

clouds, and gilded the mist which was rising at the bottom of the valley. The Chaplain of Wiesenthal happened to pass. After listening to me playing on my rural instrument, he advanced towards me, and seeing the little cherished book which I have preserved with so much care, as a precious souvenir of the good advice of our charitable school-master, (for, my dear sister, that much-esteemed book never parts from me continually),—"Do you know how to read, my child?" said the worthy ecclesiastic. "Yes, sir," I answered, and taking up the book, I read more than a page. He appeared much surprised, and asked whence I came, and who were my parents. "Since they instruct you with so much care," said he, "they must belong to the higher class of society. What is your employment in this vilage?"

I related to him our whole history, telling him that the war had ruined us, driven us from our country, and deprived us of our father; that our poor mother is sick in a cottage at Thannenburg, six leagues off, and that you, my sister, take care of her and sustain her by your kind attention. I told him, in a word, that I, with the intention of gaining something to support both you and her, had hired myself as a shepherd to a rich farmer of Wiesenthal. The tears came trickling from my eyes during the recital of our misfortunes.

The good Priest then said to me affectionately: "Be comforted, my child, and do not weep. Be like your good parents, and I promise you that your lot will change for the better."

Taking out his purse, he gave me a beautiful new piece of money, which I now send to my poor mother. Tell her how much I love and respect her; tell her that in all my prayers I beg our Lord to grant her the health and happiness which she merits. Farewell, my dear sister.

Your devoted brother,

JOHN.

Wiesenthal, May 1st, 1806.

LETTER II.

Mary to her brother.

Thannenburg, May 15th, 1806.

O MY DEAR BROTHER!

The first letter which I send you will be a sad one; it will break your heart. I am bathed in tears. God makes trial of our patience; he has called to himself one for whom you would have given a thousand lives. My dearest brother, we are orphans. Day before yesterday, our beloved mother died, and she was interred this morning. O how can I express the bitter anguish which I now experience! How can I tell you what my feelings were at seeing our good mother approaching hourly nearer and nearer to death! You know how much I loved her, and how much she

deserved our love. O! my brother! I must summon all my strength to repeat her last words to you. May they be ever sacred to us.

The eve of her death, I was sitting near her when we received your letter. I read it for her, and she wept with joy. "Alas! my daughter," said she, "I shall never recover from this malady. I am about to go to our Father who is in heaven. I have raised you both with all the care in my power; and now, at the point of death, this thought is my greatest consolation. O! my dearest children! be always pious and good; raise your hearts continually towards God; raise your hearts continually towards God; entreat him to sustain you amid the trials of life, and to make you daily better and better; love him above all things keep his commandments, and put your whole confidence in him. Have entire faith in Jesus Christ, our Divine Saviour; do lovingly whatever he has prescribed, and endeavour to follow his divine example. Ask every day the Almighty to enlighten and guide you with his Holy Spirit. Love each other, and do good to all men. Let neither poverty nor want ever induce you to take anything belonging to another. Entertain a horror for sin, and watch carefully over the treasure of your innocence. Our Lord will never abandon you; he will supply the place of your mother, as he has hitherto held that of our father. Cast yourselves then, without fear, into his paternal arms. Farewell, my children! Do not weep, for I am going to heaven, where I will pray for you! These are the last words of your mother, on her bed of death. Forget them not, my dear Mary; relate them to John, my beloved son. Tell him that his conduct has hitherto been my chief consolation, and that if God calls me to the bosom of his glory, I hope to see him live according to the principles which, to the present time, have guided him in the path of virtue and religion. Make known to him my last words. I would like to see him once more, but we shall all meet again in heaven, where I hope to find your father. May the Lord watch over you, my much cherished daughter. May he reward you on this earth for all that you have done for your poor mother, and may he preserve you innocent and pure."

Her strength failed her; she embraced me tenderly, and blessed us separately, begging our Lord, with a feeble voice, to send down upon us his choicest blessings. Three hours after, she expired, fortified with the last sacraments, and full of tranquil confidence in God. As for me, I remain here to weep alone! Our venerable Pastor accompanied her body to its last resting place. Words will not suffice to declare all his kindness towards her during her illness. He visited her