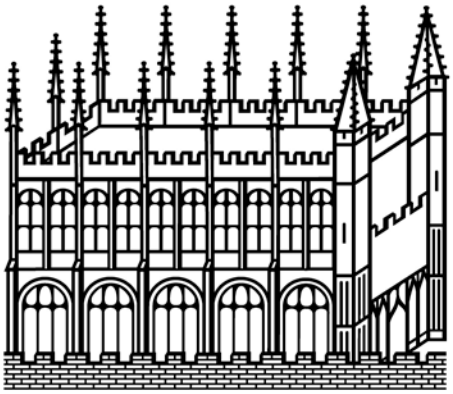

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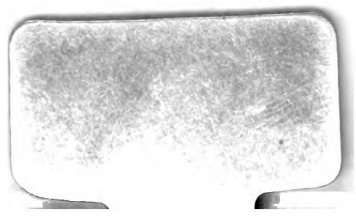

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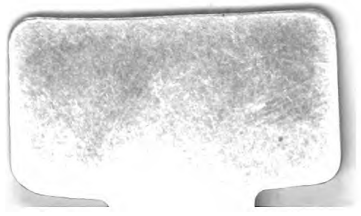

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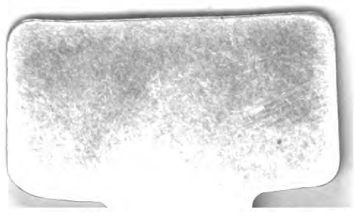

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

HEINRICH STILLING,

LATE

AULIC COUNSELLOR TO THE GRAND-DUKE OF BADEN,

&c. &c. &c.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

Translated from the German, by S. Jackson.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
JOHN WRIGHT & CO., ALDINE CHAMBERS;
HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW; R. GRIFFIN & CO., GLASGOW.

M.DCCC.XLIII.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THERE is a species of confidence felt in introducing to the notice of the public any foreign work which has been well received and frequently reprinted in the original, especially when it has been thought worthy of translation into other languages; and this confidence is considerably augmented, when the object of the work is such as the translator can most cordially recommend to his readers, and when moral and religious instruction is conveyed in its most striking and attractive form.

The Translator experiences this confidence, in a high degree, with reference to the work he has now the pleasure of laying before the public. It is the biography of no every-day character; but of one who, from the lowest ranks of society, rose to a station of eminent usefulness—like some brilliant star, which, gradually emerging from a cloudy horizon, increases in brightness the nearer it approaches its meridian, and gives light to many a way-worn and benighted traveller on his dubious path. In describing his own remarkable history, the author has developed such a beautiful and indubitable guidance of Providence, as should put unbelief to the blush, and prove highly encouraging to all who are placed in similarly trying circumstances.

And here the Translator cannot avoid the remark—which, indeed, will be obvious to every reflecting mind—that a memoir of any individual written by himself, is much more intrinsically valuable than one that proceeds from the pen of another person. For unless the latter content himself with a bare statement of facts—which, however striking, afford only a certain degree of interest—being necessarily ignorant of the hidden workings of the heart and mind, he is obliged to supply the motives which he supposes to have actuated the individual; and which, since the minds of men are as various as their countenances, are seldom according to truth. Hence it is, that such memoirs very frequently convey more of the spirit of the biographer, than of the individual whose life is narrated; so that those who have personally known the latter, are scarcely able to recognize him in his strange attire.

But the Life of Heinrich Stilling possesses another advantage, which must not be overlooked. It was written, in the first instance, under an assumed name, and scarcely with the intention of being made public. Hence the author felt himself the more at liberty to draw a faithful portrait, both as respects his interior and exterior life, without regard to the praise or censure that might be bestowed upon him. It subsequently became known, indeed, that he was the author of it; but the scenes of humiliation through which he had passed, had too deeply abased him in his own esteem to permit him to feel elated, even from the deserved honours he so abundantly received; and when, at the close, he throws off his disguise, and appears before the reader under his real name, it is only to place himself in as humble a point of view as possible, in order that all the glory and the praise may be rendered unto Him, to whom he considered them so justly due.

The remark made above, with reference to autobiography, may be also correctly applied to the mode of translation. If, in order to preserve a certain elegance of style and fluency of expression, the translator takes the liberty of remodelling every sentence, and clothing the author's ideas in language of his own, he will certainly fail of conveying the true spirit of the original, and therefore seldom succeed in satisfying the reader. The Translator, in accordance with the judgment of a late eminent writer, has acted upon the opposite principle, and has sought only to give a faithful version of his author, so far as the difference in the idiom of the language would permit. In a work like the present, in consequence of the familiar mode of expression so frequently employed, the difficulty is so much the greater; and the Translator must therefore cast himself upon the lenity of his readers, and intreat in this instance the indulgence which has been extended to his former labors.

January 31st., 1835.

HEINRICH STILLING.

PART I.

HEINRICH STILLING'S CHILDHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is, in Westphalia, a diocese, which lies in a very mountainous district, whose summits overlook many little provinces and principalities. The village in which the church is situate, is called Florenburgh; for the inhabitants have long had a disgust at the name of a village, and, therefore, although compelled to live by farming and grazing, have always sought to maintain a superiority over their neighbours who are mere peasants; and who say of them, that they have gradually expelled the name of Florendorf,* and introduced that of Florenburgh† in its stead. But, be that as it may, it certainly possesses a magistracy, the head of which, in my time, was Johannes Henricus Scultetus. Rude and ignorant people called him, out of the town-house, Maister Hans; but honest *townspeople* were also wont to say, Mister Schulde.

A league from this place, towards the southwest, lies the little village of Tiefenbach, so called from its situation between hills, at the feet of which the houses overhang the water on both sides, which, flowing from the vallies to the south and north, meets just in the deepest and narrowest part, where it forms a river. The eastern hill is called the Giller; it rises perpendicularly, and its flat side, turned towards the west, is thickly covered with beech-trees. From thence there is a prospect over fields and meadows, which is bounded on both sides by lofty and connected mountains. They are entirely planted with oak and beech-trees, and no opening is visible, except where a boy may be frequently seen driving an ox, and gathering firewood on his half-trodden path.

Below the northern hill, called the Geisenberg, which ascends towards the clouds like a sugar-loaf, and on whose summit lie the ruins of an ancient castle, stands a house in which Stilling's parents and forefathers dwelt.

About thirty years ago, there lived in it an old man, named Eberhard Stilling, a peasant and burner of charcoal. During the whole of the summer he remained in the woods, and made charcoal; but went home once a week to look after his family, and to furnish himself with provisions for another week. He generally came home on the Saturday evening, in order that on the Sunday he might go to church at Florenburgh, where he was one of the churchwardens. In this consisted the chief business of his life. He had six grown-up children, of whom the eldest two were sons, and the others, daughters.

Once, as Eberhard was descending the hill, and contemplating, with the utmost composure, the setting sun, whilst whistling the tune of the hymn,

"The sun its glorious course has run,"

and reflecting upon the subject, he was overtaken by his neighbour Stahler, who was walking a little quicker, and probably did not trouble himself much about the setting sun. After proceeding a while close behind him, and hemming several times in vain, Stahler commenced a conversation, which I must here insert verbatim.

Stahler.—"Good evening, Ebert!"

Stilling.—"Thank you, Stahler!" *(continuing to whistle.)*

Stahler.—"If the weather continues thus, we shall soon be ready with our woods. I think we shall finish in three weeks."

Stilling.—"May be." *(whistling again.)*

Stahler.—"I am no longer so able as I was, lad! I am already sixty-eight years old, and thou art near seventy."

Stilling.—"That's very likely. There sets the sun behind the hill; I cannot sufficiently rejoice at the goodness and love of God. I was just thinking about it; it is likewise evening with us, neighbour Stahler! The shades of death rise daily nearer us; he will surprise us before we are aware. I must thank Eternal Goodness, which has sustained, preserved, and provided for me so bountifully, not only to-day, but all my life long."

Stahler.—"That's probable!"

Stilling.—"I wait also, really without fear, for the important moment when I shall be delivered from this cumbersome, old, and stiffening body, and be able to associate with the souls of my forefathers, and other holy men, in a state of eternal rest. There I shall find Doctor Luther, Calvin, Œcolompadius, Bucer, and others, in whose praise our late pastor, Mr. Winterbergh, has so often spoken to me, and said that, next to the Apostles, they were the most pious of men."

Stahler.—"That's possible! But tell me, Ebert, hast thou known the people thou hast just mentioned?"

Stilling.—"How foolishly thou talkest! They have been dead above two hundred years."

Stahler.—"So!—that's surprising!"

Stilling.—"Besides, all my children are grown up; they have learnt to read and write, they are able to earn their bread, and will soon need neither me nor my Margaret."

Stahler.—"Need!—that's easily said! How soon may a girl or boy go astray, attach themselves, perhaps, to poor people, and cause a slur upon their family, when their parents can no longer attend to them!"

Stilling.—"I am not afraid of all that. God be thanked, that my attention to them is not necessary. By my instructions and example, I have, through God's blessing, implanted in my children such an abhorrence of that which is evil, that I have no further occasion to fear."

Stahler laughed heartily—just as a fox would laugh, if he could, that had carried off a pullet in spite of the watchful chanticleer—and continued: "Ebert, thou hast much confidence in thy children; but I think thou wilt change thy tone when I tell thee all that I know."

* *Dorf*, a village. † *Burgh*, a town.

Stilling turned about, stood still, leaned upon his axe, smiled with the most contented and confident countenance, and said, "What dost thou know, Stahler, that would so pain me to the soul?"

Stahler.—"Hast thou heard, neighbour Stilling, that thy son Wilhelm, the schoolmaster, is about to marry?"

Stilling.—"No, I know nothing of it yet."

Stahler.—"Then I will tell thee, that he intends to have the daughter of the ejected preacher, Moritz, of Lichthausen, and that they are already betrothed."

Stilling.—"That they are betrothed, is not true; but it may be that he intends to have her."

They now went on further.

Stahler.—"Can that be, Ebert?—Canst thou suffer that? Canst thou give thy son to a beggar-woman, that has nothing?"

Stilling.—"The honest man's children have never begged;—and if they had? But which daughter is it? Moritz has two daughters."

Stahler.—"Doris."

Stilling.—"I am willing to end my days with Doris. I shall never forget it.—She came to me, one Sunday afternoon, saluted me and Margaret from her father, sat down, and was silent. I saw in her eyes what she wanted, but I read from her cheeks that she could not tell it. I asked her if she needed any thing. She was silent, and sighed. I went and fetched her four rix-dollars. 'There!' said I, 'I will lend you this, till you can pay me again.'"

Stahler.—"Thou mightest as well have given her them; thou wilt never have them again, as long as thou livest."

Stilling.—"It was, in fact, my intention to give her the money; but if I had told her so, the girl would have been still more ashamed. 'Ah,' said she, 'kindest, dearest father Stilling! (the good girl wept heartfelt tears;) when I see how my old papa mumbles his dry bread in his mouth, and cannot chew it, my heart bleeds.' My Margaret ran and fetched a large jug of sweet milk; and she has ever since sent them sweet milk two or three times a week."

Stahler.—"And thou canst suffer thy son Wilhelm to have the girl?"

Stilling.—"If he will have her, with all my heart. Healthy people are able to earn something; rich people may lose what they have."

Stahler.—"Thou saidst before, that thou didst not know any thing of it. Yet thou knowest, as thou sayest, that they are not yet betrothed."

Stilling.—"I am confident of it! He will certainly ask me first."

Stahler.—"Hear! hear! He ask thee? Yes, thou mayest wait long enough for that."

Stilling.—"Stahler! I know my Wilhelm. I have always told my children, they might marry as rich or as poor as they would or they could, and that they should only have regard to industry and piety. My Margaret had nothing, and I a farm burdened with debt. God has blessed me, so that I can give each of them a hundred guilders, cash down."

Stahler.—"I am not a Mr. Indifferent, like thee. I must know what I do, and my children shall marry as I find best."

"Every one makes his shoe according to his own last," said Stilling. He was now before his house-door. Margaret Stilling had already sent her daughters to bed. A piece of pancake stood for her Ebert in an earthen dish, on the hot ashes; she had also added a little butter to it. A pitcher of milk and bread stood on the bench, and she began to be anxious about her husband's long delay. At length, the latch of the door rattled, and he entered. She took his linen wallet from his shoulder, spread the table, and brought him his supper. "Strange," said Margaret, "that Wilhelm is not here yet! I hope no misfortune has happened to him. Are there any wolves about?" "What of that," said father Stilling, and laughed, for so he was wont; he often laughed loudly, when he was quite alone.

The schoolmaster, Wilhelm Stilling, now entered the room. After saluting his parents with a good evening, he sat down upon the bench, rested his cheek upon his hand, and was thoughtful. It was long before he said a word. Old Stilling picked his teeth with a knife, for such was his custom after meals, even though he had eaten no flesh-meat. At length the mother began:—"Wilhelm, I was afraid something had happened to thee, because thou art so late." Wilhelm answered, "Oh, mother! there was no need of that. My father often says, he that is in the line of duty need fear nothing." He then became pale and red by turns; at length he broke out, and said, with a faltering voice,—"At Lichthausen (for so the place was called where he kept a school, and made clothes at the same time for the peasants,) there dwells a poor ejected preacher; I am inclined to marry his elder daughter. If you, my parents, are both satisfied, there will be no further hindrance." "Wilhelm," answered his father, "thou art twenty-three years old;—I have had thee taught; thou hast knowledge enough, but canst not help thyself forward in the world, for thou hast lame feet. The damsel is poor, and not accustomed to hard labour:—how dost thou think of maintaining thyself in future?" The schoolmaster answered, "My trade will support me; and with regard to the rest, I will resign myself entirely to Divine providence, which will provide for me and my Doris, as well as for the birds of the air." "What sayest thou, Margaret?" said the old man. "Hem!—what should I say?" rejoined she; "do'st thou remember what answer I gave thee, during our courtship? Let us take Wilhelm and his wife into the house with us, where he may carry on his trade. Doris shall assist me and my daughters, as much as she is able. She can always learn something, for she is still young. They may take their meals with us; what he earns he shall give us, and we will provide them both with what is needful; this seems to me the best way." "If thou thinkest so," replied father Stilling, "he may fetch the damsel home. Wilhelm! Wilhelm! think of what thou art doing; it is no trifling matter. The God of thy fathers bless thee with all that thou and thy maiden require." The tears stood in Wilhelm's eyes; he shook his father and mother by the hand, promised them all fidelity, and went to bed. And after old Stilling had sung his evening hymn, fastened the door with a wooden bolt, and Margaret had been to see the kine, whether they all lay and ruminated, they also went to bed.

Wilhelm entered his chamber, to which there was only a shutter, which did not however shut so closely as not to admit so much of the day to glimmer through as to make it evident when it was time to rise. This window was still open; he therefore stept towards it;—it looked directly towards the forest; all was profoundly still, except where two nightingales sang most sweetly. This had often served as a hint to Wilhelm. He sank down by the wall. "O God!" sighed he, "I thank thee for having given me such parents. O that I may cause them joy! Let me never be burdensome to them. I thank thee, that thou art giving me a virtuous wife. O bless me!" His tears and his emotions impeded his words, and his heart spoke unutterable things, which only those can

know who have themselves been in similar circumstances.

No one ever slept more sweetly than the schoolmaster. His inward felicity awoke him in the morning earlier than usual. He arose, went into the wood, and renewed all the holy resolutions he had ever formed during his life. At seven o'clock he went home again, and ate his breakfast of milk pottage and bread-and-butter. After the father had first shorn his beard, and then the son, whilst the mother consulted with the daughters which of them should remain at home and which should go to church, they dressed themselves. All this was finished in half an hour; the daughters then went before, Wilhelm followed them, and last of all the father, with his thick thorn stick. When old Stilling went out with his children, they were always obliged to go before him, that he might observe their gait and manners, and instruct them in propriety of behaviour.

After sermon, Wilhelm went again to Lichthausen, where he was schoolmaster, and where his elder married brother, Johann Stilling, also dwelt. Mr. Moritz, the old clergyman, with his two daughters, had hired a couple of rooms in a neighbouring house, in which he resided. After Wilhelm had read a sermon to his peasantry, in the chapel, in the afternoon, and sung a hymn with them according to ancient usage, he hastened to Mr. Moritz's, as fast as his lame feet would permit. The old man had just sat down to his harpsichord, and was playing a hymn-tune. His morning-gown was very clean, and beautifully washed; there was not a rent to be seen in it, but certainly at least a hundred patches. Near him, on a chest, sat Dorothy, a girl of two-and-twenty years of age, likewise very cleanly, though poorly clad, who very sweetly sang the hymn to her father's tune. She beckoned to Wilhelm with a cheerful smile; he sat down by her, and sang with her, out of her book. As soon as the hymn was finished, the clergyman saluted Wilhelm, and said, "Schoolmaster, I am never better pleased than when I play and sing. When I was a preacher, I often let the people sing a long time; because in the union of so many voices the heart soars far away above every thing earthly. But I must now speak to you of something else. My daughter Doris stammered out to me yesterday evening, that she loves you; but I am poor;—what do your parents say?" "They are heartily satisfied with it," answered Wilhelm. The tears burst from the bright eyes of Dorothy; and the venerable old man, standing up, took his daughter's right hand, gave it to Wilhelm, and said, "I have nothing in the world but two daughters; this one is the apple of my eye; take her, son! take her!" He wept. "May the blessing of Jehovah descend upon you, and make you blessed in the presence of Him and his saints, and blessed in the sight of the world! May your children be real Christians, and your posterity be great! May their names stand written in the book of life! My whole life has been devoted to God; I have pursued my course with much weakness, but without offence, and have loved all men; be this your rule of life also, so shall my remains rest in peace!" Here he wiped his eyes. The two lovers kissed his hands, his cheek, and his lips; and afterwards each other also, for the first time, and then sat down again. The old gentleman now began as follows: "But hast thou not observed, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?" "Yes, papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then he speaks to me so kindly and piously, that I seldom pay attention to his feet."

"Well, Doris, but young women generally look at a man's figure."

"I too, papa," was her answer;—"but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm Stilling, and how could I love him then?"

The clergyman smiled contentedly, and continued: "Thou must this evening provide us with something to eat; for thy bridegroom must sup with thee." "I have nothing," said the innocent girl, "but a little milk, cheese, and bread; and who knows whether Wilhelm will be satisfied with it?" "Yes," rejoined Wilhelm, "eating a piece of dry bread with you, is pleasanter than thick milk with white bread and pancakes." Mr. Moritz meanwhile put on his worn-out brown coat, with black buttons and button-holes, took his old japanned cane, and went out, saying, "I will go to the justice's deputy; he will lend me his gun, and I will then see if I cannot shoot something." This he did frequently; for he had been a friend of the chase in his youth.

Our two lovers were now alone, and this was what they wished. When he was gone, they took hold of each other's hands, sat down together, and told each other what each had felt, spoken, and done, since they became fond of each other. As soon as they had done, they began again at the commencement, and gave the tale a variety of turns, so that it was always new—tedious to every one else, but not so to them.

Frederica, Moritz's other daughter, interrupted their enjoyment. She burst into the room, singing an old ballad. On seeing them, she started. "Do I disturb you?" asked she. "Thou never disturbest me," said Doris, "for I never attend to what thou sayest or doest." "Yes, thou art *pious*," rejoined the other; "but darest thou sit so near the schoolmaster? It is true, he is also *pious*."—"And besides that, thy future brother-in-law," interrupted Doris; "we have been this day betrothed to each other." "There will be therefore a wedding for me," said Frederica, and skipped out of the door again.

Whilst they were sitting together thus pleasantly, Frederica burst violently into the room again. "Oh!" cried she, stammering; "they are bringing my father bleeding into the village. Jost, the gamekeeper, is striking him incessantly, and three of the squire's men are dragging him along. Ah, they will beat him to death!" Doris uttered a loud cry, and flew out of the door. Wilhelm hastened after her, but the good man could not run so fast as she. His brother Johann dwelt close to Mr. Moritz; him he called to his assistance. These two then went towards the noise. They found Moritz in the inn, sitting on a chair, his grey hair clotted with blood; the servant-men and the gamekeeper stood round him, swore, mocked, shook their fists in his face, and a snipe that had been shot lay before Moritz on the table. The impartial landlord quietly served them with liquor. Frederica begged suppliantly for mercy, and Doris for a little spirit, to wash her father's head; but she had no money to pay for it, and the loss would have been too great for the landlord to have given her half a glass. But as women are naturally merciful, the landlady brought up some in a piece of broken pot which had stood under the tap of the gin-cask, and with it Doris washed her father's head. Moritz had already repeatedly said, that the squire had given him permission to shoot as much as he pleased; but he was unfortunately at that time from home; the old gentleman therefore was silent, and offered no further excuse. Things were in this situation, when the brothers Stilling entered the inn. The first revenge they took was on a glass of gin, with which the landlord was coming out of the cellar, and carrying very

carefully, lest any of it should be spilled; although this precaution was not very necessary, for the glass was above a quarter empty. Johann Stilling struck the landlord over the hand, so that the glass flew against the wall, and broke into a thousand pieces. But Wilhelm, who was already in the room, seized his father-in-law by the hand, and led him out of it in silence, with as much gravity as if he had been the squire himself, without saying any thing to any one. The gamekeeper and the servants threatened and held him, first in one place and then another; but Wilhelm, who was as much stronger in his arms as he was weaker in his feet, saw and heard nothing, continued silent, and laboured but to get Moritz loose; wherever he found a clenched hand he broke it open, and thus he brought him out of the door. Johann Stilling, meanwhile, spoke with the gamekeeper and the servant-men, and his words were daggers to them; for every one knew how high he stood in the squire's esteem, and how often he went to sup with him.

The affair at length terminated thus: at the return of the squire, the gamekeeper was dismissed, and Moritz received twenty dollars for the pain he had suffered.

What helped them the more quickly through, was that the whole place before the house was filled with peasants, who stood there smoking tobacco, and making themselves merry with the sight; and it only depended upon one of them putting the question whether their rights had not been encroached upon by this affair, and a hundred fists would have been ready, all on a sudden, to prove their christian affection for Moritz on the nape of Jost and his companions. They also called the landlord a cowardly poltroon, who was obliged to submit to have his ears boxed by his wife. I must mention in conclusion, that old Stilling and his sons, by their grave and retired deportment, had become so much esteemed, that no one had the heart even to joke in their presence; to which must be added, what I have already touched upon above, that Johann Stilling was a great favorite with the squire. But now to my tale again.

Old Moritz grew better in a few days, and this vexatious circumstance was the sooner forgotten, because they were occupied with much pleasanter things; namely, preparations for the wedding, which old Stilling and his Margaret insisted, once for all, upon keeping in their own house. They fattened a couple of hens for broth, and a fat sucking-calf was destined to be roasted in large earthen dishes; baked plums in abundance, and rice for the soup, together with raisins and currants, were provided, even to superfluity. Old Stilling has been heard to say, that this wedding cost him, in victuals alone, about ten rix-dollars. Be that as it may, all was consumed. Wilhelm had suspended his school for the time: for at such seasons people are not disposed for their ordinary employments. He also needed the time to make new clothes for his future bride and his sisters against the wedding, as well as for various other purposes. Stilling's daughters required it also. They frequently tried on their new jackets and clothes of fine black cloth; and the time seemed years to them, till they could have them on for a whole day.

At length the long-wished-for Thursday dawned. That morning, all were awake in Stilling's house before the sun, except the old man, who, having returned late from the woods the evening before, slept quietly till it was time to accompany the wedding-people to the church. They then went in due order to Florenburgh, where the bride, with her train, had already arrived. The marriage ceremony was performed without any gainsaying; after which they all proceeded to Tiefenbach, to the marriage feast. Two long boards had been laid close together on blocks of wood, in the room, instead of a table. Margaret had spread over the n her finest table-cloths, and the dinner was then served up. The spoons were of maple, beautifully smooth, and embossed with roses, flowers, and foliage. The knives had fine yellow wooden handles; the plates, turned out of white beech-wood, were also beautifully round and smooth. The beer foamed in white stone jugs, enamelled with blue flowers. However, Margaret left every one at liberty to drink her pleasant perry, instead of beer, if they preferred it.

After they had all eaten and drunk sufficiently, rational conversation commenced. But Wilhelm and his bride preferred being and talking alone; they therefore went deep into the woods; their affection seemed to increase the further they withdrew from mankind. Ah! if there had been no necessities of life—no cold, no frost nor wet, what would have been wanting in the earthly felicity of this newly-married couple? The two old fathers, meanwhile, who had sat down alone, with a mug of beer before them, fell into serious conversation. Stilling spoke as follows:—

"My dear sir, it has always seemed to me that you would have done better, if you had not applied yourself to alchymy."

Moritz.—"Why, my friend?"

Stilling.—"If you had prosecuted the watch-making business without interruption, you would have been able richly to earn your bread; but now your labour has availed you nothing, and what you had, has been also expended upon it."

Moritz.—"You are both in the right and in the wrong. If I had known that from thirty to forty years would have elapsed before I found the philosopher's stone, I should certainly have considered, before beginning it. But now, as I have learned something by long experience, and have penetrated deep into the knowledge of nature, it would pain me to have plagued myself so long in vain."

Stilling.—"You have certainly plagued yourself in vain hitherto, for you have all the time been scarcely able to subsist; and though you were to become as rich as you wish, yet you could not change so many years of misery into happiness; besides which, I do not believe you will ever find it. To say the truth, I do not believe that there is such a thing as the philosopher's stone."

Moritz.—"But I can prove to you that there is. A certain Doctor Helvetius, at the Hague, has written a little book, called '*The Golden Calf*,' in which it is clearly demonstrated; so that no one, even the most incredulous, on reading it, can doubt of it any longer. But whether I shall obtain it or not is another question. But why not I as well as another, since it is a free gift of God?"

Stilling.—"If God had intended to give you the philosopher's stone, you would have had it long ago! Why should He keep it from you so long? Besides, it is not necessary that you should have it: how many people live without the philosopher's stone!"

Moritz.—"That is true; but we ought to make ourselves as happy as we can."

Stilling.—"Thirty years of misery is certainly no happiness: but do not take it amiss,"—shaking him by the hand. "As long as I have lived, I have never wanted; I have been healthy, and am now grown old; I have brought up my children, had them taught, and clothed them decently. I am quite content, and therefore happy! It would be of no use to give me the philosopher's stone. But hear me, my friend:—you sing very well, and write beautifully; be schoolmaster here in this

village. Frederica can be boarded elsewhere; I have a clothes-room to spare, in which I could place a bed; you could then live with me, and so be always with your children."

Moritz.—"Your offer, my good friend, is very kind; and I will accept it, after I have made one trial more."

Stilling.—"Make no more attempts, my friend; they will certainly be fruitless. But let us talk of something else. I am very fond of astronomy;—do you know Sirius in the Great Dog?"

Moritz.—"I am no great astronomer, yet still I know it."

Stilling.—"The direction, in the evening, is generally towards the south. It is of a greenish-red colour. How far may it be from the earth? They say it is even much higher than the sun."

Moritz.—"O certainly, a thousand times higher."

Stilling.—"Is it possible! I am so fond of the stars. I always think I am near them, when I look at them. But do you know also the Wain and the Plough?"

Moritz.—"Yes; they have been pointed out to me."

Stilling.—"Oh, how wonderful God is!"

Margaret Stilling, hearing this conversation, came and sat down by her husband. "O Ebert!" said she, "I can easily see in a flower that God is wonderful. Let us learn to understand them; we live amongst grass and flowers; let us admire them here; when we are in heaven, we will consider the stars."

"That is right," said Moritz; "there are so many wonders in nature; if we duly consider them, we may certainly learn the wisdom of God. Every one, however, has something to which he is particularly inclined."

Thus the marriage-guests spent the day. Wilhelm and his bride returned home, and commenced their marriage state, of which I will say more in the following chapter.

But Stilling's daughter sat in the twilight, under the cherry-tree, and sang the following pathetic ballad:—

"There rode a knight once over the plain,
No friend had he, no wealth, nor domain;
His sister was fair and beautiful:—
'O sister dear! I bid thee adieu!
We never more each other shall view;
I'm travelling away to a distant land,
So reach me once more thy snow-white hand,
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!'

"'My dearest brother, I once did see—
As it hopp'd about in the juniper tree—
A beautiful bird of plumage gay:
I threw my ring at it in a freak,
It caught it up in its little beak,
And flew into the forest far away.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!'

"'The castle thou must securely close,
And live in solitude and repose,
Let no one enter thy chamber fair.
The knight that rides the jet-black steed
His tender suit will warmly plead,
But O! of him I pray thee beware;
To many a maid he has been a snare.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!'

"The maiden wept most piteously;
The brother saluted her tenderly,
And looked behind him once more.
She then went up to her chamber to rest,
But peace and joy had fled from her breast,
For she, of all the suitor-herd,
The knight of the black steed most preferr'd.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

"The knight that rode the steed so black
Of lands and money had no lack;
He hasten'd to visit the tender maid.
He frequently came at the dead of night,
And went when dawn'd the morning light.
He led her at length to his castle fair,
To other young damsels that were there.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

"In the gloom of night she accompanied him there,
And saw how many a damsel fair
He had caus'd to fall so grievously.
She took a cup of costly wine,
And pour'd a poison vile therein,
And drank to the health of the swarthy knight;—
Their eyes both closed in death that night.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

"They buried the knight in the castle-ring;
The maiden near to a little spring.
There in the cold ground she sleeps.
At the midnight hour, she wanders about
In the moonshine, and then she sighs aloud;
She walks in a robe as white as snow,
And mourns to the forest of all her woe.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

"The noble brother hasten'd near
The edge of the spring, so pure and clear,
And saw that it was his sister fair.
'What doest thou here, my sister dear,
That thus thou dost sigh and so doleful appear
'I murder'd myself and the swarthy knight,
By poison in the dead of night;
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!'

"As vapour in the boundless space,
So fled the maid, without leaving a trace—
She never more was seen.
The brother retired to a convent with speed,
That there a holy life he might lead;
And, 'lone in his cell, pour'd forth his prayer
For the health of the soul of his sister dear.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!"

CHAPTER II.

Eberhard Stilling and Margaret his wife now experienced a novel epoch in their domestic arrangements, for a newly-married couple existed in their family. The question therefore was—"Where shall these two sit, when we dine?" But in order to avoid obscurity in the narrative, I must mention the rank and order which father Stilling observed at his table. At the upper end of the room, there was a bench made of an oaken board, nailed along the wall, which extended behind the stove; before this bench and opposite the stove, stood the table, fastened to the wall as a flap, that it might be fixed up against it: it was made out of an oaken plank, at which father Stilling himself had faithfully and manfully laboured. At the front of this table sat Eberhard Stilling, up by the wall, to which it was fastened by the board. He had perhaps chosen this advantageous place in order that he might support his left elbow, and at the same time eat, without difficulty, with his right. However, of this there is no certainty, since he never expressed himself clearly upon it in his whole life. At his right hand, in front of the table, sat his four daughters, that they might the more easily pass to and fro. Margaret had her place betwixt the table and the stove, partly because she was easily chilled, and partly that she might duly overlook the table, to see if there was any thing wanting. Johann and Wilhelm used to sit on the opposite side of the table; but because the one was married, and the other kept school, these places were vacant; they were, therefore, after due consideration, destined for the young married couple.

Johann Stilling occasionally came to visit his parents; and the whole house rejoiced when he came, for he was a singular man. Every peasant in the village had respect for him. Even when he was very young, he had transformed a wooden plate into an astrolabe, and a handsome butter-box of fine beech-wood into a compass, and had likewise made geometrical observations from a neighbouring hill; for at that time the reigning prince caused a survey to be made, and Johann had looked on when the surveyor was at work. But he was now really become an able land-measurer, and was employed by the noble and ignoble

in the division of their estates. Great artists generally possess the virtue which always prompts their inventive spirit to seek something new hence, that which they have already discovered and are acquainted with, is much too tedious to refine upon still further. Johann Stilling was therefore poor; for what he was competent to he neglected, in order to learn that of which he was still incapable. His good but simple wife often wished that he would apply his knowledge of the arts to the improvement of fields and meadows, in order that they might have more bread. But we will forgive the good woman for her simplicity; she did not understand it better—Johann was wise enough in this respect at least; he was either silent, or smiled.

Perpetual motion and the quadrature of the circle occupied him at that time; whenever he had penetrated deeper into a mystery of this kind, he hastened to Tiefenbach to relate his discovery to his parents and sisters. As he ascended the village, if any of Stilling's household perceived him, they immediately ran home, and called all together, in order to receive him at the door. Every one then laboured with double diligence, in order to have nothing more to do after supper: they then placed themselves around the table, supporting their elbows upon it, and their cheeks upon their hands —all eyes were directed to Johann's lips. All of them then assisted in finding the quadrature of the circle; even old Stilling himself devoted much attention to it. I should do violence to the inventive, or rather the natural good sense of this man, if I were to say that he contributed nothing towards it. He occupied himself with it even whilst burning his charcoal;—he drew a string round his perry-cask, cut it with his bread-knife, then sawed a piece of board exactly four-square, and scraped it until the string justfitted it—now the four-cornered board must necessarily be exactly the same size as the circumference of the perry-cask. Eberhard skipped about upon one foot laughed at the great wise-heads who made so much work of such a simple thing, and related the discovery to his son Johann the next opportunity. We must confess the truth;—father Stilling had certainly nothing satirical in his character, yet still a little satire was intermingled here. But the land-measurer soon put an end to his joy by saying, "The question, father, is not whether a joiner can make a four-cornered box, that contains just as much oats as a round cylindrical cask; but it must be demonstrated what proportion the diameter of the circle bears to its periphery, and then, how large each side of the square must be, in order that the latter be as large as the circle. But in both cases, not a thousandth part of a hair must be wanting in the calculation. It must be proved by algebra that it is correct in the theory.

Old Stilling would have felt ashamed, if the learning of his son, and his immoderate joy at it, had not expelled from him all feeling of shame. He therefore said nothing further, except, "It is not easy to dispute with the learned;" laughed, shook his head, and continued to cut chips from a log of beech-wood, for the purpose of lighting fire and candle, or perhaps also a pipe of tobacco; for this was his occupation in his leisure hours.

Stilling's daughters were strong and laborious; they cultivated the earth, which yielded them abundant sustenance both in the garden and in the field. But Doris had tender hands and limbs; she was soon weary, and then she sighed and wept. The girls were not altogether unmerciful; but they could not understand why a female who was quite as tall as one of themselves was not equally able to labour. Their sister-in-law was however often obliged to rest; but they never told their parents that she scarcely earned her bread. Wilhelm soon remarked it; he therefore obtained the consent of the whole family, that his wife should assist him in sewing and clothes-making. This arrangement was entered upon, and all were well satisfied with it.

