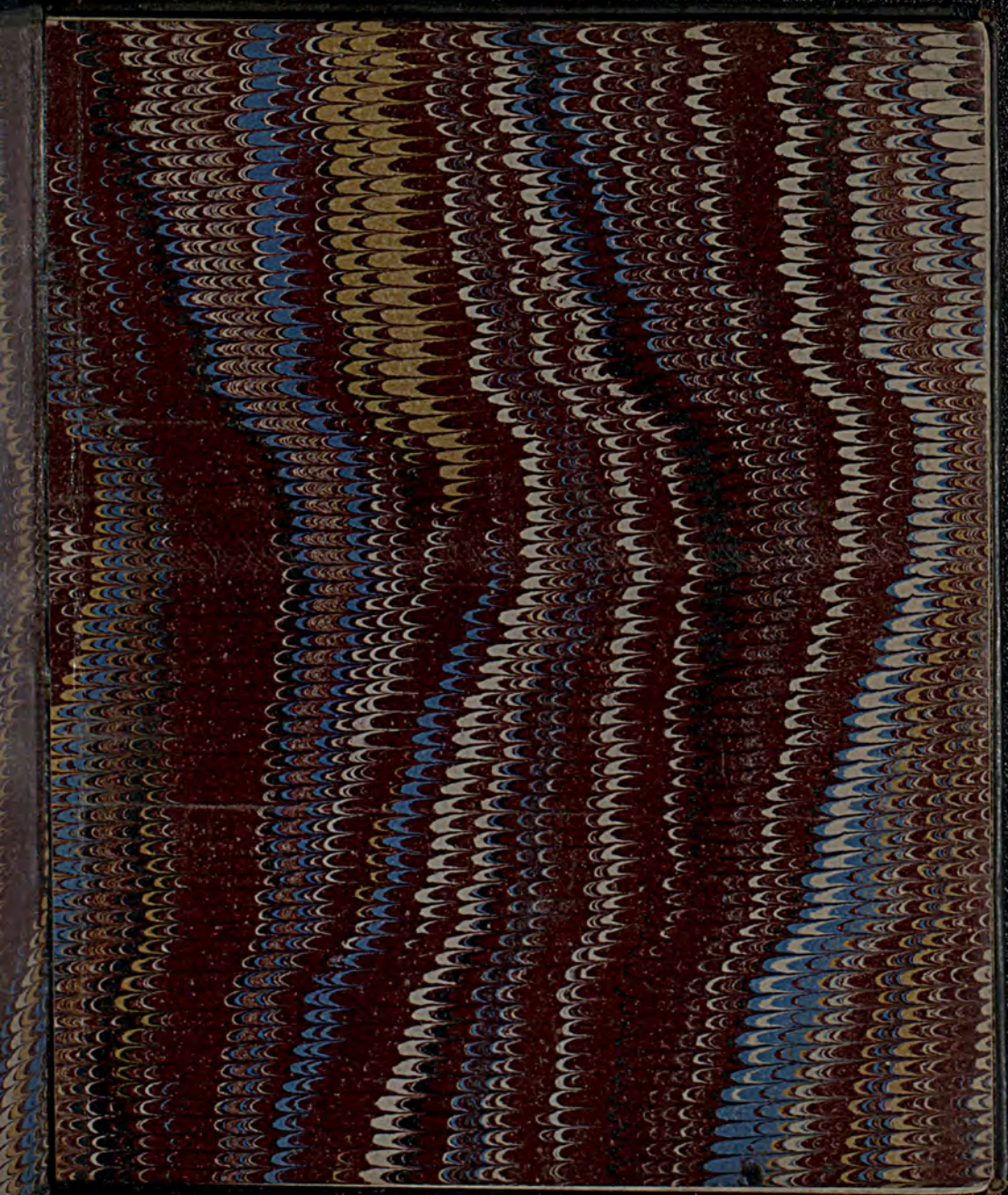


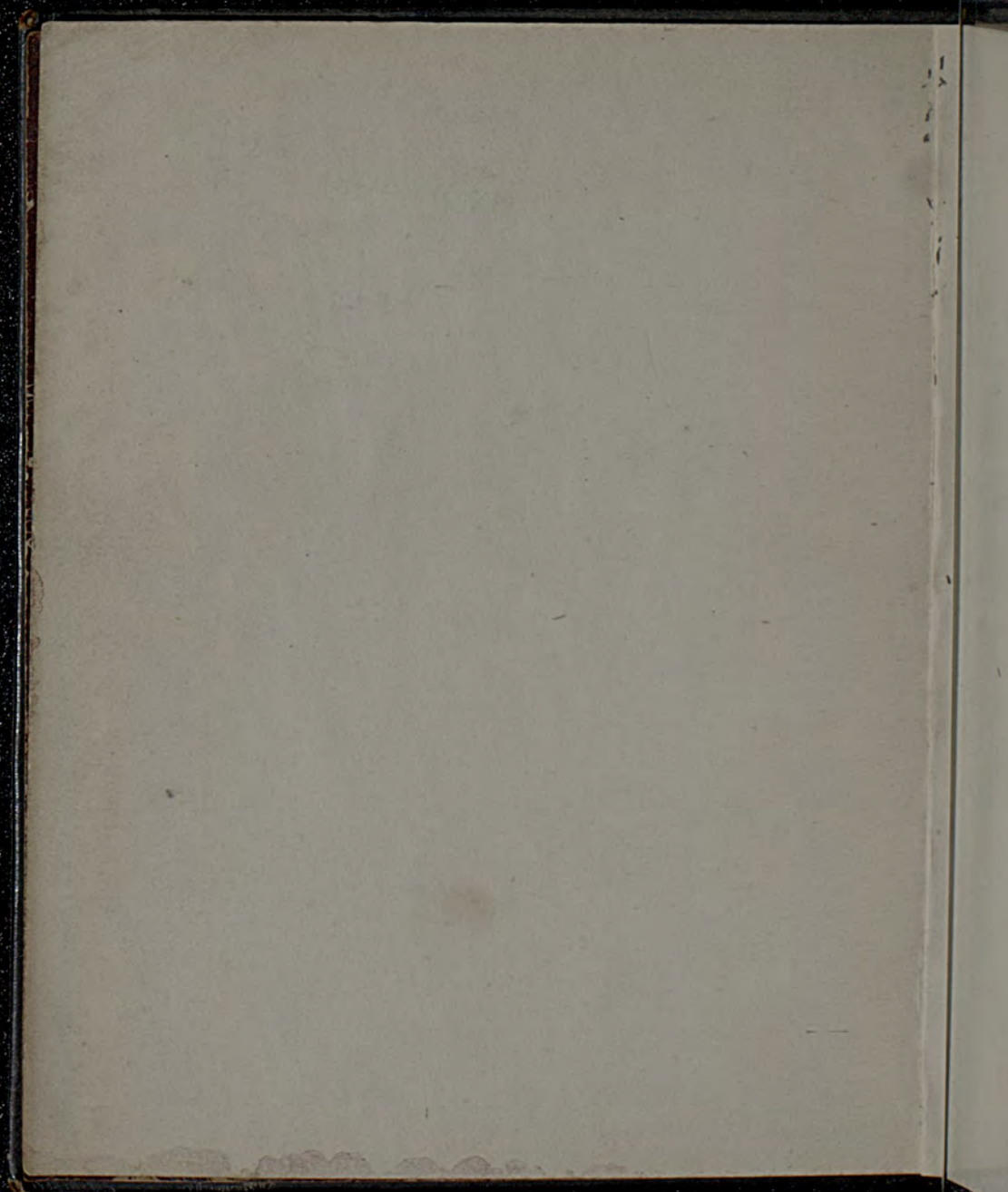
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