here, and help me to dispose of the contents of Nurse Burton's basket, and you will see what ex-

cellent cake she makes, and what fine fruit grows in our old garden. Come, Philip," he said, as Philip Graham seemed turning away, as if he thought it too childish to join the group, "I know that boys as big as you like a good slice of cake as well as we; so come, take a seat with us. This is a generous loaf, and quite enough for all, and I have borrowed a plate and knife, that I may serve it up handsomely."

Such a pleasant, good-natured smile accompanied Maurice's words, that Philip could not resist them, and he joined the party.

"No, I thank you, Maurice," said Bob Newton, as Maurice handed him a slice in his turn. "I was so rude to your good nurse to-day, that I do really believe it would choke me if I should attempt to eat it. The truth is, Maurice, I never did anything I was more ashamed of, and I am willing to own it."

"Nor I either," said Dick. "Bob and I both feel alike about it, and wish to go with you to see your good nurse, to apologize to her, and ask her pardon for our rude, ungentlemanly conduct. We were much excited, and in a high frolic, when she appeared at the gate, and you know her dress and appearance are peculiar, and we were very thoughtless, and did wrong, and must certainly apologize for our misconduct."

"Well," said Maurice, "I am glad you feel so about it, boys. I knew if I told you all about her you would respect her, and when you know her, you cannot fail

to love her; but she is so good, she will never remember it against you. I will forgive you in her name, and we will go together, and explain all to her, and all will be forgiven and forgotten; so now, do oblige me by helping to eat up the cake and fruit, or I shall not enjoy my slice at all."

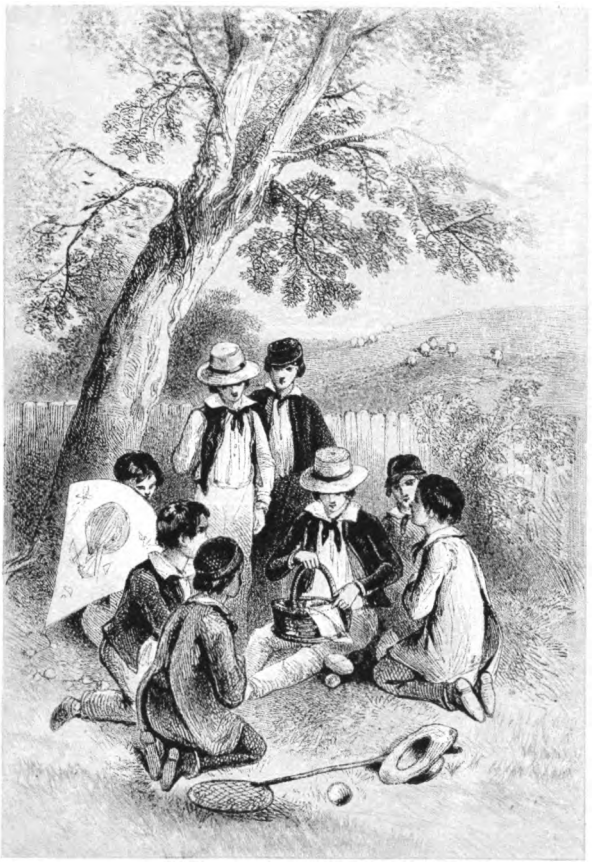
"Well, Maurice," said Bob, "you always make us do whatever you please; so we will accept our share, though we do not at all deserve it."

"You were a bold fellow, Maurice," said Tom Bailey, "to take this basket to Mr. Harding."

"Why, what else could I have done with it?" said Maurice. "I had accepted it, unconscious that I was doing what was forbidden. You do not suppose I would hide it, and deceive Mr. Harding? That would, indeed, have been hard for me to do; but there was nothing hard in telling him that I had unintentionally broken his rules. I am sure, had I concealed it, I could never have eaten any of it. Besides, I should have done wrong, and offended God and my own conscience."

"You are a strange fellow, Maurice," said Frank Henley; "but I like your way of dealing. I do not believe another boy in school would have done so; but you have proved that it is the best way."

"The right way is always the best way," said Maurice, "and the only way in which we ought to act."



OPENING NURSE BURTON'S BASKET

IV.

The Lame Boy.

"DO not look so sad, Louis," said Maurice one day, as he joined the lame Louis, who was sitting alone under a tree in the play-ground, and, with dejected face, watching the boys at play. His crutch lay beside him on the ground, and his dominos and jack-straws on his knee showed that he had been trying to amuse himself with a solitary game. "Come, let me help you at a game of dominos. I should like it much."

Tears filled the eyes of the lame boy. "Oh, no, indeed," he said, "you must not sit moping here with me. You are such a good hand at play, and enjoy it so much, the boys will all be after you. You sat here a long time with me yesterday, and through all the play-hour to-day. Indeed, I cannot permit you to do it now."

"Oh, I have had play enough, and want to rest now," answered Maurice. "I want to be with you a while. There are plenty to play without me."

"I shall never forget your kindness to me, even if I live to be an old man; but if you insist upon sitting here with a poor lame boy like me, let us talk a little, instead of taking a game of dominos. I should like to tell you a thought that was in my mind just as you came up."

"Well, what was it?" asked Maurice, kindly.

"I was wondering why it is, that of all the boys here, I am the only one that is deformed and lame. I should be so happy if I could run about and play with the others."

"Ah, Louis," replied Maurice, "there is but one answer to that question. It is your heavenly Father's will. God is your Maker and mine. He is the Maker of all mankind. He makes some sound in mind and body, and others weak and deformed. He makes some rich, and others poor. As we are all the work of his Almighty hand, he certainly has a right to create us as he pleases. All he does is for some wise purpose, and it is not for us to question his ways. You must hear my good nurse speak on these subjects. She can teach you far better than I can. You have been promising me you would call and see her for a long while. We shall have plenty of time; let us go there now. Take my arm, and we will walk slowly, so as not to tire you."

Louis, leaning with one arm on his crutch, and the other on his friend, walked slowly down the shady

road, and reached the little green cottage. Under the porch, covered with creepers and honey-suckles, quite shaded from sight, on a low bench, sat Nurse Burton with a Bible on her lap.

"Ah, my dear child," she said, as she saw Maurice, "I thought you would come to-day. You are just in time for us to read our evening lesson together, as we used to do at home. And who is this young gentleman?" she asked, looking tenderly at lame Louis. "I recollect I saw him the day I first called on you at the school."

"It is Louis Tarleton—one of my best friends, nurse," answered Maurice, "and I know you will love him. But first we will read together, and then we will talk a while."

Maurice seated himself by his old nurse, and they read through a chapter alternately, Nurse Burton often stopping to explain and comment on different verses as they read. There was, indeed, a striking contrast between the stooping, worn-out form, the wrinkled face, and the trembling voice of the old nurse, and the youthful figure, glowing countenance, and musical tones of Maurice, as they sat there together pondering the blessed Word of Life—the help and strength of the aged, the guide and counsellor of the young. The descending sun gleamed through the fresh creeper and honey-suckle, and fell with its golden light across their faces—an emblem of the blessed Sun of Righteousness,

which inwardly shed its sanctifying rays over their spirits.

"Do you not love the Bible, young gentleman?" said Nurse Burton, addressing Louis, as she closed the book.

"I have never read it much," answered Louis; "but you and Maurice seem to enjoy it so much, and it appears to make you both so happy, that I wish I could love to read it. You see I am lame, and I cannot play like the other boys; so I read a great deal, and am often at a loss for something to interest me, and Mr. Harding says no one ever tires of reading the Bible. I do not know why, but it has always seemed a dull book to me. Do you not think it is hard for me to be lame, nurse, and unable to run or jump with the other boys? I have to sit moping alone, or crawl around on crutches."