Moritz, the old clergyman, now also visited his daughter for the first time. Doris wept for joy on seeing him, and wished to be housekeeper herself in order that she might treat him as she desired. He sat the whole afternoon with his children, and spoke with them on spiritual subjects. He seemed to be quite changed, timid and sad. Towards evening, he said, "Children, take me for once to the Geisenberg castle." Wilhelm laid aside his heavy iron thimble, and spat in his hands; but Doris put her thimble upon her little finger, and then they ascended the wood. "Children," said Moritz, "I feel so comfortable under the shade of these beech-trees. The higher we ascend, the more I am at ease. For some time past, I have seemed like one that is not at home. This autumn will certainly be the last of my life." Wilhelm and Doris had tears in their eyes. They sat down upon a ruined wall of the castle on the summit of the hill, from whence they could see as far as the Rhine, and over the whole adjacent country. The sun, in the distance, no longer stood high above the blue mountains. Moritz looked with a fixed eye upon the scene, and was silent a long time, nor did his companions say a word. "Children," said he, at length, "I leave you nothing when I die: you can well spare me. No one will lament me. I have spent a tedious and useless life, and have made no one happy." "My dear father," answered Wilhelm, "you have made me happy. I and Doris will lament you tenderly." "Children," rejoined Moritz, "our inclinations easily lead us to destruction. Of how much use might I have been in the world, if I had not been an alchymist! I should have made you and myself happy. (He wept aloud.) Yet I always feel that I have acknowledged my faults, and I will still amend myself. God is a father, even to erring children. Listen to one more admonition from me, and follow it. Whatsoever you do, consider well beforehand, whether it will be serviceable to others also. If you find that it is only advantageous to yourselves, reflect that it is a work without reward. God only rewards us when we serve our neighbour. I have wandered through the world poor and unobserved, and when I am dead I shall soon be forgotten; but I shall find mercy before the throne of Christ, and obtain salvation." They now went home again, and Moritz continued sad. He went about comforting the poor, and praying with them. He also worked, and made watches, by which he earned his bread, and had besides something over. Yet this did not last long; for the next winter he was lost;—after three days, they found him frozen to death under the snow.

After this melancholy event, a novelty of an important kind was discovered in Stilling's house. Doris was pregnant; and every one rejoiced in the prospect of a child, of which there had been none in the house for many years. It is indescribable what labour and diligence were employed in preparing for the accouchement of Doris. Even old Stilling himself rejoiced at the idea of a grandson, in the hope of once more singing his old cradle-songs before his end, and of shewing his knowledge in the art of education.

The day of her confinement approached; and on the 12th of September, 1740, at eight o'clock in the evening, Heinrich Stilling was born. The boy

was lively, healthy, and well; and his mother was also soon better again, notwithstanding the predictions of the Tiefenbach sibyls.

The child was baptized at Florenburgh church. But father Stilling, in order to make the day more solemn, prepared a feast, at which he wished to see present the Rev. Mr. Stollbein. He therefore sent his son Johann to the parsonage, to invite the gentleman to accompany him back to Tiefenbach, to partake of the dinner. Johann went; he took off his hat on entering the court-yard, in order to make no mistake; but alas! how often is all human precaution unavailing!—A great dog sprang forth; Johann Stilling seized a stone, threw it, and hit the dog in the side, so that he began to howl dreadfully. The clergyman saw what passed, through the window; he rushed out full of wrath, shook his fist in poor Johann's face, and screamed out, "Thou ragamuffin! I'll teach thee how to behave to my dog!" Stilling answered, "I knew not that it was your reverence's dog. My brother and my parents have sent to invite your reverence to go with me to Tiefenbach, to partake of the christening-dinner." The clergyman was silent, and went away; but growled back from the house-door, "Wait; I will go with thee." He waited almost an hour in the yard, caressing the dog, and the poor beast was really more placable than the learned divine, who now came out of the house. The man walked along holding firmly by his cane. Johann walked timidly behind him, with his hat under his arm;—putting it on was a dangerous affair, since in his youth he had received many a box on the ear from the clergyman, for not taking it off soon enough—that is, as soon as he perceived him at a distance. But still it was terrible to walk for an hour together bare-headed, in the open air, in September; he therefore thought of some contrivance, by which he might with propriety cover himself. All of a sudden Mr. Stollbein fell to the ground, and made a great splash. Johann was alarmed. "Oh!" cried he, "has your reverence received any harm?" "What's that to you, you lubber?" was the man's heroic reply, whilst gathering himself up. Johann's fire now took flame in some measure, so that it burst forth: "I am heartily glad then that you have fallen;" and smiled beside. "What! what!" cried the parson. But Johann put on his hat, let the lion roar without being afraid, and proceeded on his way, as did his reverence also; and thus at length they arrived at Tiefenbach.

Old Stilling stood before his door bareheaded; his beautiful grey hair played in the breeze; he smiled at the clergyman, and said, whilst giving him his hand, "I am glad to have the pleasure of seeing your reverence, in my old age, at my table; but I should not have been so bold, if my joy had not been so great in having a grandson." The clergyman wished him happiness, but with a well-meant threat attached, that he must be more diligent in bringing up his children, lest the curse of Eli should fall upon him. The old man stood in the consciousness of his ability, and smiled; however he said nothing, but conducted his reverence into the room. "I will hope," said the reverend gentleman, "that I am not to eat here amongst a swarm of peasants?" "No one dines here," replied father Stilling, "except myself, my wife, and children;—do you call them a swarm of peasants?" "Aye, what else?" replied the other. "I must remind you then, sir, that you are any thing but a servant of Christ, and that you are a pharisee. He sat with publicans and sinners, and ate with them. He was, on all occasions, meek, and lowly, and humble. Your reverence!—my grey hairs stand on end; sit down, or withdraw. Something beats here, or else I might do violence to your cloth, for which I have otherwise respect. Here, sir, here before my house, rode the prince; I was standing at my door; he knew me, and said, 'Good morning, Stilling!' I answered, 'Good morning, your Highness!' He dismounted from his horse, for he was wearied with hunting. 'Fetch me a chair,' said he; 'I will rest here a little.' 'I have an airy room,' replied I; 'will it please your Highness to walk into the room, and sit there at your ease?' 'Yes,' said he. The ranger of the forests entered with him. There he sat, where I have placed you my best chair. My Margaret provided him with new milk and bread-and-butter. He obliged us both to eat with him, and assured us that he had never relished a meal so much. Where cleanliness reigns there any one may eat. Now decide, reverend sir!—we are all hungry." The clergyman sat down, and Stilling called his family; but none of them would come in, not even Margaret herself. She filled an earthen bowl with chicken-broth for the preacher, gave him a large plate of meat, and a jug of beer. Stilling himself set it before him; the reverend gentleman ate and drank in haste, said nothing, but returned again to Florenburgh. They then all sat down to table. Margaret said grace; and they ate with great appetite. Even the lying-in woman sat in Margaret's place, with her boy at her breast; for Margaret would wait upon her children herself. She had put on a very fine white chemise, which she had worn in her bridal-days, the sleeves of which she had rolled up above the elbows. She had a stomacher and dress of fine black cloth; and her grey locks, well powdered with honour and age, projected from beneath her cap. It is really incomprehensible that during the whole meal not a word was said of the clergyman: but I am of opinion the reason was, because father Stilling did not begin about it.

Whilst they were sitting thus pleasantly at dinner, a poor woman knocked at the door. She had an infant hanging at her back, wrapped in a cloth, and begged for a piece of bread. Maria hastened to give it her. The woman came in tattered and dirty clothes, which seemed, however, from the cut of them, to have formerly belonged to some gentlewoman. Father Stilling commanded that she should sit at the room-door, and that something of all should be given her. "Thou mayest offer the child some rice-pap," said he further to Maria. She ate, and relished it exceedingly; and after she and her child were satisfied, she thanked them with tears in her eyes, and was about to depart. "No," said old Stilling; "sit and tell us from whence you are, and why you are thus obliged to travel. I will give you a little beer to drink." She sat down, and began as follows:—

"Ah, dear me!" said she, "how lamentable it is that I must thus wander about! (Stilling's daughter Maria had taken her seat not far from her; she listened with the greatest attention, and her eyes were already moistened with tears.) Alas! I am a poor woman! Ten years ago, you folks would have thought it an honour if I had dined with you."

Wilhelm Stilling.—"Surprising!"

Johann Stilling.—"Unless you had been of a Stollbein disposition."

Father Stilling.—"Be still, children!—let the woman speak."

Woman.—"My father is the clergyman of ——."

Maria.—"What is that? Your father a clergyman!" (*drawing nearer her.*)

Woman.—"O yes, certainly!—he is a clergyman; a very rich and learned man."

Father Stilling.—"Of what place is he the clergyman?"

Woman.—"Of Goldingen, in the province of Barching. Yes, indeed;—alas, yes!"

Johann Stilling.—"I must search for that place upon the map; it cannot be far from the Mühler lake, at the upper end, towards the Septentrion."

Woman.—"Ah, young gentleman! I know of no place near there, called *Schlendrian.*"

Maria.—"Our Johann did not say *Schlendrian.* What didst thou say?"

Father Stilling.—"Go on. Hush, children!"

Woman.—"I was then a bonny lassie, and had many a fine opportunity to marry, (Maria looked at her from head to foot,) but none of them suited my father. The one was not rich enough,—the other was not respectable enough,—the third did not go to church often enough."

Maria.—"I say, Johann, what are the people called who do not go to church?"

Johann Stilling.—"Hush, girl!—separatists."

Woman.—"Well! what happened? I clearly saw that I should have none, if I did not help myself. There was a young journeyman barber—"

Maria.—"What's that—a journeyman barber?"

Wilhelm Stilling.—"Sister, ask every thing afterwards; only let the woman speak now. They are lads that shave off people's beards."

Woman.—"I beg you will, as one may say. My husband could perform cures in spite of the best doctor. O yes! he did many, many cures! In short, I ran off with him. We fixed our residence at Spelterburg, which lies on the river Spa.'

Johann Stilling.—"Yes, it lies there, a few miles up, where the Milder flows into it."

Woman.—"Yes, that's the place. Unfortunate woman that I am! I there ascertained that my husband associated with certain people."

Maria.—"Were you married at the time?"

Woman.—"No, truly!—who would marry us? O certainly not! (Maria drew her chair a little further from the woman.) I would absolutely not permit my husband to associate with rogues; for although my father was only a cobbler—" On saying this, the woman packed up her child upon her back, and ran off as fast as she was able.

Father Stilling, with his wife and children, could not comprehend why the woman broke off in the midst of her tale, and ran away. And really it required some knowledge of logic to perceive the reason of it. Every one gave his sentiments upon the subject, but all the reasons assigned were dubious. The most rational opinion, and at the same time the most probable, was, that the woman had become rather indisposed, from having eaten too much of things she was unaccustomed to; and with this they satisfied themselves. But father Stilling, according to his custom, drew the following instruction from the tale—that it was best to impress religion and the love of virtue upon his children; and then, at a proper age, leave them free to choose with respect to marriage, if they only made such a choice as not to bring a real disgrace upon the family by it. Parents certainly must admonish their children; but compulsion no longer avails, when the individual has attained to the age of maturity; he then thinks he understands every thing as well as his parents.

During this wise speech, to which all present were extremely attentive, Wilhelm sat in deep meditation. He supported his cheek with one hand, and looked fixedly straight before him. "Hum!" said he; "every thing that the woman has related seems to me suspicious. She said at the beginning, that her father was a clergyman at ——"

Maria.—"At Goldingen, in the province of Barching."

Wilhelm.—"Yes, it was there. And yet she said at the end, that her father was a cobbler." All present struck their hands together with astonishment. It was now evident why the woman had run away; and it was prudently resolved to have cramps and bolts to every door and opening in the house. No one will take this amiss of the Stilling family, who has in a measure learnt to see the connection of the thing.

Doris said nothing during the whole time; for what reason, I cannot exactly say. She suckled her boy Heinrich every moment; for this was now all to her, and the boy was also fat and strong. The most experienced gossips, immediately after the birth of the child, could discover in its features a perfect resemblance to its father; and in particular they thought they had found traces, upon the upper eyelid of the left eye, of a future wart, which his father had there. However, a secret partiality must have induced all the neighbours to give this false testimony, for the boy possessed the mother's features, and her tender, feeling heart, entirely.

Doris fell, by degrees, into a gentle melancholy. She had nothing in the world that any longer gave her pleasure; but still, nothing caused her vexation. She continually enjoyed a delightful sadness, and her tender heart seemed to dissolve itself wholly into tears, without grief or sorrow. If the sun arose beautifully, she wept, contemplated it pensively, and said occasionally, "How beautiful must He be that made it!" If he set, she wept again: "There goes our soothing friend from us again," said she often, and longed to be far away in the woods, during the twilight. But nothing affected her so much as the moon; she then felt something unutterable, and often walked about whole evenings at the foot of the Geisenberg. Wilhelm almost always accompanied her, and conversed very kindly with her. They had both of them something similar in their dispositions. They could well have spared the whole world-full of people, but not the one the other; yet still they sympathised with all the misery and distress of their fellow-creatures.

Heinrich Stilling was almost a year-and-a-half old, when Doris, one Sunday afternoon, requested her husband to walk with her to the Geisenberg castle. Wilhelm had never yet refused her anything. He went with her. As soon as they entered the wood, they put their arms round each other, and went, step by step, under the shade of the trees, up the hill, accompanied by the twittering of the birds. Doris began:—

"What dost thou think, Wilhelm?—shall we know each other in heaven?"

Wilhelm.—"O yes, dear Doris! Christ says of the rich man, that he knew Lazarus in Abraham's bosom; and beside this, the rich man was in hell; therefore I certainly believe we shall know each other again in eternity."

Doris.—"O Wilhelm!—how I rejoice, when I think that we shall be together to all eternity, entirely without sorrow, and in unmingled heavenly felicity and delight! I always think I could not be happy in heaven without thee. Yes, dear Wilhelm! we shall most certainly know each other there! Now this is what I wish so heartily! It is God who made my soul and my heart to wish in this manner; and He would not have implanted such hopes, if they were improper or merely fanciful. Yes, I shall know thee, and will seek thee out amongst all the people there, and then I shall be happy."

Wilhelm.—"We will let ourselves be buried together, and then we shall not have long to seek."

Doris.—"O that we might both die the same moment! But what would become of our dear boy?"

Wilhelm.—"He would remain here, and be well brought up, and at length come to us."

Doris.—"Still, I should be very anxious about him, whether he would be pious or not."

Wilhelm.—"Hear me, Doris!—thou hast been a long time particularly melancholy. To say the truth, thou makest me sad likewise. Why dost thou love to be so much alone with me? My sisters believe thou art not fond of them."

Doris.—"Yet I really love them from my heart."

Wilhelm.—"Thou often weepest, as if thou wert dejected, and this gives me pain. I shall be melancholy also. Hast thou any thing on thy heart, love, that torments thee? Tell it to me. I will set thee at rest, whatever it may cost me."

Doris.—"O no! I am not dejected, dear Wilhelm! I am not dissatisfied. I love thee, and I love our parents and sisters; yea, I love all men. But I will tell thee how I feel. In the spring, when I see how every thing shoots forth, the leaves on the trees, the flowers and the plants, it seems to me as if it did not concern me at all; I then feel as if I were in a world to which I did not belong. But as soon as I find a yellow leaf, a faded flower, or a withered herb, my tears begin to flow, and I feel so comfortable I cannot tell thee; and yet I am never cheerful at such times. Formerly, all this made me sad, and I was never more joyful than in spring."

Wilhelm.—"I have no knowledge of things of this kind; however, so much is true, that it makes me very susceptible."

Whilst conversing in this manner, they came to the ruins of the castle on the side of the hill, and felt the cool breeze from the Rhine, and saw how it played with the long dry blades of grass and ivy leaves, which grew upon the fallen walls, and whistled about them. "This is just the place for me," said Doris; "here I could wish to dwell. Tell me once more the history of Johann Hübner, who lived in this castle. Let us meanwhile sit down on the rampart, opposite the walls. I would not venture within the walls for the world, whilst thou art relating it; for I always shudder when I hear it." Wilhelm related as follows:

"In ancient times this castle was inhabited by robbers, who went about the country in the night, stole the people's cattle, and drove them yonder into the court, where there was a large stable, and afterwards sold them, far off, to strangers. The last robber that dwelt here was Johann Hübner. He wore armour, and was stronger than any other man in the whole country. He had only one eye, and a large curly beard and hair. In the daytime, he sat with his servants, who were all very strong men, in the corner yonder, where thou seest the broken window-hole;—there they had a room; there they sat and guzzled beer. Johann Hübner saw, with his one eye, very far through the whole country; and whenever he perceived a horseman, he called out 'Halloa! there goes a horseman on a very fine horse,—Halloa!' Then they lay in wait for the horseman, took his horse away, and slew him. But there was a prince of Dillenburgh, called Black Christian, a very strong man, who was always hearing of Johann Hübner's robberies; for the peasants came and complained of him. This black prince had a prudent servant, called Hanns Flick, whom he sent over the country in order to spy out this Johann Hübner. The prince himself lay behind in the Giller, which thou seest yonder, and kept himself concealed there with his horsemen; and the peasants brought him bread, butter, and cheese. Hans Flick did not know Johann Hübner; he roved about the country and inquired for him. At length he came to a smithy, where horses were shod. There were many wagon-wheels against the wall, which were there to be covered; a man had leaned himself with his back against them, who had only one eye, and had on an iron jerkin. Hanns Flick went to him, and said, 'God save thee, thou iron-jerkin man with one eye; is not thy name Johann Hübner of Geisenberg?' The man answered, 'Johann Hübner of Geisenberg lies on the wheel.' Hanns Flick understood him to mean the wheel on the scaffold, and said, 'Is that lately?' 'Yes,' answered the man; 'this very day.' Hans Flick did not fully believe him, and continued at the smithy, and watched the man who lay upon the wheel. The man whispered to the smith to shoe his horse the wrong way, so that the fore-part of the shoe was placed behind. The smith did so, and Johann Hübner rode away. As he mounted his horse, he said to Hanns Flick, 'God save thee, brave fellow! Tell thy master, he ought to send me men that can fight, and not *eavesdroppers*.' Hanns Flick stood still, and saw him ride over the field into the forest, and then ran after him, to see where he stopped. He would have followed his track, but Johann Hübner rode up and down, across and athwart, so that Hanns Flick soon lost the track of the horse; for where he had ridden, the track was in a contrary direction; he therefore soon lost him, and knew not what had become of him. At length, however, Hanns Flick got sight of him, as he was lying yonder, with his men, on the heath in the forest, guarding the cattle they had stolen. It was in the night, by moonshine. He ran and told it to prince Christian, who with his men rode silently below, through the forest. They bound moss under the horses' feet, got near him, sprang upon him, and they fought together. Prince Christian and Johann Hübner struck one another upon the iron helmets and cuirasses, so that they rang again, till at length Johann Hübner was slain, and the prince took possession of the castle. They buried Johann Hübner down in the corner yonder; and the prince laid much wood about the great tower, which they also undermined. It fell in the evening, when the Tiefenbach people milked their cows; the whole country about trembled with the fall. Thou seest yonder the long heap of stones down the hill; that is the tower, as it fell. Between eleven and twelve at night, Johann Hübner, with his one eye, still haunts this place. He sits on a black horse, and rides about the rampart. Old Neuser, our neighbour, has seen him."

Doris trembled and shuddered whenever a bird flew upwards out of the bush. "I am always fond of hearing the tale," said she, "when I am thus sitting here; and if I were to hear it ten times, I should not be tired of it. Let us walk about the rampart a little." They went together upon the rampart, and Doris sang:—

"Three stars shone over a regal dome,
In which three maidens abode;
Their father was gone away far from home,
And on a white horse he rode.
Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"'Seest thou not yet the little white horse,
Dear sister, down in the dale?'
'I see the white horse, pursuing its course,
And trotting along the vale.'
Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"'I see the white horse, but my father's not there;—
O sisters, our father is dead!
My heart within me is pained with fear;
And glare the heavens so red!'
Star, shine, portentous of woe

"There enter'd a horseman in bloody array,
Into their chamber fair;
'O horseman so bloody, we earnestly pray
Thee our virgin lives to spare!'
Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"'Ye may not live, ye virgins three!—
My wife, so blooming and fair,
Your father did murder under a tree,—
A stream of blood issued there.'
Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"'The murderer I found in the shady wood,
And took his courser away;
And there did I spill his vital blood—
He fell from the rocks that day.'
Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"'My mother so dear, thou wouldst also have slain,
As down in the vale she did hie!
"O sisters, rejoice, we shall soon meet again,
Right willing we are to die."
Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"The man then took a sharp-pointed knife,
And pierced the maidens dead;—
Fast ebb'd away their precious life,—
They fell to the ground like lead.
Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"There flows a rivulet pure and clear,
Along the vale in haste,—
Flow winding around, thou rivulet dear,
E'en unto the ocean vast!
Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"There rest the maidens, in sleep profound,
Until the judgment-day;—
They sleep beneath the clay-cold ground,
Until the judgment day.
Star, shine, portentous of woe!"

The sun now began to decline; and Doris with her Wilhelm had peculiarly felt the pleasure of melancholy. As they went down the wood a mortal tremor pervaded Doris's whole frame. She trembled from a chilly feeling, and it was difficult for her to reach Stilling's house. She fell into a violent fever. Wilhelm was with her day and night. After the lapse of a fortnight, she said at midnight to Wilhelm, "Come, lie down in bed." He complied, and lay down by her. She embraced him with her right arm; he lay with his head on her breast. All at once he perceived that the beating of her pulse ceased, and then again beat a few times. He was petrified, and called out, in the distress of his soul, "Maria! Maria!" All were roused, and ran to him. There lay Wilhelm, and received Doris's last breath into his mouth. She was dead already! Wilhelm was stupified, and his soul wished never to come to itself again; at length, however, he arose from bed, wept, and lamented aloud. Father Stilling himself and his Margaret went to her, closed her eyes, and sobbed. It was pitiful to see how the two old grey-heads looked with tenderness on the departed angel, whilst the tears flowed down their cheeks. The girls also wept aloud, and recounted to each other all the last words which their late sister-in-law had spoken, and the caresses she had given them.

CHAPTER III.

Wilhelm Stilling had lived alone with his Doris, in a very populous district; she was now dead and buried, and he found that he was living quite alone in the world. His parents and sisters were about him, without his perceiving them. In the face of his orphan child he saw only the lineaments of Doris; and when he went to bed at night, he found his chamber silent and empty. He often imagined he heard the rustling of Doris's foot, on stepping into bed. He then started, expecting to see her, but saw her not. He reflected on all the days they had lived together, found in each of them a paradise, and was astonished that he had not at that time exulted for joy. He then took his little Heinrich in his arms, bedewed him with tears, pressed him to his breast, and slept with him. He often dreamed he was walking with Doris in the Geisenberg forest, and how happy he was to have her again. Whilst dreaming, he was afraid of awaking, and yet he awoke; on which his tears began to flow anew, and his condition was comfortless. Father Stilling saw all this, and yet he never comforted his son Wilhelm. Margaret and her daughters often attempted it, but they only made the evil worse; for every thing offended Wilhelm which had even a tendency to withdraw him from his sadness. But they could not comprehend how it was possible that their father made no effort to render his son more cheerful. They therefore determined to unite in exhorting him to do so, the next time Wilhelm went to roam about in the Geisenberg forest, to seek out and weep over Doris's traces and footsteps. This he did frequently, and therefore it was not long before they found an opportunity of accomplishing their purpose. Margaret undertook it, as soon as the cloth was removed and Wilhelm had left them; and whilst father Stilling was picking his teeth, and looking at some spot straight before him, "Ebert," said she, "why dost thou let the lad wander about so?—thou payest no attention to him, nor speakest a little to him, but behavest as if he did not concern thee at all. The poor fellow may fall into a consumption from mere sorrow." "Margaret," answered the old man, smiling, "what dost thou think I could say to him, to comfort him? If I tell him he must be content,—his Doris is in heaven, and that she is happy, it amounts to the same thing as if any one were to take away all that thou lovest the most in the world, and I were then to come and say to thee, 'Be satisfied, thy things are in good keeping; at the end of sixty years thou wilt have them again; he is a worthy man in whose possession they are.' Would'st thou not be very vexed at me, and say, 'But what shall I live upon during the sixty years?' If I number up all Doris's faults, and seek to persuade him he had lost nothing so particularly valuable, I should insult her memory, be a liar, or a slanderer, and effect nothing more than make Wilhelm for ever my enemy; he would, in opposition to this, recount all her virtues, and I should come off too short in the reckoning. Ought I to seek another Doris for him? It must be just such a Doris as she was; and yet he would feel a disgust at her. Ah! there is not such another Doris!" His lips faltered, and his eyes were moist. They then all wept, chiefly because their father wept.

Under these circumstances, Wilhelm was not in a situation to take care of his child, or to do any thing useful. Margaret therefore took the entire charge of her grandson, fed, and clothed him in her old-fashioned manner, most cleanlily. Her daughters taught him to walk, to pray, and repeat devotional verses; and when father Stilling came from the wood on the Saturday evening, and had placed himself near the stove, the little one came tottering to him, sought to climb upon his knee, and took, exultingly, the piece of bread-and-butter which had been spared for him: hunting even in the wallet to find it, and relishing it better than other children are wont to relish the best rice-pap, although it was always hard and dry from being exposed to the air. This dry bread-and-butter Heinrich ate on his grandfather's lap, during which the latter sung to him either the song

"My little hen's name is Geberli,"

or,

"Rider, to horse, we're coming along!"

making always at the same time the movement of a trotting horse with his knee. In one word, Stilling had the art, in bringing up children, of providing every moment a new amusement for Heinrich, which was always of such a kind as to be suitable for his age; that is, they were comprehensible to him; yet in such a manner, that that which ought always to be had in veneration was not only not degraded, but represented, as it

were, *en passant*, as great and beautiful. The boy thus attained a fondness for his grandfather which exceeded every thing, and hence the ideas which he sought to impart to him found entrance into his mind. What the grandfather said, he believed without further reflection.

Wilhelm's silent grief transformed itself gradually into a communicative and confidential sadness. He now spoke again with his family; they conversed for days together about Doris, sung her songs, looked at her clothes, and other things of the kind. Wilhelm began to experience a feeling of delight in remembering her, and tasted the most supreme peace when he represented to himself that in a few short years death would call him away also; when, without fear of termination, he would eternally enjoy, in the society of his Doris, the highest felicity of which man is capable. This great idea produced an entire change of life, to which the following event much contributed. Some leagues from Tiefenbach, there is a large manor-house, which had fallen, by inheritance, to a certain Count. A society of pious people had rented this mansion, and had established a manufacture of half-silk stuffs, by which they maintained themselves. Wise-heads who knew the fashions of the world and what was most esteemed in it, or, in one word, people of consequence, had no relish for such an establishment. They knew how disgraceful it was, in the great world, publicly to profess Jesus Christ, or to hold meetings in order mutually to admonish one another to follow his life and doctrine. Hence these people were despised in the world, in the eye of which they were of no value; there were even those who gave out that they had seen all kinds of abominations practised in their mansion, by which the contempt for them was increased. But nothing could vex such persons more, than when they heard that these people even rejoiced at such revilings, and said that the same thing had happened to their Master. In this society, there was a person of the name of Nicolas, a man of uncommon genius and natural gifts. He had studied divinity, and having discovered the defectiveness of all systems of religion, had also publicly spoken and written against them; on which account he had been cast into prison, but afterwards released from it again, and had travelled for a long time with a certain nobleman. In order to live freely and peaceably, he had betaken himself amongst these people; and as he understood nothing of their manufactory, he carried about the goods they manufactured, for sale, or as people are wont to say, he hawked them. This Nicolas had been often in Stilling's house; but as he knew how firmly the family adhered to the principles of the reformed church and religion, he had never expressed his sentiments. On this occasion, however, when Wilhelm Stilling began to divest himself of his gloomiest sorrow, he found an opportunity of speaking to him. This conversation is of importance; I will therefore subjoin it, as Nicolas himself related it to me.

After Nicolas had seated himself, he began:—"How is it with you now, Master Stilling?—can you accommodate yourself yet to your wife's decease?"

Wilhelm.—"Not very well. My heart is still so much wounded, that it bleeds;—however, I begin to find more consolation."

Nicolas.—"Thus it happens, Master Stilling, when we attach ourselves, with our desires, to any thing of a transitory nature; and we are certainly happy 'when we have wives, as though we had none.' (1 *Cor.* vii. 29.) We may love them cordially; but still how useful it is, to exercise ourselves in mortifying even this pleasure, and denying ourselves in it!—the loss would then certainly not be so grievous to us."

Wilhelm.—"It is very easy to preach so; but doing—doing—observing, and keeping, is another affair."

Nicolas smiled, and said, "Certainly it is difficult, particularly after possessing such a Doris; but yet, if any one is in earnest—if he only believes that the doctrine of Jesus Christ leads to the highest felicity, he becomes in earnest—it is then not so difficult as people may imagine. Let me briefly explain the whole matter to you. Jesus Christ has left us a doctrine, which is so adapted to the nature of the human soul that, if practised, it must necessarily render the individual perfectly happy. If we go through all the precepts of the wise men of this world, we find a number of rules, which hang together just as they have formed their system. At one time, they are lame, at another, they run, and then they stand still. The doctrine of Christ alone, deduced from the deepest mysteries of human nature, never fails, and perfectly proves to him who has a right insight into it, that its author must himself have been the Creator of man, since he knew him even from his first original impulse. Man has an infinite hunger after pleasure—after pleasures which are able to satisfy him, which ever yield something new, and are an unceasing source of new delight. But we do not find any of *this* kind in the whole creation. As soon as we are deprived of them by the vicissitude of things, they leave a pang behind; as you, for instance, have felt at the loss of your Doris. This divine Legislator knew that the origin of all human actions is real self-love. Far from expelling this motive, which is capable of producing much evil, he gives us the means of ennobling and refining it. He commands us to act towards others as we wish them to act towards us; if we do so, we are assured of their love,—they will be respectful to us, and cause us much enjoyment, unless they are wicked men. He commands us to love our enemies:—now as soon as we shew love and kindness to an enemy, he will be certainly tormented to the utmost, until he is reconciled to us; whilst in the practice of these duties, which cost us only a little trouble at the commencement, we ourselves enjoy an inward peace, which far exceeds all the pleasures of sense. Besides this, pride is peculiarly the source of all our social vices, of all disturbance, hatred, and infraction of peace. Against this root of all evil, there is no better remedy than the above-mentioned laws of Jesus Christ. I do not wish, at present, to explain myself further on the subject; I only meant to say, that it is well worth the trouble to employ earnestness in obeying the doctrine of Christ, because it procures us permanent and substantial delights, which are able to counterbalance the loss of others."

Wilhelm.—"Repeat all this to me, friend Nicolas! I must write it down; I believe what you say is true."

Nicolas rehearsed it very cordially, with some little addition or diminution, and Wilhelm wrote it down as he repeated it to him. "But," continued he, "if we are to be saved by obedience to the doctrine of Christ, of what use are his life and death? The preachers say, we cannot keep the commandments, but that we are justified and saved only through faith in Christ, and by his merits."

Nicolas smiled, and said, "We will speak of this some other time. For the present, look at the matter thus: that even as by his pure and holy life, in which he walked in favour both with God and man, he has enabled us to take a free survey of our mortal existence, and of the confused state of earthly things, that by looking unto him, we

might be encouraged, and hope in the grace that rules over us, for the attainment of greater simplicity of heart, with which we can make our way every where; so He has also, I say, planted his cross in the night of death, where the sun goes down, and the moon loses her light, in order that we may look up, and with humble hope, exclaim, 'Remember me!' We are thus saved by his merits, if you will; for He has paid dearly and severely enough to ransom his people from eternal death, and thus we are saved by faith; for faith is salvation. But in the mean time, do not let this trouble you; and be faithful in small things, otherwise you will accomplish nothing great. I will leave with you a little tract, translated from the French of Archbishop Fenelon; it treats of fidelity in small things. I will also bring with me, for you, the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, which will instruct you further."

I cannot exactly say whether Wilhelm received this doctrine from real conviction, or whether the state of his heart was such, that he felt its beauty, without examining its truth. Certainly, when I reflect coolly on this discourse of Nicolas, I find that though I cannot agree with it altogether, yet on the whole it is good and excellent.

Wilhelm purchased a few ells of cloth of Nicolas, for which he had no immediate occasion; and then the good preacher took up his bundle on his back, and went away, promising however to return soon; and Nicolas doubtless thanked God heartily, all the way across the Giller, for Wilhelm's conversion. The latter now found a deep and irresistible inclination in his soul, to renounce the whole world, and to live alone with his child, in an upper room of the house. His sister Elizabeth was married to one Simon, a linen-weaver, who took his place in the house; and he betook himself to his room, procured some books which Nicolas had recommended, and lived there, in this manner, many years with his boy.

During this time, the whole of Wilhelm's endeavours were directed, first, to the supply of his necessities, by means of his trade as a tailor; for he gave a considerable sum weekly to his parents for the board of himself and his child;—next, to quench every inclination of the heart which had not reference to eternity; and finally, also to educate his son in the same principles, which he imagined to be true and firmly founded. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, and began his work; at seven he awoke his little Heinrich, and reminded him in a familiar manner of the goodness of God, who had watched over him, by his angels, during the night. "Thank him for it, my child," said Wilhelm, whilst dressing the boy. When this was done, he was made to wash himself in cold water, and Wilhelm then took him with him, shut the room-door, and fell on his knees with him at the bedside, and prayed with the utmost fervour of spirit to God, during which the tears often flowed copiously to the ground. The boy then had his breakfast, which he was obliged to take with as much decorum and order as if he had been eating in the presence of a prince. He had afterwards to read a small portion of the catechism, and gradually learn it by rote; he was also permitted to read old and pleasing tales, adapted to the capacity of a child; some of which were religious, and others of a worldly nature, such as the "Emperor Octavian, with his wife and son;" the "History of the Four Children of Haymon;" "the Beautiful Melusina," and the like. Wilhelm never permitted the boy to play with other children; but kept him so secluded, that in the seventh year of his age he knew none of the neighbours' children, though well acquainted with a whole row of fine books. Hence it was, that his whole soul began to delight in that which was ideal; his imagination was excited, because it had no other objects than ideal persons and actions. The heroes of old romance, whose virtues were described in an exaggerated manner, fixed themselves imperceptibly in his mind, as so many objects worthy of imitation, and vice was in the highest degree repugnant to him. But because he was continually hearing of God and pious men, he was imperceptibly placed in a peculiar point of view, from whence he observed every thing. The first thing he enquired after, when he had read or heard of any one, had reference to his sentiments towards God and Christ. Hence, when he had once obtained Gotfried Arnold's Lives of the Primitive Fathers, he could not cease from reading it; and this book, together with Reitz's History of the Regenerate, continued his chief delight till the tenth year of his age; but all these persons, whose biography he read, remained so firmly idealized in his imagination that he never forgot them during his whole life.

In the afternoon, from two to three o'clock, or even somewhat later, Wilhelm let him walk in the orchard and the Geisenberg forest: he had appointed him a district there, which he was at liberty to appropriate for his amusement, but which he was not to exceed without the company of his father. This district was not larger than Wilhelm could overlook from his window, in order that he might never lose sight of him. When the time appointed had expired, or if only a neighbour's child approached Heinrich, though distantly, Wilhelm whistled, and on this signal he was in a moment again with his father.

This district, Stilling's orchard, and a portion of the forest which bordered on the garden, were therefore daily visited by our youth, when the weather was fine, and made entirely into ideal landscapes. There was an Egyptian desart, in which he transformed a bush into a cave, where he hid himself, representing St. Anthony; and in his enthusiasm, also occasionally prayed very heartily. In another part was the fountain of Melusina; there was also the land of the Turks, where the sultan and his daughter, the fair Marcebilla, dwelt; and on a rock, there was the castle Montalban, in which Reinold lived, &c. To these places he made a pilgrimage daily; and no one can form an idea of the delight which the boy there enjoyed; he stammered out verses, and had poetic feelings. Such was the nature of this child's education, till he was ten years old. One thing more must be mentioned here. Wilhelm was very strict; he punished the smallest transgression of his commands most severely with the rod. Hence there was added to the above-mentioned fundamental feelings, a certain timidity in young Stilling's soul; and from fear of correction, he sought to hide and conceal his faults, so that he gradually let himself be seduced to telling falsehoods, a propensity which afterwards gave him much trouble to overcome, even to his twentieth year. Wilhelm's intention was to bring up his son to be docile and obedient, in order to render him capable of keeping divine and human laws; and it seemed to him, that a certain severity was the shortest way to attain his object; and thus he could not comprehend whence it came, that the felicity he enjoyed in the good qualities of his boy should be so hatefully embittered by the vice of lying, in which he often caught him. He redoubled his severity, particularly when he perceived he was telling an untruth; however, he effected nothing more than causing Heinrich to employ every possible art to make his falsehood more probable, and thus the good Wilhelm was still deceived. No sooner did the

boy perceive he was successful, than he rejoiced and even thanked God that he had found a means of escaping punishment. However, I must mention this to his credit, that he never spoke falsely except when he was able, by so doing, to avoid correction.