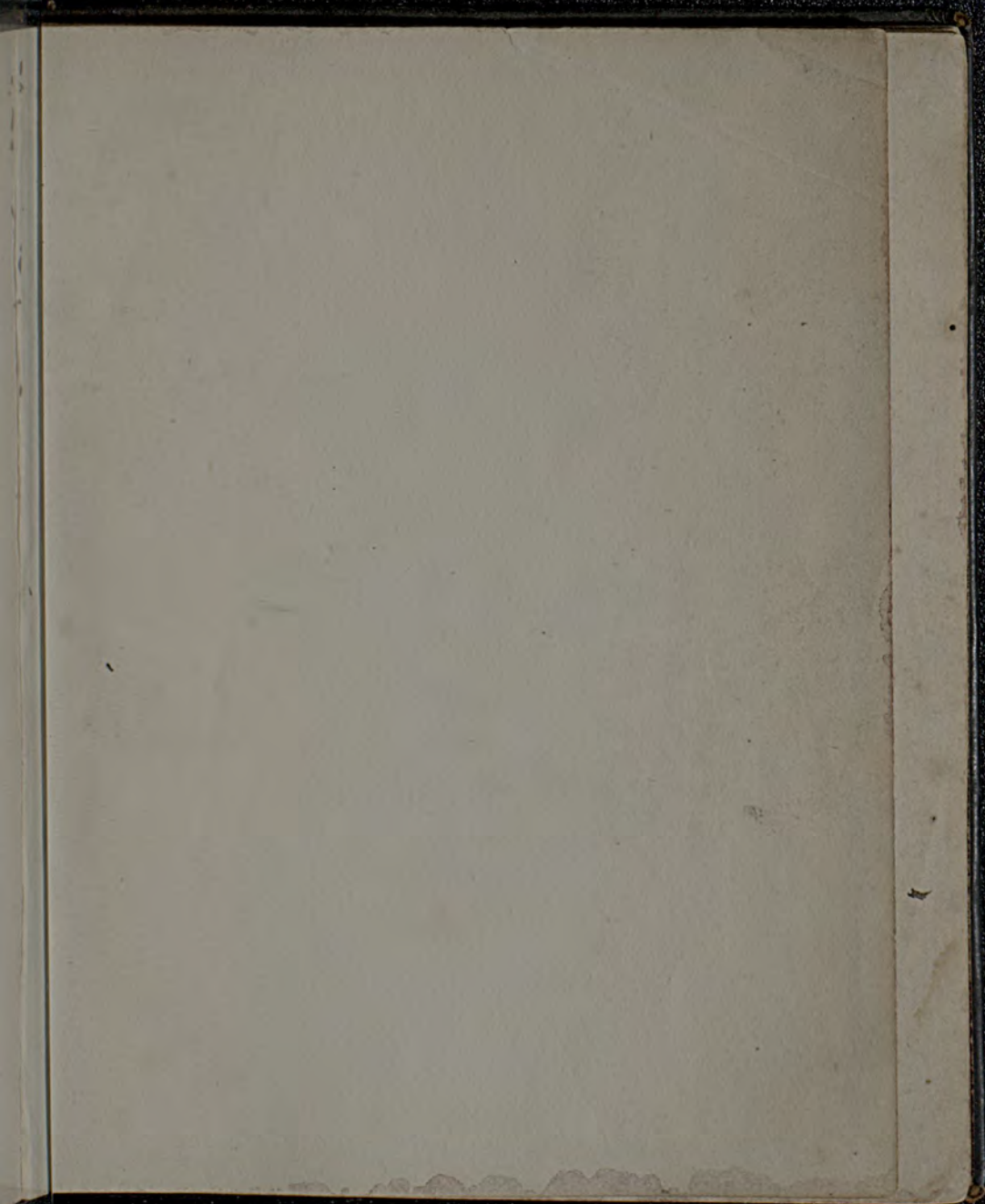
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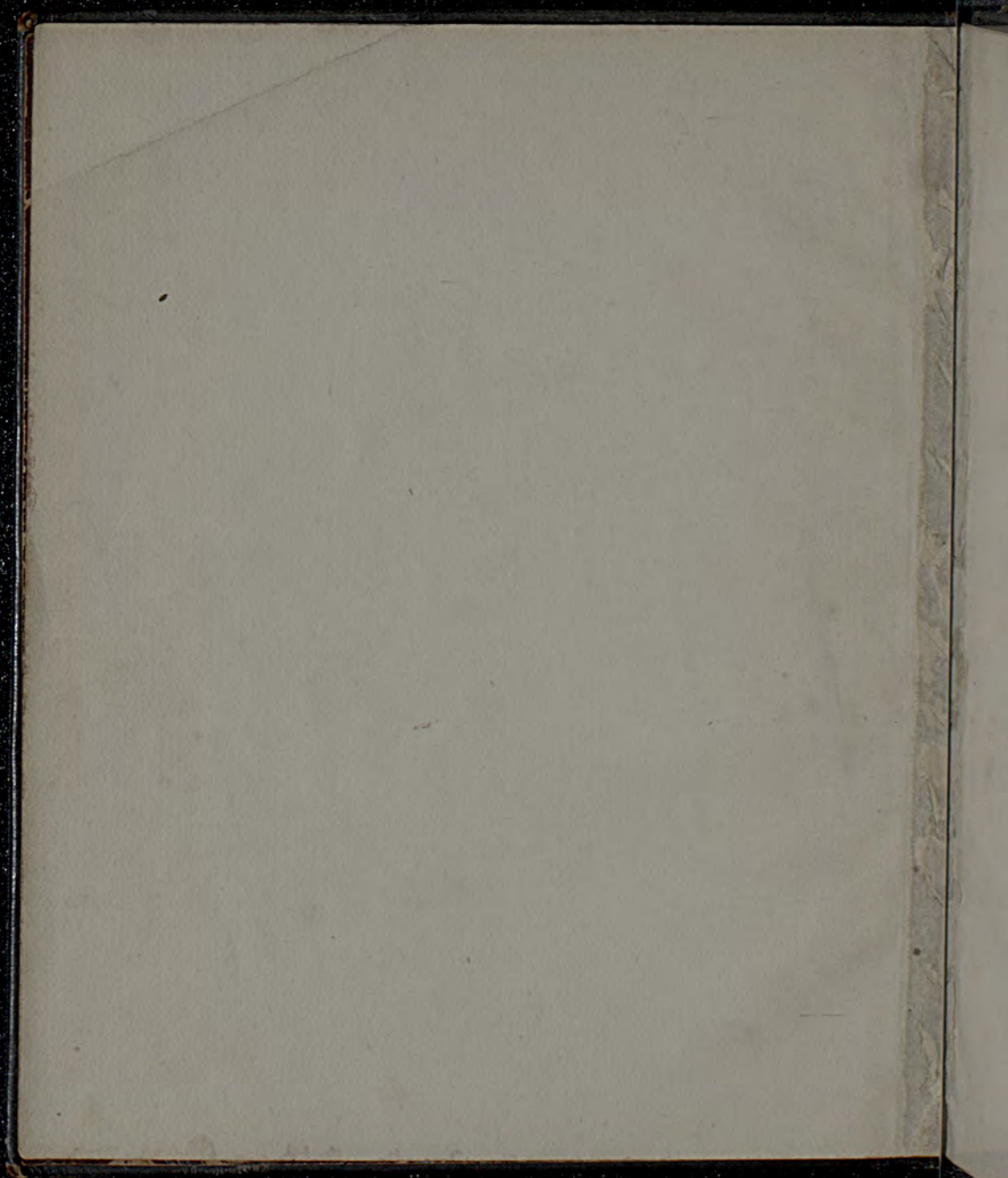