"Ah, speak reverently, my child," said Nurse Burton, "of your affliction; it is God's hand upon you. You see not its purpose yet, but be assured there is a wise purpose in it. Let the language of your soul be,

> 'I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
> But all is well, since ruled by thee.'

And,

> 'My Father's hand will never cause
> His child a needless tear.'

Have you learned, dear child, to love God as a father and friend? If not, your lot is indeed a hard one, and

your cross a heavy one; but only learn that, and you will have but the single desire that his will may be done in you and by you. You will prefer to keep your affliction if he wills it, and it will be to you a visible token of his care over you."

"Oh, how I wish I could feel so!" said Louis with emotion, tears filling his eyes. "How can I, good nurse? Will you teach me?"

"The blessed Spirit will teach you, dear child," replied the good nurse, "and you can obtain all you need, and that freely, by asking of Him who giveth liberally. Begin now to pray for it, and you will receive in abundance. Study the blessed Bible; and if my poor assistance can help you to understand its wondrous truths, come to me with dear Maurice, and we will read it together."

"I have long felt," replied Louis, "that I might be happier if I could feel reconciled to my lot. Perhaps, if I learned to love God, I should think less of my own troubles, and more of Him, and then I might be happier."

"It surely would be so, my dear," replied the nurse. "Have you no parents, Louis?"

"My parents both died when I was an infant," answered Louis, "and I have neither brother nor sister."

"Then you must feel the more need of a heavenly Friend, my dear child," answered the nurse. "He

can supply the place of all others in your heart, and by His presence life will become to you so full of sweet flowers, lovely music, and pleasant pictures, that you will be as happy as you can desire. What relatives have you, my dear?"

"I have an uncle," replied Louis, "who is always generous and kind to me; but he is himself a lonely man, having neither home, wife, nor children; and though he sometimes takes me to the hotel where he boards in K——, on a visit, it is not pleasant to me, and I generally pass my vacations at school; and then, good nurse, I am often very sick. Last spring I was so ill that my life was despaired of. I have never felt so strong since, and I heard the physician tell my uncle that I could never bear so severe an illness again. That has often made me think a great deal about dying, and I have concluded that it would be quite as well to die as to live here in pain, weakness, and mortification through a long life. For of what use can I ever be in the world, or what pleasure can I take in living?"

"Oh, my dear child," answered the nurse, "speak not so of the lot God ordains for you. Light from above must and will be shed upon your path, and then all will be bright and happy to you. O Father of mercies," continued the godly woman, raising her eyes and hands to heaven, "send down thy blessed light and truth into the soul of this child of thine. Give him the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of

praise for the spirit of heaviness, for Jesus Christ's sake."

The boys sat a few minutes longer conversing with the good nurse, and as they walked homeward, Maurice saw that a calmer and more chastened spirit expressed itself in the sad and dejected face of his companion; and his heart rejoiced, for he hoped the poor lad would now find the comforter he so much needed.

It was a public day at the school. There was a class arranged for recitation, and many visitors were present. Frank Henley was at the head of the class, Maurice second, and Philip Graham third. A question was given to Maurice, who hesitated. He was quickly prompted by Frank; but instead of availing himself of his assistance, he replied, "I do not recollect the answer to that question." The question was passed to Philip, who replied correctly, and took Maurice's place.

Frank Henley seemed quite puzzled at this, and as several boys stood together on the play-ground after school, he said, "Maurice, did you not hear me prompt you this morning? You must have heard, for I spoke right into your ear."

"Yes," answered Maurice, "I heard you, Frank, and am much obliged to you for wishing to assist me."

"Then if you heard me, why did you not answer the question?" asked Frank.

"Because," replied Maurice, "it was my memory, and not yours, that ought to have been ready. It

would have been you answering, and not me, and that would not have been right."

"And so you preferred the mortification of missing the question," said Frank, "before all the visitors, and losing your place in the class, to using my memory! Besides, allowing Philip Graham, who would not have hesitated (had he not known the answer) to have made use of the prompting I intended for you, to take your place."

"Philip would not have been so simple," said Bob Newton, "as to have lost his place, if he could have kept it by any means. He knows well enough how to get along, and save himself from disgrace. When he has not properly prepared his lessons, I have many a time seen him with a scrap of paper in his hand, which he adroitly concealed, and adroitly read, too, if occasion required. If Mr. Harding knew that, what would he think of his model? You are too particular, Maurice, you may depend upon it, to get along here; and you will find it so by-and-by."

"I must do what my conscience tells me is right," answered Maurice, "whether I get along well or not. If I do not, I should be very unhappy."

"Which would cause you to feel most unpleasantly," asked Frank, "to miss a question on exhibition day, lose your place in the class, and cause the visitors to think you were an indolent, careless scholar, or to answer one single question by my prompting?"

"I should prefer missing several questions," answered Maurice, "and have the character of an indolent scholar, than do what I thought was dishonest: but I have only missed one to-day, and I have answered many in various classes correctly, and I do not think that either Mr. Harding or the visitors will be so unreasonable as to think I am usually indolent or careless about my lessons."

"Well, you are a strange fellow," said Bob Newton, "and all I can say is, there is not another boy in school that has such notions."

V

A Noble Confession.

"OH, what have I done? What have I done?" cried Maurice Gray. "What shall I do? What will Mr. Harding think of me? My unlucky ball. I was so engaged in my game, that I did not notice how near I was to the conservatory, and thus have disobeyed my teacher, and now I am punished for it."

"What is it? What is it, Maurice?" cried several voices, and the boys quickly gathered round to ascertain what had happened.

"Alas!" answered Maurice, "my ball has broken a square of glass in the conservatory. I threw it with such force that I fear it has thrown down some plants, for I heard a loud crash. Let us go and see."

The boys hastened to the conservatory. They were allowed to view the flowers from the outside, but were strictly forbidden to enter it without permission from their teacher.

"Yes, it is too true," said Maurice. "Oh, I am so

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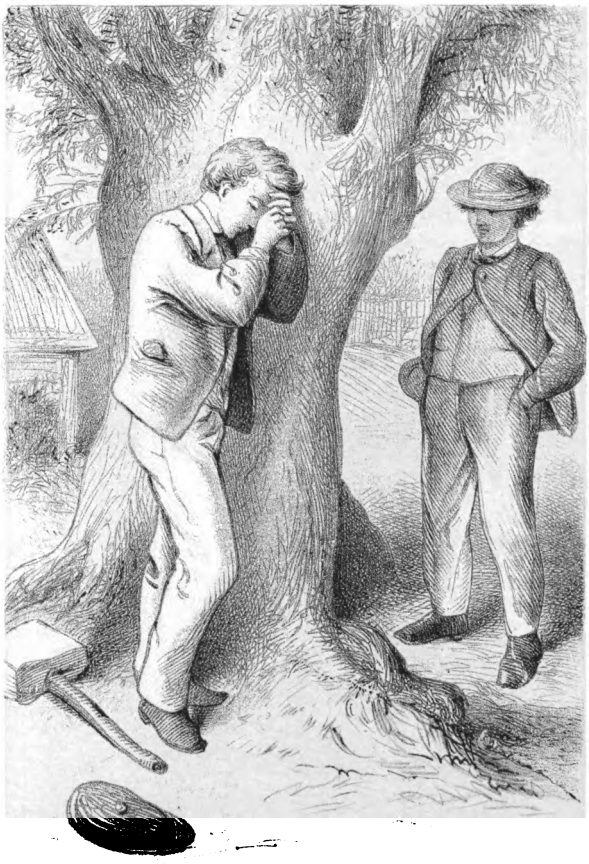

OH! WHAT HAVE I DONE CRIED MAURICE GRAY

sorry. I have thrown down that beautiful scarlet cactus in full bloom, which Mr. Harding showed us yesterday, and have probably injured it very much. What will Mr. Harding think of me?"

