

ric suffered the punishment; then Ely would rub his hands with joy and run away as if he knew not what had happened. At school he would pour ink into the pockets of his companions, hide their pens or find some other means of annoying them; at home, he would take one of his mother's caps, dress the house dog with it, and set him loose or play some other foolish trick still more wicked—on all these occasions, he was as much pleased as if he had performed the best action in the world; and he immediately meditated some new mischief.

Frederick was the model of the children of the town. Candor and innocence were painted on his countenance; every thing spoke his virtue. An enemy to every kind of duplicity, he did not endeavour to conceal any of his actions; and his frankness led him to own his faults with sincerity; but the ill-will and jealousy of his step-mother always exaggerated them. Mr. Maltame, on the repeated complaints of Sophia, took Frederic for a bad boy, and often scolded him. When this unfortunate little boy wished to defend himself, Sophia and Ely leagued together against him, treated him as a liar and a hypocrite, and his father being deceived, gave credit to their infamous calumnies. Frederic was obliged to keep silence, happy to escape punishment; but what was deferred on one day, was not lost on another; and although he escaped a whipping, he still had to feel the resentment of his step-mother. A piece of dry bread was all he had for his dinner, and Ely added to his grief, by eating before him the most dainty morsels.

These hardships that Frederic suffered at so tender an age, for he was scarcely twelve years old taught him at an early period to submit to the trials of adversity, and formed his character. Seeing that there was nothing to hope from men, the amiable child placed his hopes in God, and addressed himself to him in his affliction: he had learned in sacred history that the innocent Abel fell a victim to the jealousy of Cain, that the virtuous Joseph had been sold by his brothers, that Daniel had been cast into a lion's den; all these examples strengthened his courage and inspired him with confidence in him who knows how to turn even evil into good, and to avenge sooner or later persecuted innocence. He did not envy the favors that his brother enjoyed home. His conscience supplied the place of every thing for him, and not being able to undeceive his father with regard to the prejudices, that he, otherwise so amiable a man, entertained against him, he contented himself with lamenting in secret the ill-treatment that he suffered, and prayed with increased fervor for the author of his being.

Frederic had made his first communion with an angelic-piety, and had received in the Holy Eucharist new strength to support the yoke with

which he was loaded. Every month he approached the holy table; his soul, nourished by the bread of angels, was replenished in this intimate union with God, the protector of infancy, and confirmed in the pious resolutions which he had taken. If, on the one hand, Frederic suffered with resignation the ill-treatment of Sophia and Ely, on the other he avoided the company of such children of his age as might corrupt his innocence. He had only one friend, with whom he had become acquainted at catechism: this was Bernard, of the same age with himself, the son of a poor widow who lived out of the town, in a small house which she had rented at a little distance from the river; she was a washer-woman, and gained a livelihood with great difficulty.

The virtuous Frederic went every week to visit his friend Bernard; he never left him without slipping some cents into his pocket, and he immediately gave them to his mother; who every time blessed the good heart of the young Maltese.

One day, Frederic and Ely went together out of the town; they met Bernard who came to them holding under his arm a bundle of white linen which his mother had sent him to carry to a lady for whom she worked. Frederic, who had not seen his little friend for some days, put his hand in his pocket to give him some cents; but he had no money with him; so he said to Ely: 'Lend me ten or twelve cents for this poor little boy; I will pay you when we get home.'

'Ten or twelve cents!' cried his wicked brother, 'do you wish to give them to that little vagabond? It seems that you know him. Be silent: I'll tell father. Why do you keep company with a bad boy like this?'

'Bernard is not a bad companion,' replied Frederic with animation, 'he is poor, but honest.'

Ely made no answer, but pushed Bernard with so much violence, that the poor boy fell flat on the ground, and his bundle rolled in the dirt.

The mischievous Ely, running away with all his speed, laughed very heartily. Frederick picked up the bundle, returned it to Bernard, who had risen, consoled him, and accompanied him to his mother's house, to whom he related all that had happened. This unlucky accident annoyed her not a little; she was obliged to wash again the articles of dress that she had sent to the city; and she feared that the delay would draw upon her the reproaches of the lady who was thus deprived of the clothes for some days.

When Frederic returned home he found the whole family angry against him. His father seized a stick and gave him several blows; his mother scolded him; and Ely, who pretended to tremble in all his limbs, tormented him with his tricks. According to his report, Frederic had induced a wicked boy, by giving him money, to beat the in-