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THE
CANARY BIRD.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN.

Translated from the German.

by *Franz Natyger*.

READING:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD BY G. LOVEJOY, LIBRARY, LONDON STREET.

REPORT

Having revised the manuscript in the
light of the remarks of the
reading committee, I have printed
the following report to young people: I have printed

Should the reader be disposed to ask
for a more detailed statement, I have printed

I have printed a TALE FOR CHILDREN.

It is a story of a boy and a girl
who were friends, and who were

separated by a mountain, and who were
reunited after a long time.

The story is a simple one, but it is
a story of love and friendship.

READING:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

—AND SOLD BY G. LEVING, 11, MARK LANE, LONDON.

PREFACE.

HAVING clothed this little tale in the English language, and thinking it may be interesting to young people : I have printed it.

Should the reader be disposed to ask the very natural question, "Is the story true?" I can only say, it is not in my power to ascertain whether it be so, or not. I am inclined to think that, should it not be strictly true, it is founded on facts: but leaving this point undecided, I trust the little history will *remind* him of the ever watchful care of his heavenly Father, and of the promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths."

THE TRANSLATOR.

*St. Mary's, Reading,
October 11th, 1836.*

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THE TRANSLATOR.

ST. MARY'S READING.
Oxford 1830.

THE CANARY BIRD.

CHAPTER I.

DURING those unhappy times for France when the monarchy was overthrown, and many of the nobility were plunged into the deepest misery, there lived on the French side of the Rhine, the Baron von Erlau and his family.

