

that which it recorded with approbation in the holy pages of the Bible.

Such is the invocation of angels and saints which is taught and practised in the Catholic church, and such the honour and veneration which we give them. We invoke them as subaltern beings, but as chosen friends of God, and more powerful intercessors than ourselves; whatever may be the external signs of this respect, or whatever the words employed to convey this honour, it must be remembered, that these signs mean just as much, and no more, as those, who employ them, intend they should mean: and the language employed is well understood by those who use it.

LITERATURE.

Fruits of a Good Education.

LETTER VII.

To the Curate of Thannenburg.

REVEREND SIR,

My heart tells me that I should take the liberty of writing to you in order to return you my sincere thanks; but I am fully convinced that I could not find words to express my gratitude. You have drawn my sister from great wretchedness; you have made her happy:

God, who sees the bottom of my heart, knows what my feelings are for you. He, Reverend Sir, who has promised a reward for a drop of water given in his name, will never forget your generous conduct: He who listens to the cries of the young birds, will not reject the prayers of a poor shepherd—the supplications of the poor orphan, whom you have protected, will draw down blessings on your head.

I would wish to write to that kind lady the Countess, but I am afraid to take so much liberty. Allow me then, Reverend Sir, to hope that you will present my thanks to her. Who can do so, better than you, who knew our misery well and were the first to solace it? Have the kindness to tell her, that although I am not so happy as to know her, still her kindness penetrates me with the most sincere respect. I love her, although I never saw her. When the sun rises my prayer ascends to ask for her a tranquil and happy day; and when evening arrives I beg the Lord to shelter her under the wings of his mercy, and send her sweet and pleasant slumbers.

The man who brought me my sister's letter, told me that the young lords of the castle would be much pleased with some beautiful butterflies.—When my flock is feeding in the meadow, I will have time to look for some, which I will send them. Our kind Chaplain shewed me some which he has preserved in a case covered with

glass. I have nothing better to send them at present, but I will try to find something pretty for them. If the brilliant colors of the butterflies can make our young lords admire the bounty and power of God, and shew them the desire which I have to please them I will be satisfied.

Deign then, Reverend Sir, to accept my profound respect, and the lively acknowledgements with which I have the honor to be

Your obedient child in Christ,

JOHN MULLER.

LETTER VIII.

John to his Sister.

MY DEAR SISTER,

It is now my turn to have some happiness and hope. I lately drove my flock to pasture on the bank of the river, whilst I was looking for some beautiful shells, which I wished to send to the young folks at the castle. I was admiring in those shells the goodness and magnificence of our Creator, when suddenly I saw something which shone with extraordinary lustre. It was a gold ring, ornamented with precious stones. I immediately thought it was of great value, and danced with joy.

At that moment, two Jews were passing. I showed them the ring. "Ho!" says one, "this is something rare; but it can be of no use to you if you give it to me I will give you ten sous for it." "I will not give you the ring;" I replied, "no doubt, some person lost it, and I ought to return it to the owner." "But," replied the Jew, "you don't know to whom it belongs. I will give you a crown for it. Look here," said he, showing me the money which sparkled in the sun. "Will you take it?" "No, no," said I, shaking my head "not for a thousand crowns, for I do not wish to commit a sin."

Then the other Jew, an old man, whose hair and beard were white with age, said to me: "You are an honest boy, and I am an honest Jew. Keep the ring, and endeavour to find the owner, but if no person claims it, come to the village in which you see that high tower, inquire for old Samuel, and you will receive for the ring a hundred crowns which is its real value."

Thus you see, sister, there are honest people among Jews as well as among Christians.

When evening came, I went to see the Chaplain and related to him what had happened. He told me that the ring belonged to the Chevalier, who lost it when he was shooting ducks.—"He has offered a reward of ten crowns to the person who would restore it to him. Write to the Chevalier and in the meantime, leave the ring with me.—I will send it to him with your letter. He is an excellent man, and a gentleman."

The thought then came to my mind that God had his particular designs in permitting me to find