Old Stilling regarded all this very quietly. His son's austere mode of life he never condemned; but smiled occasionally, and shook his grey locks, when he saw how Wilhelm seized the rod, because the boy had eaten or done something contrary to his orders. He would then say in the absence of the child, "Wilhelm, he that does not wish to have his commands repeatedly transgressed, must not command much. All men love liberty." "Yes," said Wilhelm, "but the boy will become wilful." "Forbid him his faults," rejoined the old man, "when he is about to commit them, and inform him why; but if thou hast previously forbidden it, the boy forgets the many commands and prohibitions, and is always in fault; whilst meanwhile thou must make thy words good, and thus there is no end to chastising." Wilhelm acknowledged this, and gradually let the greater part of his rules fall into oblivion. He now governed no longer so much according to laws, but entirely in monarchical style; he gave his orders always when they were needful, regulated them according to circumstances, and the boy was no longer chastised so much; his whole mode of life became somewhat more animated, free, and noble.

Heinrich Stilling was therefore educated in an extraordinary manner, entirely without the society of others;—hence he knew nothing of the world, and nothing of vice; he was ignorant of treachery and frivolity; praying, reading, and writing was his occupation. His mind was therefore filled with few things; but all that was in it was so lively, clear, refined, and ennobled, that his expressions, speeches, and actions are not to be described. The whole family were astonished at the boy; and old Stilling often said, "The lad is soaring away from us; the feathers are growing larger upon him than was ever the case with any other of our family; we must pray that God will guide him by his good Spirit." All the neighbours who visited Stilling, and saw the boy, were amazed, for they understood nothing of all he said, although he spoke good German. Amongst others, neighbour Stahler once came thither, because he wanted Wilhelm to make him a great-coat; however, his chief object in this was a secret hope to provide for his daughter Maria; for Stilling was respected in the village, and Wilhelm was pious and diligent. Young Heinrich might be about eight years old; he sat on a chair, and read in a book, looking, according to custom, very serious; and I do not believe that up to that time he had ever laughed loudly in his whole life. Stahler looked at him, and said, "Heinrich, what art thou doing there?"

Heinrich.—"I am reading."

Stahler.—"Art thou able to read already?"

Heinrich looked at him with astonishment, and said, "That is a foolish question, for I am a human being." He then read aloud with ease, proper emphasis, and due distinction. Stahler was amazed, and said, "The d—— fetch me! I have never seen the like in all my life." At this imprecation, Heinrich jumped up, and looked timidly around him; at length, when he saw that the devil did not come, he exclaimed, "O God, how gracious art thou!" stepped up to Stahler, and said, "Man, have you ever seen Satan?" "No," answered Stahler. "Then call upon him no more," rejoined Heinrich, and went into another room.

The fame of this boy resounded far and wide; every one spoke of him with astonishment. Even the Rev. Mr. Stollbein himself was curious to see him. Now Heinrich had never been at church, and had consequently never yet seen a man with a large white wig and fine black clothes. The clergyman came to Tiefenbach; and having, perhaps, previously entered some other house, his arrival was already known in Stilling's house, and the reason of his coming. Wilhelm, therefore, instructed his boy Heinrich how to behave when the clergyman should come. At length he appeared, and old Stilling with him. Heinrich stood straight up by the wall, like a soldier presenting arms; he held in his folded hands his cap, composed of blue and grey remnants of cloth, and regarded the clergyman full in the face. After Mr. Stollbein had seated himself, and spoken a few words with Wilhelm, he turned towards the wall, and said, "Good morning, Heinrich!"

Heinrich.—"People say good morning as soon as they enter the room."

Stollbein perceived with whom he had to do; he therefore turned himself with his chair towards him, and continued, "Dost thou know the catechism?"

Heinrich.—"Not the whole of it."

Stollbein.—"How!—not the whole of it? That is the first thing children ought to learn."

Heinrich.—"No, your reverence, that is not the first; children must first learn to pray, that God may give them understanding to comprehend the catechism."

Mr. Stollbein was already seriously vexed, and had studied out a severe lecture for Wilhelm, but this answer startled him. "In what way dost thou pray?" inquired he further.

Heinrich.—"I pray, 'Gracious God, give me understanding that I may comprehend what I read.'"

Stollbein.—"That is right, my son; continue to pray thus."

Heinrich.—"You are not my father."

Stollbein.—"I am thy spiritual father."

Heinrich.—"No, God is my spiritual father: you are a man;—a man cannot be a spirit."

Stollbein.—"What!—hast thou no spirit, no soul?"

Heinrich.—"Yes, certainly! How can you ask such a simple question? But I know my father."

Stollbein.—"Dost thou know God, thy spiritual father?"

Heinrich smiled and said, "Should not a man know God?"

Stollbein.—"But thou hast never seen him."

Heinrich did not reply, but fetched his well-used Bible, and pointed out to the clergyman the passage in *Rom.* i. 19, 20.

Stollbein had now heard enough. He told the boy to leave the room, and said to his father, "Your child will surpass all his forefathers; continue to keep him well under the rod; the boy will become a great man in the world."

Wilhelm still continued to feel the wound occasioned by the death of Doris, and constantly sighed after her. He now also occasionally took his boy with him to the old castle, pointed out to him the tracks and footsteps of his deceased mother, and all that she had done and spoken there. Heinrich became so attached to the memory of his mother, that he made all he heard of her his own, which pleased Wilhelm so well that he could not conceal his joy.

Once, on a fine evening in autumn, the two lovers of the departed Doris went about the ruins of the castle, and sought for snail-shells, which were very numerous there. Doris had taken great pleasure

in so doing. Heinrich found under a stone, near a wall, a pocket-knife, with a yellow back and green handle. It was still not at all rusty, partly from lying in a dry place, and partly because it was so covered that the rain could not fall upon it. Heinrich was glad on finding it, ran to his father, and shewed it him. Wilhelm looked at it, grew pale, and began to sob and weep. Heinrich was terrified, and the tears already stood in his eyes without knowing why, nor did he dare to ask. He turned the knife about, and saw written with aquafortis upon the blade "Johanna Dorothea Catharina Stilling." He cried aloud, and fell down like one dead. Wilhelm heard the reading of the name, as well as the loud cry; he sat down by the boy, and sought to bring him to himself. Whilst he was thus occupied, he felt inwardly happy; he found himself comforted, he took the boy in his arms, pressed him to his breast, and experienced a delight which for a time excluded every other feeling. He drew near unto God as unto his friend, and thought he ascended into the glory of heaven, and saw Doris amongst the angels. Meanwhile Heinrich came to himself again, and found himself in his father's arms. He could not recollect that his father had ever had him in his arms before. His whole soul was penetrated; tears of the strongest emotion flowed down his full and snow-white cheeks. "Father, do you love me?" asked he. Wilhelm had never either joked or trifled with his child; therefore the boy knew of no other father but a grave and severe man, whom he was obliged to fear and honor. Wilhelm's head sunk upon Heinrich's breast; he said, "Yes!" and wept aloud. Heinrich was beside himself, and on the point of fainting away again; but his father, suddenly rising up, placed him upon his feet. He was scarcely able to stand. "Come," said Wilhelm, "we will walk about a little." They sought for the knife, but could not find it again; it had certainly fallen down deep between the stones. They searched long, but found it not. No one was more grieved than Heinrich; his father however led him away, and spoke to him as follows:—

"My son, thou wilt now soon be nine years old. I have taught and instructed thee as well as I am able, and thou hast now so much sense that I can talk rationally to thee. Thou hast much before thee in the world, and I myself am still young. We shall not be able to end our lives in our chamber; we must again associate with mankind; I will keep school again, and thou shalt go with me, and learn further. Employ thyself in any thing that gives thee pleasure; thou shalt have no want of books; but in order that thou mayest have something certain, by which thou canst earn thy bread, thou must learn my trade. If God graciously gives thee a better vocation, thou wilt have reason to thank him; but no one will despise thee for being my son, even wert thou to become a prince." Heinrich was delighted with his father's confidential manner; his soul became infinitely enlarged; he felt such a gentle uncontrollable freedom as is not to be described; he experienced now for the first time that he was treated as a human being. He looked at his father, and said, "I will do all that you wish me to do." Wilhelm smiled at him, and continued, "Thou wilt be successful in the world; only thou must never forget to cultivate a confidential communion with God, who will take thee into his protection, and preserve thee from all evil." During this conversation they arrived at home and entered their chamber. From that time, Wilhelm appeared to be entirely changed; his heart was again opened, and his religious sentiments did not hinder him from going amongst people. All men, even the rudest, felt a reverence in his presence; for his whole man had put on, in his retirement, an irresistible, gentle gravity, through which a pure and simple soul beamed forth. He also frequently took his son with him, to whom he felt an entirely new and warm affection. He had perceived, in the finding of the knife, Doris's entire character in the boy;—he was his and Doris's son, and at this discovery all his affection was transferred to Heinrich, and he found Doris again in him.

Wilhelm now conducted his boy, for the first time, to church. He was astonished at every thing he saw; but as soon as the organ began to play, his sensations became too powerful, and he was slightly convulsed. Every soft harmony melted him; the minor key caused his tears to flow, and the rapid allegro made him spring up. However indifferently the good organist understood his trade, Wilhelm found it, notwithstanding, impossible to prevent his son, after the sermon, from going to look at the organist and his organ. He saw them; and the virtuoso, to please him, played an andante, which was perhaps the first time that this had ever been done in the church at Florenburg to please a peasant's boy.

Heinrich now saw also, for the first time, his mother's grave. He wished he could likewise have seen her remains; but as this could not be, he sat himself down upon the mound of grass that covered the grave, plucked a few autumnal flowers and plants that grew upon it, put them into his button-hole, and went away. He did not feel so much on this occasion as on finding the knife; however, both he and his father had wept their eyes red. The former circumstance was sudden and unexpected, but the latter undertaken considerately; the sensations produced by the church music were also still too powerful in his heart.

Old Stilling now likewise perceived how much his son Wilhelm was consoled. He saw, with inward delight, all the reciprocal kindness and affection manifested by him and his child; he became, by this, still more animated, and almost renovated.

One Monday morning in the spring, as he went to his occupation in the woods, he requested Wilhelm to let his grandson accompany him. The latter consented, and Heinrich was highly delighted. As they ascended the Giller, the old man said, "Heinrich, relate to me the history of the beautiful Melusina; I listen so gladly to ancient tales, and then the time will not seem long to us." Heinrich related it very circumstantially, with the greatest pleasure. Father Stilling made as if he were quite astonished at the tale, and as if he believed it in all its details. But this was necessary, in order not to vex Heinrich; for he believed all these tales as firmly as the Bible itself. The place where Stilling burnt charcoal was three leagues from Tiefenbach; the road to it lay entirely through the wood. Heinrich, who idealized every thing he saw, found nothing but a paradise the whole of the way. Every thing seemed to him beautiful and faultless. A very dark beech-tree, which he saw at some distance before him, with its beautiful green light and shade, made an impression upon him; the whole country around was immediately ideal, and heavenly-beautiful in his eyes. They at length reached the scene of labor, on a very high hill. The woodman's hut, covered with sods, immediately attracted young Stilling's attention; he crept into it, saw the mossy couch and the fireplace between two rough stones, and was highly delighted. During the time that his grandfather was at work, he went about in the wood, and contemplated all the beauties of the scenery around, and

of nature; every thing was new and unspeakably charming to him. One evening, when they intended to return home the day following, they sat down in front of the hut, just as the sun was set. "Grandfather," said Heinrich, "when I read in the books that the heroes were able to reckon so far back who were their forefathers, I wish that I also knew who my forefathers were. Who knows whether we are not likewise descended from some great man or prince! My mother's forefathers were all of them preachers, but I do not yet know yours. I will write them all down if you will tell me them." Father Stilling smiled, and replied, "It would be hard to prove that we were descended from a prince; but that is all the same to me, nor must thou wish it. Thy forefathers were all honest and pious people; there are few princes that can say that. Let this be thy greatest honor in the world, that thy grandfather, great grandfather, and their fathers, were all men who, though they had nothing under their command out of their house, were notwithstanding beloved and honored by all men. None of them married in a dishonorable manner, or transgressed with any female; none of them ever coveted that which was not his, and all died honorably at a very great age." Heinrich rejoiced, and said, "I shall then find all my forefathers in heaven." "Yes," replied his grandfather, "that thou wilt; our family will there bloom and flourish; Heinrich, remember this evening as long as thou livest. In the world to come, we shall be of high nobility: do not lose this privilege. Our blessing will rest upon thee, as long as thou art pious; but if thou become wicked, and despise thy parents, we shall not know thee in the next world." Heinrich began to weep, and said, "Do not fear that, grandfather! I will be religious, and rejoice that my name is Stilling. But tell me what you know of our forefathers." Father Stilling narrated as follows:—

"My great-grandfather's father's name was Ulli Stilling. He was born about the year 1500. I know, from ancient letters, that he came to Tiefenbach, where, in 1530, he married the daughter of Hans Stahler. He came from Switzerland, and was acquainted with Zuinglius. He was a very pious man; and so strong, that once he recovered his four cows from five robbers, who had stolen them from him. In the year 1536 he had a son, who was called Reinhard Stilling; this was my great-grandfather. He was a quiet and retired man, who did good to every one. In his 50th year, he married a very young woman, by whom he had many children. In his 60th year his wife bare him a son called Heinrich Stilling, who was my grandfather. He was born in 1596, and lived to be 101 years old; therefore I just knew him. This Heinrich was a very active man; in his youth he bought himself a horse, became a carrier, and travelled to Brunswick, Brabant, and Saxony. He was at the head of a number of carriers, and had generally from twenty to thirty people with him. At that time robberies were very frequent, and but few inns on the road, so that the carriers took their provision with them. In the evening, they ranged the carts in a circle, close to each other; the horses were placed in the midst, and my grandfather with the carriers were with them. After feeding the horses, he called out, 'To prayers, neighbours.' They then all came, and Heinrich Stilling prayed to God very earnestly. One of them kept watch, and the others crept under their carts, where it was dry, and slept. But they had always sabres and well-loaded muskets with them. Now it once happened, that my grandfather himself had the watch, when they were encamped in a meadow in the Hessian territory; there were twenty-six of them, strong men. Towards eleven o'clock in the evening, he heard some horses entering the meadow; he awoke all the carriers very quietly, and placed each behind his cart. But Heinrich Stilling kneeled down and prayed by himself, very fervently. At length he ascended his cart, and looked about. The moon was on the point of setting, so that there was just light enough. He then saw about twenty men dismounting from their horses, and softly approaching the carts. He crept down again, went under the cart, that they might not see him, and gave heed to what they were doing. The robbers went round about the barricado, and on finding no admission, they began to draw one of the carts. Stilling, as soon as he saw that, called out, 'Fire, in God's name!' Each of the carriers had cocked his gun, and shot from under the carts, so that six of the robbers immediately fell; the rest of them were terrified, drew back a little, and conversed together. The carriers, meanwhile, reloaded their muskets. 'Now,' said Stilling, 'give heed: when they come near again, then fire!' However, they did not come, but rode away. At daybreak, the carriers yoked their horses again, and proceeded further; every one carried his loaded gun, and his sword, for they were not safe. In the forenoon, they again saw some horsemen riding towards them out of the wood. Stilling drove first, and all the rest after him. He then called out 'Every man behind his cart, and his musket cocked!' The horsemen halted, and the chief of them rode up to them alone, unarmed, and called out for the head-carrier to appear. My grandfather stepped forth, with his gun in his hand, and his sword under his arm. 'We come as friends,' said the horseman. Heinrich did not trust him; but stood still. The cavalier dismounted, offered him his hand, and asked whether they had not been attacked by robbers in the night. 'Yes,' answered my grandfather, 'not far from Hirschfeld, in a meadow.' 'Just so,' replied the horseman; 'we have pursued them, and just reached the meadow as they rode off, after you had blown out the light of some of them; you are brave people.' Stilling asked who he was. The cavalier answered, 'I am Count Wittgenstein; I will give you ten horsemen for an escort, for I have still people enough with me in the wood behind.' Stilling accepted them, and agreed with the Count how much he should give him yearly, if he would always escort him through Hesse. The Count promised to do so, and the carriers drove home. This grandfather of mine was married in his twenty-second year, and in his twenty-fourth—that is, in 1620—he had a son called Hanns Stilling; this was my father. He lived quietly, employed himself in husbandry, and served God. He lived through the whole of the thirty years' war, and often fell into the greatest poverty. He begat ten children, of whom I am the youngest. I was born in 1680, just as my father was sixty years old. I have, God be thanked! enjoyed tranquillity, and freed my land again from all debt. My father died in 1724, in the hundred-and-fourth year of his age; I had to lead him like a child, and he lies buried at Florenburg with his forefathers."

Heinrich Stilling had listened with the greatest attention. "Well," said he, "God be thanked that I have had such progenitors! I will write them all down neatly, that I may not forget them. The knights call their forefathers, ancestors; I will also call them my ancestors." His grandfather smiled, and was silent.

The next day they went home again, and Heinrich wrote all the narratives in an old writing-book, which he reversed, and filled the white leaves at the end with the account of his ancestors.

My tears burst forth whilst writing this. Whither are ye fled, ye happy hours? Why does the remembrance of you alone remain to man? What fulness of supernal pleasure does the susceptible spirit of youth enjoy! There is no meanness of rank if the soul be ennobled. Ye, my tears, pressed forth by my laboring spirit, say to every well-disposed heart, say without words, what that individual is, who is acquainted with God his Father, and tastes all his gifts in their greatness!

CHAPTER IV.

HEINRICH STILLING was the hope and the joy of his family; for although Johann Stilling had an elder son, no one took any particular notice of him. He often came to visit his grandparents; but as he came so he went away again—a strange circumstance!—and yet Eberhard Stilling was really not partial. But why do I linger at this? Who can prevent one person from being loved more than another? Mr. Stollbein saw clearly that this boy would become something, if people only made something of him; and hence it was, that on one occasion, when he was in Stilling's house, he spoke of the boy to his father and grandfather, and proposed to them that Wilhelm should let him learn Latin. "We have a good Latin schoolmaster," said he, "at Florenburg; send him thither; it will cost little." Old Stilling sat at the table, chewing a chip, for such was his custom when he reflected on matters of importance. Wilhelm laid his iron thimble on the table, folded his arms together on his breast, and reflected also. Margaret laid her arms in her lap, twisted her thumbs over each other, looked wistfully occasionally towards the room-door, and considered too. But Heinrich sat with his cloth-pieced cap in his hand, in a little chair, and did not reflect, but only wished. Stollbein sat in his arm-chair, one hand upon the head of his cane, and the other on his side, and waited the result of the matter. They were long silent: at length the old man said, "Now, Wilhelm, he is thy child; what thinkest thou?"

Wilhelm.—"Father, I know not how to bear the expense."

Stilling.—"Is it that causes thee the most anxiety, Wilhelm? Be only careful, if the boy learns Latin, that he may cause thee joy."

"What joy are you talking of?" said the clergyman; "the question is, whether you are willing to make something of the boy or not. If any thing proper is to be made of him, he must learn Latin, otherwise he will remain a lubber, like—"

"Like his parents," said old Stilling.

"I believe you mean to banter me," rejoined the preacher.

"No, God forbid!" replied Eberhard; "do not take it amiss; for your father was a woollen-weaver, and was unacquainted with Latin; yet the people say he was a worthy man, although I never bought cloth of him. Hear me, dear sir!—an honest man loves God and his neighbour; he does that which is right, and fears no one; he is diligent, and provides for himself and his family, that they may have bread enough. Why does he do all this?"

Stollbein.—"I really believe you want to catechise me, Stilling! Be respectful, and remember whom you are speaking to. He does it, because it is just and right that he do it."

Stilling.—"Do not be angry if I contradict you—he does it that he may have joy, both here and hereafter."

Stollbein.—"How so? He may, notwithstanding, go to hell."

Stilling.—"With the love of God and his neighbour?"

Stollbein.—"Yes, certainly!—if he has not true faith in Christ."

Stilling.—"But it follows of course, that we cannot love God and our neighbour, if we do not believe in God and his word. But tell us, Wilhelm, what dost thou think?"

Wilhelm.—"Methinks if I knew how to bear the expense, I would take care the boy should not become too much of a Latin scholar. During the leisure days, he shall be employed in making camel-hair buttons, and help me at the needle, until we see what God will make of him."

"That does not displease me, Wilhelm," said father Stilling; "it is my advice also. The boy possesses unheard-of abilities for learning; God has not given him such a head in vain; let him learn what he is able and willing to learn; give him occasionally time for this purpose—but not too much, otherwise he will grow idle, and not read so diligently; but after he has laboured well at the needle, and is truly hungering after his books, let him read an hour; that is enough. Only let him learn a trade properly, and then he will be able to earn his bread till he can make use of his Latin, and become a gentleman."

"Hum! hum!—a gentleman!" growled Stollbein; "he shall be no gentleman, but a village school-master, and then it is good to know a little Latin. But you peasants suppose it such an easy matter to become a gentleman. You plant ambition in the children's hearts, which nevertheless proceeds from its father the devil."

Old Stilling's large bright eyes sparkled; he stood there like a little giant, (for he was a tall good-looking man) shook his white head, smiled, and said, "What is ambition, your reverence?"

Stollbein sprang up, and exclaimed, "What! another question! I am not bound to answer you, but you me. Attend to my sermons; you will there hear what ambition is. I know not how it is you grow so proud, Churchwarden!—you were formerly a modest kind of a man."

Stilling.—"As you take it, proud or not proud, I am a man that has loved God and served him; given every one what belonged to him; brought up my children, and been faithful. God, I know, will forgive me my sins. I am now old,—my end is near. Although I am in good health, still I must die; and I rejoice at the thought of soon leaving this world. Let me be proud of dying like an honest man in the midst of his grown-up and pious children, whom he has brought up. But when I think of it, I am more active than I was when Margaret and I married."

"People don't enter heaven as if in shoes and stockings," said the clergyman.

"My grandfather will pull them off before he dies," said little Heinrich.

Every one laughed; even Stollbein was obliged to smile.

Margaret put an end to the consultation. She proposed to give the boy enough to eat in the morning, and a sandwich for dinner in his pocket; whilst in the evening he could eat again as much as he pleased; "And so the boy can go to-morrow to the school at Florenburg," said she, "and return in the evening. The summer is at hand, and in winter we will see what is to be done."

Thus the matter was concluded, and Stollbein went home again.

A great change took place, at this period, in Stilling's house;—the eldest daughters married out of the house; and thus Eberhard and his Margaret,

Wilhelm, Maria, and Heinrich, constituted the whole family. Eberhard now also determined to give up burning charcoal, and attend merely to his farm.

The mastership of the village-school at Tiefenbach became vacant, and all the peasantry had Wilhelm Stilling in view, to choose him for their schoolmaster. The place was offered him; he accepted it without reluctance, although he was inwardly concerned at forsaking, with so little reflection, his solitary and holy life, and again associating with mankind. But the good man did not perceive that it was merely the grief he felt at the death of Doris, that suffered no rival feeling, which had made him a hermit; and that, as this became more supportable, he was again able to mix in society, and could again take pleasure in being employed. He explained it to himself very differently. He believed that the holy impulse above-mentioned began to abate in him, and he therefore accepted the situation with fear and trembling. He filled it with zeal and fidelity, and began at length to suppose that it might not be displeasing to God if he put out his talent to usury, and sought to serve his neighbour.

Heinrich, therefore, now began to go to the Latin school. It may easily be imagined what attention he excited amongst the other schoolboys. He was known merely in Stilling's house and garden, and had never been amongst other children. His speeches were always uncommon, and few persons understood what he meant. No youthful games, of which boys are generally so fond, affected him; he passed by, and saw them not. Weiland, the schoolmaster, remarked his abilities and his great diligence; he therefore avoided troubling him; and as he perceived that he was unable to follow the tedious method of committing long lessons to memory, he dispensed with it; and really, Heinrich's plan of learning Latin was very advantageous to him. He placed the Latin text before him, looked for the words in the lexicon, found there what part of speech each word was, then looked at the table of exceptions in the grammar, &c. By this method, his spirit found food in the best Latin authors, and he learned to write, read, and understand the language sufficiently. But what caused him the greatest pleasure was a little library of the schoolmaster's, which he had permission to use. It consisted of all kinds of useful Cologne works, particularly Reynard the fox, with excellent wooden cuts; the Emperor Octavian with his wife and sons; a beautiful history of the four children of Haymon; Peter and Magelone; the fair Melusina, and lastly, the excellent Hanns Clauert. As soon as the school was over in the afternoon, he set out on the road to Tiefenbach, and read one of these histories upon the way. The path led through green meadows, woods, and bushes, up and down hill; and the natural scenery around him made a profound and solemn impression on his free and open heart. In the evening, the five good people met together again, supped, poured out their souls to each other, and Heinrich, in particular, related his histories, with which all, not excepting Margaret, were uncommonly delighted. Even the grave and pietistic Wilhelm took pleasure in them, and read them himself on a Sunday afternoon, when making a pilgrimage to the old castle. Heinrich, on such occasions, always looked at the place where he was reading; and whenever an affecting passage occurred, he rejoiced in himself, but when he saw that his father also was affected by it, his joy was complete.

Meanwhile young Stilling proceeded rapidly in learning the Latin language—at least, the reading and understanding Latin histories, and the speaking and writing Latin. Whether that is enough, or whether more is required, I know not; the Rev. Mr. Stollbein, at least, demanded more. After Heinrich had gone for about a year to the Latin school, it once occurred to the above-mentioned gentleman to examine our young student. From his room-window, he saw him standing before the school; he whistled, and Heinrich flew to him.

Stollbein.—"Art thou diligent in learning?"

Heinrich.—"Yes, your reverence.

Stollbein.—"How many *verba anomala* are there?"

Heinrich.—"I do not know."

Stollbein.—"What, dost thou not know that, thou clown? I had almost given thee a box on the ear. *Sum, possum*, now—what further?"

Heinrich.—"I have not learnt that."

Stollbein.—"Ho! Madalene!—call the schoolmaster."

The schoolmaster came.

Stollbein.—"What do you teach the boy?"

The schoolmaster stood at the door, with his hat under his arm, and said humbly, "Latin."

Stollbein.—"There, you good-for-nothing!—he does not even know how many *verba anomala* there are."

Schoolmaster.—"Knowest thou not, Heinrich?"

"No," said the latter, "I know not."

The schoolmaster continued, "*Nolo* and *malo*, what kind of words are they?"

Heinrich.—"They are *verba anomala*."

Schoolmaster.—"*Fero* and *volo*, what are they?"

Heinrich.—"*Verba anomala*."

"Now, your reverence," continued the schoolmaster, "the boy knows all the words in this manner."

Stollbein replied, "But he must commit all the rules to memory; go home,—I'll have it so."

Both.—"Yes, your reverence!"

From that time Heinrich also learned with little trouble all the rules by memory, but he soon forgot them again. This appeared as though it would be peculiar to him; his genius soared above what was not easily overcome. But enough of Stilling's learning Latin:—we will proceed further.

Old Stilling now began to lay aside his paternal seriousness, and to be more tender towards his few remaining inmates. In particular, he kept Heinrich, who was now eleven years old, much away from school, and took him with him when he went to his labor in the fields; spoke much with him upon man's integrity in the world, and particularly of his conduct towards God; recommended good books to him, especially the reading of the Bible, and afterwards also what Doctor Luther, Calvin, Œcolompadius and Bucer have written. One morning early, Father Stilling, Maria, and Heinrich, went into the forest, in order to procure fire-wood. Margaret had put a good mess of milk, with bread-and-butter, into a basket for them, which Maria carried upon her head; she ascended the forest first; Heinrich followed, and related with great hilarity the history of the four children of Haymon; and Father Stilling, supporting himself on his hatchet, according to his custom, stalked laboriously after them, and listened attentively. They came at length to a remote part of the forest, where there was a verdant plain, at the end of which was a beautiful spring. "Let us stop here," said Father Stilling, and sat down; Maria took down her basket, placed it on the ground, and sat down also. But Heinrich again saw, in his soul, the Egyptian desart before him, in which he would gladly have become a St. Anthony; soon after, he saw before him the fountain of Melusina, and wished that he were Raymond; both ideas then united themselves, and resulted in a pious romantic

feeling, which enabled him to taste all that which was good and beautiful in this solitary region with the highest pleasure. Father Stilling at length arose, and said, "Children, stay here: I will go about a little, and collect fallen wood; I will occasionally call out, and you must answer me, lest I lose you." He then went his way.

Meanwhile Maria and Heinrich sat together very sociably. "Tell me, aunt, once more," said Heinrich, "the tale of Joringel and Jorinde." Maria complied:—

"There was once an old castle in the midst of a large and gloomy forest. An old woman lived in it quite alone; she was an arch-enchantress. In the day-time, she made herself into a cat, or a hare, or an owl; but in the evening, she was again regularly formed like a human being. She could entice game and birds to her, which she afterwards killed, and boiled or roasted. If any one came within a hundred paces of the castle, he was compelled to stand still, and could not move from the place, until she set him free; but when a pure chaste virgin entered the circle, she transformed her into a bird, and shut it up in a cage in the rooms of the castle. She had about seven thousand such cages with such rare birds in the castle.

"Now there was once a maiden, whose name was Jorinde; she was more beautiful than all other maidens, and had promised herself in marriage to a very handsome youth of the name of Joringel. They were on the eve of their nuptials, and took the greatest delight in each other's company. In order that they might converse confidently together, they took a walk into the wood. 'Beware,' said Joringel, 'that thou dost not come too near the castle!' It was a beautiful evening; the sun shone bright between the trunks of the trees, into the dark verdure of the forest, and the turtle-dove sung mournfully upon the old beech-trees. Jorinde wept occasionally, placed herself in the sunshine, and complained. Joringel complained also; they were as confused as if they had been near death; they looked about, were at a loss, and knew not which way to return home. The sun still stood half above the hill, and was half-set. Joringel looked through the bushes, and saw the old walls of the castle near him; he was terrified, and became deadly afraid; Jorinde sung:—

'My little bird with the ring so red,
Sing lida, lida, lida:
The turtle-dove mourns before it is dead,
Sing lida, li—Zickeut! Zickeut! Zickeut!'

"Joringel looked at Jorinde. Jorinde was changed into a nightingale, which sung, Zickeut! Zickeut! An owl, with glaring eyes, flew three times round them, and cried three times, 'Shoo-hoo,—hoo-hoo!' Joringel could not move; he stood there like a stone; he could neither weep, nor speak, nor lift hand or foot. The sun was now set; the owl flew into a bush, and immediately afterwards, an old crooked woman came out of the bush, yellow and meagre, with large red eyes, and a crooked nose, the point of which reached to her chin. She muttered, and caught the nightingale, and bore it away in her hand. Joringel could not utter a word, nor move from the place. The nightingale was gone; at length the woman came again, and said, with a hollow voice, 'Greet thee, Zachiel!—when the moon shines into the cage, let loose, Zachiel, at the proper hour!' Joringel was then at liberty: he fell down on his knees before the woman, and besought her to give him his Jorinde again; but she said he should never have her again, and went away. He called, he wept, he mourned, but all in vain. Well, what happened? Joringel went away, and came at length into a strange village; he there kept sheep a long time. He often went about the castle at night, but not too near; at length he dreamed, one night, that he found a blood-red flower, in the midst of which was a beautiful large pearl; that he broke off the flower, went with it to the castle, and all that he touched with the flower became free from enchantment; he also dreamed that by this means he recovered his dear Jorinde. In the morning when he awoke, he began to search through hill and dale, in order to find such a flower;—he sought until the ninth day, when he found the blood-red flower, early in the morning. In the midst was a large dew-drop, as large as the finest pearl. He carried this flower with him, day and night, till he arrived at the castle. Well! what thinkest thou? When he came within a hundred paces of the castle, he did not stick fast, but went on to the gate. Joringel was highly rejoiced; he touched the gate with the flower, and it sprang open; he went in, across the court, and listened if he could hear where the many birds were singing. At length he heard them, and went on till he found the chamber; the enchantress was there, feeding the birds in the seven thousand cages. When she saw Joringel she was angry, very angry; scolded, spat forth venom and gall against him, but could not come within two paces of him. He did not trouble himself about her, but went and looked at the cages with the birds. There were, however, many hundred nightingales, and how was he to find his Jorinde amongst them? Whilst thus viewing them, he perceived that the old woman privately took a cage with a bird in it, and went with it towards the door. He immediately sprang thither, touched the cage with the flower, and also the old woman. She could now enchant no longer; and Jorinde, who stood before him, threw her arms around his neck, as beautiful as she had ever been. He then also restored all the other birds to their original form, went home with his Jorinde, and they lived long and happily together."

Heinrich sat as if petrified—his eyes fixed and his mouth half open. "Aunt!" said he, at length, "it is enough to make one afraid in the night!" "Yes," said she; "I do not tell these tales at night, otherwise I should be afraid myself." Whilst they sat thus, father Stilling whistled. Maria and Heinrich called out in reply. He came not long after, looked cheerful and pleasant, as if he had found something, smiled also occasionally, stood, shook his head, looked fixedly at one particular spot, folded his hands, and smiled again. Maria and Heinrich looked at him with astonishment, yet they did not venture to ask him about it; for he often did as though he laughed to himself. Stilling's heart was however too full; he sat down by them, and related as follows:—when he began, his eyes were full of tears. Maria and Heinrich saw it, and their tears already overflowed.

"On leaving you to go into the wood, I saw at a distance before me, a light, just as when the sun rises in the morning, and was much surprised. 'What is that?' thought I; 'the sun is already standing in the heavens,—is it a new sun? It must be something strange: I will go and see it.' I went toward it;—as I approached, there was before me a large plain, the extent of which I could not overlook. I had never seen any thing so glorious in all my life!—such a fine perfume, and such a cool air proceeded from it, as I cannot express. The whole region was white with the light—the day with the sun is night compared to it. There stood there many thousand beautiful castles, one near another—castles! I cannot describe them to you! as if they were made of silver. There were also gardens, bushes, brooks. O God, how beautiful! Not far from me stood a large and

glorious mansion. (The tears here flowed abundantly down the good Stilling's cheeks, as well as those of Maria and Heinrich.) Some one came towards me out of the door of this mansion, like a virgin. Ah! a glorious angel! When she was close to me, I saw it was our departed Doris! (All three now sobbed; neither of them could speak, except Heinrich, who wept, and exclaimed, "O my mother, my dear mother!") She said to me, in such a friendly manner, with the very look which formerly so often stole my heart, "*Father, yonder is our eternal habitation; you will soon come to us.*" I looked, but all was forest before me; the glorious vision had departed. Children, I shall die soon,—how glad am I at the thought!" Heinrich could not cease asking how his mother looked, what she had on, and such like. All three pursued their labor during the day, and spoke continually of this occurrence. But old Stilling was from that time like one who is in a strange land and not at home.

It was an ancient custom, which, like many others, I have not yet mentioned, that father Stilling should, with his own hands, cover every year a part of his straw-thatched cottage. He had done this for forty-eight years, and it was to be done again that summer. He arranged it so, that he covered it anew every year, as far as the rye-straw served which he had grown that year.