This nobleman was an excellent man, the Baroness a most amiable lady; and their two children, Charles and Lina, appeared to inherit their parents' good qualities.

At the commencement of the revolution, which caused so much bloodshed and so many tears through the whole of Europe, the Baron von Erlau left his residence in the capital, Strasburg, and, with his family, retired to his estate, situated between the Alsacian mountains and the Rhine. His castle, like the neighbouring villages, was surrounded by vineyards, corn fields, and orchards, or rather little forests of fruit trees: and here, remote from the tumults of the world, he lived in the greatest retirement. His peasantry, who considered him their best friend, and who hitherto had been accustomed to see him for a few weeks only during the year, rejoiced much at having their kind master constantly with them.

The Baron valued the opportunity now afforded him of being the tutor of his children; and he considered those hours his happiest which were passed in giving them

religious instruction ; for he was well convinced that nothing but christian principle can form the worthy character, render a man happy, console and comfort him in seasons of affliction, and in the hour of death. The Baroness was of the same opinion : she was generally present during these hours of instruction, and oftentimes made an appropriate remark, dictated by her kind maternal feelings. Their father when conversing with them frequently alluded to the subject of divine providence, and faith, and reliance in God ; and their mother, when she looked at her children, and thought of the trials they might have to pass through, and again when her mind reverted to the protecting care of her heavenly father, alternately shed tears of sorrow and tears of joy ; while her words were life and spirit. The dear children were all attention, and frequently much affected. The family, notwithstanding the

perils which surrounded them, were cheerful and happy. Besides imparting to his children religious instruction, the Baron educated them in every branch of useful knowledge; neither were those accomplishments which contribute to the pleasures of life neglected.

On a dark dull evening towards the end of the winter, the family were seated in their comfortable drawing room; amusing themselves, as was frequently their custom at the close of the day, with music and singing. The Baron had composed a little hymn expressly for his children, unknown to the Baroness; and now they were to surprise their mamma by singing it: therefore their papa said to them, come Charles and Lina, let us hear the little air you have lately learned: and Charles seated himself at the piano-forte, and began to play, and Lina with her sweet voice began to sing the following hymn:

HYMN.

1

Come let us raise
Our hearts above,
And join to praise
Our God of love.

2

Thunders may roar,
The storm increase ;
He speaks the word,
And there is—peace.

3

Look up to Him
In days of woe,
Our heav'nly King
Will mercy show.

4

Then let us raise
Our hearts above,
And join to praise
This God of love.

The Baroness was delighted at hearing this hymn ; no concert had ever gratified her so much. She embraced her children, and could not refrain from tears as she said “ Yes, that merciful God, who hath hitherto protected you, will, I doubt not, continue to be your helper and support.”

Now just at this moment the door of the apartment was quickly opened, and several armed men, dressed in the National-Guards' uniform, rushed in. One of them produced a warrant to arrest the Baron. He was

immediately seized, and, without being permitted to say a word in his defence, conveyed to prison. The ground of his arrest was, that he was a friend of the royal party, and an enemy to liberty. The Baroness, wringing her hands, and the tears streaming down her pale cheeks, threw herself at the feet of the ruffian-looking man who had seized her husband. The children, almost choked with crying, raised their little hands, entreating that their papa might not be taken from them. But all availed nothing. The Baron was not even permitted to remain with them till the morning; no, not an hour was allowed him to put together a few things he would require in the prison. He must go that moment; and he was with violence torn from the arms of his wife, and of his children who clung around his knees.

A guard was placed at the door of the apartment, that the circumstance might not be known in the village, where the Baron

was greatly beloved. The Baroness, trembling violently, seated herself in an arm chair, her hands and eyes raised to heaven: her children standing by her side. After a few minutes she collected herself, and said, "Let us not, my dear children, so soon lose our confidence in God; this trial has not happened to us without his permission, and He will enable us to bear it. He can overrule every event, and make even this prove for our good. Let us then, in trust and confidence, say, 'Thy will be done.'"

CHAPTER II.

THE Baroness tried every means to save her husband. As soon as the guard had left the house, she went to the city of Strasburg, and appealed to the magistrates: she stated to them that her husband was innocent of the charge brought against him, that the whole neighbourhood would testify to the retiring life he led, that he took no part in politics, that he never allowed himself even to speak on the subject; but no attention, no mercy was shown her; she was not even permitted to visit her husband in prison; and she had reason to fear, that, in a few days, she might hear of his being condemned to death.

After an absence of three days, she returned home, when she found that their property had been seized, the castle plundered, and converted into barracks. She was not permitted to enter it, and went away weeping, and in the greatest anxiety about her children; for she could not learn what was become of them: not one of her household was to be seen. It was late in the evening, and she knew not where to direct her steps. She was presently accosted by an old faithful servant, named Richard, who said to her, "Dear lady, from what I have heard, I fear *you* also are in danger of being arrested; let me advise you to make your escape as speedily as possible; you cannot render any assistance to my poor master, the Baron; the dear children are at my cottage, come with me, and I entreat you let my brother, the fisherman, put you and the children across the Rhine; then you will be safe; at least, your life will be spared."

