

dron. You stand in need of a coat for every day wear; and I am at a loss to know where we shall get money to meet all these expenses. What are we to do?"

"Be not distressed about this my good wife," responded the schoolmaster, "God will provide.—In this commune there are families much worse off than ours. Remember the words of the canticle:—

"Loved objects of thy watchful care,
Oh Lord! we trusting look to thee,
For bread we make an humble prayer,
Relieve us in our misery;
Father! to thee thy children cry,
And little will their wants supply."

Whilst they were engaged in this conversation, a knock was heard at the door, and soon after the curate entered the room; the children who were at work, rose up, and respectfully saluted their pastor.

"I have just been to visit a sick person, and as I found myself in your neighbourhood, I thought I would give you a call. But what is the matter?—You appear to me to be extremely sad."

"I would mention to no one but yourself the subject of our troubles," replied Frederic "here is what makes us sad; and he pointed to his nine children.

"I understand you my friend; but for this, there is a remedy. Come and see me this evening, and I will give you some bushels of wheat to make bread for your children; I would give you some money but I am unable to do so—my purse is exhausted.—This is all between ourselves. Adieu—I leave you.

The good family was made quite happy, and testified their gratitude to the worthy curate in the liveliest manner. "With this wheat," said Hermann, "we shall be able to make out till harvest, and then we shall have plenty of bread. How good the Lord is! He sends us assistance at the very moment when we have most need of it. Let us then thank Him with our whole heart, and always put our trust in Him."

Some time after the children were attacked with the scarlet fever, and received the most solicitous attentions from their mother, who passed many sleepless nights by their bed. Her husband aided her all he could, and often supplied her place that she might obtain a little repose. But other trials came to harrass this interesting family; the want of money often caused the tears to stream down the now careworn cheeks of Theresa.—These sufferings were not without advantage to the children: for they learned, during these days of trial, how to appreciate the tenderness of their parents, and one day Catharine said to her mother:—

"My dear mother, I shall never forget all that you have done for me, and I shall always endeavour, by my obedience and industry, to evince my gratitude for your goodness and affection. I shall likewise engage my brothers and sisters to love you more. Now I feel the value of health, and I shall pray to God, not to afflict you any more with sickness, that you may not have so much trouble."

At length the harvest came and spread abundance over the country. The school master, by degrees ameliorated his condition, and got his business in better train happiness once more entered into the bosom of his family, and their days glided on calmly, amid plenty and content.

(To be continued.)

A RECENT DIALOGUE HELD IN BOSTON.

SCENE—*a parlor—elegantly furnished. Deacon Bile sitting in an arm chair on one side of the fire place, reading a book, and Mrs. Deacon Bile in a rocking-chair on the other side reading another book—children in different parts of the room.*

Enter Mary (a pious Irish girl lately arrived in the country and well instructed.)

Mary—Please Ma'am, may I go out this evening?

Mrs. Deacon B—Why, Mary, this is Saturday night—why do you wish to go out Saturday night? Where do you want to go?

Mary—To confession, ma'am.

Mr. Deacon B—(looking fire over his spectacles, and contracting his face into rasps)—Wretched girl! confess your sins to a man?

Mary—(trembling)—Is that wrong, sir?

Mr. Deacon B—Yes, you poor deluded creature.

Mary—I thought, sir, we were commanded to confess our sins one to another.

Deacon B—Do you think that *man* can forgive sins?

Mary—Yes, sir, if God should give him the power.

Deacon B—But did God ever give such power to any man?

Mary—I believe he did sir, if the Apostles were men.

Deacon B—But you poor ignorant child—does it not say in this precious book—who can forgive sins but God only?

Mary—(blushing deeply)—Yes, sir; but I thought it was only the Pharisees who crucified our Lord who said that.