"O say nothing about it—say nothing about it," said Dick Wells. "Such things have often happened here before, and no one could ever tell who did the mischief. Mr. Harding has tried in vain, every way, and offered rewards to have the offender made known. But we have a way of managing such things. So do not trouble yourself about it, Maurice. You are too good a fellow to get punished. None of us will allow it; depend upon that."

"I guess he will be glad enough to hide that from Mr. Harding," said Philip Graham, aside, to Bob Newton, "though he was so bold in acknowledging his fault about the present from the old nurse. This is quite a different and a more serious affair."

"Broken glass and broken flowers are two things which very seriously try Mr. Harding's temper," said Bob Newton aloud. "He thinks such things are always the result of carelessness or wilfulness, and he has preached more upon them than upon almost anything else."

"Oh, never mind, Maurice," said Frank Henley. "I can easily get you out of the scrape, and I will do it."

Maurice stood thoughtfully looking at the mischief he had done, and hardly heeding the various remarks

made by his companions; and did not observe that Frank Henley had instantly left the group, after saying that he could and would get him out of his difficulty.

"How fortunate," said Tom Bailey, "that Mr. Harding is absent this afternoon! I saw him ride away with his family immediately after dinner, and he will not probably return until dark, and he will not find this out until to-morrow. So we have time to arrange all about the matter, and to prepare ourselves for the cross-questioning we shall all get on the subject."

At this moment Frank Henley re-appeared with Maurice's ball in his hand, and presented it to him. Maurice looked at him with surprise. "Here, Maurice," said Frank, "here is your ball. You are now safe from discovery. It is not every boy in school I would have broken one of its rules to serve. But I cannot see you punished."

"O Frank," said Maurice, "you have not entered the conservatory against Mr. Harding's commands! How could you?"

"How could I! Why," said Frank, "to make you safe. There will now be no ball found there, and Mr. Harding will not know how the glass was broken. We will all agree that we know nothing about it, and he will think it was the gardener, or Peter, or one of the other servants, and you will get off. I really thought you would be grateful for my services, but your looks express anything but gratitude. I should think I had injured you."

"O Frank," said Maurice, "you intended to do me a service, and have acted from feelings of friendship and kindness to me. I do feel truly grateful for your intentions, but you have injured yourself, without at all assisting me."

"How do you mean, Maurice, that I have not assisted you?" said Frank. "The ball cannot now testify against you. It is easy enough for all of us to keep quiet, and you will never be discovered."

"Oh, but I have done wrong," said Maurice, "and I cannot conceal it from my teacher. I shall go to him directly when we assemble in the hall for prayers to-night, if I cannot see him before. I could not rest to-night without confessing all, and receiving his forgiveness for my disobedience and carelessness. I am sure he will not be unreasonable or unkind, and I prefer receiving the punishment I deserve to deceiving him."

"You will not be such a simpleton as that, surely," said Bob Newton, "when Frank has done so much to get you out of the difficulty. It would be treating him very unhandsomely, and exposing yourself unnecessarily to Mr. Harding's censure."

"I am not ungrateful to you, Frank, for the kindness you intended me," said Maurice, "but there is only one path for me, and that is the right one. It is ever plain and open to us all, if we will but see it. There are many winding and crooked ways, but they are always full of perplexity and trouble. Suppose I follow your

advice, and conceal what I have done from our teacher, I shall cause you all to practice deceit, the blame of the accident will rest on the wrong person, and feeling that he has been injured and deceived, it will be a long time before Mr. Harding forgets the affair. But if I do right and confess my fault, and submit myself to my just punishment, no one will be involved but myself, and no one but the real offender will be suspected."

"And Frank—what will he do in that case?" asked little Joe Green, who stood intently gazing at Maurice, and apparently quite confounded at the new doctrines he was uttering.

"Oh!" said Frank, "I can manage it easy enough for myself. If Maurice does not choose to accept my assistance, I can easily replace his ball where I found it; that is clear enough. I have not the fancy for being punished that he has—and am willing to be obliged to a friend once in a while."

"And so am I, Frank," said Maurice, "and to no one sooner than yourself; but suppose I deceived my teacher, I cannot deceive God, who knoweth all things. I feel that his all-seeing eye is upon me, and I must act as in his sight."

"You are a proud fellow, Maurice," said Frank, in an angry tone, and seizing the ball roughly from his hand, he walked towards the conservatory.

The bell rang for evening prayers.

"I guess Maurice will change his mind to-night

about confessing this accident," said Phil Graham to Frank Henley, as they walked together towards the hall. "Depend upon it, with all his bragging and preaching about right and conscience, he has repented fifty times of not accepting your offer to get him out of his scrape without exposure."

"I do not agree with you there, Phil," said Frank. "He would not accept it now, if it was made to him this moment; but he is a character you cannot well understand, Phil. Your motto has always been plain enough to us all, 'Make clean the outside of the cup and the platter,' but Maurice's seems to be, Make clean the inside. I must own he is a noble fellow. Though I was provoked with him this afternoon for spurning my assistance, I have got over it now, and I like him all the better for it—and I wish I was like him."

"Well, we shall see how he'll manage it," answered Philip. "Depend upon it, his heart will fail to-night, and he will be glad to keep clean the outside, and let the inside go."

It was quite a large assembly that gathered at morning and evening prayer at Mr. Harding's school. It included his own family, his pupils, and the numerous servants of his household. Mr. Harding was in his accustomed place when the boys entered, and was thoughtfully turning over the leaves of the sacred volume that lay before him. The silence in the room was interrupted by Maurice, who, leaving his seat,

approached Mr. Harding, and asked permission to speak a few words to him before the evening's exercises commenced, adding, "I have done something unintentionally, but carelessly, sir, which will displease you, and I cannot retire for the night happily until I have confessed it to you."

He then related the occurrences of the afternoon, and blamed himself very much for becoming so absorbed in his game as to approach so close to the forbidden side of the play-ground near the conservatory, and concluded by saying, "I am exceedingly sorry, sir. I submit myself cheerfully to the punishment I deserve; only let me know that you will not think I would wilfully do anything to injure you, or deliberately disobey your commands."

There was a profound silence in the room while Maurice spoke, and his words were heard distinctly by all.

The silence continued a moment after he had ceased to speak, when, to the surprise of all, Frank Henley left his seat, and, approaching his teacher, said—

"I, too, have done wrong to-day, sir, and have disobeyed you; and though in times past I have always endeavoured to conceal from you the accidents and disobediences of which I have been guilty, I so admire the bold and honest conduct of Maurice, that I am induced to follow his example. Unknown to Maurice, and wishing to save him from exposure, I entered the conservatory, contrary to your orders, and took away his

ball. I presented it to him, telling him, as that could not now witness against him, it would be easy for him to get out of the difficulty; that you would never suspect him, but would impute the blame to some other person, who, I could answer it, would never be discovered. I was angry with him for decidedly, but kindly, refusing to accept my proposal, and conceal it from you; and seized the ball roughly from his hand, saying, I was not then going to get myself into trouble, and that I should return it to the conservatory. I left him intending so to do; but as I walked along, my own mean conduct, contrasted with the brave and honest course of Maurice, presented itself vividly to my mind. He was so different from any boy I had ever met with before, that I could not help admiring him, and desiring to imitate him. A voice seemed sounding in my ear, 'Truth, brave Frank; be honest, Frank.' It was a new idea for me to act upon, and I did not know that I should have courage to do it; but I am glad I have, sir, for I feel much happier than if I had concealed my disobedience, and I am willing to be punished as I deserve."