The Baroness von Erlau went to Richard's dwelling, which was at the end of the village; but here, a new trial awaited her. Lina, the day her mamma left the castle, became ill from terror and grief, and this evening she was worse; she had much fever and delirium. The Baroness anxiously desired to stay and nurse her; but the medical attendant, and those around her, endeavoured to convince her that the child was past recovery, and that it was her duty to attend to her own safety. The Baroness, pale and weeping, stood by the sick bed of her child, and could not reconcile herself to quit her. The physician taking her gently by the arm, and using every persuasion, endeavoured to lead her out of the room: but she looked back upon her child, again went to her bed side, embraced her, and exclaimed, "No, I cannot leave you, Lina; no, I would rather stay and die with you." Richard and his wife entreated the Baroness

to consider her own safety, and promised to do every thing in their power for the young lady, as much so as though she were their own child. "And now it is night," said Richard, "and it is only at this time you can make your escape; an hour's delay may be dangerous, not to you only, but to me and my wife, for we are forbidden to receive any one under our roof." On hearing this the Baroness said to her daughter, "Since it must be so, my dearest Lina, since I no longer can be of use to you in this world, and my presence may bring these good people into trouble, I will go. Farewell, my sweet angel, thou art going to to the mansions of bliss, where there will be no more tears, no more parting." Charles, who was standing by his mamma, crying and sobbing, took his sister's hand, and said, "Don't be unhappy, dear Lina, you will soon be a beautiful angel in heaven, and it is much better to be in heaven than here,

where we have so much trouble and alarm. O, how I should like to go with you." Their mother sank down upon her knees, and looking up to heaven, repeated these words : " To thee, O God, I commend my child, I fully resign her to thy mercy and compassion." For a few moments she remained silent ; she then rose, kissed Lina, and taking Charles by the hand, left the room.

The Baroness von Erlau now proceeded towards the Rhine. The good Richard, who had made a little preparation for the journey, walked first ; his unhappy charge, leading her little boy, followed. Not a word was spoken. The night was dark and stormy. At last the old man said, in a low voice, " This dark boisterous weather is favourable for us, it conceals us from our enemies, we are not so likely to be seen as on a bright moon-light night. And many things which we think are against us, prove, in the end, to be for our good ; yes, many of the gloomy

and painful events of this life."

They arrived at length at the fisherman's dwelling, where they rested, and partook of some refreshment prepared by the fisherman's wife. The boat was now ready, and with trembling steps the Baroness entered the little vessel, which was to bear them across the agitated waters of the Rhine. Richard took leave of the Baroness after having deposited in her hands a few valuable jewels which he had secured at the time the castle was plundered; together with some gold pieces of money, part of his own earnings, but he did not tell her these belonged to him. He kissed her hands, and warmly embracing Charles, said, "Ah! I, an old man, can never expect to see you again. I can do nothing more for you, but God will help you. I should like to go with you, but perhaps I may be of service in saving my dear master, I will do all in my power for him." They all wept; and as the

little boat left the river's bank, Richard fell upon his knees, and raising his clasped hands, prayed for their safety.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER having crossed the river, the Baroness first proceeded along the Rhine into Switzerland; and, wandering about from one place to the other, she at length approached the valley of the Tyrol; when she was informed that she could be accommodated in the house of a peasant of that country, who would willingly receive her. She immediately proceeded thither, and following her guide over high mountains, and across narrow vallies, she, from an eminence, saw a few low-built wooden cottages, with large spreading roofs, situated near the bottom of the valley. In the centre of the group was the little chapel with its shining

roof, and its slender spire, pointing to heaven. The opposite side of the valley was clothed with pine trees, above which the peaks of two Alpine mountains were seen, covered with snow, though all in the vale was green and blossoming.

The guide, pointing with his walking-staff, said, "There the good people reside who are expecting you." The Baroness sighed, and descended the narrow winding path.

The healthy-looking, venerable man, met her in a friendly manner. He had dressed himself in his Sunday jacket, his scarlet waistcoat, and dark green hat and feather. His wife, an elderly woman, with silvery hair, and rosy cheeks, also, decked out in her picturesque costume, stood at the cottage door. She, on approaching the Baroness, took her hand, and said, "I am glad to see you, dear lady; the supper is quite ready, but you must be contented

with little, for here we have scarcely any thing besides milk and butter, barley bread, and potatoes." The Baroness was shown into a small room, its little window looking across the valley, on the wood, and the two Alpine points. The entire furniture of the room consisted of a table, and bench, two chairs, and a square stove covered with glazed green tiles; adjoining was her small bed room.

In this humble cottage the Baroness von Erlau resided, and amused herself with knitting and sewing, after having prepared their daily meal, and made the little rooms look clean and neat. She was very desirous that Charles should be well employed, but she was much in want of books for his instruction. One morning, as she was sitting lamenting her situation on his account, the little bell of the chapel began to toll, when the Tyrolese woman came running into the room, saying, "To day the good pastor of

the village, on the other side the mountain, is going to preach." The Baroness and Charles went immediately to the church. The clergyman's discourse made its way to her heart: after the service she introduced herself to him, and found him to be a very intelligent, religious, and pleasing man. He promised to provide her with the books she required, and to devote an hour every afternoon in instructing Charles, if he would take the trouble of crossing the mountain. Charles consented to this with pleasure; and now that he again had regular occupation, he became much happier; and always waited with impatience for the hour to set off. Still many a rainy day he was obliged to remain at home, and at those times his mamma always exerted herself to procure for him a little recreation.

In the Tyrol a great many Canary birds are reared, taken by travellers to distant countries, and sold. Our Tyrolese Peasant

had several beautiful young ones. Charles begged his mamma to purchase one for him. "At home," he said, "Lina had a Canary, if you will buy me one, then we shall at least have something in this solitary place to remind us of our own dear country." His mamma consented, and Charles selected the one he thought the prettiest, which was the one most like Lina's. Charles had much delight in this little creature, with its yellow plumage, and little dark bright eyes. It soon became quite tame, and would perch itself on Charles's finger, and peck crumbs of bread from his rosy lips. When he was writing it would flutter around his pen, and peck his fingers, so that though he admired its playful tricks, yet he was often obliged to put it into its cage, that he might not be hindered in his studies. But when his Canary began to sing, he could not praise it enough. "You must teach it," said the Tyrolese peasant one day to him, "to sing

a tune, by playing the flute to it." Charles thought the old man was joking, not knowing that Canaries are in this way taught to sing. The Tyrolese fetched an instrument, which he called a flageolet, played a waltz upon it, and explained to Charles the way of fingering the instrument, which he readily comprehended, and as he was delighted with its sweet, clear tones, and had a talent for music, he was soon able to play upon it any tune he heard. He now, by repeating the same air again and again, taught the Canary to sing it, and when, for the first time, it warbled its tune quite through without one fault, Charles leaped for joy, and his mamma said to him, smiling, "Mind that you always repeat your lessons as correctly, and with as little hesitation, as your little bird has repeated his."