The time of thatching fell towards Michaelmas-day, and was rapidly approaching, so that father Stilling began to prepare for the work. Heinrich was appointed to hand him the straw, and therefore his going to school was postponed for a week. Margaret and Maria daily held a secret council in the kitchen, respecting the fittest means of restraining him from thatching. Both at length resolved to represent the matter to him seriously, and to warn him of the danger. They appointed the time during dinner for the purpose.

Margaret therefore brought up a dish of vegetables, on which were four pieces of meat, which were laid so that each of them stood just before the person they were destined for. Behind her came Maria, with a jug full of milk and crumbled bread. Both placed their dishes on the table, at which father Stilling and Heinrich already sat in their places, and spoke, with an air of importance, of the thatching they intended to commence on the morrow. For, to speak in confidence, however intent Heinrich might be upon his studies, sciences and books, still it was a much greater joy, either to roam about the woods, or in the fields, or even climb upon the roof of the house in the company of his grandfather; for this was now the third year in which he had assisted his grandfather as deacon at this yearly solemnity. It may therefore be easily supposed, that the boy was heartily vexed when he began to comprehend Margaret and Maria's intention.

"I know not, Eberhard," said Margaret, whilst laying her left hand upon his shoulder; "thou seemest to me to fall away so. Dost thou not feel any thing of it in thy constitution?"

Stilling.—"One grows older every day, Margaret."

Margaret.—"O yes! certainly, old and stiff."

"That's true," rejoined Maria, and sighed.

"My grandfather is still very strong for his age," said Heinrich.

"That I am, lad," answered the old man. "I would still run up the ladder with thee for a wager."

Heinrich laughed aloud: Margaret soon saw that she could not carry the fortress on that side; she therefore sought another way.

"O yes," said she, "it is a peculiar favor to be so well in one's old age; thou hast never been sick, I believe, in thy life, Ebert?"

Stilling.—"Never in my life; I know not what sickness is; for I went about when I had the small-pox and measles."

"Yet I believe, father," rejoined Maria, "that you have been ill several times from falling; for you have sometimes told us that you have often had dangerous falls."

Stilling.—"Yes, I have had three mortal falls."

"And the fourth time thou wilt fall down," said Margaret; "I forbode it. Thou hast lately seen a vision in the wood; and a little while ago, a neighbour warned and begged of me not to let thee go upon the roof: for she said that in the evenings, when she milked the cows, she had heard a noise and a piteous lamentation near our house in the road. I beg of thee, Ebert, do me the pleasure, and let some one else thatch the house; thou dost not need to do it."

Stilling.—"Margaret, may not I, or any one else, meet with some other misfortune on the road? I have seen a vision, it is true; and our neighbour may have had such a foreboding. Now if this is certain, who can escape what God has ordained concerning him? If he has determined that I should end my course in the road here, shall I, a poor stupid mortal, be able to avoid it? And if I am to fall down dead, how shall I be able to preserve myself? Supposing I do not go upon the roof, may not I, to-day or to-morrow, ascend a cart-load of wood, in the road, in order to unload it, stumble, and break my neck? Margaret, let me alone! I will go on just as I have hitherto done, and if my hour comes suddenly, I will call it welcome."

Margaret and Maria added still something more; but he heeded it not, and spoke, on the contrary, with Heinrich, on a variety of things regarding the thatching; they were therefore obliged to be content, and attempted the thing no more.

The next morning they rose early, and old Stilling began, whilst singing a morning hymn, to loosen and throw down the old straw, which he easily accomplished in the course of the day, so that the next day they were able to commence covering the roof with new straw; in short, the roof was finished without experiencing the slightest danger or affright; only it was necessary to ascend it once more, in order to place strong fresh sods along the ridge. Old Stilling, however, was in no hurry with this; a week sometimes passed over, before it occurred to him to perform this last part of his labor.

The next Wednesday morning, Eberhard rose uncommonly early, and went about in the house, from one room to another, as if he were seeking something. His family were surprised, and asked him what he sought? "Nothing," said he; "I know not. I am very well, and yet I have no rest; I cannot be still any where, just as if there was something in me that impelled me; I also feel an apprehension of which I know not the reason." Margaret advised him to dress himself, and afterwards to go with Heinrich to Lichthausen, to visit his son Johann. He assented, but wished first to lay the sods upon the ridge of the house, and visit his son the day following. His wife and daughter were both opposed to this idea. At dinner, they seriously warned him not to go upon the roof; even Heinrich begged him to hire some one to complete the thatching. But the worthy old man smiled with an unlimited influence on those around him—a smile which had won so many a heart and impressed it with reverence, although at the same time he did not say a word. A man who

has grown old in the enjoyment of a good conscience, with the consciousness of many good actions, and who has accustomed himself to a free intercourse with God and his Redeemer, acquires a greatness and a freedom which the greatest conqueror never attained. The whole of Stilling's answer to this well-meant warning of his family consisted in this.—That he would ascend the cherry-tree, and once more eat his full of cherries; for there was a tree which stood in the orchard behind, which bore fruit very late, but so much the more excellent in quality. His wife and daughter were amazed at this proposal, for he had not been in a tree for the last ten years. "Now then," said Margaret, "for this time thou must exalt thyself, let it cost what it will." Eberhard laughed, and replied, "The higher, the nearer heaven." With this he went out of the door, and Heinrich after him, towards the cherry-tree. He took hold of the tree with his arms and knees, and climbing up to the top, placed himself in a forked branch of the tree, and began to eat the cherries, occasionally throwing down a twig to Heinrich. Margaret and Maria came likewise. "Hold!" said the honest woman; "lift me up a little, Maria, that I may take hold of the lowest boughs. I must try whether I can also climb up." She succeeded, and got up; Stilling looked down, and laughed heartily, and said, "This may truly be called having our youth renewed like the eagle's." There sat the two honest old grey-heads in the branches of the cherry-tree, and enjoyed once more together the sweet fruits of their youth; Stilling was particularly cheerful. Margaret descended again, and went with Maria to the garden, which was a good way off, down the village. An hour afterwards, Stilling also descended; and took a mattock in order to cut sods. For this purpose, he went to the end of the orchard, near to the wood. Heinrich remained opposite the house, sitting under the cherry-tree. Eberhard came at length again, carrying a large piece of green turf on his head, and bowed to Heinrich, looking very grave, and said, "See what a night-cap." Heinrich started, and a tremor pervaded his whole soul. He has subsequently confessed to me, that this made an indelible impression upon him.

Father Stilling, meanwhile, ascended the roof with the sods. Heinrich was cutting a piece of wood; and whilst thus engaged, he heard a noise of some one falling. He looked towards the place, and blackness covered his eyes, like the night. The kind and dear old man lay stretched out under the weight of the ladders, his hands folded upon his breast, his eyes fixed, his teeth shaking, and all his limbs trembling, like a person in a severe frost. Heinrich hastily threw the ladders off him, stretched out his arms, and ran like one insane down the village, filling the whole valley with his moaning and lamentation. Scarcely had Margaret and Maria heard in the garden the sorrowful and well-known voice of their dear boy, than Maria uttered a deep cry, wrung her hands above her head, and flew up the village. Margaret hastened after her, with her arms extended, her eyes staring wildly, and now and then relieving her oppressed bosom a little by a hoarse shriek. Maria and Heinrich were the first with the good man. He lay stretched out at full length, his eyes and mouth were closed, his hands folded upon his breast, and he was breathing slowly and strongly, like a healthy man in a sound sleep; nor was it any where perceptible that he had lost blood. Maria shed many tears upon his face, and moaned continually, "Ah! my father! my father!" Heinrich sat at his feet in the dust, sobbing and weeping. Meanwhile Margaret arrived also; she fell down beside him on her knees, took her husband round the neck, and called into his ear, with her usual tone of voice; but he made no sign. The intrepid woman then rose, took courage, nor had a tear fallen from her eyes. Some of the neighbours now came to them, and all shed tears, for he was universally beloved. Margaret quickly made up a low bed in the room; she spread over it her best sheets, which she had used, some forty years before, in her bridal days. She then came out, quite resigned, and exclaimed, "Bring in my Eberhard, and lay him upon the bed." The men took hold of him, Maria held his head, and Heinrich had both his feet in his arms; they laid him upon the bed, and Margaret undressed him, and covered him up. He lay there, just like a healthy man asleep. Heinrich was now ordered to run to Florenburgh, to fetch a surgeon. The latter came the same evening, examined him, bled him, and declared that though there was no fracture, yet his death would certainly ensue within three days, there being a complete concussion of the brain.

On this, Stilling's six children were all sent for, and arrived betimes on the Thursday morning; they all sat down round his bed, were silent, mourned, and wept. The windows were hung with cloth, and Margaret, very resignedly, attended to her household affairs. On the Friday afternoon, the sufferer's head began to move, the upper lip lifted itself up a little, and became of a blueish colour, and a cold sweat burst forth all over. His children all approached nearer the bed. Margaret saw it also; she took a chair and sat backwards near the wall in the dark; all looked down and were silent. Heinrich sat at his grandfather's feet, looked at him occasionally, with weeping eyes, and was silent also. Thus they all sat till nine o'clock in the evening. Catherine then first observed that her father ceased to breathe. She called out piteously, "My father is dying!" All fell with their faces on the bed, sobbing and weeping. Heinrich stood up, took his grandfather by the feet, and wept bitterly. Father Stilling drew his breath deeply, like one that sighs profoundly, and between each sigh his breath ceased entirely; nothing moved in his whole body, except the underjaw, which projected forward a little at every sigh.

Margaret Stilling, with all her grief, had not yet wept; but as soon as she heard Catherine's exclamation, she rose up, went to the bed, and looked her dying husband in the face. Some tears now fell down her cheeks; she stretched herself out, for she was a little bent by age, lifted up her eyes, and extending her hands towards heaven, prayed with the utmost fervour of heart; she fetched her breath deeply every time, which she spent in an ardent ejaculation. She spoke the words as she was wont, in low German, but all were full of spirit and life. The purport of them was, that her God and Redeemer would graciously receive her dear husband's soul, and take him to himself in everlasting joy. As she began to pray, all her children looked up astonished, sank by the bedside upon their knees, and prayed with her in silence. The last mortal blow now arrived:—the whole body was convulsed, he uttered a cry, and departed. Margaret ceased praying, took her deceased husband's right hand, shook it, and said, "Farewell, Eberhard! we shall soon meet again in heaven." On saying this, she sank upon her knees, while all her children fell down around her. Margaret now wept the bitterest tears, and mourned deeply.

Meanwhile the neighbours came to dress the deceased. The children rose up, and the mother fetched the shroud. He lay till the following

Monday on the bier, and was then taken to Florenburgh to be interred.

The Reverend Mr. Stollbein appears in this history as a strange and obstinate man; but when not in this humour, he was kind and tender-hearted. When Stilling was lowered into his grave, he wept big tears; and in the pulpit, in the midst of continual weeping, his words were, "I am grieved for thee, my brother Jonathan! Would God, I had died for thee!" And the text for the funeral sermon was, "Well done, good and faithful servant! thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Should any of my readers come to Florenburgh, opposite the church-door, at the highest part of the church-yard, sleeps father Stilling, on the ascent. No sumptuous tombstone covers his grave; but in the spring, a pair of doves coo and caress each other solitarily between the grass and the flowers which spring forth from the mouldering remains of father Stilling.

HEINRICH STILLING'S YOUTHFUL YEARS.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER Stilling was gone to the quiet habitation of his forefathers, and in his house every thing reposed in mournful and deathlike silence. For upwards of a century, every hatchet, milk-pail, and other article of household furniture, had had its fixed place, and from long use had become smooth and polished. Each neighbour and friend from the neighbourhood or from a distance, always found every thing in its wonted order; and this renders people sociable. On entering the house-door, the individual felt himself at home. But now, every thing was still and deserted, the voice of mirth and joy was silent, and his place at the table remained empty; no one ventured to sit down in it, until at length Heinrich took possession of it; but he only half-filled it.

Margaret Stilling, meanwhile, mourned calmly and without complaining; but Heinrich spoke much with her concerning his grandfather. He imagined heaven to himself as a glorious country, full of woods, fields, and meadows, in all the bloom and verdure of the finest spring, when the south wind breathes over them, and the sun imparts life and fecundity to every creature. He then saw father Stilling walking about with a glory round his head, and a silvery robe flowing about him.

All his conversation had reference to these ideas. Margaret once asked him, "What thinkest thou, Heinrich, that thy grandfather is doing at present?" He answered, "He will be travelling to Orion, to Sirius, to Charles's Wain, and the Pleiades, and take a good view of every thing; he will then be truly astonished, and say, as he has so often said, 'O what a wonderful God!'" "But I have no mind for all this," said Margaret; "what shall I do there?" Heinrich rejoined, "Act like Mary, who sat at the feet of Jesus." With such discourse the memory of the good man was frequently renewed.

The housekeeping could not long exist on the footing it now was; the old mother therefore requested her son-in-law Simon, with his wife Elizabeth, to take up their abode again in the house, for they had rented a house and garden in another place, where they resided during father Stilling's life. They came with their children and furniture, and took charge of the paternal inheritance;—immediately every thing became strange; they broke down a wall of the room, and built out four feet further into the yard. Simon had not room enough. He was no Stilling; and the oaken table, full of blessing and hospitality—the honest old table—was obliged to make way for a yellow maple one, full of closed drawers, and had its place assigned it on the beam behind the chimney. Heinrich occasionally made a pilgrimage thither, laid himself down near it, on the loft, and wept. Simon found him once in this posture, and said to him, "Heinrich, what art thou doing here?" The latter answered, "I am weeping about the table." The uncle laughed, and said, "Thou hast good reason to weep for an old oaken board!" Heinrich was vexed, and added, "This handle behind, and that foot there, and this work at the handle, was made by my grandfather; he that loves him would not break it." Simon was angry, and replied, "It was not large enough for me; and besides, what should I have done with my own?" "Uncle," said Heinrich, "you should have placed it here till my grandmother dies, and the rest of us are gone."

Meanwhile, every thing was changed; the gentle breathing of Stilling's spirit was transmuted into the roaring of an anxious desire after money and property. Margaret felt this, and her children with her; she retired into a corner behind the stove, and there she spent her remaining years; she became entirely blind, yet this did not hinder her from spinning flax, in which she passed her time.

Father Stilling is gone; I will now follow the footsteps of young Heinrich, his grandson, wherever he may go; nothing besides shall retard me.

Johann Stilling was now bailiff and landmeasurer; Wilhelm, schoolmaster at Tiefenbach; Maria at service with her sister Elizabeth; the other daughters were married out of the house; and Heinrich went to Florenburgh to the Latin school.

Wilhelm had a room in Stilling's house; in it there stood a bed in which he slept with his son, and at the window was a table with the appurtenances of his trade, for as soon as he came from the school he laboured at his needle. In the morning early, Heinrich took his satchel, in which, besides the necessary schoolbooks, there was a sandwich for dinner, as also the "History of the Four Children of Haymon," or some other such book, together with a shepherd's flute. As soon as he had breakfasted, he set off; and when he was outside the village, he took out his book, and read whilst walking, or else quavered some old ballad or other tune upon his flute. Learning Latin was not at all difficult to him, and he had still time enough to read old tales. In the summer he went home every evening; but in the winter, he came only on the Saturday evening, and went away again on the Monday morning;—this continued four years; but the last summer, he stayed much at home, and assisted his father at his trade, or made buttons.

Even the road to Florenburgh and the school afforded him many a pleasant hour. The schoolmaster was a gentle and sensible man, and knew both how to give and to take. After dinner, Stilling assembled a number of children about him, went out with them into the fields, or to the edge of a brook, and then related to them all kinds of fine sentimental tales; and after his store was exhausted, others were obliged to do the same.

Some of them were once together in a meadow, when a boy came to them, who began as follows :— "Hear, me, children ! I will tell you something. Near us lives old Frühling : you know how he totters about with his stick ; he has no longer any teeth, and he cannot see or hear much. Now when he sits at the dinner-table, and trembles in such a manner, he always scatters much, and sometimes something falls out of his mouth again. This disgusted his son and his daughter-in-law ; and therefore the old grandfather was at length obliged to eat in the corner, behind the stove ; they gave him something to eat in an earthen dish, and that often not enough to satisfy him. I have seen him eating ; and he looked so sad after dinner, and his eyes were wet with tears. Well, the day before yesterday, he broke his earthen dish. The young woman scolded him severely, but he said nothing, and only sighed. They then bought him a wooden dish for a couple of farthings, and he was obliged to eat out of it yesterday for the first time. Whilst they were sitting thus at dinner, their little boy, who is three years-and-a-half old, began to gather little boards together on the floor. Young Frühling said to him, 'What art thou doing there, Peter ?' 'O,' said the child, 'I am making a little trough, out of which my father and mother shall eat when I am grown up.' Young Frühling and his wife looked at each other awhile ; at length they began to weep, and immediately fetched the old grandfather to the table, and let him eat with them."

The children sprang up, clapped their hands, and cried out, "That is very pretty ;—did little Peter say so ?" "Yes," rejoined the boy, "I stood by when it happened." Heinrich Stilling, however, did not laugh : he stood still, and looked down ; the tale penetrated through him, even to his inmost soul ; at length he began :—"I believe if that had happened to my grandfather, he would have risen up from his wooden dish, gone into a corner of the room, and having placed himself there, would have exclaimed, 'Lord, strengthen me at this time, that I may avenge myself of these Philistines !' He would then have laid hold of the corner-posts, and have pulled the house down about them." "Gently, gently, Stilling !" said one of the tallest of the boys to him ; "that would have been a little too bad of thy grandfather." "Thou art in the right," said Heinrich ; "but only think how satanic it was !—how often may old Frühling have had his boy in his lap, and put the best morsels into his mouth ! It would not have been wonderful if some fiery dragon, at midnight, when the first quarter of the moon had just set, had hurled itself down the chimney of such a house, and poisoned all the food." It was nothing strange that he thought of the dragon ; for some days before, on going home in the evening, he himself had seen what he thought a great one flying through the air, and he was still firmly persuaded that it was one of the chief of the devils.

Thus the time glided away, and the period was at hand when he was to leave the Latin school, and assist his father in his trade. This was, however, a great trial to him ; he lived only amongst his books, and it always seemed to him that time enough was not afforded him for reading ; on which account he had an indescribable longing to become a schoolmaster. This was, in his eyes, the most honorable station he ever expected to attain. The thought of becoming a preacher was too far beyond his sphere. But when he sometimes soared on high, imagined himself in the pulpit, and then reflected what a happiness it would be to spend a whole life surrounded by books, his heart enlarged, —delight pervaded him, and then it sometimes occurred to him that God did not create this impulse in him in vain ; therefore said he, "I will be quiet. He will lead me, and I will follow him."

This enthusiasm sometimes induced him, when his family was not at home, to act a pleasant comedy ; he collected as many children round him as he could gather together, hung a woman's black apron on his back, made himself a ruff of white paper, which he put round his neck, then ascended an arm-chair, with the back before him, and began to preach with a gravity which astonished all his hearers. He did this often ; for it was perhaps the only child's-play in which he ever indulged.

Now it happened on one occasion, as he was declaiming very violently, and making hell hot for his hearers, that the Rev. Mr. Stollbein all at once entered the room ; he did not often smile, but this time he could not smother his laughter. Heinrich, however, did not laugh, but stood there like a statue, pale as the wall, and he was nearer weeping than laughing. His hearers placed themselves all along the wall, and folded their hands. Heinrich looked timidly at the clergyman, fearing lest he should lift up his cane to strike him, for such was his custom when he saw children at play ;—however, he did not do so on this occasion ; he merely said, "Come down and place thyself yonder, and throw aside that foolish dress !" Heinrich willingly obeyed. Stollbein continued :—

"I believe thou intendest to act the preacher."

Heinrich.—"I have no money to study."

Stollbein.—"Thou shalt not be a preacher, but a schoolmaster."

Heinrich.—"That I will, gladly, your reverence ! But if our Lord God will have me become a preacher, or some other learned man, must I then say, 'No, gracious God, I will continue a schoolmaster—his reverence will have it so."

Stollbein.—"Hold thy tongue thou ass !—do'st thou not know whom thou hast before thee ?"

The clergyman then catechized all the children, in which he had an excellent gift.

At the next opportunity Mr. Stollbein sought to persuade Wilhelm to send his son to the university ; he even promised to procure the supplies, but this undertaking was too great to be surmounted.

Heinrich, meanwhile, struggled honestly with his unpleasant situation. His inclination to keep a school was inexpressible ; but solely in order that he might get rid of his trade, and be able to occupy himself with books ; for he felt plainly, that the instruction of other children would be extremely tedious to him. However, he made his life as tolerable as he possibly could. Mathematics, together with ancient histories, and tales of romance, were his department ; for he had really studied through Tobias Beutel, and Bion's mathematical work-school ; dialling, in particular, delighted him beyond measure. It was curious to see how he had garnished the corner in which he sat at his needle, according to his own fancy. The window-panes were full of sun-dials ; inside, before the window, there stood a square block, in the shape of a die, covered with paper, all the five sides of which were adorned with sun-dials, the hands of which were broken needles. On the ceiling above, there was likewise a sun-dial, on which light was cast by a piece of looking-glass in the window ; and an astronomical ring, made of whalebone, hung by a thread before the window ; this latter served in the place of a watch, when he went out. All these dials were not only correctly and properly drawn, but he also, even then, understood common geometry, together with writing and

arithmetic thoroughly, although he was only a boy of twelve years of age, and *an apprentice* to the trade of a tailor.

Young Stilling now also began to attend Mr. Stollbein's catechizations. But though this was a trifle to him, yet it had also its difficulties; for as the reverend gentleman had always an eye upon him, he continually discovered something that displeased him; for instance, when he entered the church or the vestry, he was always the foremost, and had therefore also always the uppermost place; this Stollbein could not endure, for he uncommonly loved humility in other people. Once, he attacked him, and said,—

"Why art thou always the foremost?"

He answered, "When there is any thing to learn, I am not willingly the hindmost."

Stollbein.—"What, thou clown?—knowest thou no medium between behind and in the front?"

Stilling would gladly have added a word or two, but he was afraid of enraging the clergyman. Mr. Stollbein walked up the room, and on coming down, he said, smiling,—"Stilling, how do'st thou translate *medium tenuere beati?*"

Heinrich.—"That means, the saints have kept the middle way; yet it seems to me, it might also be said, *plerique medium tenentes sunt damnati.* (The most of those are damned, who kept the middle way—that is, men neither cold nor hot.) Mr. Stollbein started, looked at him, and said, "Boy, I tell thee thou shalt have the right of standing first; thou hast made an excellent reply." However, he never stood foremost again, in order that the other children might not be vexed. I know not whether it was cowardice or humility. Mr. Stollbein now asked him why he did not go to his place. He answered, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." "Silence!" rejoined the clergyman; "thou art a presumptuous boy."

Things continued thus until Easter of the year 1755, when Heinrich Stilling was fourteen years and-a-half old. A fortnight before this time, the Rev. Mr. Stollbein sent for him to come to him alone, and said to him, "Hear me, Stilling; I would gladly make a brave fellow of thee, but thou must behave thyself well, and be obedient to me, thy superior. At Easter I will confirm thee, with some others, who are older than thou, for the reception of the holy sacrament, and then I will see if I cannot make a schoolmaster of thee." Stilling's heart leaped for joy; he thanked the clergyman, and promised to do every thing he wished him. This pleased the old man exceedingly; he let him go in peace, and faithfully kept his word; for at Easter he went to the sacrament, and was immediately appointed schoolmaster of Zellberg, which office he was to enter upon on the first of May. The Zellberg people also anxiously desired him, for his fame had spread far and wide. It is impossible to express the pleasure which young Stilling felt on this occasion; he could scarcely wait for the day which was fixed for his entrance into office.

Zellberg lies just behind the summit of the Giller; and the road to it from Tiefenbach leads directly up through the wood. As soon as a person ascends the hill, he has before him a large level field, near the right side of the wood, whose aged oaks and beech-trees planted in a straight line towards the east, like a Prussian regiment on the parade, seem to prop the sky; in the same direction, at the end of the wood, there rises a bushy hill, called the Heights, and also, the Hängesberg; this is the highest point in all Westphalia. From Tiefenbach to this place, there is a continual, straight, and steep ascent, for three quarters of a league. To the left lies a delightful plain, which, towards the north, elevates itself into a hill, covered with corn-fields; this is called St. Anthony's Church; probably a chapel stood there in ancient times, dedicated to that saint. In the front of this hill, to the south, lies a charming manorial farm, which is occupied by farmers. To the north-east, the plain terminates in a beautiful meadow, at the foot of two bushy hills; betwixt this meadow and the heights a green path-way leads through the bushes from the field, along the side of the hill, until at length it hides itself in solemn obscurity from the view; it is a mere forest-path, so formed by nature and accident. As soon as the highest hill is surmounted, the traveller arrives at the village of Zellberg; it lies therefore on the east side of the Giller, where a brook springs up in a meadow, which at length becomes a river, and falls into the Weser not far from Cassel. The situation of this place is enchantingly beautiful, particularly towards the close of the spring, during the summer, and in the beginning of autumn; but in the winter it is terrible there. The howling of the storm, and the quantity of snow which is hurled down by the wind, transforms this paradise into a Norwegian landscape. This place therefore was the first in which Heinrich Stilling was to give proof of his abilities.

In the small villages in that country, school is kept from the first of May till Martinmas, and consequently through the summer, but only two days in the week, namely, Friday and Saturday; and such was also the case at Zellberg. Stilling went thither on the Friday morning at sunrise, and returned the Saturday evening. This walk had for him something indescribable, particularly when he ascended the hill and entered the plain before sunrise, and saw the sun rising in the distance between the bushy hills;—before it, breathed a gentle wind, which played with his locks; his heart then melted, he often wept, and wished to see angels, like Jacob at Mahanaim. When he thus stood dissolved in feelings of delight, he turned about, and saw Tiefenbach lying below in nocturnal vapour. To the left, a large hill descended from the Giller, called *der hitzige Stein;* and forward, to the right, lay close at hand the ruins of Geisenberg castle. All the scenes which had there taken place between his father and his late mother, and between his father and himself, then presented themselves to his soul, like so many pictures irradiated with the most glorious light; he stood like one intoxicated, and yielded himself entirely up to his sensations. He then looked at the distant prospect;—twelve German miles southward lay the Taunus, or Feldberg, near Frankfort; eight or nine miles westward, lay before him the seven hills on the Rhine, besides numberless less celebrated eminences; but to the north-west lay a high hill, whose summit almost rivalled that of the Giller, and hid from Stilling's view the prospect of the scene of his future important destinies.

This was the place where Heinrich could linger for an hour together, without being fully conscious of himself; his whole spirit was prayer, inward peace, and love to the Almighty, who had made all these things.

Sometimes also, he wished himself a prince, that he might build a town upon this plain. It was immediately there in his imagination. His own residence was fixed on the St. Anthony's Church;—on the heights he saw the citadel of the town, like Montalban in the wooden cuts in the book of the Fair Melusina; this citadel was to be called Heinrichsburg; but as to the name of the town, he was still in doubt; however, the name Stillingen seemed to him the most beautiful. Whilst occu-

pied in this manner, he ascended from a prince to a king; but when he had reached "the Heights," he saw Zellberg lying before him, and he was then nothing more than the temporary schoolmaster of that place, and with this he was quite satisfied—for he had time for reading.

There dwelt at this place a forester, of the name of Krüger, a worthy and honest man; this person had two young boys, of whom he was desirous to make something. He had been cordially attached to old Stilling, and therefore he loved his children also. It gave joy to the soul of this man to see young Stilling as schoolmaster in his village. He therefore resolved to take him into his house. Heinrich was well pleased with this arrangement; his father made all the clothes for the forester and his family, and therefore was well acquainted with them; besides, he knew that Krüger had many rare books, of which he hoped to make good use. He consequently fixed his quarters there; and the first thing he undertook was the examination of Krüger's library. He opened an old folio, and found a translation of Homer in German verse; he leaped for joy, kissed the book, pressed it to his breast, requested the loan of it, and took it with him to the school, where he carefully shut it up in the drawer under the table, and read in it as often as possible. He had translated Virgil at the Latin school; and on that occasion had heard so much of Homer, that he would previously have given treasures to have been able to read it; the opportunity now presented itself to him, and he faithfully availed himself of it.

Seldom has the Iliad, since it has been in the world, been read with more rapture and feeling. Hector was a man—not so Achilles—still less Agamemnon; in a word, he took the part of the Trojans throughout: yet he scarcely deigned to bestow a thought upon Paris and his Helen; particularly because he always remained at home, although he caused the war. "What an intolerably miserable fellow he is!" thought he often to himself. He regretted no one so much as old Priam. The images and scenery of Homer were so much according to his taste, that he could not refrain from exulting aloud whenever he met with a very animated expression, which was adapted to the subject;—this would have been the right time for him to have read Ossian.

This high degree of sentimentalism had however its minor causes also, for the whole surrounding country contributed to it. Let the reader imagine to himself a mind susceptible, even to the highest degree of enthusiasm, whose taste was natural, and not yet in subjection to any specific mode, and which had felt, seen, and studied nothing but real nature, which lived without care or sorrow, highly satisfied with its situation, and open to every pleasure;—imagine such a spirit reading Homer, in the most beautiful and natural scenery in the world, and that early in the morning;—call to mind the situation of the place: he sat in the school, near two windows which looked towards the east; the school stood on the south side, on the declivity of the loftiest hill, and around it were planted old birch-trees with snow-white stems, on a verdant lawn, whose dark-green leaves trembled continually in the restless breeze. Towards sunrise, there was a beautiful valley of meadows bordered by bushy hills and mountains. Towards the south lay, something lower, the village; behind it a meadow, and then a range of fields imperceptibly rose, which were terminated by a wood. Towards the west, and near at hand, was the lofty Giller with its thousand oaks. Here Stilling read Homer in May and June, when the whole hemisphere is beautiful, and rejoices in the strength of its Preserver and Supporter.

In addition to this, all his peasants were naturally a good sort of people, whose minds were stored with old tales and narratives, which they brought to light on every occasion. By this means the schoolmaster was nourished with his own element, and increasingly disposed to sentimentalism. On one occasion, he took a walk upon the highest hill behind the school; and on its summit he met with an old peasant from the village, who was gathering sticks: as soon as the latter saw the schoolmaster coming, he ceased working, and said, "It is well, schoolmaster, that you are come, for I am tired. Listen now to what I will tell you; I was just thinking about it. I and your grandfather once burnt charcoal here, above thirty years ago, and we were then very happy. We always came to meet each other, ate and drank together, and were continually talking over old tales. As far as your eye can reach, you cannot see a hill the name of which we did not call to mind, and the place to which it adjoins; we had then great pleasure in lying down on the grass, in this manner, and telling each other tales, pointing out at the same time the place where they happened." The peasant now held his left hand over his eyes, and with his right he pointed towards the west and north-west, and said, "A little below, yonder, you see Geisenberg castle; immediately behind it, a good way off, is a lofty hill with three summits, the middle one of which is still called the Kindelsberg. In ancient times, there stood a castle there, which had also that name, and wherein resided some knights, who were very wicked. To the right, they had a very excellent silver-mine, by which they became amazingly rich. Well, what happened? Their presumption went so far that they caused silver balls to be made, and when they played, they struck at these balls with silver bats;—then they baked large cakes of wheaten flour, as big as coach-wheels, made holes in the middle, and put axle-trees on them; now this was a heinous sin, for how many people have not bread to eat! At length, the Lord God was weary of it; for there came a little white man to the castle, one evening late, who notified to them that they must all die within three days, and gave them a sign, which was, that in that same night a cow would cast two lambs. This took place; but no one heeded it, except the youngest son, a knight whose name was Sigmund, and a daughter who was a very beautiful lady. These two prayed day and night. The others died of the plague, but these two continued alive. But there was here, on the Geisenberg, also a young bold knight, who constantly rode a large black horse, on which account he was always termed 'the Knight with the black horse.' He was a wicked man, and was continually robbing and murdering. This knight fell in love with the fair lady on the Kindelsberg, and would absolutely have her; but the thing had a bad end. I still know an old song about it."

The schoolmaster said, "Let me beg of you, Kraft," for so was the peasant called, "to repeat the song to me." Kraft answered, "That I will, gladly; I will sing it to you."

"Near Kindelsberg castle's lofty towers,
There stands an old linden-tree;
Its numerous branches, so crooked and large,
Wave in the cool breeze so free.

"Close to this linden-tree there stands
A stone both broad and high;
'Tis clad with old moss of red and grey hue,
And the storm and the rain doth defy.

"There sleeps a maiden the doleful sleep,
Who was true to her knight so dear;
A noble count of the Mark was he,
But her end was woeful and drear.

"He went with her brother to a distant land,
To the tournament so gay;
He gave the maiden the iron hand;
She wept in sad dismay.

"The time already was long elapsed;
The count return'd not again;
She sat herself down by the linden-tree,
And mourn'd from heartfelt pain.

"There came a young knight to the place where she lay,
Upon a jet-black steed;
He spoke to the maiden in friendly guise,
And proudly his suit did plead.

"The virgin replied, 'Thou never mayest have
Me for thy tender bride,
Until this linden-tree so green
Shall have wither'd away and died.'

"The linden-tree was still young and tall:—
The knight sought the country round
For a wither'd one, equally high and large,
Until such a tree he found.

"He went by the light of the midnight moon,
Dug up the green linden-tree,
And planted the wither'd one in its place
With care, that none might see.

"The maiden rose at break of day,
Her window appear'd so light;
The linden-tree's shadow play'd on it no more,
And darkness cover'd her sight.

"Away she ran to the linden-tree,
And sat herself down to complain;
The knight soon appear'd, with lofty mien,
And demanded her heart again.

"The maiden replied, in deep distress,
'I am unable thee to love!'
The haughty knight struck her dead to the ground,
Which the count to tears did move.

"The count return'd that self-same day,
And saw, in doleful mood,
How by the wither'd linden lay
The maiden in her blood.

"And there he made a grave profound
His love's sad resting-place;
And sought for a linden the country round,
The virgin's tomb to grace.

"And a large stone he fixed there,
Which stands in the breeze so free;—
There sleeps the maiden once so fair,
In the shade of the linden-tree."

Stilling listened in silence;—he scarcely ventured to breathe;—the fine voice of old Kraft, the touching melody, and the tale itself, wrought upon him in such a manner that his heart beat violently. He often visited the old peasant, who sang him the song repeatedly, until he knew it from memory.

The sun now sank beneath the distant blue hill, and Kraft and the schoolmaster descended the eminence together; the brown and piebald cows were grazing in the pasture, the sound of their hoarse bells rëechoing hither and thither; the boys ran about in the gardens, and divided their bread, butter, and cheese with each other; the women were engaged in preparing the cow-stalls, and the hens fluttered up to their roosts; the orange and red-brown cock turned himself once more upon his perch before the hole, and crowed a good night to his neighbours; the burners of charcoal conversed together, as they descended the wood, their wallets on their backs, and rejoiced at the approach of repose.

Heinrich Stilling's method of teaching was singular, and so ordered that he lost little or nothing by it. In the morning, as soon as the children entered the school, and were all assembled, he prayed with them and catechized them in the first principles of religion, according to his own ideas, without book. He then let each of them read a portion; when this was done, he encouraged the children to learn the catechism, promising to relate charming tales to them if they learned their tasks well. Meanwhile he wrote what they were to copy, let them all read once more, and then began his narrations, by which all that he had ever read in the Bible, in the Emperor Octavian, the Fair Magelone, and others, was gradually exhausted; even the destruction of the regal city of Troy was undertaken. Such was the manner and custom in his school, from one day to another. It is impossible to express with what zeal the children learned their tasks in order that they might the earlier listen to the tales; and if they were perverse or not diligent, the schoolmaster did not relate his histories, but read to himself.

