

LITERATURE.

Tales from the Canon Schmid,
AUTHOR OF THE WOODEN CROSS.

ANGELICA.

Continued.

"Oh!" said the mother, "I don't know how you got that whim into your head—to marry our Angelica to a painter. How many good painters do we meet? or are you content to give her to a botch? for she will have but little room to choose."

"I hope," said the artist, "that in due time an eminent painter, who may please her, will make his appearance."

"Ah! but it is a strange subject to be jesting on," said the mother. "Either you are not serious in your expectations, or there is something mysterious in the matter. If you know such a painter, why have you never said one word about him, up to the present moment?"

"It was not necessary until now," said the father, "there had been no question of the marriage of our daughter. The time had not come for it. Let her now, while she is in the bloom of life, and unencumbered with family cares, devote herself to her art, joyfully and tranquilly. God will provide for the future.—And now," said he, warmly, turning to his work, "leave me alone; I am just finishing a touch, which, perhaps, may escape me, if I be further interrupted."

The mother returned quite disconsolate to Baron West and Angelica, and related the substance of the conversation. "Alas!" said she, in conclusion, "nothing can be done now with the good-hearted, but singular old man. I know him well, when he has once taken any thing into his head, it is impossible to move him."

The afflicted Baron bade adieu to the mother and daughter. He comforted the weeping Angelica. "For the present," said he, "I go, since that is the best course that remains for me; but do you continue faithful to me. I hope to return after some years, and then to gain the consent of your father, who, notwithstanding his refusal, has still my esteem." Without further explanation he took his leave.

Nearly three years had elapsed. Baron von West had written twice a year to Bergheim, and more frequently to the mother; and in his letters to the mother, he always enclosed a few lines to Angelica, in which he spoke most confidently of his hopes, but did not tell on what they were grounded. For a few months his correspondence had been discontinued altogether.

in his captivity; it was towards this that Daniel prayed three times a day, disregarding the wrath of the pagan monarch, and his hungry lions. Long as was the temple in building, and costly as were its decorations, was God displeased with the profusion of its ornaments—the offerings of gold and silver and other costly materials of the Jewish people, offerings so abundant that it was necessary to restrain them by authority?—or did He who forbade the making of graven images on Mount Sinai, forbid the making of the golden images of the seraphim and cherubim round about the altar, or the brazen oxen of the sea of brass?—or, finally, was he displeased with the magnificence of the priesthood? No; all these things had previously received the Divine sanction and approbation, and the service of that temple was constantly commenced by the sounding of trumpets and the chaunting of the praises of the Lord, Solomon being arrayed with crown and sceptre, and the high priest in his ephod of fine linen, with the mitre, breast-plate, and the Urim and Thummim. It was the solemnity of the Jewish ceremonial, and the gorgeous costume of the high priest, that led even the conqueror Alexander to bow down before the servant of the Lord; and so far from the Almighty condemning the splendour of the temple, he had said, 'I have chosen this house as a place of sacrifice—my eyes shall be open and my ears attentive to the voice of him who prayeth in this place.' His Lords'ip opened his appeal to their charitable assistance in the work before them by what can only be truly described as a faithful and Christian denunciation of the abuse of temporal riches, either by hoarding them on the one hand, or by wantonly lavishing them on unworthy objects on the other. He reminded his audience that they were stewards only, not possessors of the worldly riches that might be entrusted to their charge; and earnestly and impressively reminded them, that on the great day an account would be demanded of the uses they had made of them, or the abuses to which they had subjected them. The Almighty had been pleased to plant them in a country, whose hills, those by which they were surrounded, were teeming with wealth, and whose soil returned them a hundred-fold the seed they committed to its great womb, and would they do nothing in return for God? Recurring to the solemnity of the house of prayer, in which they stood in the immediate presence of the Deity, he reminded them of the expression of Jacob, 'How dreadful is this place—this is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven'; and of the Divine mandate to Moses, 'Take thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is consecrated to the ground.'

[To be continued next week.]