Frank ceased to speak. Mr. Harding looked much agitated, and seemed struggling to command his feelings. There was a breathless silence in the room. All eyes were turned first on the teacher, and then on the two manly youths who stood before him. At length Mr. Harding said—

"Maurice, you have done me more service to-day than you could have done me injury, had you broken all the glass in my conservatory, and destroyed every plant that it contains. I would be willing that such an accident should occur very often, for the sake of your good example, and feel grateful to you for its effect upon Frank. I trust it will be of lasting benefit to his character. I freely forgive you your carelessness; and, to show my esteem for your character and influence, will reward you by forgiving Frank the fault he has committed in his effort to serve you. Frank," he continued, turning towards him, "you deserve commendation for the effort you have made to confess your fault. The struggle must have been hard for you, if you have hitherto been in the habit of deceiving and concealing. I trust you will henceforth follow the good example of Maurice; and I hope ere long you will be uniformly actuated by the same high notions of duty which influence him. For that which alone gives permanency to any good intentions or resolutions is to act in the fear and love of our heavenly Father."

Mr. Harding then extended his hand kindly, first to Maurice, and then to Frank. They bowed and retired to their seats, and the exercises of the evening proceeded.

VI.

The Missing Book.

IT was the holy Sabbath-day. The services of the sanctuary were over. It was a rule of Mr. Harding's that each boy should pass the intervening time, from the close of the afternoon service until tea-time, in his own closet. Books appropriate for the day were provided for all, and a lesson in the Bible was to be learned for the evening,—that part of the Sabbath being devoted entirely by Mr. Harding to the religious instruction of his pupils. Let us glance for a moment into the closets of some of the boys most conspicuous in our story, and see how they are passing the precious hours of God's holy day, when none but the all-seeing eye is upon them.

Frank Henley sat at his desk; his Bible and question-book lay open before him. He had evidently been studying his lesson, but his head was now leaning on his hand, and an expression of thought was upon his features quite foreign to his usual light-hearted, gay

look. He seemed pondering in his mind some important subject. Yes!—new thoughts had lately sprung up in his heart. He had felt the nobleness of confessing a fault even to his fellow-creature, and that led him to reflect how often he had deceived him. The words of Maurice, "We cannot deceive God, who knoweth all things," had led him to think how often, by deceit and falsehood, and neglect of duty, he must have offended his great Creator. The Bible lesson of the afternoon had drawn his thoughts into a serious train; the Spirit of the Holy One was near, hovering around his retirement with most precious and blessed boons and benedictions, all ready to pour into his youthful soul. God grant he may open his heart to receive them, and not grieve him away by thoughtlessness or love of ease!

Dick Wells had stolen into the closet of Tom Bailey, unknown to any one; they were sitting close together, talking very earnestly in low whispers, lest it should be discovered that they had transgressed a rule of the school, and were passing the hours together. They appeared to be laying a plan for something which was difficult to settle, as they often paused thoughtfully, and then resumed their conversation, as if undecided what course to take. Had one been near, he might have heard such phrases as these: "Splendid horses!"—"Best circus in the country!"—"Fine music!"—"I am determined I will go!"—"Somehow or other I am quite decided about that: I had rather be punished

for going than not go at all; but we can manage so as not to be discovered, I know."

"Bob Newton is going," said Dick, "and Frank Henley will go, and Harry Blake, and Will Foster—we are sure of those. Will it do to ask Maurice Gray?"

"I should like much to have him, if we could persuade him to join us," said Tom; but he is so very strict, I do not think there is any use in asking him; for we do not, of course, wish any one to know of it who will not heartily join us."

"Maurice is so fond of a frolic, and delights so much in horses," said Dick, "that we might perhaps persuade him to go."

"Don't you believe it," answered Tom. "He loves fun and horses too, I know, as well as any of us; and could he go with Mr. Harding's permission, he would enjoy it much; but Maurice would never run away and go—I am certain of that."

"He is bold enough to do it if he choose," said Dick. "There is no cowardice in him. I am no coward; but I dare not act as he does in some things. I have not the same kind of courage. There is something I cannot understand about him; but I do like him exceedingly for all that."

"There will be no harm in sounding him some time," said Tom. "We are sure of one thing—he will not betray us, or get us into any trouble."

"Our best plan," said Dick, "I think, will be to ask

permission to go to the woods on Wednesday afternoon, when the circus is in the village; and then the older boys can separate themselves from the rest. That will not excite suspicion, for we often do that; and then make the best of our way as fast as possible to the village; and if we have good luck, and do not meet the honourable Mr. Harding, nor his honourable assistant, Mr. Neville, we shall get along well. Perhaps we may think of some other way before the time."

"Well," said Tom, "we will consider this plan settled, unless we can think of a better."

Philip Graham sat at his desk, with his Bible and question-book before him, studying his lesson most attentively for a short time—for he was quick to learn—and it was not many minutes before he had it prepared. He then slyly drew a book from his desk, and looked around the room. But why? No person could possibly be concealed there. He then looked from his window, and then drew his chair back a little, that he might not be seen from the outside, and then opened the book he had taken from his desk, and was soon absorbed in its pages. Dick and Tom would have recognised it at a glance as belonging to Mr. Shaw's circulating library.

Lame Louis begged permission of Maurice Gray to pass the hours with him; but Maurice firmly refused his request, unless he could obtain the consent of Mr. Harding; and, to oblige Louis, Maurice went with him

to their teacher to request the favour, which was kindly granted.

The sad and dejected expression of Louis's pale face was softened into a look of more gentleness and submission, which was quite touching. They appeared deeply interested in the evening lesson, and Louis often paused and with much earnestness asked his young teacher the explanation of various passages as they proceeded. After they had completed their lesson Maurice turned to another part of the Bible, and they read and conversed with great interest on the subjects of various chapters.

The hours passed rapidly away, and the ringing of the bell to summon them to tea still found them studying with pleasure that Holy Book which can alone make us "wise unto salvation," and afford us consolation under all the difficulties and trials of life.

"Maurice," said Philip Graham, entering his closet one day, where Maurice sat preparing his lessons for school, "I have a word to say to you alone."

"Well, what is it, Philip?" said Maurice, laying down his book. "Can I do anything to assist you?"

"O no," said Philip; "quite the contrary. I wan to do you a favour."

"I am much obliged to you," said Maurice. "What may it be?"

"I observe you are very fond of reading," said Philip. "Is it not so?"

"Yes, indeed," said Maurice, "it is one of my chief pleasures. The having lived all my life in the country, and being greatly dependent upon myself for amusement, has given me, I suppose, a taste for reading."

"And how do you like the books of Mr. Harding's library," asked Philip; "such as we are permitted to use?"

"Very much, indeed," replied Maurice. "I have not been at a loss since I have been here for interesting reading; and it must be a long time before I have exhausted the library, especially as Mr. Harding is so kind as to be constantly adding to it."

"But would you not sometimes like a change," asked Philip, "in your reading? I have a plan I think you would like, which will make a pleasant variety in your reading, give you much pleasure, and I will take all the trouble of it. I am a subscriber to Mr. Shaw's circulating library, and I thought if you would like to pay half the subscription, you can pay the money to me. I will obtain and return all the books, and so no one will know that you have anything to do with it."

"I daresay, Philip," said Maurice, "you intend me a favour, and therefore I am obliged to you; but, in the first place, I will never wilfully break any of Mr. Harding's rules, and you know one of them is that we shall never take books from the circulating libraries. In the second place, my father has expressed a wish to

me that I should never read frivolous books, as he says it gives one a disrelish for useful reading; and as Mr. Harding provides us with works of history, biography, and travels, I therefore can have no use for Mr. Shaw's books. And in the third place, I have no taste now for works of fiction, and do not wish to acquire one, as I fear it might injure me, and cause me to waste my time."

"Oh," answered Philip, "as for that, I like history, biography, and travels also; but I must have a variety. Novels are delightful, and will never injure you. I have been reading as many as I chose for several years, and I do not see that I am any the worse for it."

"But the love you have acquired for them," said Maurice, "leads you deliberately to disobey your teacher to obtain them. I should think that was evil enough; and you know not to what else they may lead you."