No one lost by this singular mode of instruction, but the scholars in A. B. C. and spelling; this part of Stilling's scholastic duties was much too tedious for him. On the Sunday morning, the school-children assembled themselves around their agreeable teacher, and thus he walked with his retinue, whilst relating the most beautiful tales, to the church at Florenburgh, and after sermon, in the same order, home again.

The Zellberg people were, however, well satisfied with Stilling; they saw that their children learned, without receiving much correction; many of them even took a pleasure in all the beautiful tales which their children were able to relate to them. Krüger, in particular, loved him extremely, for he could talk much with him out of Paraacelsus (for so he pronounced the word Paracelsus); he had an old German translation of his writings, and as he was a slavish admirer of all those whom he believed to have possessed the philosopher's stone, consequently Jacob Böhme's, Count Bernhard's, and Paracelsus's works were precious relics in his esteem. Stilling himself had a relish for them, not merely on account of the philosopher's stone, but because he thought he found very sublime and glorious ideas, particularly in Böhme; when they pronounced the words "wheel of the eternal essences," or even "oblique lightning," and others of the same kind, he felt a very peculiar elevation of mind. They investigated magical figures for hours together, until they often lost both beginning and end, and imagined that the figures before them lived and moved; this was then a real enjoyment of soul to them in this kind of intoxication, to have and feel grotesque ideas in a lively manner.

This paradisiacal life, however, was of short duration. The Rev. Mr. Stollbein and Krüger the forester, were mortal enemies. The reason of it was this:—Stollbein was an unlimited monarch in his parish; his privy-council, I mean the consistory, was entirely composed of men whom he himself had selected, and of whom he knew beforehand, that they were simple enough always to say *yes*. Father Stilling was the last that had been appointed by the former preacher; hence he found opposition no where. He declared war and concluded peace, without asking advice of any one; every one feared him, and trembled in his presence. However, I cannot say that the common weal suffered particularly under his government; for with all his faults he had a number of good qualities. Only Krüger and some of the first people of Florenburgh hated him so much that they scarcely ever went to church, much less took the sacrament with him. Krüger asserted openly, that he was possessed by the evil one; and therefore he always did the very reverse of that which the clergyman wished.

After Stilling had been some weeks at Zellberg, Mr. Stollbein resolved to visit his new schoolmaster there. He came to the school at nine o'clock in the forenoon; fortunately, Stilling was neither reading nor relating. But still he knew that he was lodging with Krüger; he therefore looked very cross, gazed around him, and asked, "What are you doing with slates in the school?" (Stilling instructed the children in the evening in arith-

metic.) The schoolmaster answered, "The children use them for calculations in the evening." The clergyman continued,—

"That I can suppose; but who told you to do that?"

Heinrich knew not what he should say; he looked his reverence in the face, and was astonished; at length he replied, with a smile, "He that appointed me to teach the children to read, write, and the catechism, told me also to instruct them in arithmetic."

Stollbein.—"You ———! I had almost said something. Teach them first what is most needful for them, and when they have learned that, then teach them arithmetic likewise."

Stilling's heart now began to give way; it was constitutional with him, instead of being angry and irritated like others, for the tears to come into his eyes, and flow down his cheeks; but there is a case in which he can be really angry, and that is, when he himself, or some grave and sentimental subject, is treated satirically. "Indeed!" rejoined he; "what shall I do? The people will have me teach the children accounts, and your reverence will not permit it. Whom must I obey?"

"I have to command in school matters," said Stollbein, "and not your peasants!"—and with that he went out of the door.

Stilling immediately ordered all the slates to be taken down, and laid in a heap behind the stove, under the seat. He was obeyed; every one, however, wrote his own name upon his slate, with his pencil.

After school, he went to the churchwarden, related the circumstance to him, and asked his advice. The man smiled, and said, "Mr. Stollbein has probably vented his ill-temper; lay the slates aside, so that he may not see them when he comes again; but do you continue as before; the children must learn arithmetic." He told it also to Krüger, who thought the evil one possessed him; and according to his opinion, the girls ought to learn accounts—his children, at least, should now begin. This accordingly took place, and Stilling was even obliged to instruct the eldest boys in geometry.

Matters continued thus during the summer; but no one imagined what would occur in the autumn. A fortnight before Martinmas, the churchwardens came to the school, and announced to Stilling, in the name of the clergyman, that he must leave the school at Martinmas, and return to his father. This was a clap of thunder to the schoolmaster and his scholars; they all wept together. Krüger and the rest of the Zellbergers were almost mad; they stamped with their feet, and swore that the clergyman should not deprive them of their schoolmaster. But Wilhelm Stilling, however much vexed he felt, found it more advisable to take back his son, in order not to prevent his future good fortune. The Sunday afternoon before Martinmas, the good schoolmaster put his few clothes and books into a bag, hung it over his shoulder, and, leaving Zellberg, ascended the Heights; his scholars followed him in troops, weeping; he himself shed floods of tears, and bewailed the sweet season he had spent at Zellberg. The whole of the western heaven presented a gloomy appearance; the sun crept behind a black mountain of clouds, and he wandered in the darkness of the forest down the Giller.

On the Monday morning, his father placed him again in his old corner, at the needle. The trade of a tailor was now doubly disgusting to him, after having tasted the sweets of keeping school. The only thing that still gave him pleasure, was, to repair his old sun-dials, and relate to his grandmother the excellencies of Homer, who seemed pleased with all she heard, and even relished it—not from a natural feeling, but because she remembered that her dear Eberhard had been a great admirer of such things.

Heinrich Stilling's sufferings now assaulted him in all their violence; he firmly believed he was not born to be a tailor, and he was heartily ashamed of sitting in such a manner at his needle; therefore when any person of respectability entered the room he blushed.

Some weeks after this, uncle Simon was met on the highway by the Rev. Mr. Stollbein. On seeing the clergyman on horseback at a distance, he labored with all his might to get his cart and oxen out of the road into the field, and placed himself near the oxen with his hat in his hand, until Mr. Stollbein came up.

Stollbein.—"Well, what is your brother-in-law's son doing?"

Simon.—"He sits at the table, and sews."

Stollbein.—"That's right! I'll have it so!"

Stollbein rode on, and Simon continued his way home. He immediately related to Wilhelm what the clergyman had said. Heinrich heard it with the most heartfelt pain; but took courage again, when he saw how his father threw his work aside in a rage, and said passionately, "And I'll have him keep school as soon as opportunity offers!" Simon rejoined, "I would have left him at Zellberg; the clergyman might have been conquered." "That might have been done," replied Wilhelm; "but then I should have made him always my enemy, and have lived uncomfortably. Suffering is better than striving." "For my part," continued Simon, "I do not care a straw for him; let him only once come too near me!' Wilhelm was silent, and thought it was easy to say so in the room, behind the stove.

The tedious time which he was obliged to devote to his trade, did not, on this occasion, last long; for a fortnight before Christmas, a letter from Dorlingen, in the Westphalian county of Mark, arrived at Stilling's house;—a rich man of the name of Steifmann dwelt there, who wished to have young Stilling as private tutor. The conditions were, that Mr. Steifmann's children should receive instruction from new-year until Easter, for which he would give Stilling board and lodging, light and fire; he was also to receive five rix-dollars salary; but for this he would have to instruct as many of the children of the neighbouring farmers as they would send him, whilst Mr. Steifmann pocketed the money for their schooling; in this manner, he had his own children educated almost for nothing.

Old Margaret, Wilhelm, Elizabeth, Maria, and Heinrich, now conferred together respecting this letter. Margaret, after some consideration, began as follows:—"Wilhelm, keep the lad with thee; only think, it is no joke to send a child to such a distance! There will be doubtless some situation to be found for him here in the neighbourhood." "That is true," said Maria; "my brother Johann often says that the peasants thereabouts are such coarse people; who knows what they will do to the boy? Keep him here, Wilhelm!" Elizabeth also gave her vote; but she thought it was better that Heinrich should try to make his way in the world; if she had to command, he should go. Wilhelm at length concluded, without saying why, that if Heinrich had a mind to go, he should consent to it. "Yes, indeed, I am willing to go," interrupted he; "I wish I was already there!" Margaret and Maria grew sad and were silent. Wilhelm, there-

fore, answered the letter, and every thing was agreed to.

Dorlingen lay nine whole leagues from Tiefenbach. Perhaps none of Stilling's family had, for centuries, wandered so far away, or been so long absent. For some days before Heinrich's departure, all the family wept and lamented; he alone was inwardly rejoiced. Wilhelm concealed his sorrow as much as he could. Margaret and Maria felt too deeply that he was a Stilling; hence they wept the most, which from the blind eyes of the old grandmother had a pitiable appearance.

The last morning arrived, and all were plunged in sorrow. Wilhelm usually demeaned himself harshly towards him, but the parting softened him so much the more. Heinrich also shed many tears; but he ran and wiped them away. At Lichthausen, he called upon his uncle, Johann Stilling, who gave him much good advice. The carriers now came, who were to take him with them, and Heinrich joyfully set out on his journey.

That part of the country through which he had to travel looked very melancholy at this season of the year. It made an impression upon him which plunged him into a kind of despondency. "If Dorlingen lies in such a country as this," thought he, continually, "I shall not be pleased with it." The carriers with whom he travelled were at home there;—he often observed how they went behind him and ridiculed him; for because he did not converse with them, and looked rather bashful, they took him for a simpleton, with whom they might do what they would. Sometimes one of them pulled him behind, and when he turned about they pretended to be transacting matters of importance amongst themselves. Such treatment was enough to excite his anger: he bore it a few times; but at length he turned about, looked at them sharply, and said, "Hear me, good people: I am going to be your schoolmaster at Dorlingen, and if your children are such ill-bred creatures as I suppose them to be, I shall know how to teach them other manners; you may tell them this when you get home!" The carriers looked at each other, and merely for the sake of their children they left him in peace.

Late in the evening, at nine o'clock, he arrived at Dorlingen. Steifmann examined him from head to foot, as did also his wife, children, and servants. They gave him something to eat, after which he lay down to sleep. On awaking early in the morning, he was much terrified, for he saw the sun, according to his ideas, rising in the west; it continued to ascend towards the north, and set in the evening in the east. This he could not at all comprehend; and yet he understood so much of astronomy and geography as to be well aware that the Zellberg and Tiefenbach sun must be the same as shone at Dorlingen. This strange circumstance confused his conceptions, and he now heartily wished he had his uncle Johann's compass, in order to see whether the needle agreed with the sun in deceiving him. He found indeed, at length, the cause of this phenomenon; he had arrived late the evening before, and had not observed the gradual winding of the valley. However, he was unable to master his imagination; every view he took of the rude and desart country around, appeared to him, for this reason, gloomy and terrific.

Steifmann was rich; he possessed much wealth, land, oxen, kine, sheep, goats and swine; and besides these, a steel-foundery, in which articles were manufactured with which he carried on business. At that time, he had only his second wife; but afterwards he married a third, or perhaps even a fourth; fortune favored him so much that he was able to take one wife after another—at least, the decease of his wives and marrying again seemed to afford him peculiar amusement. His present wife was a good-natured creature; but her husband often spoke to her in a very edifying manner of the virtues of his first wife, so that from excessive and heartfelt feeling she wept bitter tears. In other respects, he was not at all irascible; he did not speak much, but what he said was weighty and emphatic, because it generally gave offence to some one present. He entered into conversation with his new schoolmaster at first, but he did not please him. Of all that Stilling was accustomed to talk about, he did not understand a word, just as little as Stilling comprehended his patron's conversation. They were therefore both silent when together.

The following Monday morning, the school commenced. Steifmann's three boys made the beginning; in a short time, about eighteen tall, square-shouldered lads made their appearance, who, compared with their schoolmaster, were like so many Patagonians compared with a Frenchman. Ten or twelve girls of much the same size and figure, came also and placed themselves behind the table. Stilling scarcely knew what he should do with these people. He was afraid of so many wild faces;—however, he attempted the customary method used in schools, and made them pray, sing, read, and learn the catechism.

Things continued their ordinary course for about a fortnight; but then there was an end of it. One or other Cossack-like lad attempted to banter the schoolmaster, which caused Stilling to use his stick faithfully, but with such contrary effect, that when he had wearied himself with thrashing the stout shoulders of any of the scholars, they laughed aloud, whilst the schoolmaster wept. Now this was Mr. Steifmann's greatest amusement; so that whenever he heard a noise in the school-room, he came, opened the door, and was heartily entertained.

This behaviour gave the last blow to Stilling. His school became a Polish diet, where every one did what he pleased. And after the poor schoolmaster had endured this fiery trial in the school, he had not a happy hour even out of it. Books he found few, except a large Basle Bible, the wooden cuts of which he studied over and over, and likewise read therein, although he had frequently read it through. "Zion's Doctrines and Wonders," by Doctor Mell, together with some old volumes of sermons and hymn-books stood on a shelf in the clothes-room, in calm repose, and had certainly been little used since Mr. Steifmann had inherited them. In the house itself no one was kind to him. All looked upon him as a completely foolish boy, for he did not understand their vile, ironically obscene, and ambiguous speeches; he always replied in sincerity, and, as he thought, according to the sense of the words, seeking to gain every one by kindness; and this was exactly the way to become every one's shoe-black.

However, something once occurred which might easily have cost him his life, if the kind Father of men had not peculiarly preserved him. He was obliged to light the fire himself in the morning, in his stove; on one occasion, finding no wood, he wished to fetch some. Now there was over the kitchen a smoke-room, where meat was smoked, and the wood dried at the same time. The thrashing-floor adjoined the kitchen, and from thence there were steps up into the smoke-room. Six day-laborers were just then engaged in thrashing. Heinrich ran up the steps, and opened the door, from which a thick cloud of smoke burst forth; he left the door open, made a spring towards the wood, and caught hold of a few

pieces. Meanwhile, one of the thrashers fastened the door on the outside; poor Stilling fell into an agony,—the smoke stifled him,—it was dark as midnight,—he became confused, and knew no longer where the door was. In this dreadful situation, he made a spring against the wall, and hit just against the door, so that the fastening broke, and the door sprang open. Stilling fell down the steps upon the floor, where he lay stretched out, stupified and insensible. On coming again to himself, he found himself surrounded by the thrashers, who with Mr. Steifmann were laughing aloud. "It was enough to make the d—— laugh," said Steifmann. This went through Stilling's soul. "Yes," answered he, "he laughs in reality at having at length found one of his like." This pleased his patron extremely, and he was wont to say it was the first and last clever speech he had heard from his schoolmaster.

However, the best of the matter was, that Stilling sustained no injury; he gave himself entirely up to grief, wept till his eyes were red, and gained nothing by it but contempt. Thus mournfully passed his time; and his pleasure in keeping school was dreadfully embittered.

His father, Wilhelm Stilling, was meanwhile occupied at home with more agreeable matters. The wound occasioned by the decease of Doris was healed; he always remembered her with tenderness, yet he lamented her no more; she had been dead now fourteen years, and his severe mystic mode of thinking softened itself so far that he cultivated acquaintance with every one; all was however mingled with friendly gravity, the fear of God, and uprightness; so that he grew more like father Stilling than any other of his children. He now wished to become the father of a family, to have his own house and garden, and to carry on farming together with his trade; he therefore sought out a wife for himself, who, with the necessary qualities of body and soul, had also house and land; and he soon found what he sought. At Leindorf, two leagues westward of Tiefenbach, there was a widow of twenty-eight years of age, an honest good-looking woman; she had two children by her first marriage, one of whom, however, died soon after her nuptials. This person was very glad of Wilhelm's addresses, although he had lame feet. The marriage was agreed upon, the wedding-day fixed, and Heinrich received a letter at Dorlingen, which, in the warmest and tenderest expressions which a father can possibly employ towards his son, made him acquainted with the affair, and invited him, on the day appointed, to the wedding. Heinrich read this letter, laid it down, rose up, and reflected within himself; it required him deeply to examine, first, before he could ascertain whether he was pleased or grieved at it, such entirely different emotions arose in his mind. At length, after walking a few paces, he said to himself, "My mother is in heaven; let this one, meanwhile, take her place in this vale of tears, with me and my father. Eventually, I shall forsake the latter, and seek the former. My father does well; I will be very fond of her, and do all she wishes, as well as I am able; she will then love me in return, and I shall rejoice."

He now made Steifmann acquainted with the matter, requested some money, and travelled back to Tiefenbach. He was received there most joyfully by all, particularly by Wilhelm, who had been a little dubious whether his son would not complain; but when he saw him coming so cheerfully, the tears flowed from his eyes, he sprang towards him, and said,

"Welcome, Heinrich!"

Heinrich.—"Welcome, father! I heartily wish you happiness in what you have in view, and I rejoice much that you can now have consolation in your old age, if it pleases God."

Wilhelm sank down upon a chair, held both his hands before his face, and wept. Heinrich wept also. At length Wilhelm began as follows: "Thou knowest, that while I was a widower I laid by five hundred rix-dollars; I am now forty years old, and I should, perhaps, have been able to save much more; thou wilt be deprived of all this, of which thou wouldest otherwise have been the sole heir."

Heinrich.—"Father, I may die—you may die—we may both live a long time;—you may be sickly, and not even be able to subsist on your money. But, father, does my new mother resemble my late mother?"

Wilhelm again held his hands before his eyes. "No," said he; "but she is a worthy woman."

"I am glad of it," said Heinrich; and stood at the window to review, once more, his old romantic country scenery. There was no snow upon the ground. The prospect of the neighbouring forest appeared so pleasant to him, that although it was in the latter end of February, he resolved to walk thither; he therefore went up the hill, and into the wood. After he had wandered about a while, he felt so comfortable within, that he forgot the whole world, and, lost in thought, walked forwards until he imperceptibly arrived at the west side of Geisenberg castle. He already saw, between the trunks of the trees, the ruined walls lying upon the hill. This surprised him a little. Something now rustled in a bush on one side; he looked, and saw an agreeable-looking female standing there, pale, but of a delicate countenance, and clothed in linen and cotton. He shuddered, and his heart beat. As it was still by no means late in the day, he was not afraid, but asked, "Where are you from?" She answered, "From Tiefenbach." This seemed strange to him, for he did not know her. "What is your name?" "Doris." Stilling uttered a loud cry, and sank upon the ground in a fit. The good girl knew not what to think of the circumstance, for she was likewise unacquainted with the youth, having come to Tiefenbach only at new-year, as a maid-servant. She ran to him, knelt down by him upon the ground, and wept. She was much surprised at the young man, particularly because he had such soft hands and so white a face; his clothes were also a little cleaner and neater, as well as a little better, than those of other lads. The stranger pleased her. Meanwhile, Stilling came again to himself; he saw the female close to him, raised himself, regarded her with a fixed look, and said to her tenderly, "What are you doing here?" She answered in a very friendly manner, "I am gathering dry wood; where are you from?" He replied, "I am also from Tiefenbach—Wilhelm Stilling's son." He now heard that she had only been there since new-year, as maid-servant, and she listened to the statement of his circumstances; both were grieved at being obliged to part. Stilling walked to the castle, and she gathered firewood. Nearly two years elapsed before the image of this girl was obliterated from his heart, so firmly had it impressed itself upon him. When the sun was about to set, he returned home, but related nothing of what had happened—not so much from love of secrecy, as from other reasons.

The next day he went with his father and other friends to Leindorf to the wedding; his mother-in-law received him with all tenderness; he became fond of her, and she loved him in return; at which Wilhelm was heartily pleased. He now informed his parents how painfully it fared with

him at Dorlingen. The mother's advice was, that he should remain at home, and not go again; but Wilhelm said, "We have always kept our word hitherto, and thou must not be wanting; if other people do not do so, they must answer for it; but thou must continue thy time." Nor was Stilling much opposed to this, but set off again the next morning for Dorlingen. His scholars however did not return; spring approached, and every one betook himself to the field. As he had now nothing to do, contemptible offices were assigned him, so that his daily bread was rendered very bitter.

Previous to his departure before Easter, Steifmann's servant-men resolved to make him very drunk, that so they might make themselves merry at his expence. On coming out of church, on the Sunday, they said to one another, "Let us warm ourselves a little, before we set out,"—for it was cold, and they had a league to walk. Now Stilling was accustomed to go home in company; he therefore went in with them, and sat down by the stove. They then began to drink spirits, which were sweetened with a kind of syrup, and the schoolmaster was obliged to drink with them. He soon perceived their intentions; and therefore after taking a mouthful, he ejected it again, unobserved, behind the stove, into the coalscuttle. Hence the men were intoxicated first, and they no longer paid attention to the schoolmaster, but became completely fuddled; under these circumstances, they at length sought a quarrel with Stilling, and he escaped with difficulty out of their hands. He paid his proportion of the charge, and went away privately. On reaching home, he related the circumstance to Mr. Steifmann, who only laughed at it; it was obvious that he lamented the bad success of the attempt. The men-servants were afterwards quite in a rage, and sought every opportunity of revenging themselves; but God preserved him. Only two days before his departure, a peasant's son from the village met him in the fields, who had also been present at the drinking-bout; the latter seized him by the head, and wrestled with him, in order to throw him to the ground; fortunately there was an old man near in a garden, who came up, and asked what the schoolmaster had done to him. The lad replied, "He has done nothing to me; I will only give him a box or two on the ear." But the old peasant laid hold of him, and said to Stilling, "Do you go home!" He then gave the other a violent blow on the mouth, and added, "Now, go thou home also—I only did it for a joke."

On Easter-Monday, Stilling took his leave of Dorlingen, and arrived again in the evening at the house of his parents at Leindorf.

He was now so far in his element again; he was indeed obliged to labor hard at his trade, yet still he again found opportunity of obtaining books. The first Sunday he went to Zellberg, and fetched Homer; and wherever else he knew of any thing which in his estimation was beautiful to read, he brought it home, so that in a short time the board above the windows, where previously all kinds of implements had stood, was entirely filled with books. Wilhelm was accustomed to this, and was glad to see it; but they were sometimes in his wife's way, so that she said to him, "Heinrich, what art thou doing with all these books?" He read also on the Sunday, and during meal-times; his mother-in-law then often shook her head, and said, "What a strange lad he is!" whilst Wilhelm smiled, in Stilling's manner, and said, "Greta, do not hinder him."

After a few weeks had elapsed, the most arduous part of agricultural labor commenced. Wilhelm was obliged to make use of his son for this purpose also, or else engage a day-laborer in his place, with which his wife would not have been satisfied. This period, however, was the beginning of Stilling's grievous sufferings: he possessed, it is true, common stature and strength; but he had not been accustomed to so severe labor, nor were his limbs suited for such employment. As soon as he began to hoe or mow, all his limbs bent to the implement he was using, as though they would break; he often thought he should sink down from weariness and pain. But all availed not; Wilhelm feared vexation at home, and his wife always believed he would gradually accustom himself to it. This mode of life at length became intolerable to him, and he rejoiced when he could sometimes sit at his needle on a rainy day, and refresh his weary limbs; he sighed beneath this yoke, often walked alone, wept the bitterest tears, and besought his heavenly Father to pity and change his condition.

Wilhelm secretly suffered with him. When he came home in the evening with his hands swollen and full of blisters, and trembling from fatigue, his father sighed, and both longed most fervently for his being again employed as schoolmaster. This at length occurred, after a very painful and wearisome summer. The inhabitants of Leindorf, where Wilhelm dwelt, appointed him their schoolmaster at Michaelmas 1756. Stilling accepted this vocation with joy; he was now happy, and entered upon his office with his seventeenth year. He dined with his peasantry by turns; but before and after school, he was obliged to assist his father at his trade. Thus there was no time left him for studying, except when he was in the school; and that was not the place to read himself, but to instruct others. However, he stole many an hour which he devoted to mathematics and other scientific pursuits. Wilhelm perceiving this, took him to task for it, and asked him how he could do it conscientiously.

Stilling, with heartfelt grief, replied, "Father, my whole soul is directed to study; I cannot restrain my inclination; give me time before and after school-hours, and I will not take a book into the school." Wilhelm rejoined, "It is a lamentable thing! All that thou learnest yields thee neither bread nor clothes, and for all that could maintain thee thou art unfit." Stilling himself lamented his condition; for keeping school was likewise burdensome to him, if he had with it no time for reading; he therefore longed to be away from his father, and to be in some other place.

The people, however, at Leindorf, were pretty well satisfied with him, although their children might have learned more in the time; for his conduct and deportment towards the children pleased them. The Rev. Mr. Dahlheim also, to whose parish Leindorf belonged, a man who was an honor to his office, was fond of him. Stilling was astonished above measure, the first time he entered the room of this excellent man;—he was an old man of eighty years of age, and was lying upon a couch: as he entered the door, he immediately arose. offered him his hand, and said, "Do not take it amiss, schoolmaster, that you find me reposing; I am old, and my powers fail." Stilling was penetrated with reverence, and the tears flowed down his cheeks. He replied, "Sir, it gives me great pleasure to keep school under your superintendance. God grant you much joy and blessing in your old age!" "I thank you, dear schoolmaster," replied the worthy old man; "I am, thank God, near the end of my course, and I heartily rejoice at the prospect of my great Sabbath." Stilling went home, and on the road he made the peculiar re-

mark, that either Mr. Dahlheim must be an apostle or Mr. Stollbein a priest of Baal.

Mr. Dahlheim sometimes visited the Leindorf school; and though he might not find every thing in due order, yet he did not break out into a passion like Mr. Stollbein, but admonished Stilling very kindly, to alter any particular thing; and this had the best effect on a mind so susceptible. This treatment of the clergyman's was really surprising; for he was a passionate and violent man, but his anger manifested itself solely against vice, and not against failings; he was, at the same time, not at all ambitious of ruling. In order to portray this man's character to my readers, I will relate a circumstance which occurred to him when he was court-chaplain to the Prince of R——. This prince had an excellent consort, and by her, several princesses; he notwithstanding fell in love with a tradesman's daughter in his capital, with whom he spent whole nights, to the great grief of the princess. Dahlheim could not suffer this to pass unnoticed. He began to preach against it covertly from the pulpit; the prince however was well aware what the chaplain was aiming at; he therefore no longer went to church, but drove, during the time, to his country residence, at the Menagerie. Dahlheim was once just entering the church in order to preach, when he met the prince upon the spot, as he was on the point of getting into his carriage. The chaplain stepped up to him, and said, "Whither does your highness intend to go?" "What is that to thee, parson?" was the reply. "Very much," rejoined Dahlheim; and went into the church, where he attacked, in plain terms, the excesses of the great men of this world, and pronounced one woe after another upon them. The princess was at church, and sent to invite him to dinner; he came, and she lamented his boldness, being apprehensive of evil consequences. Meanwhile the prince returned; but drove immediately again into the town to his mistress, who unfortunately had also been at church, and heard Mr. Dahlheim. The chaplain as well as the princess had seen her there, and they could therefore easily foresee the storm which hovered over the head of Mr. Dahlheim. The latter however was entirely unconcerned about it, and told the princess that he would go instantly, and tell the prince the truth to his face. He would take no warning, but went directly into the prince's apartment. On entering, the latter started, and asked him what business he had there. Dahlheim replied, "I am come to lay before your Highness blessing and curse. *If your Highness will not renounce this unbecoming course of life, the curse will fall upon your noble house and family, and your city and country strangers shall inherit.*" On which he went away, and the day following he was dismissed from his office, and banished the country. However, the prince had no rest after doing so, but honorably recalled him at the end of two years, and gave him the best living he had in his territory. Dahlheim's prediction was nevertheless fulfilled. For more than forty years, there has not been a single branch left of this princely house. But I return to my narrative.

Stilling, with all his good nature, could not prevent some people from thinking he read too many books in the school; there was a murmur in the village, and many supposed that the children were neglected. The people were not entirely in the wrong, but yet not quite in the right; for he still took pretty good care that his object in being there was attained. It appeared indeed strange to the boors, to see such unheard-of figures in the school-windows, as his sun-dials were. Two or more of them often stood still in the street, and saw him at the window, looking through a piece of glass at the sun; then said one of them, "The fellow is not right in his head!"—the other imagined he was considering the course of the heavens; but both were greatly mistaken;—they were only pieces of the broken feet of spirit-glasses, which he held before his eye, and contemplated in the sunshine the glorious colours, in their various forms, which pleased him extremely, and not without reason.

This year therefore proceeded on its course as above described. Working at his trade, keeping school, and stolen hours for reading, had alternately succeeded each other; until a short time before Michaelmas, as he had just entered his eighteenth year, he received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Goldmann, who offered him a good school, attached to a chapel at Preisingen. This village lies two leagues southwards of Leindorf, in a charming broad valley. Stilling was so delighted at this letter, that he could scarcely contain himself; and his father and mother also rejoiced beyond measure. Stilling thanked Mr. Goldmann by letter for this excellent recommendation, and promised that he should have joy of him.

This preacher was a distant relation of the departed Doris, and consequently also of young Stilling. This reason, as well as the general reputation of his uncommon gifts, had induced the worthy clergyman to propose him to the congregation at Preisingen. He proceeded therefore, at Michaelmas, to his new destination. After ascending the hill, and on seeing before him the beautiful valley with its broad and verdant meadows, and on the opposite side a range of green hills covered with woods and fields, whilst in the midst of the plain lay the village of Preisingen, in a compressed circle, the green fruit-trees and the white houses between, presenting a pleasing appearance; exactly in the midst of which rose the chapel-turret, covered and clothed with blue slate; and beyond all the rest, the little rivulet Sal, behind the village, glittering in the rays of the sun—he was deeply affected, sat down a while upon the grass, and delighted himself with the charming prospect. Here he first began to attempt versification; he succeeded pretty well in it, for he had a natural talent that way. I have sought for the piece amongst his papers, but was unable to find it.

He now resolved firmly and irrevocably to apply himself to teaching with diligence and zeal, and devote the rest of the time to making progress in his mathematical studies. After he had concluded this covenant with himself, he rose up, and finished his walk to Preisingen.

His lodging was fixed for him at a rich and respectable widow's, who was, at the same time, immoderately corpulent. She was called Madame Schmoll, and had two handsome modest daughters; the name of the eldest was Maria, who was twenty years of age, and of the other Anna, who was eighteen. Both the girls were really good creatures, as well as their mother. They lived together like angels, in the most perfect harmony, and, so to speak, in a superabundance of joys and pleasures, for they wanted for nothing; and of this they knew how to take advantage; hence they passed their time, after attending to their household affairs, in singing, and a variety of other allowable recreations. Stilling, it is true, loved pleasure also; but such inactivity of the human spirit was so repugnant to him that he could not conceive how the people did not become weary of it. However, he found himself very comfortable in their society; and when he had occasionally fatigued himself with study and business, it was a sweet recreation for him to associate with them.

Stilling had hitherto never thought of love; this passion and marriage were, in his eyes, one; and the one without the other an abomination. Now as he knew for a certainty that he could not marry either of the Misses Schmoll, since they would not be permitted to take either a tailor or a schoolmaster, he consequently suppressed every feeling of love which would often have sprung up in his heart, particularly for Maria. But what do I talk of suppressing!—who can do it in his own strength? It was Stilling's angel that guided him, who turned aside the arrows which were shot at him. The two sisters thought, however, very differently;—the schoolmaster pleased them heartily; he was in his first bloom, and full of fire and feeling; for although he was serious and quiet, yet there were moments in which his light shone forth from every corner of his heart; his spirit then enlarged, he overflowed with social and cheerful delight, and then it was good to be in his company. But there are few spirits which are susceptible of this; it is something so spiritual and sublime, and so remote from rude and noisy pleasure, that very few comprehend what I mean by it. Madame Schmoll and her daughters, however, were conscious of it, and felt it in all its power. Others of the common sort often sat and listened; the one exclaimed, "Paul, thou art beside thyself;" another sat in mute astonishment; and the third believed he was half-witted. The two girls, meanwhile, reposed in some dark corner, where they could contemplate him undisturbed; they were silent, and fixed their eyes upon him. Stilling perceived this with deep sympathy; however, he was firmly resolved to give no occasion for a further expression of love. They were both modest and bashful, and consequently far from revealing themselves to him. Madame Schmoll, meanwhile, sat playing with her black paper snuff-box in her lap, and reflected as to what class of men the schoolmaster properly belonged; he was good and gentle in her eyes, and besides that, truly devout; but as he spoke of any thing else but things by which he might earn his bread, she often said, as he left the room, "Poor rogue, what will become of him!" "It is impossible to say," rejoined Maria; "sometimes I believe he will yet be a respectable man in the world." The mother laughed, and often replied, "God grant it may go well with him!—he is an excellent youth!" which was enough immediately to animate her daughters.

I am able to affirm that Stilling attended to his school at Preisingen, according to duty and order; he sought, with his more mature years and views, to establish his reputation in the instruction of youth. However, it was to be lamented that it did not proceed from natural inclination. If he might have applied only eight hours of the day to the tailor's trade, as well as to keeping school, he certainly would have rather continued at his needle; for it was a more quiet occupation, and not subject to so much responsibility. In order to make the school more agreeable, he thought of a variety of means, how he might with the less trouble excite his scholars to learn. He introduced an order of rank, which had reference to greater ability; he invented all kinds of prizes for writing, reading, and spelling; and as he was a great lover of singing and music, he collected a number of pretty hymns, learned the notes himself with little difficulty, and introduced singing in four parts. All Preisingen thus became full of life and song. In the evening, before supper, he gave a lesson in arithmetic, and after it, in singing; and when the moon glistened so tranquilly and solemnly through the trees, and the stars glanced down from the azure sky, he went out with his singers to the Preisingen hill; there they sat down in the shade, and sang, so that hill and valley resounded. Husband, wife, and children in the village then went out before the door, stood, and listened; they blessed their schoolmaster, went in again, gave each other the hand, and lay down to sleep. He often went with his retinue into the orchard behind Madame Schmoll's house, and there they sang softly and gently, either, "O pleasure sweet!" or, "Jesus is my heart's delight," or, "The night is at the door," and other beautiful hymns of the kind; the two girls then went up into their chamber without a light, sat down, and lost themselves in emotion. He often found them sitting thus, when he came home and retired to rest, for all the rooms of the house were in common—the schoolmaster had free admittance every where. No one was less careful of her daughters than Madame Schmoll; and it was fortunate for her that she did not need to be otherwise. When he thus found Maria and Anna with closed eyes, in a dark corner, it went through his heart; he took them by the hand, and said, "How do you feel, Maria?" She then sighed deeply, pressed his hand, and said, "Your singing delights me!" He then frequently responded, "Let us be devout, my dear girls!—in heaven we shall learn to sing properly;" then went hastily away, and retired to rest; he often felt his heart beat, but he heeded it not. Whether the damsels were entirely satisfied with being consoled in a future world, cannot be exactly ascertained, because they never explained themselves on the subject.

In the morning, before school commenced, and at noon, in the interval of teaching, he studied Geography, and Wolf's Principles of Mathematics entirely through; he also found opportunity of extending his knowledge of dialling; for he had drawn in the school—one of the windows of which lay directly towards the south—upon the ceiling, with black oil-colours, a sun-dial as large as the ceiling itself, introduced into it correctly the twelve signs of the zodiac, and divided each into its thirty degrees; above, in the zenith of the dial, stood written in Roman characters, neatly painted, "Cœli ennarrant gloriam Dei;"—(The heavens declare the glory of God.) Before the window, a round mirror was fixed, across which a line was drawn in oil-colours; this mirror reflected downwards, and showed not only the hour of the day, but also, minutely, the situation of the sun in the zodiac. This dial is perhaps still in existence; and every schoolmaster can make use of it, and at the same time be conscious what kind of a predecessor he has had.

