

further to dread. As the clock was just striking six, I returned to my hotel. My travelling companions, muffled in their cloaks, were already standing at the door, impatiently awaiting my arrival. I hurried up to my room, got my cloak and my little luggage, paid my bill, hastily swallowed a cup of coffee, and joined my two friends in the carriage.

I have told you all this, dearest mother, not to take credit to myself for it, but because I know it will gratify you. I promise you that I shall never speak of it to a stranger; but you and I are but one heart and one soul.

Nor, indeed, can I lay claim to any credit; I have to thank God and you alone for this good action. God gave me the courage to achieve it, and you, my dearest mother, trained me from childhood to such principles. O, how often, and how touchingly did you set the example of our divine Redeemer before my eyes! Still do I remember every word of yours: "He loved us unto death," would you tell me, "and so should men love one another. He gave His life for the pure love of us; so should we be ready to give our lives, out of pure love, for one another."

I write this letter from a most comfortable and very much frequented inn, in a little village where I have arrived late this evening; and I shall be obliged to commence very early to-morrow morning to settle a number of heavy accounts with several shop-keepers, with whom I have already made appointments for the purpose. I must, therefore, retire to rest. Good night, then, dearest mother; God be ever with you, and with your affectionate and ever grateful son,  
LEWIS.

## LETTER II.

I have arrived here safe, dearest mother; but, alas! find every thing sadly changed. Full of joy at the success of my commercial tour, I hastened to the office of my principal, Mr. von Walther. But he, who used always to be so kind and friendly towards me, now sat motionless on the chair at his writing-desk, and stared at me with a black and angry scowl. Formerly he used to address me most familiarly, but now his mode of address was cold and repulsive. 'Begone!' said he; 'we part from this moment. You cannot remain any longer in my service. The book-keeper's place, which I had intended for you, has been given to a more trusty man; and the situation, which would have been vacated by your promotion, is destined for an honest young man, on whom I can place more dependence, than on you. Begone, and let me never see you more!'

I was so astounded at this utterly unexpected greeting, that I stood, as if petrified, and for a long time was unable to speak.

'Is it possible!' said I at last, 'that you speak

this to me? How have I forfeited your esteem, my dear master?'

'Do not dare to call me so any more!' he angrily replied; 'I now know too well, that you have requited my kindness with ingratitude, abused my confidence, and stolen my property.'

'I am no thief!' said I, deeply wounded and chagrined; 'who is it that has blackened my character and calumniated me in my absence? Let the base slanderer be brought before me, face to face!'

'It was a very honest man,' replied my master, 'that first called my attention to it. For a long time I did not believe him; but ocular proof convinced me of the villainy which you have been practising.'

'What villainy?' demanded I; 'name it for me! I am conscious of my innocence. Explain what you mean.'

'Well, I will explain,' he replied.

However, my dear mother, this explanation would not be clear to you; there is a good deal of it you would not understand. I must, therefore, tell you something of the previous history.

My master is an extraordinary amateur of rare coins, which he values extremely, either for their antiquity, or the remarkable occasion upon which they were issued, or the artistic skill displayed in their execution. He has himself made a very beautiful collection of them, and perhaps carries his fancy to an extreme, so that his friends often rally him upon it. For my part, however, I took a considerable interest in the beautiful coins, and I succeeded in deciphering the inscriptions of some old Roman pieces, which my master was unable to make out. Henceforward he used to shew me every new one that he purchased, (often very dearly,) and I soon obtained his full confidence.

For some time before my journey, one or two of the coins, which, though they were but of silver, or even of copper, my master prized for their exceeding rarity, disappeared, occasionally, from his apartment, where he generally keeps them in his writing-desk to amuse himself by examining them. But after I set out, not one more was missed. He placed among the less valuable coins one or two more precious ones, and privately marked them, with the view of discovering the thief. But they remained undisturbed.

A friend, my master said, (whom, however, he would not name,) had suggested to him that possibly I, being such an admirer of rare coins might have appropriated these valuable pieces; but he could not be persuaded that I was the criminal.

At this time two distinguished travellers visited him, for the purpose of seeing his collection. He shewed them with no little pride, one after another, all his finest gold and silver pieces, which he