The flute and the Canary afforded to Charles many a happy hour, when, by storms and rain he was confined to the house. The

thoughts of the Baroness were much occupied about her husband and child; on their account she passed many a sorrowful day, and many a sleepless night. She anxiously sought for tidings respecting them, but the only information she could obtain from France came to her through the public journal, which the kind pastor regularly sent her by his pupil.

One evening on returning home Charles hastily took the journal from his bag, saying, "Our good clergyman has not been able to read this through, but he has read enough to know that it contains good news." His mamma eagerly began to look it over, and saw that the accounts respecting the war were favourable. For a moment her hopes were raised that she might soon be able to return to her own country, but on the last column she found a list of names of noblemen, who, for their adherence to the old established government, had been executed:

among them was that of Henry von Erlau. She uttered a violent shriek, the journal fell from her hands, and she fainted.

In consequence of this sad news the Baroness became dangerously ill, little hopes were entertained of her recovery; and Charles, who would not for a moment quit her bed-side, began to look pale and thin. The Tyrolese shaking his head would often say, "Ah! the autumn leaves will strew themselves on the grave of the dear lady, and I fear the poor child will not live to see another spring."

CHAPTER IV.

THE faithful Richard had waited on the other side of the river until his brother the fisherman had returned in the boat, and brought him the intelligence that his mistress was safely over. And now the object nearest his heart was that of effecting his master's deliverance from an untimely death. The next morning he hastened into the city, where he had a son named Robert, who had been impressed to serve in the National Guards. By the assistance of this courageous young man, who, in his turn, kept watch on the prisoners, Richard hoped to effect his object. Richard and his son thought of many plans, but all failed. At

length the Baron von Erlau was condemned to death, and the next morning his execution was to take place.

The previous night the Baron sat in his dark cell, supporting his head by his hand, thinking of his wife and children. He had heard nothing of them, and his mind was very uneasy on their account; but the words he uttered on receiving his sentence of condemnation, he was yet able to ejaculate:—"The will of the Lord be done." He directed his thoughts towards God. "Where shall I find comfort in this my last hour," he said to himself, "but in Thee, my heavenly Father? What thou permittest must be right. Do with me and mine as seemeth Thee good. If I be taken from my wife and children, thy fatherly care will provide for them, and support them under their severe trials; but if it be thy will that I be once more restored to them, it is easy to Thee to open my prison door, and deliver me from

my enemies ; then should our lives be wholly devoted to Thee, then our days be one continual thanksgiving."

Whilst the Baron was making these reflections, suddenly there was a great noise heard in the prison, the door of his cell was burst open, and smoke and flames were issuing from the building. A soldier ran to him and said "Haste, this instant save yourself." It was Robert. From the carelessness of some intoxicated soldiers the prison had been set on fire. The soldiers on guard in front of the building had thrown off their coats and weapons, to assist in extinguishing the flames. Robert took advantage of this state of confusion, and catching up a soldier's dress and arms, ran with them to the Baron. "Haste," said he, "put these on," and assisted him in getting on the coat, and placed the hat with its feather and cockade on his head, and the rifle in his hand. His beard, which our good Baron

had no means of shaving while in prison, contributed to render his appearance still more like the wild and fierce looking soldier of that day, and completed his military attire. "Now hasten down the steps, and to the great gate," said Robert, "in this dress no one will suspect you; and then go to my father, whom you will find at his brother's the fisherman." The young soldier seemed to the Baron almost as an angel, and his words as a message from heaven. He followed these directions; ran hastily down the steps; and on passing through the crowd, busy in extinguishing the fire, cried out, "Make way, make way," as though he had a most important errand, and arrived without difficulty in the street. He now courageously hastened towards the city gate, and as Robert had given him the parole, neither did he here meet with any impediment.

It was midnight when he reached the

fisherman's dwelling. He rapped at the window shutter; the fisherman came out, and on seeing, as he supposed, a soldier, was not a little alarmed, immediately fearing that either himself or his brother was now to be arrested. When he recognized the Baron, he exclaimed, lifting up his hands, "Thank God," and led him into the cottage.

The good Richard had been waiting and watching here ten days. On seeing his master he shouted and was frantic with joy. The Baron's first enquiries were after his wife and children. Richard assured him of the safety of the Baroness and Charles; told him that Lina had been ill, that she was now quite recovered, and under that very roof. Lina, who was sleeping in the adjoining room, was awakened by Richard's exclamation on seeing his master, and now recognizing her father's voice, in a few minutes she was in his arms.

