

Youths' Department.

SUFFERING WRONGS PATIENTLY.

OR THE PATH TO GLORY.

A fine little boy was running at full speed through a narrow path with rose bushes on either side, when suddenly stopped by the warning cry of his mother, "Take care, Louis, for those thorns might tear your eyes out." It was a voice that never failed to check him, even in his most eager mood, and turning round to the beautiful lady who thus addressed him, the child replied, "But, dear mamma, thorny paths, you know, lead to glory."

Little did Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, or her fair and cherished boy (for my story is of them) know how truly these words were to be proved in the experience of both, or the ready answer of the little Dauphin would not have lit up his mother's face with so radiant a smile of pleasure. It seemed even from his infancy as though the child had inherited the queenly grace and dignity of his noble hearted mother, and few could look without admiration and interest upon the almost angelic beauty, and bright intelligence of his open countenance. He had but lately in consequence of the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the title of Dauphin, and his parents, who had been greatly afflicted by the death of two of their children, the infant Princess Sophie, and their eldest son, Louis Joseph, rejoiced that their youngest son showed no symptoms of the delicacy of constitution which had caused them so much anxiety in his brother's case.

The king and queen devoted much of their time to the education of their children, and both Louis Charles and his eldest sister, the Princess Marie Theres, were apt scholars. It was a pretty sight to see the little daughter of the Queen of France busily employed with her needle in making clothes for the poor, while the Dauphin read aloud some story of the good and great, or drank in from his parents' lips some wise and holy lesson.

Dearly as Marie Antoinette loved her children, and delighted (as what mother does not?) in giving them pleasure, she was yet most anxious to impress upon them the duty and privilege of self denial. During the Winter of 1783, the poor throughout France suffered severely from cold and hunger, and Marie Antoinette, who felt her calling as queen to be the mother of her people, exerted herself in every way she could to relieve their distresses. All the money she could save from her own purse was distributed by her orders amongst the poor in her neighborhood, and many of the ladies of the court were stirred up by the example of their good and lovely queen, to remember the poor.

On the eve of new year's day, when it is customary in France for all the parents who can afford it, to make presents to their children, the queen, anxious to give to hers a lesson of charity, sent for the usual presents from Paris, and had the table in her closet covered, as in other and happier days, with all the newly invented and most beautiful toys; then taking her little son Louis Joseph (for this was before the birth of his brother) with her daughter by the hand, she showed them the presents she had hoped, and intended to purchase for them, but reminding them that the money, so spent, would, otherwise employed, enable them to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, she asked them if they would not willingly content themselves with only looking at the playthings, to help her in this way to buy more blankets, and clothing, and bread for the poor and wretched. "You may do without the toys, my children, but without food and clothing the poor must perish," said the queen and the children, who had long seen their mother denying herself many enjoyments, that she might enjoy the cost of them in this way, threw themselves into her arms, exclaiming, "Give the money to the poor, mamma; we can wait for the toys."

"Yes, my children, I thought you would agree with me, but one thing we must not forget; that is, to pay the toy-man for his trouble in bringing home the playthings, and to recompense him for his disappointment."

Louis Charles was educated in the same spirit: no foolish, fond indulgence was allowed to hinder his being early trained and suffer, as becomes a Christian child. On one occasion his governess, distressed at seeing him run very fast and heedlessly, exclaimed, "He will surely fall," and would have hastened to his assistance had not the queen checked her by calmly observing, "He must learn to fall."

"But," rejoined the governess, "he may hurt himself."

"He must learn to endure hardships," was the queen's reply.

One of the greatest pleasures of the little Dauphin, was to work in a flower garden allotted to him in front of the terrace at Versailles, on which the apartments of the Queen opened, and from whence he might be seen working away with his little spade, and hoe, and watering pot, till the perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead. If any one offered to help him, and begged him not to fatigue himself so much, he would answer, "No, it is because I make the flowers grow myself that mamma is so fond of them, so I must work hard to have them ready for her." And every morning he would make a nosegay of his prettiest flowers to lay upon his mother's pillow before she woke; then hiding behind the curtain, he watched her smile of pleasure at his early offering, and springing forward claimed his wanted reward, a mother's kiss.

"Louis," said his father to him one day, "to-morrow is the queen's birthday, and you must think of something new for her bouquet, and compose some little compliment."

"Papa," answered the child quickly, "I have a beautiful ever-lasting in my garden, and it will just do for my bouquet and my compliment too. When I give it to mamma, I will say, Mamma, may you be like this flower."

To teach him the use of the compass, his father, having walked with him some distance from the chateau of Rambouillet, a royal residence about thirty-six miles southwest of Paris, and having explained to him that to find his way back he only needed to keep in the direction to which the needle pointed, the chateau being to the north of the forest in which they were, left him to find his way home as best he could, first however asking him if he was afraid of being alone in the forest.

"Was a prince of France ever afraid?" observed Louis lifting up his pretty face with a flush of something like pride.

"Well then," said the King, "here is the compass, and here too is money, for you may want some on your way, and now good bye to you, Mr. Adventurer, for I shall take another road, but I shall hope to meet you safely at the chateau."