"Oh, such rules, I always think, are made for the younger boys," said Philip. "I am no longer a child, and will not submit like a child to every such regulation. If I set a good example and keep my own counsel, that is enough, I am sure. When have I ever failed in a lesson, or been reproved by my teacher? There is not a boy in school so exemplary as I am. But come, do not be a child any longer, Maurice," he continued, drawing a book from his pocket; "just take this and examine it. It shall cost you nothing.

It is a most thrilling story. If you read this, I know you will thankfully accept my proposal."

Maurice drew back, and refused the book.

"No, Philip," he said, "you cannot by any means tempt or persuade me to have anything to do with that book, or any other that is forbidden us. It is wrong, and I am afraid to do what is wrong."

At this moment the bell rang for dinner. Footsteps were heard in the hall. Philip, unperceived by Maurice, hastily concealed the book under some pamphlets and papers on his desk, and left him. Maurice thought no more of the book; and Philip was that day summoned home to visit his father, who was very ill.

A fortnight passed away, when one morning Mr. Harding was called out of school, and after being absent a few minutes, he returned looking unusually grave, and addressing his school, said, "That Mr. Shaw from the village had just called to look up a book that had for several weeks been missing from his library, and which was taken out by one of the pupils of the school. He refuses to give the name of the boy, as he is under a solemn promise of secresy, unless the book cannot be otherwise obtained. The book, he said, was a new one, and the only copy he had; and as one volume was missing he could not use the other, or he would not have made known the circumstance to me. But as the young gentleman who had it had not called for some time, he must excuse him for using the

most prompt method for obtaining his property; and he should make known his name unless he received his book without needless delay. I am exceedingly grieved," continued Mr. Harding, "that any one should have violated what I consider one of the most important rules of my school, as you all know how strongly I have often expressed my abhorrence of the kind of books usually found in circulating libraries such as Mr. Shaw's. It seems to me also an act of ingratitude, as I have been at the personal expense of purchasing a library for your use, of such books as I approve. I advise whoever has the book Mr. Shaw is in search of to confess it immediately, otherwise Mr. Shaw will himself make it known."

No one spoke or moved.

Mr. Harding looked carefully around the room, and then added, "There is no one absent from the school now but Philip Graham, and his conduct has been such as to exonerate him from the suspicion of so gross a violation of duty, and of course it must be one of those now present."

Mr. Shaw returned home, and Mr. Harding then directed the boys to remain in their places while he visited their rooms in search of the missing book. He was absent but a few moments when he re-appeared in the school-room, bringing a book which they all knew came from the forbidden circulating library. His countenance was very grave, and he said, with unusual emotion:

"I have found this book where I least expected to find it, and where, before searching, I should have felt certain it would not be found. It was concealed under papers and pamphlets on the desk of Maurice Gray."

Maurice involuntarily started at the sound of his name, but soon recovered himself, and looked steadily at his teacher.

"O Maurice!" said Mr. Harding, with much feeling, "have I indeed been deceived in you? Why did you not, as on former occasions, come forward and confess your fault?"

Maurice arose in his seat and said respectfully, "I have nothing to confess, sir. I did not know the book was there."

"Then you accuse some one," said Mr. Harding, "of secreting the book under papers upon your desk, do you?"

"It must have been done by some one else, sir," answered Maurice, "for I have never read, nor even taken in my hand, a book from the circulating library since I entered your school."

"The missing book is found secreted upon your desk, Maurice," said Mr. Harding. "Everything looks against you; but I am persuaded you have never yet deceived me."

"Circumstances are certainly against me, sir," said Maurice, looking calmly at his teacher with his full, honest eye; "but I do not dare to lie or deceive. I

believe I have never given you cause to doubt my integrity, and I hope you will believe me when I say I did not know the book was there. As it has been found there, and has been missing for a fortnight, I know of but one way in which it could have been put there. But I beg of you to take some other method of ascertaining the truth. I may implicate one who is innocent, and nothing but your express commands can cause me to make known my suspicions. If you will please to wait a day or two longer, perhaps all will be cleared up."

"I have such confidence in you, Maurice," said Mr. Harding, "and feel such a respect for your wishes, that I will let the matter rest until to-morrow, when Mr. Neville returns, and I will consult with him as to the best course to pursue."

Philip Graham returned that evening to school. He looked very sad, and much softened. He had come from the death-bed and funeral of his father, and was received with much kindness and sympathy by Mr. Harding.

Mr. Neville returned the next day, but not until the boys had been assembled in school for an hour, and of course Mr. Harding had no opportunity to consult with him on the discovery of the offender.

After the lessons were over Mr. Harding related to Mr. Neville, in presence of the whole school, the circumstances of the missing book, and concluded by

asking him if he could conceive who would have taken the book from the library, or how it could have been concealed on Maurice's desk without his knowledge. "I have had this in my possession," he added, producing the book, "and have examined its contents, and it has made me the more determined to discover who among my pupils could have such a low and depraved taste as to feel inclined to read it. I feel ashamed to think that I have a boy in my school who has a taste for such reading."

Mr. Neville looked much disturbed while Mr. Harding was speaking, and after a few moments he said:—

"It is most painful to me to be obliged to bring disgrace and reproach upon one who has hitherto occupied a high position in the school, in every way; but it is my duty to state what I know of this affair, that suspicion may not rest where it is undeserved. I intended to have made known to you, sir," he continued, addressing Mr. Harding, "the circumstances which occurred a fortnight since; but as I was very much occupied at the time in preparations for my journey, it escaped my mind, and I had quite forgotten the affair until you mentioned what occurred here yesterday.

"It was about a fortnight since, I was on my way to the closet of Maurice Gray. I wished to speak with him alone. As I approached the closet I heard

some one conversing with him within, and not wishing to interrupt them, I retired to a window in the room to wait until his visitor departed, and unintentionally overheard the conversation within. Some one was urging Maurice to become a subscriber to the circulating library, telling him he should have no trouble about it, that he would procure and return all the books, &c.; and he seemed at the same time to be urging upon him a volume to read. Maurice Gray firmly and positively refused to have anything to do with it, giving the best of reasons for so doing, that he would never wilfully break a rule of the school—that his father entirely disapproved of such reading—that he did not wish to cultivate a taste for it himself—that he was perfectly satisfied with, and much interested in, the books which were provided for him to read. His companion was still urging Maurice to do as he desired, when the bell interrupted them, the other boys entered the room, and he was obliged to leave. I saw no book in his hand when he left the closet. I think it must then have been left there. The boy who was conversing with Maurice, and whom I saw leave the closet, was Philip Graham."

Mr. Harding started with surprise. He was well aware that among his older pupils there were some he could not trust, as they preferred their own will to his; but Philip Graham, from outward conduct, had always been exemplary—what the boys called "Mr.

Harding's model." He was a brilliant scholar—punctual and studious, and was supposed by his teachers to be a boy of strict moral principles. His comrades knew him better, but it was a great disappointment to Mr. Harding to find he had been so deceived. He sat silent at his desk for some minutes, and then called Philip Graham, who arose in his seat.

"There can be no doubt," said Mr. Harding, "of the entire correctness of Mr. Neville's statement. If you have any excuse to make, or any explanation to give, you have an opportunity."

Philip stood erect. His eyes were cast down, but his countenance was unmoved, and he made no reply.