Up to this period, he had read nothing of history, except church history, the history of the martyrs, and the biography of pious persons, together with old histories of the wars, of the "thirty years' war," and the like. He was still deficient in poesy,—in which he had hitherto advanced no further than from Eulenspiegel to the Emperor Octavian, including Reynard the Fox. All these excellent works of the ancient Germans he had read, perhaps a hundred times, and related them again to others; he now longed after the moderns. He did not reckon Homer in this species of reading;—he was anxious to obtain the poets of his own country. And he found what he sought. The Rev. Mr. Goldmann had a son-in-law, who was a surgeon and apothecary; this man had a store of beautiful poetic works, particularly of romances, which he willingly lent to the schoolmaster; and the first book he took home with him was "the Asiatic Banise."

He began to read this book on a Sunday afternoon. The style was new and strange to him.

He imagined he had entered into a foreign land, and heard a new language, but it transported and touched him even to the very centre of his heart; "lightning, thunder, and hail, as the avenging instruments of a righteous Heaven," was to him an expression the beauty of which he was unable sufficiently to applaud. "Gilded towers,"—what admirable beauty!—and thus he wondered through the whole book at the number of metaphors with which the style of Mr. Von Ziegler overflowed. But above all, the plan of this romance seemed to him a master-piece of invention, and its author was, in his eyes, the greatest poet that Germany had ever produced. When in the course of reading he came to the place where Balacin delivers his Banise in the temple, and slays Chaumigrem, the thrill of sensation so overpowered him, that he ran out, knelt down in a private corner, and thanked God that he had at length recompensed the wickedness of the wicked on their own heads, and placed innocence upon the throne. He shed sympathetic tears, and perused the second part with equal warmth of feeling. This latter pleased him still better; the plan is more intricate,—and on the whole, more romantic. He afterwards read two quarto volumes of the history of the German Christian grand-prince Hercules, and the royal Bohemian princess Valiska; and this book likewise pleased him exceedingly; he read it in summer, during the hay-harvest, when he had a vacation of a few days, and forgot the whole world over it. What a felicity it is, to read such a new creation of histories,—to be as it were a spectator, and feel every thing with the actors of them!—but this can only be understood by those who have a Stilling's heart.

There was once a time when it was said that this Hercules, Banise, and such like, were the greatest works that Germany ever produced. There was also a time when gentlemen's hats stood three-cornered, high in the air, and the higher the handsomer. Meanwhile, the head-dress of the women and virgins stood athwart, the broader the better. People now laugh at Banise and Hercules, just as they laugh at some old bachelor, who still appears in a three-cornered hat, stiff-skirted coat, and long depending cuffs. Instead of these, they now wear little hats, little coats, little frills, read love-sonnets and chequered romances, and imperceptibly become so small, that a man of the last century is regarded as a giant, that swells with grossness. Thanks be, first to Klopstock, and from him down to ———, for offering resistance to this foreign trifling taste, and causing it to decline. A time will come, once more, when large hats will be worn again, and Banise be read as an excellent piece of antiquity.

The effect of this kind of reading on Stilling's spirit was wonderful, and certainly uncommon; there was something in him, which foreboded strange events in his own life; he rejoiced in the anticipation of the future, took confidence in his gracious and heavenly Father, and magnanimously resolved blindly and implicitly to follow the clue which a wise Providence might put into his hand. He likewise felt a sweet and heavenly impulse to be truly noble in all his actions—just as the heroes are depicted in the above-mentioned books. He then read, with a heart thus rendered susceptible, the Bible, and spiritual biographies of pious people, such as Gottfried Arnold's "Lives of the Primitive Fathers," his "History of the Church and Heretics," and others of the same kind. By this means his spirit received an extremely singular direction. Every thing that he saw in nature, every prospect, was idealized into a paradise; all was beautiful in his estimation, and the whole world almost a heaven. He placed wicked men in the same class with brute beasts; and that which might be construed into partially good, was no longer evil in his eyes. A mouth that spoke differently to what the heart thought, and all irony and satire, was an abomination to him; all other weaknesses he could excuse.

Madame Schmoll learnt also gradually to know him better, and therefore her fondness for him increased. She lamented nothing so much as that he was a tailor and schoolmaster, both of which were, in her eyes, a poor means of gaining a subsistence; and in her way, she was quite in the right. Stilling knew this as well as she. But his secondary employments pleased her just as little; she said sometimes in jest, "The schoolmaster will eventually either come to my door and beg, or he will come on horseback as a gentleman, so that we shall be obliged to humble ourselves before him." She then presented him her snuff-box, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Take a pinch, schoolmaster!—we shall live to see something more of each other!" Stilling smiled, obeyed, and said, "The Lord will direct!" This continued until the second year of his keeping school at Preisingen. The two girls then began to manifest their affection for the schoolmaster more and more. Maria had the courage to reveal herself more clearly, and to lessen the obstacles which lay in the way to it. He felt very sensibly that he could love her, but he was horrified at the consequences of encouraging the sentiment; he therefore continued to resist every thought of her; yet in secret, he always felt tenderly inclined towards her—it was impossible for him to be reserved. Anna saw this, and was in despair; she did not discover herself, but was silent, and violently suppressed her sorrow. Stilling, however, did not perceive it; he did not once forebode any thing disagreeable; otherwise he would have been prudent enough to have treated her with kindness also. She grew silent and melancholy;—no one knew what ailed her. A variety of diversions were sought for, but all was in vain. At length she wished to visit her aunt, who lived full a league from Preisingen, near the town of Salen. This was willingly granted her; and she departed with a servant-girl, who returned the same evening, and affirmed that she had become quite cheerful, on arriving at her friend's. After a few days, she was expected back again; but she remained away, and not the smallest news was received of her. Madame Schmoll began to be anxious: she could not comprehend why the girl staid so long away; she always started when the door opened in the evening, and was apprehensive of hearing some gloomy tidings. At noon, on the Saturday following, she requested the schoolmaster to fetch her Anna back again; he was not disinclined, but made himself ready, and set off.

It was late in October; the sun stood low in the south; a green leaf still hung here and there on the trees, and a cool east wind whistled through the leafless birches. He had to pass over a long and extensive heath, and there a horrible and melancholy feeling oppressed him. He reflected upon the transitory nature of all things; he felt at parting with the beauties of nature as at parting with a dear friend; but he was also terrified by a gloomy presentiment, similar to what is felt in passing some notorious and solitary place by moonlight, where apparitions are dreaded. He proceeded on his way, and arrived at her aunt's. On entering the door, Anna skipped towards him with dishevelled hair, and neglected dress, frisked a few times round him, and said, "Thou art my

dear boy! but thou lovest me not. Wait! thou shalt have a little nosegay—such a nosegay of flowers as grow on the rocks and cliffs—a nosegay of wild flowers—that is for thee!"

Stilling was petrified; he stood, and said not a word. The aunt looked at him and wept, but Anna skipped and danced away again, and sang,

"A lambkin grazed near the flinty stone,
But found no pasture sweet;
The shepherd went and left t alone,
Which caused the lambkin to bleat."

Two days before, she had gone to bed in the evening sensible and well; but in the morning, she was just as Stilling now found her. No one could guess the cause from whence this misfortune took its rise; the schoolmaster himself did not know it at that time, but he afterwards learned it from the speeches that she made.

The worthy woman would not suffer the two to depart that day; but besought Stilling to stay the night there, and to go home with her poor niece the next morning; he willingly agreed to the proposal, and remained there.

In the evening, during supper, she sat quite still at the table, but ate very little. Stilling said to her, "Tell me, Anna, do not you relish your supper?" She answered, "I have eaten, but it does not agree with me—I have pain in the heart!" She looked wildly. "Hush!" continued the schoolmaster; "you were formerly a meek and gentle girl; how is it that you are so changed? You see how your aunt woeps over you,—does not that pain you? I myself have been forced to weep over you; reflect a little!—you were not formerly as you are now! Be as you were before!" She replied, "Listen; I will tell thee a pretty tale:—There was once an old woman—" she now rose up, bent herself, took a stick in her hand, went about the room, and imitated quite naturally the figure of an old woman.—"Thou hast surely seen an old woman going a-begging. This old woman also went a-begging, and when she received any thing, she said, 'God reward you!' Is not that what beggars say when people give them something? The beggar-woman came to a door—to a door. There stood a friendly rogue of a boy at the fire, and warmed himself. He was just such a youth as ——," she winked at the schoolmaster.—"The lad said kindly to the poor old woman, as she stood at the door and trembled, 'Come in, old mother, and warm yourself.' She came towards the fire."—She now walked about again very nimbly, came and stood bent near Stilling:—"but she went and stood too near the fire; her old rags began to burn, and she knew it not. The youth stood, and saw it. He should have extinguished it, ought he not, schoolmaster? He should have extinguished it."

Stilling was silent. He knew not what to think; he had a kind of gloomy presentiment, which made him very melancholy. But she would have an answer; she said—

"Tell me, should he not have extinguished it? Give me an answer, and I will also say, 'God reward you!'"

"Yes," replied Stilling; "he ought to have extinguished it. But suppose he had no water, and could not extinguish it!"

Stilling now rose up; he was much disturbed, yet did not dare to let it be perceived.

"Yes," continued Anna, and wept; "he ought in that case to have poured all the water out of his body through his eyes, that would have made two such pretty streams to put the fire out."—She came again, and looked at him keenly in the face; the tears stood in his eyes.—"Come," said she, "I will however wipe these away!"

She took her white pocket-handkerchief. wip d them away, and sat down again quietly in her place. All were silent and melancholy. They then went to bed.

It was impossible for Stilling to sleep; he thought nothing else than that his heart would burst in his body from pure sympathy and compassion. He revolved within himself how he ought to act. His heart spoke for compassion upon her, but his conscience demanded the strictest reserve. He then examined which requirement he ought to follow. His heart said, "Thou canst make her happy!" But his conscience replied, "This happiness would be of short duration, and be followed by long and unlimited wretchedness." His heart thought, God might cause his future fortunes to turn out very happily; but conscience judged, that we ought not to tempt God, nor expect that, for the sake of gratifying the passions of two poor worms, He would alter the course which his providence might have marked out for him. "That is but too true!" said Stilling, as he jumped out of bed, and walked up and down; "I will behave in a friendly manner towards her; but at the same time with seriousness and reserve."

On Sunday morning, the schoolmaster set off with the young lady to return home. She would absolutely take his arm; he consented unwillingly, because it would have been taken much amiss of him, if it had been seen by grave and serious people. However, he overcame his repugnance, and gave her his right arm. On arriving at the heath abovementioned, she left him, walked about, and plucked herbs, not green, but such as were either half or entirely withered and dry. She sang, at the same time, the following song:—

"There sat upon the verdant heath
A shepherd old and grey;
His sheep around the pasture grazed,
And by the wood did stray.
O sun, look back once more!

"The shepherd, tired and bent with age,
About his flocks did go,
And when the sun at noontide glow'd,
His steps were faint and slow.
O sun, look back once more!

He had a daughter, young and fair,
An only daughter she;
And many a shepherd's son did long
That she his bride might be.
O sun, look back once more!

"There was but one amongst them all,
The worthy Pharamond,
That touch'd the maiden's tender heart,
Of whom she could be fond.
O sun, look back once more!

"A grievous bite he had received
From some strange shepherd's hound,
Which tore his flesh, and in his foot
Inflicted deep a wound.
O sun, look back once more!

"One time, as they together went
Beneath the forest's shade,
And walked side by side, they felt
Dismay each heart pervade.
O sun, look back once more!

"Now to the heath at length they came,
Where the old shepherd was,
Whilst round about the pasture mourn'd
The sheep upon the grass.
O sun, look back once more!

"On a green spot, all suddenly,
Poor Pharamond stood fast;
The little birds in terror sate
Quite still, each in its nest.
O sun, look back once more!

"And with his cruel teeth so white,
He seized upon his bride,
Who shed a thousand bitter tears,
And for compassion cried.
O sun, look back once more!

"The fearful agonizing cry
The father's ear soon found;
The maiden's lamentation loud
Did through the wood resound.
O sun, look back once more!

"The father, stiff and weak with age,
Ran slowly to the place;
He found her only just alive,
And horror clothed his face.
O sun, look back once more!

"The young man now return'd again
From his insanity,
And dying, fell upon the ground,
Where Lora's head did lie.
O sun, look back once more!

"And 'midst a thousand kisses sweet,
Their souls together fled;
And whilst the tears flow'd weakly down,
They mingled with the dead.
O sun, look back once more!

"The father, in distress of soul,
Now totters up and down
No genial star shines on him more,
And every joy is flown.
O sun, look back once more!"

Stilling was forced to do violence to himself to prevent himself from weeping and crying aloud. She often stood opposite the sun, looked tenderly at it, and sang, "O sun, look back once more!" Her tones were soft, like those of the turtle-dove, when it cooes once more before the setting of the sun. I could wish my readers had only heard the soft harmonious melody of this and the other songs which appear in this narrative; they would then probably feel them doubly; however, I may perhaps publish them at some future period.

At length she again seized hold of his arm, and went on with him. "Thou weepest, Pharamond!" said she, "but thou dost not bite me yet; call me Lora,—I will call thee Pharamond; wilt thou?" "Yes," said Stilling, with tears; "be thou Lora, I am Pharamond. Poor Lora! what will your mother say to you?"

Anna.—"Here is a withered nosegay for thee, my Pharamond!—but thou weepest?"

Stilling.—"I weep for Lora."

Anna.—"Lora is a good girl. Hast thou ever been in hell, Pharamond?"

Stilling.—"God preserve us from it!"

She seized his right hand, laid it under her left breast, and said, "How it beats there!—there is hell—thou belongest there, Pharamond!" She gnashed her teeth, and looked wildly around her. "Yes," continued she, "thou art already in it! but—like an evil angel." Here she paused, and wept. "No," said she, "not so, not so!"

During speeches of this kind, which were so many daggers to the heart of poor Stilling, they reached home. As she crossed the threshold, Maria came out of the kitchen, and her mother out of the parlour. Anna threw her arms round her mother's neck, kissed her, and said, "O my dear mother! I am now become so good—as good as an angel; and thou, Maria, mayst say what thou wilt (shaking her fist at her); thou hast taken my shepherd from me; and feedest quietly in a good pasture. But dost thou know the song:—

"'A lambkin grazed near the flinty stone?'"

She skipped into the parlour, and kissed all she saw there. Madame Schmoll and Maria wept aloud. "O what have I lived to see!" said the good mother, and cried bitterly. Stilling meanwhile related every thing he had heard from her aunt, and was heartily grieved for her. His soul, which on all occasions was extremely susceptible, sank in profound sorrow; for he now saw clearly how the misfortune had arisen, and yet he did not dare to say a word of it to any one. Maria perceived it also; she reflected herself in her sister, and gradually withdrew her heart from Stilling, by giving ear to other worthy young men who paid their court to her. Poor Anna, meanwhile, was taken to an upper room in the house, where an old woman was placed with her, to attend her and wait upon her. She sometimes became so insane, that she tore every thing she could lay hold of; the schoolmaster was then called, because there was no other man in the house, except the man-servant; he was soon able to tranquillize her;—he had only to call her Lora, she then called him Pharamond, and was as tame as a lamb.

Her customary pastime consisted in imitating a shepherdess; and this idea must have solely proceeded from the song above-mentioned, for she had certainly read no shepherd's tales or idyls, except a few songs of the kind, which were current in Madame Schmoll's house. On coming up into her room, she was found dressed in a white shirt put over her clothes, and a man's round hat upon her head. She had girded herself about the body with a green riband, the long depending end of which she bound about the neck of her shepherd's dog, whom she called Philax, and who was none other than her old attendant. The good old woman was obliged to creep about on her hands and feet, and to bark as well as she was able, when she was urged to it by her mistress; the barking often did not suffice; but she was obliged to bite one or other in the leg. Sometimes the woman was weary of acting the part of a dog, but then she received hard blows, for Anna had constantly a long staff in her hand; the good old woman, however, was willing to let herself be used in this manner, because she was thus able to pacify Anna, and besides good eating and drinking, was well paid for her trouble.

This wretched state of things lasted only a few weeks. Anna came to herself again; she lamented much the state in which she had been, and grew more prudent and rational than before; and Stilling revived again, particularly as he now perceived that he had escaped two such dangerous rocks. However, no one in the family ever discovered what had been the true reason of Anna's indisposition.

Stilling continued to pay unwearied attention to his school; yet, although he was diligent in imparting knowledge to his scholars, there were several of the peasantry who began to be very hostile to him. The cause of this cannot be developed. Stilling was one of those characters who are indifferent to no one—he was necessarily either loved or hated; those who loved him looked at the goodness of his heart, and willingly forgave him his faults; whilst those who hated him, regarded his kind-heartedness as stupid simplicity, his actions as fawning flattery, and his abilities as ostentation. The latter were implacably opposed to him, and the more he sought, according to his character, to gain them with kindness, the more bitter were they against him; for they believed it was mere dissimulation, and therefore became only the more his enemies. At length he committed an imprudence, by which he entirely lost the Preisingen school, however well meant the thing was on his part.

He was unwilling to confine himself to the old and customary method of teaching, but sought out a variety of contrivances to amuse himself and his scholars; on which account he was continually thinking of something new. His inventive mind found a variety of ways of amusingly conveying to the children what they had to learn. Many of the peasants regarded it as useful; others considered it as childishness, and himself as a complete fool. He began something, in particular, which excited much attention. He cut pieces of white paper, as large as cards; these he distinguished by numbers; the numbers referred to those questions in the Heidelberg catechism which answered to them; these leaves were shuffled by four or five

boys, or as many as would play together; the cards were then dealt round and played; the greater numbers always won the less; he who at last had the highest number, needed only learn the question which his number indicated; and if he had already previously learned it, he learned nothing more till the following day; but the rest were obliged to learn whatever numbers they had lying before them, and their luck consisted in knowing many of the questions which fell to them in their numbers. Stilling had occasionally seen cards played, and taken his game from thence; although he understood nothing of gaming, yet such was the construction put upon it; and the whole affair was laid before his relative, the Rev. Mr. Goldmann, in its worst point of view.

This excellent man had a cordial affection for Stilling, and his imprudence grieved him beyond measure; he sent for the schoolmaster, and took him to task on the subject. Stilling frankly stated every thing to him, shewed him the game, and convinced him of the utility he had derived from it. But Mr. Goldmann, who knew the world better, said to him, "My dear cousin, we must not, in the present day, look merely to the utility of a thing, but also always duly consider whether the means to attain it are approved-of by the world; otherwise we shall earn reproach instead of thanks, and contempt instead of reward. Thus it fares with you at present; for your peasantry are so enraged, that they will not retain you longer than Michaelmas; they intend, if you do not voluntarily resign, to inform the inspector of the whole affair, and you know what kind of a man he is. Now it would be a pity if the matter were carried so far; because you could then never be schoolmaster again in this country. I therefore advise you to resign; and tell your people this very day, that you are weary of keeping school, and that they may choose another schoolmaster. You will then come off honorably, and it will not be long before you have a better school than this you are now keeping. I shall, in the meantime, continue my affection for you, and take care to be of service to you as much as I am able."

This speech penetrated Stilling through and through; he grew pale, and the tears stood in his eyes. He had represented the matter to himself as it was, and not as it might be construed;—however, he perceived that his relative was quite in the right; he was now again made wiser, and resolved in future to be extremely careful. However, he secretly lamented that the greater part of his brethren in office, with less ability and diligence, enjoyed more rest and success than he; and he began to cast a gloomy look into the future, with respect to what his heavenly Father might have in view for him. On coming home, he announced his resignation, with heartfelt grief, to the congregation. The majority were astonished; but the baser sort were glad, for they had already some one else whom they intended to propose, who would suit their purpose better, and now no one hindered them from attaining their object. Madame Schmoll and her daughters found the most difficulty in being satisfied with it; for the former loved him, and the two latter had changed their love into a heartfelt friendship, which might easily, however, have assumed its former fire, if he had acted more tenderly towards them, or if any other possibility had manifested itself of attaining the wished-for aim. They all three wept, and dreaded the parting hour, which came, however, still too soon. The girls were plunged in silent sorrow; but Madame Schmoll wept. Stilling staggered like one intoxicated; they pressed him to visit them often, which he promised to do, and reeled again northwards up the hill;—from its summit, he looked once more towards his beloved Preisingen, sat down and wept. "Yes," thought he, "Lampe is quite in the right, when he sings, 'My life is but a pilgrimage.' This is the third time I am obliged to return to my trade; when will it please God to make me at length constantly happy, since my sole intention is to act uprightly and virtuously!" He now commended himself to God, and walked with his bundle towards Leindorf.

In the course of two hours, he arrived there. Wilhelm looked angrily at him, as he entered the door; this pierced him to the soul; but his mother did not once regard him;—he sat down, and knew not what to think. At length his father began: "Art thou there again, worthless boy? I thought to have had nothing but joy of thee; what avail thee thy useless arts! Thou hast taken a dislike to thy trade, and sittest there sighing and sighing; and when thou art schoolmaster, thou prosperest nowhere. At Zellberg thou wast a child, and hadst childish projects, therefore something was conceded there. At Dorlingen thou wast a shoeblack, so little power and energy there is in thee; here at Leindorf thou vexedst the people with trifles, which were of no use either to thyself or others; and at Preisingen, thou wast obliged to make thy escape, in order to save thy credit. What wilt thou now do here? Thou must apply thyself regularly to thy trade and to farming, or else I cannot employ thee." Stilling sighed deeply, and answered, "Father, I feel within my soul that I am not to blame; but I cannot justify myself. God in heaven knows all! I must be satisfied with what He ordains concerning me. But

> "'Eventually the happy year
> Of wish'd-for liberty will come!'

"It would be dreadful, if God had implanted impulses and inclinations in my soul, and his providence refused during my whole life to satisfy them!"

Wilhelm was silent, and laid some work before him. He sat down and began to work; he possessed so much aptitude for it, that his father often began to doubt whether he was not even destined by God to be a tailor. But this idea was so intolerable to Stilling, that his whole soul rose against it; he therefore said sometimes, when Wilhelm expressed an idea of the kind, "I do not believe that God has condemned me to a continual hell in this life!"

It was now autumn, and the farming business was principally over; he was therefore obliged to labor almost incessantly at his trade, and this he preferred; his limbs could endure it better. His melancholy, however, soon returned; he felt as if he was in a strange land, forsaken by all men. This suffering had something very peculiar and indescribable in it; the only thing I have never been able to understand, was this—as soon as the sun shone, he felt his sufferings doubly; whilst the light and shade of autumn brought such an inexpressible feeling into his soul, that he often thought he should die of sorrow;—on the contrary, when the weather was rainy and stormy, he felt more at ease; it seemed to him as if he were sitting in a dark cleft of a rock, and he then felt a secret security, in which he was comfortable. Amongst his old papers, I have found a piece which he wrote in the month of October of that autumn, on a Sunday afternoon; the following are extracts from it:—

> "Yellow is the mourning dress
> Of the expiring season;
> Yellow is the sunny ray
> That shines obliquely from the south,
> Reposing wearily
> Along the field and on the hill;

The frigid shadows lengthen
Upon the faded grass,
Grey with the hoary frost.
The harsh and sharp eastwind
Casts down the withered leaves,
They rustle with the frost," &c.

And in another place :—

" When in the night I wake,
I hear the hooting owl;
The oak-tree whistles in the wind;
The half-decayed boards
Rattle against the walls;
And rudely roars the storm.
Then in the gloom I feel at ease,
And taste a peace profound,
A melancholy sweet," &c.

When his father was more kindly disposed, so that he could venture to disburden himself to him a little, he sometimes complained to him of his inward melancholy feelings. Wilhelm then smiled, and said, "That is something with which we Stillings are unacquainted, and which thou hast inherited from thy mother. We have always been good friends with nature, whether she looks green, yellow, or white; we then think there is a needs-be for it, and are satisfied with it. But thy late mother skipped and danced in the spring; in the summer she was cheerful and busy; in the beginning of autumn she began to grieve; she wept till Christmas, and then she began to hope and to count the days; but in March she was again half-alive." Wilhelm smiled, shook his head, and said, "These are strange things!" Heinrich then often sighed in his heart, and said to himself, "O that she were now alive!—she would have understood me better than any one."

Stilling sometimes found an hour which he could apply to reading, and then it seemed to him as if he still enjoyed a distant relish of the happy times that were past; but it was only a transitory enjoyment. He was surrounded entirely by frigid spirits; he felt the continual operation of a hungry desire after money; and cheerful, quiet enjoyment had disappeared. He wept over his youth, and mourned over it, like a bridegroom for his deceased bride. Yet all was in vain; he did not dare to complain, and his tears only caused him reproaches. He had, however, an only friend at Leindorf, who completely understood him, and to whom he could utter all his complaints. This man's name was Caspar, an iron-founder, who possessed a noble soul, warm in the cause of religion, together with a heart full of sensibility. There were still some beautiful days in November; Caspar and Stilling therefore walked out on the Sunday afternoons, on which occasions their souls overflowed into each other. Caspar, in particular, had a firm conviction in his mind, that his friend Stilling was destined by his Heavenly Father to something very different from keeping school, and the trade of a tailor; this he was able to demonstrate so incontrovertibly, that Stilling calmly and magnanimously resolved patiently to endure all that might befall him. At Christmas, fortune again smiled upon him. The wardens of Kleefeld came, and appointed him to be their schoolmaster;—now this was the best and finest parochial school in the whole principality of Salen. This quite revived him, and he thanked God upon his knees. On his departure, his father gave him the most faithful admonitions; and he himself made, so to speak, a vow, from that time to devote all his ability and knowledge to obtain the greatest celebrity that could be derived from teaching. The wardens went with him to Salen, and he was there confirmed in his office, before the consistory, by the Inspector Meinhold.

With this firm determination, he entered again into office, at the commencement of the year 1760, in the twentieth year of his age, and fulfilled its duties with such earnestness and zeal that it was reported far and wide; and all his enemies and adversaries began to be silent, whilst his friends triumphed. He maintained this fidelity also as long as he was there; but notwithstanding this, continued his reading in his leisure moments. The harpsichord and mathematics were his principal occupations at such times; however, poets and romances were not forgotten. Towards the spring, he became acquainted with a colleague in office, of the name of Graser, who kept school up the valley, a good half-league from Kleefeld, at the village of Kleinhoven. This man was one of those who, with a much-implying mien, are always silent, and all they do is done in secret.

I have often had a desire to classify mankind; and then I would designate the class to which Graser belonged, as the splenetic. The best of this class are silent observers without feeling—the middling sort are dissemblers—and the worst, spies and traitors. Graser was friendly towards Stilling, but not confidential; Stilling, on the contrary, was both, and that pleased the former; he gladly made his observations on others in the light, but preferred remaining in the dark himself. In order that he might make a real friend of Stilling, he always spoke of great mysteries—that he understood how to render magical and sympathetic powers subservient to him; and once he confided to Stilling, under the seal of the most profound secrecy, that he was well acquainted with the first material for procuring the philosopher's stone. Graser assumed, at the same time, as mysterious a look as if he really possessed the great secret himself. Stilling supposed it was the case; and Graser denied it in a manner which fully convinced the former that he really possessed the philosopher's stone. To this must be added, that Graser had always much money—far more than his vocation could yield him. Stilling was extremely pleased at having made such an acquaintance; nay, he even hoped eventually, by the help of his friend, to become an adept himself. Graser lent him the writings of Basilius Valentinus. He read them very attentively through, and when he came, at the close, to the process with Hungarian vitriol, he was no longer master of his feelings. He really believed that he himself could now make the philosopher's stone. He reflected awhile with himself; but it occurred to him, that if the process were so perfectly correct, any one would be able to make it who possessed the book.

I can assure the reader, that Stilling's inclination to alchymy never had the philosopher's stone for its object;—if he had found it, it would have afforded him pleasure, it is true; but a principle in his soul, of which I have hitherto said nothing, began to develope itself in his maturer years—and that was an insatiable hunger after an acquaintance with the first principles of nature. (At that time, he was ignorant what name to apply to this science; the word "philosophy," appeared to him to signify something different.) This wish is not yet fulfilled; neither Newton, nor Leibnitz, nor any other has been able to satisfy him; however, he has confessed to me, that he has now found the true track, and that in due time he will bring it to light.

At that period, alchymy seemed to him the way to arrive at it, and therefore he read all the writings of that kind he could lay hold of. But there was something in him, which continually cried out, Where is the proof that it is true? He acknowledged only three sources of truth—experience, mathematical demonstration, and the Bible; and none of these three sources afforded him any

light into alchymy; he therefore abandoned it, for the present, entirely.

He once visited his friend Graser on a Saturday afternoon, when he found him sitting alone in the school, where he was engraving something that resembled a seal. Stilling said to him, "What are you making there, colleague?"

Graser.—"I am engraving a seal."

Stilling.—"Let me see it; the work is very fine!"

Graser.—"It belongs to Mr. Von N——. Hear me, friend Stilling; I would gladly assist you, so as to enable you to maintain yourself without keeping school or following the trade of a tailor. I conjure you by all that is sacred, that you do not betray me."

Stilling gave his hand upon it, and said, "I will certainly not betray you."

Graser.—"Well, hear me, then. I have a secret;—I can change copper into silver. I will take you into partnership with me, and give you half the gain; however, you must sometimes *privately* take a journey for a few days, and seek to exchange the silver with certain people."

Stilling sat and reflected upon the matter;—the offer altogether did not please him; for first, his motive was not to gain money, but only to attain an acquaintance with the truth, and with the sciences, in order thereby to serve God and his neighbour; and secondly, notwithstanding his little knowledge of the world, the whole affair appeared suspicious to him; for the more he looked at the seal, the more he was convinced it was a stamp used for coining. He therefore began to be alarmed, and sought an opportunity to get loose from schoolmaster Graser, by telling him that he would go home and consider the matter.

After some days, an alarm was spread through the whole country. The thief-takers went in the night to Kleinhoven, with the intention of arresting Graser the schoolmaster, but he escaped, afterwards went to America, and was never heard of more. But his accomplices were imprisoned and punished as they deserved. He himself had been the leader of the gang, and would certainly have been rewarded with the rope, if he had been caught.

Stilling was struck with the danger in which he had been placed, and heartily thanked God for having preserved him.

He now passed his life very pleasantly, and thought that the season of his sufferings was certainly at an end; in the whole parish there was not one that had said any thing to his prejudice. But what a storm followed this calm! He had been nearly three quarters of a year at Kleefeld, when he received a summons to appear, the following Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, before the Consistory at Salen. He was surprised at this uncommon occurrence, though nothing unpleasant suggested itself to him; "Perhaps," thought he, "some new school regulations are agreed upon, with which they intend to make me and others acquainted." And therefore he went, very calmly, on the day appointed, to Salen.

On entering the anteroom of the consistorial chamber, he found two of the parishioners standing there, whom he had never imagined were opposed to him. He asked them what was the matter. They answered, "We have been summoned, but know not why." They were then all three ordered to appear.

At the upper end of the room, at the window, stood a table; on one side of it sat the president, an able civilian, who was small of stature, of a rather long and meagre countenance, but a man of an excellent character, full of fire and life. On the other side of the table sat Meinhold, the Inspector, a corpulent man with a full oval face, his large double chin resting very majestically upon his fine well-smoothed and stiffened ruff, that it might not be easily disordered; he had a beautifully white and handsome wig on his head, and a black silk cloak hung down his back; his eye-brows were lofty, and when he looked at any one, he elevated his lower eye-lids, so that his eyes twinkled continually. The heels of his shoes creaked when he trod upon them, and he had accustomed himself, whether sitting or standing, to tread by turns upon his heels, and make them creak. Thus sat the two gentlemen as the parties entered, whilst the secretary, seated behind a long table, looked over a heap of papers. Stilling placed himself at the foot of the table, but the two men stood opposite by the wall.

The Inspector cleared his throat, turned himself towards the men, and said, in a broad provincial accent, "Is that your schoolmaster?"

The men.—"Yes, your reverence!"

Meinhold.—"So, right!—you are therefore the schoolmaster of Kleefeld?"

"Yes!" said Stilling.

Meinhold.—"You're a fine fellow, arn't you? and worthy to be horsewhipped out of the country?"

"Gently! gently!" interrupted the president; "*audiatur et altera pars!*"

Meinhold.—"Mr. President, this affair belongs *ad forum ecclesiasticum*, in which you have nothing to say."

The president was vexed, but no made reply. The Inspector looked at Stilling contemptuously,—and said, "How he stands there, the miscreant!"

The men laughed sneeringly at him. Stilling could not endure it at all; he was on the point of exclaiming, "Like Christ before the high-priest," but he restrained himself, and said, "What have I done? God is my witness, I am innocent!"

The Inspector laughed sarcastically, and replied, "As if he didn't know what he had himself committed!—ask your own conscience!"

"Mr. Inspector, my conscience absolves me, and He that judgeth righteously also: what will take place here, I know not."

Meinhold.—"Peace, you wicked wretch! Tell me, churchwarden, what is your accusation?"

The men.—"Your reverence, we have had it protocolled a fortnight ago."

Meinhold.—"Right! it's very true."

"And this protocol," said Stilling, "I must have."

Meinhold.—"What will he? No! he shall never have it!"

"*C'est contre l'ordre du prince!*" rejoined the president, and left the room.

The Inspector now dictated, and said, "Write, secretary. 'This day, appeared N— N—, churchwarden of Kleefeld, and N— N—, inhabitant of the same, *contra*, their schoolmaster Stilling. Plaintiffs refer to the former protocol. The schoolmaster desired *extractum protocolli*, but which we, for sufficient reasons, have refused.'"

The Inspector creaked a few times with his heels, put his hands upon his sides, and said, "You may now go home." All three departed.

This relation is most strictly true, and every thing really occurred as stated above. It would be a disgrace for me, were I to fabricate such a character as belonging to the Protestant church; and it would be a shame for me to expose him, if Meinhold had still possessed one good quality. But let every young theologian reflect himself in this example, and call to mind the

words, "He that will be the greatest among you, let him be your servant."

Stilling was quite stunned; he did not understand a single word of all that he had heard. The whole scene was like a dream to him; he arrived at Kleefeld without knowing how. As soon as he reached it, he went into the chapel, and pulled the bell; this was the signal for the parishioners to assemble in all haste in extraordinary cases of necessity. All the men immediately came together on a green plot, near the chapel. Stilling related to them circumstantially the whole affair. It was then plainly obvious, how the different dispositions of men manifest themselves differently, from one and the same cause—some raged, others were splenetic, others again were grieved, whilst some felt elated at the thing; these latter cocked their hats on one side, and cried out, "The d—— himself shall not take our schoolmaster from us!" In the midst of this confusion, a young man of the name of Rehkopf stole away, and prepared a letter of attorney at the inn; with this paper in his hand, he came to the door, and cried out, "Whoever loves God and the schoolmaster, let him come hither and sign his name!" On which the whole troop, consisting of about a hundred peasants, went in and signed. Rehkopf, that very same day, went with twenty of the peasants to Salen, to the house of the Inspector.

Rehkopf neither knocked nor rang at the door of the parsonage, but went straight in, and the peasants after him. The footman met them in the hall; "Good people, where are you going?" he exclaimed; "wait, I will announce you." Rehkopf replied, "Go and fill thy wine-bottles: we can announce ourselves;" and thus the whole company marched up-stairs, and went directly into the Inspector's room. The latter was sitting in his arm-chair; he had on a damask morning-gown, a cotton night-cap on his head, and a fine Leyden cap over it; he was drinking, at the same time, his cup of chocolate very comfortably. Alarmed, he put down his cup, and said, "What now?—people, what d'ye want?"