With a bold and merry heart the noble boy now pursued his way alone through the forest paths, looking from time to time at his compass to be sure that he was in the right direction. An hour's walk however seemed to bring him no nearer home, but though by this time he had reached a meadow in which some peasants were mowing, he never thought of asking them the way to the chateau. A little dog began to bark at him until chidden by its owner, who beat it to make it quiet. "Will you sell me that pretty dog, friend?" asked Louis.

"Sell my dog! my poor Muff, my only friend and companion in my poverty! no, no my little gentleman, not for all the gold in the king's purse," was the answer.

"Then why do you beat him?"

"He that loves well, chastises well, my little gentleman."

"Here friend," said the child taking a piece of gold from his purse, "I will give you this, if you promise me not to love your dog so well."

"One would take you for the son of a king, to give away so much money at a time," said the man in some astonishment.

With a merry laugh the Dauphin answered, "You are right friend; I am the son of your king, but I will not deprive you of your dog," he continued, as the surprised and grateful peasant urged him to accept it. It was with some difficulty that Louis persuaded the men who now gathered round him, to allow him to proceed on his way unaccompanied. He did so however and after a long and weary wandering, reached the chateau, to the great joy of his parents, who were beginning to get anxious about him. "I almost feared you had lost your way, my son," exclaimed the king.

"Lost my way, indeed! How could I have lost it?" said the child with a half indignant look.

"Oh, I see your pride is up in arms; but if it had not been for the compass—"

"Papa, if I had had no compass, my heart would have guided me to you."

It was no wonder that such a child should be the joy and delight of his family, and in the troublous times that followed, when the people, led away by wicked men, and by their own evil passions, rose up against their good king and queen, and brought them first from their residence at Versailles to the palace of the Tuilleries at Paris, and afterwards imprisoned them

in the Temple; they had still some consolation in the love and gentleness of their children, and especially in the bright smiles and quiet intelligence of Louis Charles. It was to him like the beginning of sorrow, to leave his pretty garden at Versailles; and when they told he would have much nicer flowers at Paris and as many as he could desire, he said sorrowfully, "They will not be my own flowers that I planted and watered, and I shall never love any flowers so well as those," but his tears were quickly dried lest they should add to his mother's sorrow. The day of their removal to Paris was one of terror and distress, such as the happy children had never known before. The angry people shouted at the windows of the royal carriage, "We shall not want bread now; we bring you the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy along with us;" for in their madness they supposed all their want and misery proceeded from the sovereign, and now that he was in their power, they thought to make him remedy all. The day after their arrival, on hearing a tumult in the garden of the Tuilleries, the poor little Dauphin threw himself into his mother's arms, exclaiming, "Oh mamma, is yesterday come again?" One day a poor woman who had made her way into the garden, begged him to present a petition which she gave him to the king, saying at the same time that she would be happy as a queen could she but obtain it. "Happy as a queen!" said the child sorrowfully, as he took the paper, "I know one queen who weeps all day long."

[Concluded next week.]

Selections.

TWO SIMILITUDES OF S. HERNAN.—"As the vine is supported by the elm, so is the rich man helped by the prayer of the poor."

As I was walking into a field, and considering the vine and elm, and thinking within myself of their fruits, an angel appeared unto me and said, "Why thinkest thou so long with thyself?" And I answered, "I am thinking, sir, about this vine and elm, since their fruits are beautiful." And he said, "These two trees are put forth as an example for the servants of God." "I would learn," replied I, "what example thou meanest, sir?" "Listen," he said. "Thou seest this vine and elm?" "Yes, sir," I rejoined. "This vine," continued he, "is fruitful, but the elm beareth none: but yet this vine, had it not been knit to the elm, and rested upon it, would not have produced much fruit. For when lying on the ground, its produce is bad, because it hangs not on the elm; but when it is suspended upon the elm, it bears fruit for both. Note, then, that the elm beareth not less, but rather more fruit than the vine." "How, sir, greater," asked I, "than the vine?" "Supported by the elm," he replied, "it produces much and choice fruit: but laying on the ground, little and worthless. This, then, is an example for the servants of God, the rich and poor." "Show me how this is?" "Listen," he replied: "The rich has wealth, but, as regards the Lord, he is really poor; for he is distracted about his wealth, and prays but little to the Lord; and when he does pray, his words are feeble, and possessed of little power. When, then, the rich man distributes to the poor of his wealth, the poor man prays to God for him, and God bestows upon him all good things: for the poor man is rich in prayer, and his prayer is effectual with the Lord.—The rich man, then, bestows all upon the poor, because he thinks he is heard by the Lord, and therefore more willingly and unhesitatingly does he bestow all largesses upon him, and takes care that he wants for nothing. The poor man thanks God for the rich, because they both work from the Lord. The elm is thought among men not to bear fruit, and they neither know nor perceive that when united with the vine, the latter yields double produce, i. e., for itself and the elm. And so the poor praying for the rich, are heard of the Lord, and their wealth is increased, because they give to the poor of their substance. Whosoever, then, has so acted, will not be deserted of the Lord, and shall be written in the Book of Life. Happy they then, who are rich, and know that they are enriched, since they who are conscious thereof will be able to minister to the wants of others."

II. "As in Winter green trees cannot be distinguished from the dry, so in this world the just and the unjust cannot be distinguished."

He then showed me many trees stripped of leaves, which seemed to me dry, for all were alike. And he said, "Seest thou these trees?" "Yes, sir," answered I, "they resemble dry ones." "These trees, then," said he, "are like men who live in this world."