"It grieves me more than I can express," continued Mr. Harding, "to be compelled to look not only with suspicion and distrust, but with deep disapprobation, on one whom I have always regarded with confidence and esteem. I must henceforth regard you as opposed to my plans and my interests. This is the first offence of yours that has come to my knowledge, but it is one of great aggravation. You have deliberately disobeyed me, and as you are a subscriber to the library, your offence is probably one of long standing. Nor is that all. You have used your influence to induce another to break my rules, and to pervert his mind with such vile trash as this book contains. I cannot suppose that this is your only attempt. It may be that you have induced others whose minds, unlike that of

Maurice, are not fortified by good principles, to follow your example. I need not say that you have lost the high place in my regard which you formerly held, and nothing but a long course of correct conduct can restore you to my confidence. My sympathy with your great affliction leads me to suspend for the present the infliction of merited punishment. One word of advice I must give you. Of all the severe judgments which our blessed Redeemer denounced, none were more severe than those which respect hypocrites—those who appeared outwardly righteous, but were within full of deceit and wickedness. Go to your private room, Philip, and let the rest of the day be passed in meditation on your past conduct, and may God give you a penitent spirit, and a desire for the future to live a penitent life! May he give you a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within you!"

Philip obeyed and silently left the room.

VII.

Last and Worst.

"UNLUCKY! unlucky! unlucky!" cried Dick Wells, joining a group of the older boys on the play-ground. "Is it not, Tom, the most unlucky thing in the world, that the birth-day *fete* and the circus come on the same day; I never heard of anything more provoking? How can we manage it?"

"It is, indeed, bad enough," answered Tom, "but we must do the best we can, and that is, to leave home as early as possible, and come out of the circus before it is over, and try to be at home again by four o'clock, which is the hour we are invited to the *fete*."

"Yes, that is all we can do," answered Dick, "unless we give it up altogether, and that is what I will not do, happen what may. There never was such a tempting hand-bill, and I must go, and think of the consequences afterwards."

"We must obtain permission," said Tom, "to go to the woods immediately after dinner, and as soon as we

are out of sight, make the best of our way to the village. One of us must try to keep an eye to the time, and just before four we must leave; and if we are fifteen minutes too late, Mr. Harding will think we did not know the hour, or that we wandered farther than we intended."

"Well, that is what we will conclude upon," said Dick. "How many of us are there? Bob Newton joins us at the tent. He is to buy our tickets and have all ready, so that there will be no delay. Why, Maurice, I did not observe you were here, I did not mean you should know our secret, as I thought there would be no use in inviting you; you are so fearful of disobeying Mr. Harding. Come, now, do be somebody for once! Join our party, and see the most delightful circus in the world."

"You must, Maurice," said Bob Newton, "as you have overheard the whole plan, you cannot help it. You are so fond of horses, and ride so well yourself, you will enjoy it; and you may learn something useful too in the way of managing a horse—eh!"

"Oh, say nothing more to me about it," answered Maurice. "You all know very well that I will not join you; but I fear you will all get into trouble, so you had better give it up. I am sure the pleasant entertainment Mr. Harding gives us on Wednesday ought to be sufficient amusement for us; and suppose yon were detained, or did not know the hour, how mortified you would all feel to be discovered at such a

time—to say nothing of the disobedience, and the meanness of skulking away in such a manner to attend a circus. Better give it up."

"We have thought it all over, Maurice," said Dick, "and we are quite resolved to run all risks and go, and nothing you can say will induce us to change our minds. So, if we cannot induce you to join us, we will drop the subject."

Maurice made no answer, but putting his arm within Frank's, he coaxingly led him away.

"Now, Frank," he said, as they walked along, "it is but a short time since you determined to be more conscientious, and that you would not again violate Mr. Harding's rules. Why will you allow the first temptation to draw you away from your duty?"

"O Maurice!" said Frank, "I cannot withstand such a temptation as this. It is too much for me. Of all things in the world the circus is my delight. After this I do intend to try to do right."

"Until the next temptation comes, Frank," said Maurice. "Where is the virtue of doing right, when there is no temptation to do wrong?"

"That is true," said Frank; "but this once, Maurice, I must follow my inclination. I am quite as determined as the others. Happen what will, I attend the circus this time."

"I fear you will repent of it," answered Maurice. "It seems to me to be quite impossible for you to leave

the village after the circus, and be here in time for the *fete*. If you are late, Mr. Harding will think you very ungentlemanly, and feel as if you treated him with great rudeness."

"Oh, trust us, Maurice," said Frank, "for slipping in unobserved! We have done such things before now. Mr. Harding will never know but that we came in with the rest, there will be so many there. Depend upon it, we will not be discovered."

"I am sorry to see you so determined, Frank. I hoped I might persuade you to abandon the plan, though I had but little hope of influencing the other boys. But you are more guilty than the others, because you are breaking a resolution to do right, and had already taken one step, and are now going backwards, and will find it harder than ever to commence again."

"I wish I was thoroughly good like you, Maurice," said Frank; "then I could do right easily enough. But I never can be. I never thought I should like to be good until I knew you. Almost all the boys I ever knew before who pretended to be good, were like Philip Graham,—good enough before their teacher, but elsewhere, just like all the other boys. And though I never pretended to be good myself, I always despised hypocrisy more than anything else. But it seems to make no difference with you, where you are or who you are with, and that is a character I would like to imitate.

"Do not talk to me so," said Maurice. "No one

knows my heart save myself, and him who knoweth all things; so no one can know how often I fail in all my endeavours to be and to do what I desire. But my heavenly Father, through his mercy in Christ Jesus, has compassion on my weakness, and gives me the earnest, constant desire to serve and to please him. He pardons my manifold transgressions, and comforts me with assurances of his love and care towards all those who sincerely wait upon him."

"Well, Maurice," said Frank, "I would like to be as good as you, and after the circus I am going to try again, but I cannot give up that now, so good-bye." And off ran Frank to join the circus party.

The birth-day *fete* mentioned just now, was a little festival which Mr. Harding held every year on the birth-day of his little twin daughters, Minna and Rose.

Many of the children, with their parents, and other friends of Mr. Harding from the village and neighbouring country-seats, with all the pupils, were invited to attend. A table was spread on the lawn under the shade of the lofty elms. Various games were played in which old and young participated, and everything was done by Mr. and Mrs. Harding to make the jubilee pleasant to the guests.

Minna and Rose, queens of the day, were crowned with wreaths of flowers, and presided at the feast. They also received from their parents and many of the visitors, useful and beautiful gifts.

The day was always anticipated by the pupils of the school with great pleasure, but those who were at this time determined to attend the circus were so engrossed in that, that they did not regard it with their usual interest. Good Nurse Burton had been several days at the school assisting and directing in the preparations for the *fete.*

The long-expected Wednesday at last arrived. The day was fine. The grass on the lawn had been recently mowed, and was soft as velvet beneath the feet. The air was fragrant with flowers and new hay; and the table, most tastefully decorated with flowers, was profusely covered with ices, confectionery, and fine fruit. The boys readily obtained permission from Mr. Harding to pass an hour or two in the woods before the time appointed for the *fete;* and, according to their previous plan, as soon as they were out of sight of the house, they turned into the road leading to the village, and rapidly pursued their way thither.

Now, it happened that some indispensable article for the entertainment was forgotten, and none of the attendants being at leisure to ride to the village, Mr. Harding mounted his horse in haste, and proceeded thither to execute the commission. He was detained longer than he expected, and it was but a moment or two before four o'clock, when he turned his face homeward. He happened to be passing the circus-ground just as the people were leaving it, and reined up his

horse and let the crowd pass. To his great surprise, among the first who came from the tent were several boys of his own school, who, casting an anxious look at the old church-clock, set off in rapid steps for home. He had hardly recovered from his surprise before the crowd had dispersed, and he was again moving onward, when he saw a solitary figure emerge from the tent, and strike into a circuitous road leading towards his house. It was Philip Graham!

Mr. Harding rode slowly homeward, pondering on the deceitfulness and ingratitude of those he so earnestly and constantly endeavoured to benefit and make happy, and did not reach the scene of festivity until many of his guests had assembled.