Rehkopf answered, "We wish to know whether our schoolmaster is a murderer, an adulterer, or a thief?"

Meinhold.—"God forbid!—who says he is?"

Rehkopf.—"Sir, whether you say it or not, you treat him as such! You must either say and prove that he is a criminal, and in that case we will send him away ourselves, or you shall give us satisfaction for the insult offered him, and in this case we will retain him. Look, here is our authority."

Meinhold.—"Let me see it."

The Inspector took it, and laid hold of it as if he intended to tear it. Rehkopf stepped up to him, took it out of his hand, and said, "Sir, let that alone, or else I assure you you will burn your fingers, and I also."

Meinhold.—"What! do you insult me in my own house?"

Rehkopf.—"As you take it, sir, insult or not."

The Inspector touched a gentler string, and said, "Dear people, ye know not what a bad man your schoolmaster is; let me act!"

Rehkopf.—"That is just what we want to know, whether he is a bad man or not."

Meinhold.—"I have heard terrible things—terrible things of the fellow!"

Rehkopf.—"May be! I have also heard that Mr. Inspector got beastly drunk, when he lately held visitation at Kleefeld."

Meinhold.—"What?—who says so?—will ye—"

Rehkopf.—"Hush! hush! I have *heard* so; Mr. Inspector judges from hearsay, and so may I."

Meinhold.—"Wait, I'll teach you—

Rehkopf.—"Sir, you shall teach me nothing; and with regard to getting drunk, sir, I stood by, when you fell down on the other side of the horse, after you had been lifted up upon it. We hereby declare to you, in the name of the congregation, that we will not let our schoolmaster be taken from us, until he is convicted; and so good-bye to you!"

They then went home together. Rehkopf walked in the streets all the evening, coughing and clearing his throat, so that all the village might hear him.

Stilling now saw himself again involved in the greatest labyrinth; he was quite aware that he would be obliged to remove, and what would then await him? Meanwhile, however, he ascertained the whole mystery of his persecution.

The previous schoolmaster of Kleefeld had been universally beloved; he had engaged to marry a young woman there, and in order the better to support himself, had sought to obtain a larger salary. Therefore on receiving a call to another place, he stated to the people that he would withdraw unless his salary were increased, feeling confident that they would not let him depart for the sake of a little money. But he was mistaken; he was left at liberty to go, and Stilling was chosen.

It is easy to suppose that the family of the young woman now used every endeavour to overthrow Stilling; and this they effected with all secrecy, by loading the Inspector with valuable presents the year through, so that he determined, without law or equity, to get rid of him.

Some days after this event, the president sent to request him to come to him; he went. The president told him to sit down, and said, "Friend Stilling, I pity you from my heart, and I have sent for you to give you the best advice I know. I have heard that your peasants have signed a letter of attorney, in order to protect you; however, it will not be of the smallest service to you; for the matter must be decided in the Upper Consistory, which is formed entirely of the Inspector's friends and relatives. You will gain nothing by it, except that you will make him more and more bitter against you, and your native land too hot for you. Therefore when you come before the Consistory, demand your dismission."

Stilling thanked him for this faithful advice, and added, "But my honor suffers from it!" The president replied, "Let me take care of that." The schoolmaster promised to follow his advice, and went home; but told no one what he intended to do.

When the Consistory again met, he was summoned to appear with his opponents; but Rehkopf went unbidden to Salen, and even into the anteroom of the Consistory-court. Stilling came, and was first called up. The president beckoned to him to make his statement; on which the schoolmaster began as follows:—"Mr. Inspector, I see that efforts are made to render my situation unpleasant to me; I therefore request, from love to peace, my honorable dismission."

The Inspector looked at him with a cheerful smile, and said, "Very well, schoolmaster!—that you shall have, and an attestation beside, which is incomparable."

"No, Mr. Inspector, no attestation! Deep in my soul there is an attestation and a justification written, which neither death nor the fire of the last day will erase, and which shall eventually blaze in the face of my persecutors enough to blind them." Stilling said this with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

The president smiled at him, and winked at

him with his eyes. But the Inspector appeared as though he heard not, and read a document or protocol.

"Now," said the president to the Inspector, smilingly, "passing sentence belongs to you, but the execution to me. Write, secretary :—'This day appeared schoolmaster Stilling of Kleefeld, and desired, from love to peace, his honorable dismission, which for this reason is granted him; yet with the condition that he bind himself, in case he should again receive a call, or be wanted for any other employment, to apply his excellent talents for the good of his country.'"

"Right!" said the Inspector. "Now, schoolmaster, that you may know who had a right to reprove you, I tell you that you have prostituted the holy sacrament. The last time you communicated, you laughed satirically after receiving it."

Stilling looked him in the face, and said, "Whether I laughed or not, I know not; but this I know, that I did not laugh satirically."

Mienhold.—"No one ought to laugh on such a sacred occasion."

Stilling answered, "Man sees that which is outward; but God looks at the heart. I cannot say that I laughed, but I well know what *profanatio sacrorum* is, and have long known it."

The president now gave orders for his opponents to appear; they came, and the secretary was commanded to read to them the protocol just dictated. They looked at each other and were ashamed.

"Have you any thing more to say?" asked the president. They answered "No."

"Well, then," continued the worthy man, "I have still something to say. It belongs to the Inspector to confirm the choice of a schoolmaster, when you have elected one; but it is my duty to take care that peace and order are preserved; on which account I command you, on pain of a hundred guilders fine, not to choose the former schoolmaster, but an entirely impartial one, in order that tranquillity may be restored."

The Inspector was startled; he looked at the president, and said, "In that way, the people will never be quiet."

"Mr. Inspector," replied the former, "that belongs *ad forum politicum*, and does not concern you."

Meanwhile, Rehkopf announced himself. He was admitted. He desired, in the name of his principals, to see the protocol. The secretary was ordered to read him the one of that day. Rehkopf looked at Stilling, and asked him if that was right. Stilling answered, "A man cannot always do what is right, but must also sometimes shut his eyes and do what he can, and not what he will; however, I thank you a thousand times, my sincere friend! God will reward you!" Rehkopf was silent awhile; at length he began, and said, "I protest, therefore, in the name of my constituents, against the choice of the former schoolmaster, and desire that this protest be entered in the protocol." "Good," said the president; "it shall be done. I have already forbidden it on pain of a hundred guilders fine." They were then all sent home, and the affair was terminated.

Stilling was thus again placed in painful circumstances; he took a very sorrowful leave of the dear people at Kleefeld, and did not go home, but to the Rev. Mr. Goldmann, and complained to him of his situation. The latter sympathised cordially with him, and kept him all night at his house. In the evening they conferred together, upon what would be the most proper course for Stilling to undertake. Mr. Goldmann perceived clearly, that he would have little enjoyment at his father's, and yet he knew of no other step which he could take. At length something occurred to him, which seemed pleasing and advantageous, both to the clergyman and to Stilling himself.

Ten leagues from Salen, lies a small town called Rothhagen, and young Mr. Goldmann, a son of the clergyman, was the magistrate there. At Lahnburg, which is two leagues beyond that place, Mr. Schneeberg was court-chaplain to two noble princesses, and he was a cousin of Mr. Goldmann. The worthy man thought, that if he sent off Stilling with letters of recommendation to these two persons, he could not fail of being assisted. Stilling himself hoped, with certainty, that every thing would turn out according to his wish. The affair was therefore thus decided, the letters of recommendation were prepared, and Stilling set out the next morning, in high spirits.

The weather was that day very cold and rough; besides which, travelling was rendered very difficult, on account of the miry roads. Stilling, however, went on his way much more pleasantly than if he had been returning, in the most beautiful weather in spring, to his father's at Leindorf. He felt in his mind so profound a peace, and such a consciousness of the good pleasure of the Father of men, that he cheerfully pursued his journey, continually offered up thanks and ardent ejaculations to God, although he was wet to the skin by the rain. He would scarcely have felt so comfortable if Meinhold had been in the right.

At seven o'clock in the evening he arrived, wet and weary, at Rothhagen. He asked for the house of Mr. Goldmann the magistrate; it was pointed out to him; he went to it and announced himself. Mr. Goldmann came running down the stairs, and exclaimed, "Welcome, cousin Stilling! welcome to my house!" He then led him up-stairs. His lady received him likewise in a friendly manner, and made arrangements for his changing his clothes, that his own might be dried again; after which they sat down to supper. During supper, Stilling was requested to relate his history;—when he had finished, Mr. Goldmann said, "Cousin, there must be something in your deportment which displeases the people; otherwise it would be impossible to be so unfortunate. I shall soon perceive it, after you have been a few days with me; I will then inform you of it, and you must endeavour to alter it." Stilling smiled, and replied, "I shall be glad, cousin, if you will tell me my faults; but I know very well where the difficulty lies, and I will solve it for you :—I do not live in the vocation for which I am born; I do every thing by constraint, and therefore there is no blessing with it."

Goldmann shook his head, and answered, "Ha, ha!—to what do you suppose yourself born? I believe, through the reading of romances, you have fixed impossible things in your head. The fortunate events which the imaginations of the poets invent for their heroes, fix themselves firmly in the mind and heart, and excite a hunger after similar wonderful changes."

Stilling was silent awhile, and looked down; at length he regarded his cousin with a penetrating eye, and said emphatically, "No!—in perusing romances, I *feel* merely; it seems to me as if every thing happened to myself that I read; but I have no desire to experience such adventures. It is something else, dear cousin. I take delight in the sciences; if I had only a vocation in which I could gain my bread by the labor of my head, my wishes would be fufilled."

Goldmann replied, "Well, then, examine this impulse impartially. Are not fame and ambition

connected with it? Have you not been pleased with the idea of being able to appear in a fine coat and the dress of a gentleman, when the people will be obliged to bow themselves before you and take off their hats to you, and at the thought of becoming the pride and the head of your family?"

"Yes," answered Stilling, candidly; "I certainly feel that, and it causes me many a happy hour."

"Just so," continued Goldmann; "but are you really in earnest to be a virtuous man in the world—to serve God and man—and thus be happy also in the life to come? Now do not dissemble, but be sincere. Are you firmly resolved to be so?"

"O yes!" rejoined Stilling; "that is really the polar star to which at length my spirit, after many aberrations, points, like the needle to the north."

"Now, cousin," replied Goldmann, "I will cast your nativity, in which you may place confidence. Listen to me. God abominates nothing so much as vain pride, and the ambitious desire of seeing our fellow-creatures, who are often better than we, low at our feet. But He loves that man who, in quietness and concealment, labors for the good of mankind, and does not wish to become known. By his gracious guidance, He at length brings forward such an individual and places him on high. The virtuous man then sits there without the risk of being cast down; and because the burden of such an elevation oppresses him, he regards all about him as being equally good with himself. See, cousin, this is real, ennobled, amended, or regenerate human nature. I will now prophesy to you, what will become of you. God, by a long and painful train of events, will seek to sweep away all your vain desires; if He succeeds, you will at length, after many severe trials, become a great and happy man, and an excellent instrument in the hands of God. But if you do not follow his guidance, you will perhaps soon soar on high, and experience a dreadful fall, which will make the ears of all that hear it to tingle."

Stilling knew not what to think; all these words were as if Goldmann had read them in his soul. He felt the truth of them in the centre of his heart, and said, with inward emotion and clasped hands, "My dear cousin, what you say is true; I feel that such will be my fate."

Goldmann smiled, and concluded the conversation with the words, "I begin to hope you will at length succeed."

The next morning, Justice Goldmann took Stilling into his office, and set him to copy; he immediately saw that he would suit excellently for such a station; and if his lady had not been a little miserly, he would directly have engaged him as his clerk.

After a few days, he went to Lahnburg. The chaplain was gone to the beautiful menagerie adjacent. Stilling went after him, and sought for him there. He found him walking in a shady path; he went up to him, presented him the letter, and saluted him from the Messieurs Goldmann, father and son. Mr. Schneeberg knew Stilling as soon as he saw him, for they had once seen and spoken to each other at Salen. After reading the letter, he requested Stilling to walk with him till sunset, and meanwhile relate his whole history to him. He did so with his wonted animation, so that the chaplain occasionally wiped his eyes.

In the evening, after supper, Mr. Schneeberg said to Stilling, "My friend, I know of a situation for you, which it is to be hoped you will not fail in obtaining. There is only one question to answer, whether you feel confident of being able to fill it with honor?

"The princesses have in the neighbourhood a productive mine, with a smelting-house belonging to it. They must have a person there who understands mining and smelting, and is, at the same time, faithful and honest, and who must watch over and attend to their Serene Highnesses' interest on all occasions. The present manager retires next spring, and it would then be the time to enter upon this advantageous situation. You would there have house, yard, garden, and ground free, besides three hundred guilders yearly salary.* I have therefore two questions to ask; do you understand mining and smelting sufficiently, and can you trust yourself to undertake such a responsible situation?"

Stilling could not conceal his heartfelt joy. He answered, "With respect to the first, I have been brought up amongst charcoal-burners, miners and smelters; and that in which I may be deficient, I can perfect myself in during the approaching winter. In writing and accounts, I shall not be wanting; with regard to the second, that is a question to which my whole soul answers in the affirmative: I detest all unfaithfulness, as I do Satan himself."

The chaplain replied, "I willingly believe that you will not be wanting in abundant ability; of that I have already heard, when I was in Salen and the neighbourhood. But are you so confident with respect to fidelity? This is a point with which you are still unacquainted. I allow that you hate every conscious act of infidelity like Satan himself; but there is here a peculiar kind of prudent faithfulness required, with which you cannot be yet acquainted, because you have had no experience of it. For instance, supposing you were placed in such a situation, and all at once, you were out of money; you needed something for your house-keeping, but had it not yourself, and knew not how to obtain it; would you not go, under such circumstances, to your employer's cash, and take what was needful?"

"Yes," said Stilling; "that I should do boldly, as long as I had any salary due to me."

"I agree to that, for the present," rejoined Schneeberg; "but such a circumstance makes the individual, when often repeated, still bolder, and he becomes accustomed to it; the first year, he is twenty guilders in arrear; the second, forty; the third, eighty; the fourth, two hundred; and so on, until he must either run away, or else be treated as a rogue. Do not think there is no fear of that!—Your disposition is kind—and you will be visited both by high and low, who will soon perceive it. You will not be able to do with a single bottle of wine daily, and this article alone will take from you yearly a hundred guilders, without including any other contingency; the clothes for yourself and your household another hundred. Now, do you think you will be able to make ends meet with the remaining hundred guilders?"

Stilling answered, "Going beyond that must be avoided."

"Yes," continued the chaplain, "that must certainly be avoided; but how will you accomplish it?"

Stilling replied, "I would frankly say to the people that visited me, 'Gentlemen, or friends, my circumstances do not permit me to offer you wine; with what else can I wait upon you?'"

Mr. Schneeberg laughed. "Well," said he, "that would do; however, it is more difficult than you

* The value of a guilder is about twenty-pence in English money.

suppose. Hear me. I will tell you something that will be useful to you all your life long, whatever you may eventually be in the world. Let your outward dress, and deportment in clothing, eating, drinking, and behaviour, be always moderate, and as a commoner; no one will then require more of you than your appearance indicates. When I enter a handsomely-furnished room, and find a man in a costly dress, I do not ask long of what rank he is, but expect a bottle of wine and confectionary; but if I come into a moderately-furnished room, to a man in the dress of a commoner, I expect nothing more than a glass of beer and a pipe of tobacco."

Stilling acknowledged the truth of this statement; he laughed, and said, "This is a lecture I shall never forget."

"And yet," continued the chaplain, "it is more difficult to practise than is supposed. The *old Adam* pleases himself so easily when the individual gets some little honorable post. O how difficult it is in such a case always to remain the old Stilling! He then takes pleasure in being called *Mr.* Stilling, would gladly have also a little lace on his waistcoat; and this gradually increases, until the man sticks fast, and knows not how to help himself. Now, my friend—in one word, I will do what I can, that you may become steward of the mine."

Stilling could not sleep the whole night for joy. He already saw himself inhabiting a handsome house; beheld a number of fine books standing in a room by themselves; various beautiful mathematical instruments ranged in order—in short, his whole imagination was already occupied with his future happy situation.

He continued the next day at Lahnburg. The chaplain gave himself all possible trouble to obtain an assurance for Stilling with respect to the employment in question, and he was successful. The whole affair was, so to speak, concluded; and Stilling returned to Mr. Goldmann at Rothhagen intoxicated with joy. He related the whole affair to him. Mr. Goldmann was obliged to laugh heartily on hearing Stilling speak with so much enthusiasm. After he had finished, the justice began: "O cousin! cousin! what will at length become of you? This is a situation which God will give you in his wrath, if you attain it; this is just the way to ruin you entirely, which I will now prove to you. As soon as you are there, all the courtiers will begin to visit you and to make themselves merry with you; if you will not suffer that, they will overthrow you as soon as they can; and if you give them their will, your income will not be half sufficient."

Stilling was frightened at hearing his cousin speak thus; he afterwards told him all the good advice the chaplain had given him.

"Preachers are seldom acquainted with these things," said Mr. Goldmann; "they moralize well, and a worthy preacher may also live morally well in his circle; but we, laity, cannot act in such a manner, nor do men tempt the clergy so easily as other people. It is easy for them to talk! Hear me, cousin; all moral sermons are not worth a pepper-corn; the understanding never determines our actions when the passions are pretty strongly interested; the heart always hangs a cloak about the thing, and persuades us that black is white. Cousin, I will tell you a greater truth than friend Schneeberg:—to him *that does not attain to a strong and ardent love to God, all moralizing is utterly of no avail. The love of God alone enables us to become morally good.* Let this be a memento for you, cousin Stilling; and now I beg you to give Mr. Steward of the mines his honorable dismission, and welcome the poor needle with joy, until God brings you forth to the light. You will continue my dear cousin Stilling, even though you are but a tailor *Summa summarum!* I will reverse the whole affair as soon as I go to Lahnburg."

Stilling, from heartfelt emotion, could not restrain his tears. He felt inwardly so happy, that he could not express it. "Oh," said he, "cousin, that is true! But from whom shall I obtain strength to resist my unholy pride! A few days, or years, perhaps, and I am no more. What will it then avail me to have been a great and reputable man in the world? Yes, it is true!—my heart is the falsest creature on God's earth; I am always thinking that my intention is merely to serve God and my neighbour with my knowledge; while in reality, it is not the case. I only desire to be a great man, to climb on high, in order solely that I may fall the deeper. O where shall I get strength to overcome myself?"

Goldmann could no longer contain himself. He wept, fell upon Stilling's neck, and said, "Noble, noble cousin! take courage; God will not forsake such a faithful heart. He will be your father. Strength is obtained only by labor;—the smith can turn about a hundred-weight of iron under his hammer, as if it were a light staff, which is impossible to either of us; and thus a man who has been exercised by trial, can overcome more than a little darling child that has always sucked the breast, and has experienced nothing. Be encouraged, cousin; rejoice when afflictions come, and believe that you are then in God's university, who is willing to make something of you!"

Stilling set off therefore the next morning, comforted and strengthened, on his return to his native province. Parting from Mr. Goldmann cost him many tears; he believed that he was the most virtuous and upright man he had ever seen; and I think, even now, that Stilling was in the right. A man like this may well be called *Goldmann;*—as he spoke, so he also acted; if he is still alive and reads this, he will shed tears, and his feelings will be angelic.

On his journey, Stilling firmly resolved to continue quietly at his needle, and cherish no more vain wishes; but those hours when he would be at liberty, he would again devote to study. However, as he approached Leindorf, he felt his melancholy again announce itself. He feared, in particular, the reproaches of his father, so that he entered the room very downcast.

Wilhelm sat at his needle with an apprentice, at the table. He saluted his father and mother, sat down, and was silent. Wilhelm was also silent for awhile; at length he laid down his thimble, folded his arms together, and began:—

"Heinrich, I have heard every thing that has happened to thee at Kleefeld;—I will not reproach thee; but this I see clearly, that it is not God's will thou shouldst be a schoolmaster. Therefore go quietly to work as a tailor, and take pleasure in it. There will still be many an hour in which thou mayest proceed with thy other affairs."

Stilling was much vexed at himself, and confirmed the resolution he had formed on the way. He therefore said to his father, "Yes, you are quite in the right; I will pray that the Lord our God would change my mind." So saying, he took his seat, and applied himself to his needle. This took place a fortnight after Michaelmas 1760, after he had entered his twenty-first year.

If he had had nothing more to do than to labor at his needle, he would have been satisfied, and have submitted to circumstances; but his father set him to thresh. The whole winter through, he he was obliged to rise from bed at two o'clock in

the morning, to go to the cold threshing-floor. The flail was dreadful to him. His hands were full of blisters, and his limbs trembled from pain and weariness. This, however, availed him nothing; perhaps his father would have had pity upon him, but his mother-in-law would have every one in the house earn their food and clothing. To this was added another trying circumstance. Stilling could never subsist on his pay as a schoolmaster, which is remarkably small in that country; twenty-five rix-dollars * a year being the most that is given to any one; meat and drink are provided him by the peasants in rotation. Hence the schoolmasters all know a trade, which they follow out of school-hours, in order the better to gain a subsistence. But this was no system of Stilling's; he knew how to employ his leisure-time more agreeably; besides which, he sometimes bought a book or some other article which suited his purpose;—he therefore fell into necessitous circumstances; his clothes were mean and much worn, so that he looked like one who aimed at what he was not able to accomplish.

Wilhelm was careful, and his wife still more so; but they had several children, one after another, so that the father had trouble enough to support himself and his family. He thought his son was tall and strong enough to maintain himself. Now, as this did not succeed according to his wish, the good man became melancholy, and began to doubt whether his son would not at length turn out a disorderly good-for-nothing. He began to withdraw his affection from him, treated him harshly, and compelled him to do all kinds of work, whether it was painful to him or not. This gave the last blow to poor Stilling. He saw that he should not be able to endure it long. He had a horror of his father's house; on which account, he sought opportunity to work as journeyman with other master-tailors, and this his father willingly permitted.

Cheerful moments, however, occasionally still intervened. Johann Stilling, on account of his great ability in geometry, mine-surveying, and mechanics, as well as his fidelity to his country, was made president of the board of commerce, for which reason he transferred the land-measuring business to his brother Wilhelm, who thoroughly understood it. When he went therefore for some weeks into the Mark country to measure and divide woods, hills, and estates, he took his son with him; and this was just what Stilling liked. At such times he was in his element, and his father rejoiced that his son had superior ideas of the matter to himself. This frequently gave occasion to a variety of discussions and projects which they interchanged in their solitude. However, all was fruitless, and ended in mere words. People who had much to do, often observed him, and might have employed him occasionally; but his mean dress displeased every one who saw him, and they secretly judged him to be nothing better than a ragamuffin. He saw this; and it caused him intolerable pain. He himself loved a cleanly and decent-looking coat beyond measure; but his father could not provide him with one, and let him want.

These seasons were brief and transitory; and as soon as he returned home, his wretchedness began again. Stilling then immediately sought out some other master, in order to escape the yoke. His earnings, however, were by no means sufficient to clothe him decently.

On one occasion, after being at work in a neighbouring village, he returned home with the intention of fetching something. He expected nothing unpleasant, and therefore cheerfully entered the room. His father jumped up as soon as he saw him, and tried to throw him on the ground; but Stilling seized his father with both his arms, held him so that he could not move, and looked him in the face with an expression of countenance enough to have rent a rock. And, truly, if ever he felt the power of suffering in all its violence upon his heart, it was at that moment. Wilhelm could not bear this look—he sought to tear himself loose, but could not move; the arms and hands of his son were like iron, and convulsively closed. "Father," said he, with a gentle, yet piercing voice—"father!—your blood flows in my veins, and the blood—the blood of a departed angel. Provoke me not to anger!—I honor you—I love you—but—(here he let his father loose, sprang to the window, and exclaimed,) I could cry out, till the earth shook upon its axis, and the stars trembled." He then stept nearer his father again, and said, with a soft voice, "Father, what have I done that is culpable?" Wilhelm put his hands before his face, sobbed and wept; but Stilling went into a remote corner of the house and sobbed aloud.

The next morning early, Stilling packed up his bundle, and said to his father, "I will leave the country, and travel as a journeyman-tailor; let me go in peace;" and the tears again flowed down his cheeks. "No," said Wilhelm, "I will not let thee go at present," and wept also. Stilling could not bear that, and therefore stayed. This took place in the autumn of 1761.

Shortly afterwards, there was a master-tailor at Florenburgh who desired to have Stilling to work with him a few weeks. He went, and helped the man at his trade. The Sunday following, he went to Tiefenbach, to visit his grandmother. He found her sitting in her wonted place, behind the stove. She soon recognised him by his voice, for she was stone-blind, and therefore could not see him. "Heinrich," said she, "come, sit down here beside me." Stilling did so. "I have heard," continued she, "that thy father treats thee harshly; is thy mother to blame for it?" "No," said Stilling; "she is not to blame, but the painful circumstances in which I am placed."

"Listen to me," said the venerable woman; "it is outwardly dark around me, but so much the lighter in my heart. I know thy fate will be like that of a travailing woman; with much pain, thou wilt bring forth that which thou art to become. Thy late grandfather foresaw all this. I shall never forget how we lay one evening in bed, and could not sleep. On which we began to talk of our children, and also of thee,—for thou art my son, and I have brought thee up. 'Yes, Margaret,' said Ebert, 'could I but live to see what would become of the boy! I know not.—Wilhelm will yet fall into difficulties; religious as he now is, he will not persevere in it; he will continue a pious and honest man, but he will still have something to pass through; for he loves to save, and is fond of money and wealth. He will marry again, and his infirm feet will then be unable to follow his head. But the boy!—he has no desire for riches, but only loves books, and upon these a man cannot live who is only a peasant. How the two will agree together I know not; but that the lad will at length be successful, is certain. If I make an axe, I mean to hew something with it; and in that for which the Lord creates a man, He will also make use of him!'"

Stilling felt as though he was sitting in some dark sanctuary, listening to an oracle; it seemed to him as if he were transported out of himself, and from the gloomy sepulchre of his grandfather heard the well-known voice say, "Courage, Heinrich; the God of thy fathers will be with thee!"

* A rix-dollar is about four shillings and six-pence English.

He continued to converse awhile with his grandmother. She admonished him to be patient and magnanimous; he promised to be so, with tears, and took leave of her. On coming before the door, he reviewed the old romantic scenery around him. The autumnal sun shone clearly and beautifully upon it; and it being still early in the day, he determined to visit all these places once more and return by way of the old castle to Florenburgh. He went therefore up the court, and into the forest; he still found all the scenes where he had enjoyed so much gratification; but one bush was grown crooked, and another pulled up; and this grieved him. He walked slowly up the hill to the castle;—even there, several of the walls were fallen down which were still standing in his younger days; every thing was changed,—only the elder-tree on the wall to the west still retained its place.

He stationed himself upon the highest point between the ruins, from whence he had a commanding view all around. He surveyed the road from Tiefenbach to Zellberg; and all the charming mornings passed before his soul, with the high enjoyment which he had felt all the way up. He then looked northwards at the distance, and saw a high blue hill; he remembered that this hill was near Dorlingen, and all the scenes which took place there presented themselves clearly to his mind—what happened to him in the smoke-room, and every thing else he had suffered there. He now looked westwards, and saw the Leindorf meadows in the distance. He started, and a shudder pervaded every limb. He saw southwards the hill of Preisingen, and the heath where Anna sang her song. Towards the southwest, the plains of Kleefeld presented themselves to his eye; and thus at one view, he took a retrospect of his short and painful life. He sank upon his knees, wept aloud, and prayed ardently to the Almighty for mercy and compassion. He then rose up, his soul swimming in emotion and sensibility; he sat down near the elder-tree, took out his pocket-book, and wrote:—

"Listen, all ye feather'd throng,
To your lovers' mournful song;
Shrubs and trees of every size,
Hear the language of my sighs;
Wither'd flowers, once so gay,
Listen to my parting lay!

"Mother-angel! dost thou not
Hover o'er this verdant plot?
Or, whilst shines the moon's pale ray,
Radiant, near these grass seats, stay;
Where thy heart so oft o'erflow'd,
Whilst thy blood within me flow'd?

"Does, perhaps, thy lucid eye
Mark the sun's declining beams?
Or from out the azure sky,
Which with stars unnumber'd teems,
Sometimes cast a look on me,
When my joys and comforts flee?

"Hast thou not to soothe me press'd,
When my eyes with tears did melt?
When, my heart with woe distress'd,
I a silent kiss have felt?
Then I drank, with heavenly zest,
Rapture from my mother's breast.

"Now on Luna's gentle ray,
Grave and calm, thou soar'st away;
Past the stars thou tak'st thy flight,
Gain'st the lofty domes of light;
And thy chariot, white and blue,
Turns to drops of purest dew.

"Father Stilling's silver hair
Curls in the eternal breeze;
And his star-bright eye so fair,
Doris, gently floating, sees,
Like a golden cloud along,
Far from this world's busy throng.

"Tall his form, and firm his pace,
Now he bears his favorite's woes—
How to sorrow he gives place,
Nor from suffering finds repose.
Bending low, he then regards
What the priestly shield awards.*

"Light and justice beam around;—
Father Stilling sees with joy,
Though the trials may abound
Of his dear and darling boy,
Yet at length the sun will shed
Rays unclouded on his head."

Stilling now rose up pleased, and put his pocket-book into his pocket. He saw that the edge of the sun trembled on the seven hills. Something shuddered around him; he started, and hastened away, nor has he ever returned thither since that time.

During the few weeks he spent at Florenburgh, his mind was in a very peculiar state. He was melancholy; but it was a melancholy mingled with such delicate sweetness, that he could have wished to be always melancholy in such a manner. The cause of this singular state he could never discover. I believe, however, the domestic circumstances of his master contributed much to it; a peaceful harmony reigned in the house;—what the one desired, the other desired also. He had, besides, a grown-up and well-educated daughter, who might justly have been reckoned amongst the greatest beauties of the whole country. She sang incomparably well, and possessed a stock of many beautiful songs.

Stilling felt that he sympathised with this girl, and she also with him, but without any inclination to marriage. They could sit hours together and sing, or tell each other tales, without any feeling intervening of a more intimate nature than a mere tender friendship. But what might have resulted from it, if this intercourse had lasted long, I will not investigate. Stilling, however, enjoyed at that period many a pleasant hour; and this pleasure would have been complete, if he had not needed to return to Leindorf.

One Sunday evening, Stilling sat at the table with Lisette—for so the girl was called—and they sang together. Now whether the song made an impression upon her, or something else of a gloomy nature occurred to her, I know not;—but she began to weep bitterly. Stilling asked her what was the matter;—she said nothing, but rose up, and went away; nor did she return during the evening. From that period she continued melancholy, without Stilling's ever being able to ascertain the cause. This alteration disturbed him; and on another occasion, when they were again alone, he plied her so close, that she at length began as follows:—"Heinrich, I cannot and dare not tell you what is the matter with me; but I will relate something to you.—There was once a girl, who was good and pious, and had no desire for a dissolute life; but she had a tender heart; she was also handsome and virtuous. She stood one evening at her bed-room window; the full moon shone beautifully into the court; it was summer, and every thing outside was still. She felt a wish to go out a little. She went, therefore, out of the back-door into the court, and out of the court into a meadow adjoining. Here she sat down under a hedge, in the shade, and sang in a low voice,

'Begone, tormenting thoughts!'

(This was the very song which Lisette sang with Stilling, the Sunday evening when she became so extremely melancholy.) After she had sung a couple of verses, a youth, with whom she was well acquainted, came to her, saluted her, and asked her whether she would not walk with him a little

* The author's idea is, that in the mansions of the blessed, the will of God is made known to them by means of a tablet, in a similar manner to the Urim and Thummim in the breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest.—*Note of the Translator.*

down the meadow. She was at first unwilling; but as he continued to urge her strongly, she went with him. After they had walked some little distance together, all at once, every thing seemed to become strange to the girl. She found herself in an entirely unknown country; the youth stood near her, tall and white, like a corpse lying upon a bier, and looked dreadfully at her. The young woman grew mortally afraid, and prayed very heartily that God would be gracious to her. The youth now all at once turned her about with his arm, and said, with a hollow voice, '*See there, how it will go with thee!*' She saw a female standing before her, who much resembled her, or was perfectly like her; she had old rags hanging about her instead of clothes, and a little child in her arms, which appeared equally wretched. '*Look,*' continued the spirit, '*this is already the third illegitimate child thou wilt have.*' The girl was horrified, and fell into a fit. On coming to herself again, she found herself in bed, in an agony of trepidation; she however thought that she had been dreaming. See, Heinrich,—this is always on my mind, and therefore I am melancholy." Stilling plied her hard with questions, whether this had not happened to herself; but she constantly denied it, and affirmed that it was a tale she had heard related.

The lamentable fate of this unfortunate person has at length made it obvious that she must have had this dreadful presentiment herself; and then it is easy to conceive why she became so melancholy at that time. I pass by her history, for weighty reasons; and only mention, that a year afterwards, she committed a trifling and very excusable folly; but this was the first step to her fall, and the cause of her subsequent painful and grievous fate. She was a noble soul, gifted with excellent bodily and mental qualities; but a tendency to tenderness, joined with something of levity, was the remote cause of her misfortunes. But I believe her Refiner will sit, and purify her as gold in the fire; and who knows, whether she will not eventually shine brighter than her judges, who forbade her to marry, and then, when she brought into the world a child by him to whom she was betrothed, sentenced her to public exposure, with the mark of an arch-strumpet! Woe to the legislators, who—but I must restrain myself: I shall not mend the matter, but may make it worse. Still another woe with a curse.—*Woe to those youths, who regard a poor girl merely as an instrument of lasciviousness; and cursed be he before God and man, who causes a good and pious maiden to fall, and afterwards leaves her to perish in misery!*

The Rev. Mr. Stollbein had meanwhile discovered Stilling at Florenburgh, and sent for him, the last week he was with his master. He went. Stollbein was writing. Stilling presented himself, with his hat under his arm.

"How goes it, Stilling?" asked the preacher.

Stilling.—"It goes ill with me, your reverence; just like Noah's dove, which found no rest for her foot."

Stollbein.—"Well then, go into the ark!"

Stilling.—"I cannot find the door."

Stollbein laughed heartily, and said, "That's very probable. Your father and yourself certainly took it much amiss of me, when I said to your uncle Simon that you must stick to your needle; for shortly afterwards, you went into the Prussian territory, and would keep school, in spite of the Rev. Mr. Stollbein. I have heard how it has fared with you since. Now that you have so long fluttered about, and cannot find the door, it is again my turn to show you one."

"O sir," said Stilling, "if you can assist me in obtaining a resting-place, I will love you as an angel whom God has sent to my help."

Stollbein.—"Yes, Stilling; there is now a situation vacant, to which I had destined you from your youth up;—this was the reason why I was urgent that you should learn Latin, and why I would so gladly have had you remain at your needle, when you could no longer stay at Zellberg. I was irritated because you were with Krüger, since he certainly would have drawn you gradually to his side, and away from me; but I could not tell you why I treated you thus, although I meant well. If you had continued at your trade, you would now have had clothes on your back, and as much money in your pocket as you needed. And what loss would you have sustained by it? It is still early enough to be successful in the world. The Latin school in this place is now vacant;—you shall be the master of it; you have abilities enough to enable you soon to acquire that in which you may be still deficient, with respect to knowledge and languages.

Stilling's heart expanded. He saw himself translated, as it were, out of a dark dungeon into a paradise. He could not find words sufficient to thank the clergyman, although he felt a secret horror at again entering upon the duties of a schoolmaster.

