

thanked me heartily. I then showed my ring to the jeweller. "How fortunate you have been not to lose the diamond," he exclaimed. "O!" said I, 'I was already so unfortunate as to lose both ring and diamond; but an excellent boy named John Muller, whom the misfortunes of war had driven from his home, and forced to become a shepherd, found it and restored it to me.' The old soldier approaching me, said: 'Kind sir, do you know anything else concerning that boy? Where is he? has he not a sister? does his mother still live?'

I told him that I had obtained a situation for John; that his sister Mary lived with you; that their general demeanor was such as to give the greatest satisfaction, and that their mother, Helen Muller, was dead.

'My God!' he exclaimed, as the tears streamed from his eyes, 'they are my children, my John and Mary. O, how happy am I to find them alive! But I am also grieved to learn the death of my poor wife.'

He endeavoured to obtain whatever information he could concerning them. I told him all that I knew. 'All, all,' he exclaimed 'concur to make me happy. One thing only gives me trouble; that those dear children think that their father is dead. But I ought not to be surprised at it.—When I was married, I belonged to the body-guard of the Prince. The war began, and I was obliged to separate from my wife and children. In an engagement I was wounded so severely, that I was left on the field of battle for dead. Being made prisoner I remained in confinement till the end of the war. In the mean time the enemy had taken possession of the country, and my wife and children were obliged to fly. As soon as I obtained my liberty, I made every effort to find them, but in vain; I could receive no intelligence about them. Now, thanks to God, I am consoled in part, to learn that my wife has died piously, that my children are good, that Mary took care of her mother until her death, that John returned the ring which he found, and lastly, that both have continued to behave well. This is my greatest consolation, my only joy. I cannot return our Divine Lord due thanks for having watched over them with so parental a care. I will go and see them as soon as possible, although I be obliged to beg my way, for I wish to see them once more before I die.'

The brave old soldier spoke with so much animation, and shed so many tears that the jeweller and myself wept also. The wife and children of Mr Daniel, hearing the words and the sighs of the veteran, wept with us, and mingling our tears we endeavoured to console poor Muller. I told him that as soon as the weather would permit, I would procure him a conveyance to Thannenburg;

but that I wished first to furnish him with new clothes that he might be dressed as an old soldier like him deserved to be. In a word, I raised his joy to the highest pitch, by promising to furnish him with the money necessary for the journey.

Announce, then, my dear sister, to those children the pleasing intelligence that their father still lives. I hope too that your charity will find for this old man a corner in your castle of Thannenburg, where he may spend the remainder of his days in tranquillity. Thus we shall have been instruments in the hands of God, to draw two deserted orphans from misery, to restore them to their father, and to be his consolation in his misfortunes. O! how admirable are the ways of the Lord!

Present my best wishes to my brother and the children.

Your affectionate brother,

ADOLPHUS.

LETTER XII.

John to the Chaplain of Wiesenthal.

REVEREND SIR,

You were pleased to honor me with your friendship when I was a shepherd at Wiesenthal. Allow me to present to you my most heartfelt acknowledgments, in return for the good advice you were then accustomed to give me. The ring which I found on the bank of the river, has enabled me to learn the business at which I am now employed; and you, Reverend Sir, enabled me to restore it to my protector.

You have already learned with pleasure that God, through the medium of that ring, has made known to my sister and myself that our father still lives. You will also without doubt be equally pleased to learn the following facts, which relate to our subsequent history.

It would be impossible for me to pretend to describe the joy of our hearts, when we cast ourselves into the arms of a father whom we had for so long a period believed to be dead. He was surprised to see us so large, and pleased that we looked so well; but what gave him the greatest pleasure, was to hear us so well spoken of by every body. "All would now be well," he said, "if your mother were alive." He was desirous to see her grave. I had raised over it a beautiful cross, which I took the greatest pains to make. The evening before, my sister had ornamented it with a garland of flowers; they were already withering; however, my father saw by this, that the memory of our mother was still cherished by us.

My father burst into tears when he arrived at the spot beneath which my mother reposes. The tears of my sister and myself were soon mingled with his,