The boys who had attended the circus made great haste to get home, and arrived before their teacher; and they congratulated themselves much on his not being present on their arrival, and felt quite sure they would not be detected. They were consequently in high spirits, and entered with great enthusiasm into the games and pastimes of the day.

The festival was highly enjoyed by all, and the moon shone brightly on the pleasant party ere they dispersed for the night.

"Did we not do well, Maurice?" said Frank, as they retired together, on the breaking up of the party. "Was it not a lucky thing that Mr. Harding was absent when we returned?"

"Oh, lucky! lucky! lucky!" said Dick and Tom, upon joining them. "Two frolics in one day is a rare thing. Now, Maurice, do you not wish you had gone? Who is the wiser for it? I would not have missed it for anything."

The school was assembled next morning when Mr. Harding entered. He stood in his desk, and addressing his pupils, said—"Before commencing the lessons of the morning, I have a few words to say. The chief design I have in celebrating the little festivals on the birth-day of my children, is to give a pleasant holiday to my school. You must perceive it is attended with much trouble and expense, and did I not think it gave much pleasure to you all, and that it would be among the pleasant remembrances of your school-days in after-life, and cause you to feel that your teacher loved you, and was desirous of promoting your pleasure in every innocent way, as well as your improvement, be assured the celebration of yesterday would be the last.

"There are many among you who understand my plans, and appreciate my indulgence, and I am sure they look upon me as a friend as well as a teacher; but there are others among you of a very different disposition. I do not doubt that you all enjoyed yesterday's pastimes, and you doubtless thought I did also; but you are mistaken. I hoped to have enjoyed the day as I usually have done; but there was one circumstance which brought a chill over my heart and spirits, and

made the joyous scene to me one of darkness and sadness. It is hard to meet with deceit and ingratitude, and to receive it, too, in return for kind sympathy and affection."

There was a pause. The older boys looked askance at each other. Mr. Harding resumed,—

"I rode to the village in haste yesterday afternoon to execute a forgotten commission connected with our little festival, and was on my return home, when the spectators of the circus were just leaving the tent. I stopped to let the crowd pass, and imagine my surprise and sorrow when I saw among the crowd a number of my own pupils hastily moving towards their home, as if fearful of being late at my festival. I saw them distinctly, and recognised each, or I could hardly have believed them capable of such bold disobedience, and that, too, on the very afternoon when I was doing all in my power to promote their happiness. Now, I wish every boy present who attended the circus yesterday afternoon to arise in his seat."

One after another, with countenances expressive of great mortification, the boys reluctantly arose in their seats, until the six who had gone in the party together were all standing.

Mr. Harding looked around. "This is not all," he said. Still no one moved.

"This is all who were of our party, sir," said Dick Wells. "There were but six."

"There is another present," said Mr. Harding, "who did not join your party, but who attended the circus, whom I saw slyly leave the tent after all the spectators had gone, and make his way home by a circuitous route. Philip Graham! why do you not rise in your seat with the rest? Do not think because you went more slyly and stealthily than the others, and wished not only to keep a fair face before me, but also before your schoolmates, that you were unseen.

"It is hardly a year since some of you requested permission to attend the circus, and then, in denying your request, I stated to you that as long as you were under my charge, I would never consent to your frequenting a place where you would probably hear vulgar and profane language, and where you might imbibe a taste for mountebank exhibitions, and the lowest grade of dramatic performances. As there are some present who have entered school since that time, I again express my opinion, and repeat my commands, on the subject. The punishment I shall inflict on those who disobeyed me yesterday, will be to suspend them from the school for one month at the end of this term. Philip Graham will be suspended two months. I shall also write to your parents the particulars of your conduct, that they may deal with you as they think proper.

"As for you, Frank," continued Mr. Harding, "you had boldly taken the first step in the paths of honesty and rectitude, and are capable of becoming an honour-

able and high-minded youth. I feel greatly disappointed that the first temptation has caused you to fall. I fear you are too much governed by your associates. If you were always to choose good ones, you might do well; but there is no security for a person who cannot stand alone,—who does not possess in his own heart those principles and that strength which will lead him to act rightly, independently of all outward circumstances, and to resist in the hour of temptation. Each of us must bear his own burden, and give his own account to the Judge of all. Strive and pray, I entreat you, for that grace and light from above—that firm religious conscientiousness and love to your Creator—which can alone give you the victory over sudden temptation."

Frank Henley seemed deeply impressed by Mr. Harding's advice, and much distressed at his own misconduct; but Philip Graham exhibited no emotion!

And here we must take leave of Mr. Harding's little community. The diversity of character which we have seen in it may be found in larger and older communities all the world over—and each of them answers to some representation or image, which we find in the Sacred Scriptures. There are those who fear God and desire to please and obey him. Their habitual thought is, "*Thou God seest me;*" and so convinced are they that to love God and keep his commandments is their reasonable duty, that they would suffer any reproach or

ridicule rather than disobey them; no matter what numbers may be found in the way of evil, nor what flattering promises of enjoyment may be held out, the *right* or *wrong* of the thing is first in their thoughts. Concealment or detection they have nothing to do with, for there is nothing they wish to conceal or fear to expose. They are sincere and guileless people. MAURICE GRAY evidently belongs to this group.

And then we have another class, and the world is full of them. The chief motive which leads them to do right is that it is more creditable. They oblige themselves to maintain two opposite characters; and while they vainly suppose themselves to be in favour with the wicked companions whom they despise, and with the good whom they cannot but respect, they seldom fail to lose the confidence of both, and to be exposed and detested as deceivers and hypocrites. PHILIP GRAHAM is a striking example of this class of persons. The history of both not only illustrates the worldly proverb, that "honesty is the best policy," but the higher and far more comprehensive truth, that "the fear of the Lord is the BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE" (Prov. i. 7).

THE STORY OF CARL ADLER.

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 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 not necessary; but Barry had not reached the point in his experience where this is found out.

When the sun began to draw toward 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 anything 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 nineteenth verse the youthful worshippers all felt, at least for the moment, the meaning of these 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 cloud 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 be

gotten 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 large boys went at all times during play hours, and here they 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 will 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.

II.

Trials of the Emigrant School-Boy.

THE cooler days of summer 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 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

CARL AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE GROVE

CARL AND HIS COMPANIONS IN THE GROVE

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 quite at home here. My uncle lives here, and ——." The boys knew what he meant: his father and mother were dead.

"Yes," said Merriman, "you will soon feel as if you had been born here; 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 as an apprentice with a mathematical instrument maker."

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 citronem bluhn?" *

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

* GOETHE.—Know'st thou the land where the citron blooms?

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 (Lam. iii. 27). 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 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 reverie, 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. 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 highroad, 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, prevented 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."

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 daresay 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 sickroom, 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 might gain something by carrying the same a little further 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 anything, 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 daresay that is it, madam. They will do anything 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 everything 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 altogther lost on Mr. Cole, though he never carried it fully into practice.

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 garden. 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 ribbons nor embassies in his gift, he had green-gages, seckel-pears, and delicious 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 everything 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 affliction; 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 greenhouse, 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 new-comer in this land myself, and I 'know the heart of a stranger,' as the Bible says" (Exod. xxiii. 9).

"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 my mind when I was walking among the crowds in the city: 'The Lord doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and LOVETH THE STRANGER in giving him food and raiment'" (Deut. x. 18).

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"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."

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After a few roads 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*."

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"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. Newman 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 everything else."

"That reminds me of what we read in the 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 streaming 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.

VI.

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.

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

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home here 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 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. 12).

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"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 were 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. Newman 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 everything else."

"That reminds me of what we read in the 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 streaming 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.

VI.

Friends of the Stranger.

EAR 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.

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 go 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. Those who visit German Christians in humble life should learn their tunes.

Carl was naturally desirous to help his countryman, 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 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 visitor 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 in 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 on always speaking of those things which tended to revive the remembrance of sorrows and mortifications. 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.