The Baron resolved, even late as it was, to

cross the river without delay. The same little boat which had conveyed his wife and son, must now set him and Lina on the borders of a happier country than France. They immediately set off. It was a clear starlight night. They soon reached the Rhine, where they found the boat lying among the rushes, ready for their use. At this moment they heard the report of a gun, and several voices calling out "stop, stop." The fire in the prison had been soon extinguished, and when it was discovered that one of the prisoners, the Baron von Erlau, was missing, soldiers were instantly dispatched in search of him. The sound of the voices seemed now to be nearer: the fugitives were dreadfully alarmed and hurried as quickly as possible into the boat. The Baron, with Lina in his arms, leaped in first; Richard followed; they both instantly took the oars, and rowed with all their strength. The fisherman (for there was no room for him in the boat) concealed

himself in a hollow willow-tree. The vessel was scarcely twenty feet from land when the soldiers reached the bank of the river: they fired; fearfully the balls whizzed by them; one passed through the Baron's hat, and more than one struck against their oars and shook the little vessel violently. Happily they got across uninjured. The Baron, on landing, fell on his knees, to thank God for their preservation: Lina and Richard followed his example. They then seated themselves on a trunk of a fallen tree to rest, and afterwards proceeded towards that part of Germany, called, from its vast number of pine trees, the Black Forest.

CHAPTER V.

THE object now nearest the Baron's heart was the discovery of his wife. Richard knew a worthy man living on the borders of the Black Forest. To this person they went, intending to rest themselves for a few days, and make preparations for the continuance of their journey. But the Baron could not remain here; no sooner had he entered the dwelling than he proposed to quit it. He said to Richard, "I shall not have one easy moment till I see my wife and child. You say, Richard, that you are persuaded that they are in Switzerland; but how are we to get there? Lina will never be able to travel on foot, and we have not the means of pro-

curing any sort of conveyance." At this moment, Richard drew from his pocket a purse, and pouring its contents upon the table, said, "You are not, dear sir, so poor as you imagine yourself to be, for the whole of this is your's." The Baron looked first at the gold coins, and then at his old faithful servant. "When you, sir, were rich," continued Richard, "you were at all times kind and charitable; and lent many a person money, when in distress: some of these sums, during your confinement in prison, and my dear lady's absence, I have collected together: and though there are, as I experienced, persons who have no feelings of honour, yet I found many honest and grateful, and who not only returned what they had borrowed, but also entreated me to accept of more, from affection to their kind master." The Baron counted the money. "It is a great deal, a great deal indeed," said he, looking gratefully up to heaven, "How

long will it last, how long shall we be able to make it last ?” he said. “ We will be very very economical with it,” said Richard, and “ and yet we will *drive* into Switzerland.”

Richard purchased a horse, and a little light carriage, with a tilt covered with white cloth, to shelter them from wind and rain. They set off ; Richard most frequently walking by the side of the vehicle. They at length reached Switzerland ; but, unhappily, they could hear nothing of the Baroness, all enquiries proved fruitless : they therefore resolved to return back again into Swabia.

In consequence of recent sufferings, both of body and mind, the Baron soon sunk under the fatigues of travelling ; he became very ill, and was obliged to stop at a little village in Swabia. Richard hired apartments, consisting of two sitting rooms, a bed room, and kitchen ; purchased what was necessary, and commenced housekeeping ; for which occupation he fancied he had

great talent. It was Lina's pleasure to assist in any way she was able. For some time the Baron was confined to his bed; Lina nursed him, and did all in her power to entertain him. At one time she would bring him a plate of something nice, which, for the first time, she herself had cooked; at another time, she would sing him a new song, and then relate to him a little village news. Her papa returned her good intentions by every affectionate and tender expression.

It was now Lina's birth-day. She at an early hour rose and went to church, to render on this day her thanksgivings, and offer up her prayers to her heavenly Father. On her return home she saw placed in the window some of her favourite flowers, red and blue stock gilly flowers. A Canary of a bright yellow plumage, the very image of her own little favourite, was the inmate of a pretty cage, which was suspended above the flowers.

Lina stood delighted, at this token of her papa's kindness, her eyes were suffused with tears, and she thanked him in her very affectionate manner. "Accept them, dear," said her father, "now it is not in my power to give you more; once it was otherwise: this day used to be a festival for the whole village; we must now be content to celebrate it in a quiet way." A grand dinner was prepared on the occasion, and the Baron appeared even cheerful. Among other things Richard brought in a tart ornamented with flowers; and a bottle of red wine, the produce of their own country, Alsace. The Baron first drank Lina's health; and then his wife's and his son's health: but again sorrow was mingled with their joy, and his tears fell into his glass. "Ah Lina," he said, "where are your dear mother and brother now celebrating this day?! Ah! who knows if we shall ever pass this day together again. I once had hopes, but now I fear, I fear—"

Lina threw her arms around her father's neck, weeping. "Take comfort, dear papa," she said, "God will not forsake us, he will bring us together again: remember how wonderfully he hath helped us. He certainly cares for us." "Yes, that he does," said Richard, wiping his eyes. They were all silent. It was a moment of solemn reflection. All at once the Canary began to sing the melody of the little hymn,

"Come let us raise
Our hearts above,
And join to praise
Our God of love."

Lina, full of astonishment, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, "what is that! it is the very same tune that Charles and I used to play and sing; the same hymn we were singing when you, dearest papa, were taken from us." The Baron, Lina, and Richard, all looked with great surprise at the little bird, which continued warbling the same tune, repeating

it twice—thrice—not a note failed. “This is mysterious,” said the Baron. He took off his cap, and continued, “My God, I must hope that thou wilt restore to me my wife and child. From them alone could this little creature have learned this tune. But all is a mystery to me. Richard, where did you get the bird?” Richard said that he bought it the day before of a Tyrolese boy. “O, run immediately and find him,” said the Baron, “perhaps he will be able to give us some information respecting them.” Richard remained some time absent; his master and Lina impatiently waiting his return. “Ah! how great must be their distress,” he said, “since they are obliged to part with the favourite little creature: but perhaps they are both dead, and the Canary is the only thing we shall ever see belonging to them.” At last Richard entered with the Tyrolese youth; but the lad had little to say on the subject; merely that he had bought the bird of a shep-

herd boy in the Tyrol. The name of the Baroness von Erlau was unknown to him : but after many questions put to him, it was elicited from him, that there were a lady and her son living in his neighbourhood, and that probably the Canary had belonged to them : that he had seen the lady every Sunday at church, and had often met the young gentleman on his way to the clergyman's residence. The Tyrolese youth described their persons so accurately, that they all in raptures cried out, " O, it must be they ; it must, it must." They raised their hearts in gratitude to God, who had so wonderfully directed their steps. The Baron made every necessary enquiry respecting the way to the village, &c. and amply rewarded the youth for his trouble.

