

LITERATURE.

THE SOUVENIR.

TRAVELLED AND WRITTEN BY MISS MARY WELLS.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENEROSITY.

(Concluded.)

What was the surprise of the inhabitants of the quiet village, when they saw a superb carriage and retinue stop at the door of the miserable cottage inhabited by the family of Maltain! Frederick entered alone into the damp and lowly habitation. He wrapped at a door, opened it, and saw a young woman sitting on a stool, holding in her arms an infant scarcely covered with rags.—Two other children of a more advanced age, dirty and pale, with their hair uncombed, were standing in a corner. Frederic started back; he could not believe his own eyes; he wished to speak, but horror deprived him of utterance. However with an agitated tone, he at length said: "I wish to see Mr. Maltain."

"My husband?" replied the young woman, "he has gone out."

"Are you then his wife? are these his children?" and a tear stood in his eyes.

"Yes, sir."

"Will he return soon?"

"I think so; he is not far away; he has gone to a neighbor's to load a manure cart to obtain bread for his poor children. I will go and call him."

As she was about to go out there entered a tall slender individual. His red hair betrayed him; for Frederick could not have otherwise recognised him. "Great God!" cried Frederic "in what a condition do I find you, poor Ely? I am your brother Frederic."

At the sight of his brother so richly clad, in the flower of health, with the cross of honor shining on his breast, Ely, overwhelmed with confusion covered his face with his hands. His conscience smote him; he dared not meet the eye of him whom he had so basely wronged.

"Ah! leave me," said he in an agonizing tone, "and do not come to load me with reproaches; I am already miserable enough." Then he endeavored to run away.

Frederick held him by the arm: "You deceive yourself, Ely, I do not come to reproach you, it is, on the contrary to repeat to you what God knows I have long since done, that is to say that I have pardoned you." "That cannot be," replied Ely, endeavoring to disengage himself, "I have injured you too much."

"You have done nothing to me, my dear friend; God has taken care of me; he has loaded me with wealth that I might share it with you."

"Then it would be" This dialogue had been overheard in the next room; a door opened slowly, and an old woman almost blind entered. "Peace, peace, my children," she exclaimed, "do not be always disputing. Gertrude yield to your husband; Ely, be reasonable."—"What, is that your mother; cried the chevalier.

"Come, my good mother, embrace Frederic." "What! are you Frederic?" she asked as she came nearer. "Can it be! Is it you indeed?" "Yes, yes, I am Frederic, I have come to see you and make you happy."

Tears, and exclamations of gratitude followed those words. They all embraced Frederic; they asked him a thousand questions; their hearts were cheered, their joy was without bounds. Frederic learned from the mouth of his step-mother, that, after his departure, Ely, seeing himself in possession of a large fortune and a lucrative situation, gave himself up to dissipation, gambling and debauchery; that having had the misfortune to lose large sums in the company of his wicked companions, he at length thought of marrying and reforming his life; but that, after his union with Gertrude, he continued the same manner of life, squandered his own fortune and that of his wife, lost his situation, and was finally reduced to the condition in which he had found him. The poor old woman then bitterly lamented her blindness in persecuting Frederic: asked her pardon for the injustice she had done him in prevailing on her husband to disinherit him, and conjured him to have pity on her and her unfortunate family.

Frederic, in his turn, related to her all that God had done for him, and how, by means of the souvenir of his father, he had arrived at wealth and dignity, and was now enabled to assist his unhappy brother. This he did too. Three months after this interview, Ely, his mother, his children and wife entered Wellenbnrg, and took possession of a house which Frederic had purchased, and presented to them, with a fine salary to repair their misfortunes. As to himself he returned to the capital, where he lived happy, esteemed by every one. He ever preserved with religious care the souvenir of his father, the instrument of his happiness.

A new Catholic Journal, "L'Union Franco-Courtoise," is about to appear at Besancon.