Carl, however, was not so entirely engrossed with these instructions and useful acquirements, as to find no leisure for the recreations and amusements fitted to his youth; and it excited no surprise, but only sincere pleasure in the mind of Mary Brewer, when, on going down to the river-side with her basket of linen to be washed in the stream, she found Carl Adler, with fishing-rod in hand, as eagerly watching the dip of the

float at the end of his line, as ever did the most accomplished disciple of Isaac Walton the ripples of the shady pool from which he hoped to tempt the trout with his fly.

"Come in, Carl," said Mary, shortly after, "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?"

"Ah! my dear young miss, if I should tell you all the thoughts I have about our vineyards, and about my shady home by the banks of the Rhine, 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 Rhine-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.

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.

VII.

Work and Play.

R. 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 parti-

cularly 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."

"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—"

* Sir John Herschel: "Outlines," 1849.

"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 a 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 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 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."

* Straitened circumstances.

"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 school-master; 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.

VIII.

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 pretty 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 on 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 and 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 blue-bird held his little mimic house-keeping 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 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 scourging; 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.

IX.

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 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 greenhouse 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 lessons, a buggy, or light chaise, suddenly stopped in the road, and a young man, highly dressed and foppish in his manners, jumped out. "It ain't possible! Sure, this is not the Dutchman? Why, Adler, is it really you?"

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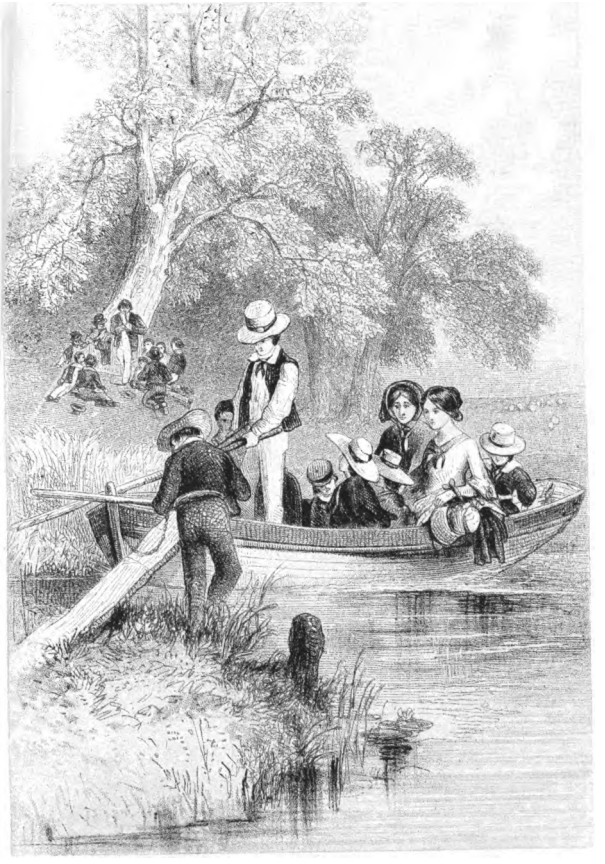

SUNNYSIDE COVE

"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 a drive out of town, and had taken wine at the ferryhouse, 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 restive 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 safer 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 describe 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 sung 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 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 anything 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 special 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 on Monday morning with two pots of mignonette 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 college, and our young president would have to employ professors."

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

X.

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. Fredrick 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 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 acomplished 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 sweet-briars clambered about the windows. Within, everything 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, Matilda, 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 hill-side, 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 visitor 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 in you 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 our 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 thrashing-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!"

XI.

Reminiscences of German Childhood.

FROM our 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 our country; 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 waggon, 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 embarrassment, 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 anything 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 armchair, 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 Worms, and there thou seest him on his deathbed. 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 daresay 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 sung 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 she is going to lend you her pianoforte, 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.

XII.

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.

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 corn-fields; 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. On 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 mysteri-

ous, have been tending towards a result which, I hope, will prove agreeable to you. Your good friends, Dr 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 the 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 confusion 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 it 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 unto 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" (Gen. xxviii. 20–22).

"The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren" (Gen. xlix. 26).

"Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that thou has 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?" (2 Sam. vii. 18).

"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" (Ps. cxvi. 12–14).

"O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps" (Jer. x. 23).

"Let your conversation be without covetousness;

and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Heb. xiii. 5).

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 VERSAUMEN. 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 he had first learned from the voice of Matilda 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!"

XIII.

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 putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope" (Lam. iii. 27–29).

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 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 restive, harassed, and unfit for settled thought. One lesson he learned in this room, which is of great importance, namely, 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 anything 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 reinstated as to make a short excursion for change of air. This had the expected result, and he came home with 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.

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

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 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 everything 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."

XIV.

School-chat in Play-hours.

"COME, come! Oh, fellows, come!" cried a little, piping, shrill voice, from the great field back of the churchyard; "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?"

"O 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 arithmetic, 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 portfolio, 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, 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 or wise enough to choose your own companions?"

Charles. (Putting his arm around Carl's shoulder.) "Yes, I daresay 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 the figure 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 to 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 so 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.

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?

* Dank sey dir, O du starker Gott,
Dess Schutz uns heut umfangen.

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 Basedo 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 lines, as one might remember them who had caught their general meaning, without the words.

Gregory. O 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."

XV.

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 an 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. Our country 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 school-boys 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, M. 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 (Matt. xxiv. 1–14; Mark xiii. 1–13; Luke xxi. 5–19). The little lecture had taken hold of the boys, as a good lecture 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 out-

line 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 may 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 eighteen hundred 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 large 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 visitors, 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.

Carl. There are persons, John, 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 anything 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. O 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.

XVI.

Poetry and Schools.

THENSTONE'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. Every one 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 even 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 advantage of good public schools.

Dr. Smith. Here are a number of schools and schoolfolk 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 the universality of schools, is one. Almost all educated persons, as poets generally are, went to school in their youth. The recollections of schoolboy 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 heavenly 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, woe 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."

XVII.

Arrival of Emigrants.

A LETTER was delivered to Carl at the breakfast-table, 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, 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 hill 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 Haarlem, 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-waggon 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 Schneckenberg, 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, until 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!" (Ps. xxiii. 6).

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 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.

XVIII.

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 increased, 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 a 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 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 an-

* Docendo discimus.

swer. 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 Puisant. 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:—

XIX.

Sybel, the German Teacher.

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

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 everything 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 eartnestness 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 Schonfeld, 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 Charlotten-

burg, 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 Kirstenmacher, 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, everything 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 anything 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! Halleluiah!" On recovering his usual clearness of mind, he said, "Oh, thou who art my life! thou Prince of Peace, thou mine Emmanuel, 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 deathbed; 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.

XX.

School Festivities.

MATILDA 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 Matilda. 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 (Prov. xxxi. 30). 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 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.

Matilda Mill assumed under Mrs. Barry the charge of the minor arrangements. She selected the music and drew up the programmes, and decorated the schoolroom 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.

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 play-grounds, 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 waggon, with white canvass 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 Matilda 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 Matilda 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 pianoforte for the use of the academy: her little boys were already

members of the school. Fred Mill, now a dashing young doctor, appeared in due 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. Barrow's accommodations were adjusted to just such gatherings, 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 leave us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy."

It was finally, however, completed, with beautiful wreaths of myrtle, and two fine cyphers 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 canvass 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 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 Matilda Mill took no part. She

* Not alone. † Awry, off the line.

was busy at times about other matters, but was often pensive and 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 ladies and gentlemen 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. Schneckenberg.

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 lovingkindness 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.

XXI.

Conclusion.

AS this little book 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 that he is about to be married to Matilda 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 Matilda 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 fleel 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 on 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 this country 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 the 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 Matilda 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*" (Rev. ii. 10).

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

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