

During the next four years, Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting-room to educate him for business. Here, as well as there, at the writing-desk as on the school-bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but, by the aid of the noble Richter, and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love to him he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When by care and prudence he had gained about a hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good, and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness; and the business prospered so well that, in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked in linen goods; and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill, and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time; and three years afterwards he was taken by Herr Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love or gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease, he placed the hands of his only daughter, a sweet girl of only two-and-twenty years, in that of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other; and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnized their betrothal at the bed-side of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North seas, and the care of Providence seemed especially to watch over the interests of their worthy owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until, in her two-and-seventieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. But in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of honest industry, and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm xxxvii. 37.—*From the German.*

A young lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and, at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."