They now made preparations for their journey. The Baron no longer felt any weakness ; this good news had a much better effect upon him than any medicine. The little carriage was once again in requisition ;

and the next morning they set off for the Tyrol. The Canary was not forgotten, it was suspended from the tilt, and often during the journey cheered them with its song.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR travellers arrived safely at the village, to which parish the hamlet of Black Rock was attached. The Baron went immediately to the clergyman, who confirmed all that the Tyrolese lad had told them. "Yes," he said, "they are living, but the poor lady is in the deepest affliction; she has heard that her husband is no more, and her grief in consequence has been excessive; we thought she would have sunk under it, but she is gradually getting better." The Baron made himself known to the clergyman; and expressed his sorrow that the Baroness should have received the untrue information, which had caused her so much unhappiness.

The good pastor advised that the joyful tidings which now awaited the Baroness, should be imparted to her with the utmost caution. After consideration, it was agreed that, though late, and the weather unfavourable, they should immediately set out for Black Rock. They soon reached the summit of the woody mountain, from whence you look down upon the little group of cottages in the valley beneath. The party seated themselves under the branches of pine trees, which sheltered them from the inclement weather, while Richard proceeded to the little dwelling, to which the clergyman, pointing with his finger through the trees, directed him.

The Baroness von Erlau dressed in deep mourning, was sitting by her bright fireside, knitting, Charles was standing by her, reading. On the entrance of her old servant, she uttered a loud shriek, and her work fell from her hands. Her surprise and joy were

extreme, but sorrow was soon mingled with her joy, for she began to allude to her husband. "And my Lina," she said, "did the dear child die?" Richard informed her that Lina soon recovered, and from that time had enjoyed good health. On hearing this, the mother's eyes sparkled with delight. "But why did you not bring her with you?" she continued, "why not—" She had not finished the sentence, when the door opened, and Lina flew into her mother's arms. Charles ran to them; and the Baroness shed tears of the purest joy, on once more embracing both her children. But soon again her joy must give place to sorrow, "O that he were alive, my dearest husband!" she exclaimed, with an imploring look towards heaven, "then would my cup be full." Richard began in a cautious way to prepare her for the happy event, but the Baroness had been gradually prepared, by the sight of her old domestic, and of Lina, and gather-

ing from Richard's words that her husband was alive, she exclaimed, "O yes, he is alive; yes, I know he is not far off; come, children, come to him." At this moment the Baron entered, and flew into the arms of his wife. The Baroness who till this time had believed her husband to be dead, with a peculiar feeling of doubt and fear, gazed upon him as he stood before her. She for some moments could not express her joy, at last she said, "O, what happiness awaits us in heaven, where we shall meet again so many we have loved; and to part no more!"

The kind Tyrolese host and hostess joined the party, and took a warm interest in the happy event, and the next morning another guest was introduced, who had contributed in a great measure to effect it. This was the Canary. Charles was delighted at seeing his little favourite again. It had flown out at the window, and from that time he had heard nothing of it. The Baron related to

them in what way, through the means of this little bird, his steps had been directed to the Tyrol. The Baroness shed tears of gratitude ; “ Yes,” she said, “ our heavenly Father employed this little winged messenger to inform my dear husband in what corner of the world I was concealed, or probably this winter I should have sunk under my sorrows.” Charles said, “ Now was it not a most fortunate thing that I taught the Canary that very tune ? I little thought when I grieved so at the loss of my bird, he was to be the means of bringing us all together again. Now I see that by small privations, God may be preparing us for the enjoyment of his greater mercies.” “ Yes,” said his mamma, “ you are right, Charles ; and I trust, by the loss of our temporal wealth, God is chastening and preparing us for the enjoyment of more durable riches,—those which are eternal in heaven.”

The Baron and Baroness von Erlau resolved to pass the winter under this humble roof. The Canary was hung up in the same place it had been before: and oftentimes when the noble family were seated in their apartment, on a clear frosty day, when the country all around was covered with snow, it would strike up,

“Come let us raise
Our hearts above,
And join to praise
Our God of love.”

And the parents and children would join in and sing the hymn through, and they were comforted and edified. Yes, in many an hour of trial and sorrow which the worthy family had subsequently to pass through, their spirits were cheered when the bird began to sing, warbling its clear sweet notes and at the close thrilling them loudly.

“Yes, truly, our God is love” they would say. “He, who by this little being hath so

wonderfully helped, will yet direct and support us." "Yes," said Richard, "I think so too. When I see the little birds out of doors, now the ground is covered with snow and frost, these words come to my mind, 'Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them; are ye not much better than they?' But when I look at *this* little bird, my heart is still more touched, and when he begins to sing, I can no longer doubt that though at present all seems to be against us, He who careth for these little birds, will also provide for *us*."

The family were obliged to remain in obscurity for some time: at length they were at liberty to return to their own country, and recovered the greatest part of their possessions. The Baron and Baroness rejoiced at being again enabled to render assistance to their distressed fellow creatures.

The faithful Richard and his family, were not forgotten by them, nor yet his brother, the fisherman. One and all were well rewarded.

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