Mr. Stollbein, meanwhile, continued: "There is only one difficulty to be removed. The magistracy of the place must be gained over for you. I have already labored in secret, sounded the people, and found them inclined. However, you know how things stand here; as soon as I only begin to carry something useful into effect, they resolve upon directly opposite measures, because I am the clergyman. We must therefore dissemble a little, and see how the thing will go. Only continue quietly at your trade, till I tell you what you are to do."

Stilling acceded to all that was proposed, and returned to his work.

Before Christmas, Wilhelm Stilling had many clothes to make, and therefore took his son home to help him. Scarcely had he been a few days at Leindorf, when a respectable citizen of Florenburgh, bailiff Keilhof, entered the room. A rose bloomed in Stilling's heart; he foreboded a happy change of circumstances.

Keilhof was Stollbein's greatest enemy; he had perceived that there was a secret movement to choose Stilling to be the schoolmaster, and this was just what he wished. Now as he thought that the clergyman would certainly oppose them with all his might, he had already taken his measures to carry the thing the more effectually through. On this account he stated the matter to Wilhelm and his son, and requested that Stilling might remove to his house at new-year, in order to undertake the private tuition of his children in the Latin language. The other inhabitants of Florenburgh would gradually send their children to him, and the thing would then be linked together in such a manner, that they would be able to effect their purpose, even against Stollbein's will.

Their intention, however, was extremely unjust; for the clergyman had the superintendence of the Latin, as well as of all the other schools in his parish; and had therefore the first vote at the choice of every schoolmaster.

Stilling, knowing the secret bearings of the matter, rejoiced that all went on so well. Yet he dared not mention the sentiments of the clergyman, lest Mr. Keilhof should immediately change his purpose. The matter was therefore terminated as proposed.

Wilhelm and his son now firmly believed that

all his suffering was about to terminate; for the place was respectable and the salary considerable, so that he might live decently, even were he to marry. The mother-in-law herself began to rejoice, for she really loved Stilling, only she did not know what to make of him; she was always afraid he did not earn his board, much less his clothes; but with regard to clothes he had never yet been troublesome to her, for he had scarcely even what was needful.

He removed therefore at new-year, 1762, to Mr. Keilhof's at Florenburgh, and began to give instruction in Latin. After he had been there some days, Mr. Stollbein secretly sent him word to come to him, so that no one might be aware of it. He therefore went one evening in the twilight. The clergyman was heartily glad that the matter had taken such a turn. "Observe," said he to Stilling; "when they are once unanimous respecting you, and have arranged every thing, they must still come to me to obtain my consent. Now, as they are always in the habit of doing foolish things, they are accustomed to find me continually opposed to them. How they will study to say biting things!—and when at length they hear that I am of their sentiments, they will really be sorry that they have chosen you; but then it will be too late. Keep yourself quite quiet, and be only good and diligent, and it will fare well with you."

Meanwhile the Florenburgh people began to assemble in the evenings, after supper, at Bailiff Keilhof's, in order to consult together how the thing might be conducted in the best manner, that they might be prepared at all points to battle with the clergyman. Stilling listened to it all, and was often obliged to leave the room, in order to give vent to his laughter.

Amongst those that came to Keilhof's, there was a singular man, a Frenchman by birth, of the name of Gayet. Now, as no one knew whence he came, whether he was Lutheran or Reformed, and why he wore woollen upper-hose with buttons at the side in summer as well as in winter, so they were likewise ignorant which side he took. Stilling had already become acquainted with this singular character, when he went to the Latin school. Gayet could not endure any one of an ordinary mind:—the people with whom he chose to associate, were such as possessed fire, energy, truth, and knowledge; and when he met with any one of this character, he was open and confidential. But as he knew no one of this kind at Florenburgh, he took a pleasure in making fools of them altogether, including the clergyman. Stilling, however, had always pleased him; and now that he was grown up, and become tutor at Mr. Keilhof's, he often came to visit him. This Gayet was there also of an evening, and consulted with the rest; he was, however, never in earnest, but did it only to amuse himself. Once, as six or eight of them were considering the school affair very seriously, he began, "Hear me, neighbours! I will tell you something. At the time when I travelled from door to door, with a pedlar's pack on my back, and offered hats for sale, I came once by chance, into the kingdom of Siberia, to Emugia, its metropolis; the king was just then dead, and the States-General were about to choose another. Now there was one circumstance on which every thing depended; the kingdom of Cross-spider-land borders on Siberia, and both the states have been continually at loggerheads together, ever since the time of the flood, solely for the following reason. The Siberians have long ears standing up aloft, like those of an ass; and the inhabitants of Cross-spider-land have ears the flaps of which hang down to their shoulders. Now there was always a strife between the two nations; each maintaining that Adam had ears like themselves. Therefore it was necessary for each nation always to choose an orthodox king, the best mark of which was, when the individual had an implacable hatred against the other nation. When I was there, the Siberians had an excellent man in view, whom they were desirous of making king, not so much on account of his orthodoxy, as on account of his excellent endowments. Only he had ears standing up aloft, and also ear-lappets that hung down; he consequently halted between two opinions;—this did not satisfy many; however, he was chosen. The council of state then determined, that the king with the well regulated high-eared army, should take the field against the long-eared king; this was accordingly done. But what an uproar ensued!—Both kings met peaceably, gave each other the hand, and called each other brother! They immediately deposed the king with the hermaphrodite ears, cut his ears entirely away, and turned him adrift!"

Burgomaster Scultetus took his long pipe out of his mouth, and said, "Mr. Gayet has certainly travelled far in the world." "That he has," said another; "but I believe he is aiming at us; he means to say by it, we are all asses together." But Bailiff Keilhof winked secretly at Mr. Gayet, and whispered in his ear, "The fools do not understand that you mean the parson and his consistory." Stilling, however, who was a good geographer, and understood the fable well besides, laughed heartily, and said nothing. Gayet whispered into Keilhof's ear in return, "You have guessed it half and half."

When they believed that they had made every thing safe, they sent a deputation, on Shrove-Tuesday, to the clergyman. Bailiff Keilhof went himself with the deputation, to act as spokesman. The time seemed long to Stilling till they returned, that he might hear how the affair had terminated; and he heard it, word for word. Keilhof was the speaker.

Keilhof.—"Sir, we have selected a Latin schoolmaster for our school, and we are now come to inform you of it."

Stollbein.—"But you have not first asked me, whether I will also have him whom you have chosen."

Keilhof.—"That is not the question; the children are ours, the school is ours, and also the school-master."

Stollbein.—"But who amongst you understands so much Latin as to be able to examine such a schoolmaster, whether he is fitted for his office?"

Keilhof.—"We have people that are able to do that."

Stollbein.—"But the prince says, I am to be the man who is to examine the schoolmaster of this place, and confirm him in his office; do you understand me?"

Keilhof.—"It is for that reason we are come hither."

Stollbein.—"Well, then, to be brief, I have selected one who is a good one, and that is—schoolmaster Stilling, whom you know!"

Keilhof and his people looked at each other, but Stollbein stood and smiled triumphantly; all were then silent awhile, and did not utter a word.

Keilhof recovered himself at length, and said, "Well, then, we are of one mind!"

Stollbein.—"Yes, Bailiff Headstrong! we are at length of one mind! Bring your schoolmaster hither; I will confirm and install him in his office."

Keilhof.—"We are not quite so far yet, your reverence! We will have a separate school-house for him; and divide the Latin school from the

German. (For the two schools were united, each schoolmaster receiving half the salary, and the Latin schoolmaster assisted the German when he had finished.)

Stollbein.—"God pardon me my sins! There the devil is sowing his tares again. On what is your schoolmaster to live?"

Keilhof.—"That, too, is our affair, and not yours."

Stollbein.—"Hear me, Bailiff Keilhof! You are really a foolish fellow, a beast, as big as any on God's earth—get home with you!"

Keilhof.—"What?—You—you scold me?"

Stollbein.—"Go, you great fool! You shall not have your Stilling, as true as I am a preacher." And with that he went into his closet, and shut the door after him.

Before the bailiff returned home, Stilling received orders to attend at the vicarage; he went, expecting nothing else than that he should now be installed as the schoolmaster. But how was he dismayed, when Stollbein spoke to him as follows:—

"Stilling, your affair is at an end! If you do not wish to plunge yourself into the greatest misery, and into poverty and wretchedness, have nothing to do with the Florenburghers."

On this, the clergyman related to him every thing that had passed. Stilling took leave of him with the profoundest sorrow. "Be satisfied," said Mr. Stollbein; "God will yet bless and prosper you; only continue at your trade, till I can provide for you decently elsewhere."

The Florenburghers however were angry with Stilling, because they imagined he had secretly conferred with the clergyman. They forsook him, therefore, and chose another. Mr. Stollbein this time let them have their will; they made a new schoolmaster, gave him a separate house, and as they could not and dared not withdraw the salary from the old German school, and knew of no other means, they determined to procure him sixty children to learn Latin, each of whom should pay four rix-dollars yearly. However, the honest man had the first quarter, sixty; afterwards forty; at the end of the year, twenty; and at length scarcely five; so that with all the pains he took, he died at length of poverty, sorrow, and misery; and his wife and children were obliged to beg.

After this event, Mr. Stollbein betook himself to rest; he began to be quiet, and to trouble himself about nothing beyond the fulfilment of his official duties, to which he attended with all fidelity. His principal failing, which so often misled him to act foolishly, was family pride. His wife's relatives were people of consequence, and he was gratified at their elevation. He himself also strove to attain authority and honor. With this exception, he was a learned and very kind-hearted man; a poor man never solicited him in vain; he gave as long as he had anything, and assisted the wretched as much as he was able. He was only irritated and implacable when he saw that any one of inferior rank made pretensions to aspire near him. For this reason, he had always been hostile to Johann Stilling. The latter, as mentioned above, was president of commerce for the province of Salen; and as Stollbein was a great amateur of the science of mining, he always let Mr. Stilling perceive that he by no means acknowledged him for that which he was; and if the latter had not been sufficiently discreet to yield to the old man, hard thrusts would have been the consequence.

Stollbein's example, however, shewed that uprightness and goodness of heart never suffer their possessor to die unamended.

Once, there was a general meeting to pass the accounts of the works, so that the principal miners in the land had to assemble at Mr. Stilling's, their president. The Rev. Mr. Stollbein came also, as well as Bailiff Keilhof, with some others of the Florenburgh people. Mr. Stilling went up to the clergyman, took him by the hand, and led him to a chair on his right hand. The preacher, during the whole time, was exceedingly friendly. After dinner he began as follows:—

"My friends, and gentlemen, I am old, and I feel that my powers are rapidly decaying; it is the last time that I shall be with you. I shall not come hither again. Now, if there is any one amongst you that has not forgiven me wherein I may have offended him, I heartily desire a reconciliation."

All present looked at each other, and were silent. Mr. Stilling could not possibly endure this. "Sir," said he, "this touches my heart! We are men, and all of us liable to err. I have infinitely much to thank you for:—you have instilled into me the principles of our religion, and I have perhaps often given you occasion to be angry with me. I am therefore the first that requests your forgiveness from the bottom of my soul, in whatever I may have given you offence." The clergyman was so affected that the tears ran down his cheeks; he stood up, embraced Stilling, and said, "I have often offended you; I regret it, and we are brethren." "No," said Stilling, "you are my father!—give me your blessing!" Stollbein still held him fast in his arms, and said, "You are blessed, you and your whole family, and that for the sake of that man who has been so often my pride and my joy!"

This scene was so unexpected and affecting, that most of those present shed abundance of tears, but Stilling and Stollbein most of all.

The clergyman now stood up, went down to Bailiff Keilhof and the rest of the Florenburgh people, smiled, and said, "Shall we also balance our accounts, on this general reckoning-day?" Keilhof answered, "We are not angry with you." "That is not the question now," said Mr. Stollbein; "I solemnly ask forgiveness of you all, if I have offended you in anything!" "We willingly forgive you," replied Keilhof; "but you must do this from the pulpit."

Stollbein felt all his fire again; however, he was silent, and sat down near Stilling; but the latter grew so warm, that his face glowed. "Mr. Bailiff," he began, "you are not worthy that God should forgive you your sins, as long as you think so. His reverence is free, and has fulfilled his whole duty. Christ enjoins love and a forgiving spirit. He will repay your obstinacy on your own head!"

Mr. Stollbein terminated this affecting scene with the words, "That shall be done also; I will publicly ask forgiveness of my whole congregation from the pulpit; and prophesy to them that one shall come after me who will retaliate upon them what they have done against me." Both these things were fully accomplished.

Shortly after this event, Mr. Stollbein died in peace, and was buried in the church at Florenburgh by the side of his wife. In his life he was hated; but after his death, lamented, honored and beloved. Heinrich Stilling, at least, will revere his memory as long as he lives.

Stilling continued until Easter with Bailiff Keilhof; he then perceived that every one looked sourly at him, and therefore became weary of this mode of life also.

One morning, in bed, he revolved his circumstances over in his mind;—the idea of returning to his father was dreadful to him, for agricultural labour would at length have entirely worn out his constitution; besides which, his father only gave him meat and drink; for what he earned above that, he placed against the advances he had made him in former years, when he could not sub-

sist on his schoolmaster's pay; he therefore dared not think of clothes, although these in the course of the year were worn out. It was likewise painful to him to work with other masters, and he saw that he could not save for himself by it; for the weekly pay of half-a-guilder did not bring him in so much in the whole year as the most needful clothing required. Half-distracted, he threw himself out of bed, and exclaimed, "Almighty God! what must I do?" That very moment he felt as if it was said to him in his soul, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." He felt himself profoundly tranquillised, and immediately determined to go into another country.

This took place on the Tuesday before Easter. That very day, his father visited him. The good man had again heard of his son's fate, and it was on this account he came to Florenburgh. Both took their seats in a solitary room, and Wilhelm began as follows:—"Heinrich, I am come to take counsel with thee: I now see clearly that thou hast not been to blame. God has certainly not destined thee to keep school; the tailor's trade thou understandest, but thou art in circumstances in which it cannot yield thee what is needful. Being with me is also not proper for thee; thou shunnest my house, nor is that any wonder. I am not able to procure thee what is needful, if thou canst not do the work which I have to do; it is difficult for me to maintain my wife and children. What dost thou think? Hast thou considered what thou intendest to be?"

Heinrich.—"Father, I have reflected upon it for years together; but it has only this morning become clear to me what I ought to do; I must remove into another country, and see what God intends to make of me."

Wilhelm.—"We are then of the same opinion, my son. When we reflect upon the matter rationally, we shall find that His dealings with thee, from the beginning, have aimed at driving thee from thy native province; and what hast thou to expect here? Thy uncle has children himself, and he will first seek to provide for them, before he helps thee; meanwhile thy years are passing away. But—then—when I reflect—on thy earliest years—and the joy I promised myself—from thee—and when thou art gone, Stilling's joy is at an end!" He was unable to say more, but held both his hands before his eyes, writhing his body about, and weeping aloud.

This scene was too much for Stilling's feelings,—he fainted away. On coming to himself again, his father rose up, pressed his hand, and said, "Heinrich, take leave of no one; go where thy Heavenly Father beckons thee. The holy angels will accompany thee wherever thou goest; write to me often how it fares with thee." He then hastened out of the door.

Stilling became firm, took courage, and commended himself to God; he felt that he was entirely set at liberty from all his friends. No further impediment remained; and he waited with desire for Easter-Monday, which he had appointed for his departure:—he told no one of his intention, nor visited any one, but remained at home.

However, he could not refrain from going once more into the church-yard. He was unwilling to do so by day; he therefore went thither in the evening before Easter-day, by the light of the full moon, and visited father Stilling's and Doris's grave, sat down a little while upon each, and wept silent tears. His sensations were inexpressible. He felt something within him which said, "Were these two still alive, it would fare very differently with me in the world!" At length he took a formal leave of both the graves, and of the venerable remains which were decaying within them, and went his way.

The following Easter-Monday morning, which was the twelfth of April 1762, he settled his account with Bailiff Keilhof, from whom he received something more than four rix-dollars. This money he put into his pocket, went up into his room, packed up his three ragged shirts, (the fourth he had on,) a pair of old stockings, a night-cap, together with his scissars and thimble, in a portmanteau; then put on his clothes, which consisted of a pair of middling good shoes, black woollen stockings, leather breeches, black cloth waistcoat, a tolerably good brown coat of coarse cloth, and a large hat after the fashion of those days. He then turned up his straight brown hair, took his long thorn-stick in his hand, and walked to Salen, where he provided himself with a travelling-pass, and went out of a gate which lies towards the north-west. He fell into a high road, without knowing whither it would lead him; he followed it, and it brought him in the evening to a large village which lies on the borders of the province of Salen.

He then went into an inn, and wrote a letter to his father at Leindorf, in which he took a tender leave of him, and promised him, as soon as he should settle himself anywhere, to write to him very circumstantially. Amongst the various people who sat drinking in the house, there were several carriers, a kind of persons who are the most suitable for giving information respecting the roads. Stilling asked them whither that road led;—they answered, to Schönenthal. Now he had heard much in his life-time of this celebrated commercial town; he therefore determined to travel thither, and inquired the names of the places upon the road, and their distances from each other. All this he marked down in his pocket-book, and betook himself quietly to rest.

The next morning, after having drunk coffee and eaten his breakfast, he commended himself to God, and proceeded on his journey; but it was so foggy, that he could scarcely see more than a few paces before him. On arriving, therefore, at an extensive heath, where there were many roads near each other, he always followed that which seemed to him the most trodden. But between ten and eleven o'clock, when the fog dispersed, and the sun broke through, he found that his path led towards the east. He was much alarmed; and walked on a little, until he came to an eminence, from whence he saw the village in which he had passed the night, again before him. He therefore turned about; and as the sky was clear, he found the high road, which, in the course of an hour, led him to a large hill.

Here he sat down on the green turf, and looked towards the south-east. He there saw in the distance the old Geisenberg castle, the Giller, the Heights, and other well-known districts. A deep sigh arose in his breast, and tears flowed down his cheeks. He drew out his tablets and wrote:—

"With melting eyes I look once more
To yonder well-known smiling hills;
Oh, when I view the landscape o'er,—
The rocks, the fields, the woods and rills,
The lofty heights, the light and shade,
Which paradise around me made,—

"I feel, as when in pleasing dreams,
The purest zephyrs breathe around;
As though I roved by Eden's streams,
And the first Adam near me found;
As though I living water drank,
And by the brook unconscious sank.

"My thoughts then, suddenly, again
Awake me, like the thunder's roar

Descending to the distant plain,
Whilst forked lightnings blaze all o'er.
Scared by the flash, the roe-buck starts,
And deep into the thicket darts.

"My spirit sinks to grief's dark hole,
And looks for aid both near and far;
No light then penetrates my soul,
No longer shines a single star;—
I call so loud, the rocks resound;
A thousand echoes swell the sound.

"At length there shines a gleam of light—
Mankind's great Father beckons me;
Ye mountains, bloom in beauty bright,
Though you I never more may see
Till the last flash earth's centre shakes,
And one grand conflagration makes!

"Then, with immortal verdure crown'd,
I'll seek your much-loved heights again,
For father Stilling look around,
With Doris your tall summits gain;
And in those bowers she held so dear,
Clothed in white robes will I appear.

"Farewell!—I now direct my view
To hills and lands to me unknown
And look no longer back to you,
Until my earthly course is run.
My Saviour, guide me all the day,
Whilst walking on this unknown way!"

Stilling now rose up, wiped away his tears, took his staff in his hand, his portmanteau on his back, and wandered over the hill down into the vale below.

HEINRICH STILLING'S WANDERINGS.

CHAPTER VI.

As Heinrich Stilling descended the hill into the valley, and lost sight of his native province, his heart became lighter; he felt that all the connections and relations in which he had hitherto suffered so much, were at an end; therefore he breathed more freely, and was well contented.

The weather was incomparably beautiful; at noon he drank a glass of beer at an inn which stood solitarily by the road-side, and ate a sandwich with it; he then proceeded on his way, which led him through waste and desert places, and brought him in the evening, after sunset, to a miserable village, lying in the fens, in a narrow valley, amidst the bushes; the dwellings were all miserable huts, and stood more in the earth than upon it. It had not been his intention to pass the night at this place, but two leagues beyond it; having however strayed from his path in the morning, he could not proceed further.

He inquired at the first house he came to, whether there was any one in the village that lodged travellers. A house was pointed out to him;—he went thither, and asked whether he could pass the night there. The woman answered in the affirmative. He went into the room, sat down, and laid aside his portmanteau. Her husband now entered; some little children collected round the table, and the woman brought a lamp, which she hung up in the middle of the room by a hempen string; every thing looked so poor, and to say the truth, so suspicious, that Stilling began to feel apprehensive and afraid, and would rather have slept in the open air; this, however, was quite unnecessary, for he possessed nothing that was worth stealing. Meanwhile they brought him an earthen dish with sour-krout, a piece of bacon with it, and a couple of eggs upon it. He ate it with a relish, and lay down upon the straw which had been spread for him in the room. He slept but little before midnight, chiefly from fear. The landlord and his wife slept also in the same room, in an alcove. Towards twelve o'clock, he heard the woman say to her husband, "Arnold, art thou asleep?" "No," answered he, "I am not asleep." Stilling listened, but purposely drew his breath strongly, that they might believe he was sleeping soundly.

"What kind of a man may this be?" said the woman. Arnold replied, "God knows! I have been thinking about it all the evening;—he did not say much;—dost thou think all is right with him?"

"Do not immediately think ill of people," answered Trina; "he looks honest; who knows how many troubles he may have already passed through! I really pity him; as soon as he entered the door, he seemed to me so melancholy;—may the Lord our God preserve him! I can see that he has something on his heart."

"Thou art in the right, Trina!" rejoined Arnold; "God forgive me for being suspicious! I was just thinking of the schoolmaster from the province of Salen, who slept here two or three years ago; he was dressed in the same manner, and we heard, afterwards, that he was a coiner."

"Arnold," said Trina, "thou art quite unable to know people from by countenances. That man looked so black, and had such a dark expression in his eyes, and dared not look at one; but this one appears kind and friendly;—he has certainly a good conscience."

"Well, well," concluded Arnold, "we will commend him to the Lord our God, who will take care of him, if he is pious."

The good people now fell asleep. Stilling meanwhile was well satisfied upon his straw; he felt the spirit of Stilling breathe around him, and slept as sweetly till the morning as if he had lain upon eider-down. On awaking, he saw that his landlord and landlady were already dressing; he looked smilingly at them both, and wished them a good morning. They asked him how he had slept. He answered, "After midnight, very well!" "You were certainly very tired yesterday evening," said Trina; "you looked so dejected." Stilling replied, "Dear friends, it was not because I was so weary; but I have suffered much in my life-time, and on that account look more melancholy than I am; besides which, I must confess I was a little alarmed, lest I should not be with pious people." "Yes," said Arnold, "you are with those that fear God, and would gladly obtain salvation; had you had great riches with you, they would have been safe with us." Stilling tendered him his right hand, and said, with the most tender mien, "God bless you!—we are then of the same sentiments." "Trina," continued Arnold, "make us a good cup of tea; fetch some of the best cream, and we three will breakfast together; we may perhaps never meet again." The woman was active and cheerful, and gladly did what her husband told her. They then sat down to breakfast, and all three were at home with each other. Stilling overflowed with friendship and susceptibility; it pained him to leave the good people, and he shed tears on parting with them. Strengthened afresh, he proceeded on his way.

After travelling five leagues, he arrived, just at noon, at a large village, which lay in a pleasant country; here he inquired for a good inn, and was shown one, by the road-side, into which he went, entered the traveller's room, and asked for something to eat. An old man was sitting by the stove, the cut of whose clothes indicated something respectable, but their present condition showed that he must have descended far below his former circumstances. There were besides, two youths and a

girl present, whose deep mourning-dress indicated the loss of a near relative. The girl attended to the kitchen, and appeared modest and cleanly.

Stilling took his seat opposite the old man; whose attention his open countenance and friendly deportment excited, so that he entered into conversation with him. They soon became intimate, and Stilling related his whole history to him. Conrad Brauer—for such was the old man's name—was astonished at it, and prophesied him many good things. The worthy man in return was anxious to tell him his own fate also, which he related to every one who expressed a desire to hear him; he accordingly did so before, during, and after dinner. The young people, who were his brother's children, had probably heard it a hundred times over; they therefore paid no particular attention to it, yet occasionally confirmed anything that seemed incredible. Stilling however listened the more attentively, for narrating was peculiarly his favorite employment. Conrad Brauer began in the following manner:—

"I am the eldest of three brothers;—the second of them is a rich merchant of this place; and the youngest was the father of these children, whose mother died some years ago, but my brother only a few weeks since. When I was young, I devoted my attention to the manufacture of woollen cloths; and as we inherited nothing from our parents, I instructed my two brothers in the same trade. However, the youngest married well, by which he came into possession of this house; he therefore gave up the trade, and became innkeeper. I and my second brother, meanwhile, continued the manufactory. I was fortunate, and with the blessing of God, became prosperous in trade, so that I attained riches and affluence. I let my second brother enjoy it richly. Yes, God knows I did!

"My brother, meanwhile, commenced a singular courtship. There dwelt in the neighbourhood an old woman, who was at least sixty years old, and besides that, uncommonly ugly; so that on account of her intolerable uncleanliness, one would not, so to speak, have taken hold of her with the tongs. This old virgin was very rich; but at the same time, so covetous, that she scarcely ate bread and water sufficient to keep body and soul together. It was commonly said, that she had put all her money into a sack, which she had hidden in some very secret place. My brother went to her, and tried to rekindle the extinguished fire of this person; he succeeded according to his wish,—she fell in love with him, and he with her, so that betrothment and marriage soon followed. But it was long before he could discover the retreat of the household god; however, my worthy brother at length succeeded in this also—he found it, and joyfully carried it to a place of safety; this grieved my good sister-in-law to such a degree that she fell into a consumption and died, to the great joy of my brother.

He held out faithfully during the usual time of mourning; but in the mean time privately sought for a young lady, who might be about as wealthy as he had so innocently become. In this also he was successful; and he began to lay out his money to profit, and that too at my expense; for he traded in woollen cloth, and deprived me of all my customers, by offering his goods always cheaper than I did. On this, I began to go back, and my affairs grew worse every day. He soon saw this, and assuming a greater degree of kindness towards me, promised to advance me as much money as I should require. I was foolish enough to believe him. When he thought it was time, he took away every thing that I had in the world;—my wife grieved herself to death, and I am now living in misery, penury, and sorrow. He devoured my late brother, who dwelt in this house, in the same manner."

"Yes, that is true," said the three children, and wept.

Stilling listened to this tale with horror; he said, "He must be one of the most detestable men under the sun; he will have to pay for it dearly in the next world."

"Yes," said old Brauer; "but such people care little about that."

After dinner, Stilling went to a pianoforte, which stood against the wall, and played and sang the hymn,

"He that lets God the Almighty rule."

The old man folded his hands, and sang most heartily, so that the tears rolled down his cheeks; as did also the three young people.

Stilling, after paying for what he had consumed, gave his hand to each of them, and took leave. All of them were friendly with him, and accompanied him to the front-door, where they all four again gave him their hands, and commended him to the divine protection.

He proceeded forward on the road to Schönenthal, and was heartily pleased with all the good people he had hitherto met with. I will call this village Holtzheim; for I shall be obliged to revert to it in the sequel of my history.

From this place to Schönenthal, he had only to travel five leagues; but having stayed so long at Holtzheim, he was unable to reach it that evening; he therefore remained a good league on this side, during the night, in the little town of Rasenheim. The people where he lodged were not suitable company for him, and consequently he continued silent and reserved.

The next morning he set out upon the road to Schönenthal. On ascending the hill, and reviewing the incomparable town and the paradisiacal valley, he was delighted, and sat down on the grass surveying the whole for awhile; at the same time the wish arose in his inmost soul, "O God! if I might but end my life there!"

He now began to consider what he intended to do. Disgust at the trade of a tailor induced him to think of a situation with some merchant; but as he knew no one at Schönenthal to whom he could address himself, it occurred to him that Mr. Dahlheim was preacher in the village of Dornfeld, which lies three quarters of a league up the valley, eastward of Schönenthal; he therefore immediately determined to go thither and discover himself to him. He arose, went slowly down the hill, in order to be able to take a good view of every thing, until he reached the town.

He immediately perceived what prosperity and affluence manufactories and commerce may procure to a place;—the sumptuous palaces of the merchants, the neat houses of the tradesmen and mechanics, together with the great degree of cleanliness which manifested itself even in the clothes of the servant-women and the lower classes, quite charmed him;—the place pleased him exceedingly. He went through the whole town, and up the valley, until he arrived at Dornfeld. He found Mr. Dahlheim at home, and briefly stated his circumstances to him; but the worthy clergyman knew of no situation for him. Stilling had not yet much experience, otherwise he might have easily thought that a person is not taken in that manner from the road into mercantile service; for Mr. Dahlheim, although he was from the province of Salen, knew neither Stilling nor his family.

He therefore returned to Schönenthal, and was half willing to engage himself as a journeyman

tailor; but perceiving, as he passed by a tailor's shop, that it was the custom there to sit cross-legged upon the table, he was again deterred, for he had never sat otherwise than in a chair before the table. Whilst he was thus walking up and down the streets, he saw a horse with two baskets upon its back, and a tolerably well-dressed man standing by it, who was tying on the baskets. As the man's appearance pleased him, Stilling asked him whether he was leaving town that evening. The man said, "Yes; I am the Schauberg carrier, and shall set off immediately." Stilling recollected that the young Mr. Stollbein, the son of the preacher at Florenburgh, was minister there, and that several journeyman-tailors from Salen resided in the same place; he therefore resolved to go thither with the carrier, to which the latter willingly assented. Schauberg lies three leagues to the south-westward of Schönenthal.

Stilling sought on the way to become intimate with his companion. If it had been the honest "Carrier of Wandsbeck,"* the two would have had an agreeable conversation together; however, he was not; although the Schauberg carrier might have been one of the most worthy amongst many, for he took Stilling's portmanteau on his horse without charging for it; so that although he was no sentimental carrier, yet he was a good, honest man, which is saying much.

As soon as they arrived at Schauberg, he repaired to the Rev. Mr. Stollbein's house;—the latter had been well acquainted with his grandfather, as well as his late mother; he also knew his father, for they had been boys together. Stollbein was heartily pleased at seeing his countryman; he advised him immediately to apply himself to his trade, that he might earn his livelihood; and meanwhile, he would take pains to procure him some decent situation. He sent instantly for a journeyman tailor, of whom he inquired whether there was any employment to be obtained in the town for the stranger.

"O yes!" answered the former; "he comes as if he had been sent for; Mr. Nagel is in great want of a workman." Stollbein sent the servant-maid thither with Stilling, and he was joyfully received and accepted.

In the evening, when he went to bed, he reflected upon his change of circumstances, and the faithful providence of his heavenly Father. Without purposing whither to go, he had left his native province; Providence had graciously guided him during three days, and on the evening of the third day he was again provided for. It now became apparent to him, what a great truth it was which his father had so often told him, "a trade is a valuable gift of God, and has a golden foundation." He was vexed at himself for being so much an enemy to this vocation; he prayed heartily to God, thanked him for his gracious guidance, and laid himself down to sleep.

He rose early in the morning, and placed himself in the workshop. Mr. Nagel had no other journeymen besides him; but his wife, his two daughters, and two boys, all assisted in making clothes.

Stilling's dexterity and uncommon ability in his trade very soon procured him the favor of his master; and his affability and good disposition, the love and friendship of his wife and children. Scarcely had he been three days there, when he felt himself at home; and as he had neither reproach nor persecution to fear, he was for the time, so to speak, perfectly satisfied.

The first Sunday afternoon he devoted to letter-writing, and informed his father, his uncle, and other good friends, of his present circumstances, in order to set the minds of his family at ease: for it may be supposed that they were anxious about him, until they knew he was earning his bread. He soon received friendly answers to these letters, in which he was exhorted to humility and integrity, and warned against danger from associating with unsafe people.

Meanwhile, he became known throughout Schauberg. On the Sunday forenoon, when he attended church, he always went up to the organ-gallery; and as the organist was extremely old and inexpert, Stilling felt confident that during the singing and on leaving church he could play better; for although he had never learned to play on the piano scientifically, but merely from his own reflection and practice, yet he played church-music very correctly from the notes, and perfectly in four parts; he therefore requested the organist to let him play;—the latter was heartily glad of his assistance, and permitted him to perform on all occasions. Now, as he was fond of continually touching sixths and thirds in the preludes and interludes, and of playing the softest and most pathetic keys, by which the ear of the vulgar and of those who do not understand music is most affected; and because, when the service was over, he always played an harmonious vocal piece, which was either tender or melancholy, and in which the flute-stop with the tremulant was almost always used—every one was attentive to the singular organist; and most of the people stood before the church until he came down from the organ and out of the church-door; when they laid their heads together, and asked each other who it could possibly be. At length it was generally known that it was Mr. Nagel's journeyman.

When any one came to Mr. Nagel, particularly respectable people, merchants, men in office, or even learned men, who had any orders to give respecting clothing, they entered into conversation with Stilling regarding his performance on the organ; and one word led to another. At that time, he mingled many scraps of Latin in his discourse, particularly when conversing with people whom he supposed to understand Latin; this was wont to astonish them all, not so much because of his wondrous learning, as because he sat at his needle, and yet spoke in such a manner; which, united in one person, was something unheard-of, particularly in Schauberg. All men, whether high or low, who became acquainted with him, loved him; and this was peculiarly Stilling's element;—where he was unknown, he was silent, and where he was not loved, melancholy. Mr. Nagel and his whole family honored him in such a manner that he was more the master than the journeyman in the house.

The Sunday afternoon was a most agreeable season to them all. At such times they went to a beautiful room in the upper part of the house, the prospect from which was truly delightful; Stilling there read to them out of a book which Madame Nagel had inherited; it was an old folio, with many wood-cuts; the title-page was lost. It treated of the history and wars of the Netherlands, under the government of the Duchess of Parma, the Duke of Alba, the great Commeter, &c., together with the wonderful adventures of Prince Maurice of Nassau. Stilling acted, at the same time, the part of a professor who reads lectures; he explained, he related circumstances between whiles, and his auditory were all attention. Narrating had always been his delight, and practice at length makes the master.

Towards evening, he went with his master, or rather his friend Nagel, to take a walk about the

* A much-esteemed publication which bears that title.

town; and as it is situated on an eminence scarcely five leagues from the Rhine, the promenade was incomparable, on account of the beautiful prospect. Towards the west, this magnificent stream was seen for a considerable distance in the rays of the evening sun, hastening majestically to the Netherlands; round about lay a thousand bushy hills, where either flourishing farms, or the sumptuous residences of merchants, peeped forth from between the green trees. On these occasions Nagel's and Stilling's conversation was cordial and intimate; they poured out their souls to each other, and Stilling went to bed as well pleased as he had formerly done at Zellberg.

The Rev. Mr. Stollbein was exceedingly gratified that his countryman Stilling was so generally beloved, and gave him hopes that in time he should be able to provide for him respectably.

Thus pleasantly passed thirteen weeks; and I can affirm, that Stilling, during that time, was neither ashamed of his trade, nor had any particular desire to forsake it. At the end of that time, about the middle of June, he was passing one Sunday afternoon through a street in the town of Schauberg; the sun shone pleasantly, and the sky was partially covered with light clouds; he was neither meditating deeply, nor had he any thing else of a particular nature in his thoughts. He accidentally looked upwards, and with this look an unknown power penetrated his soul; he felt inwardly happy, his whole body trembled, and he could scarcely keep himself from sinking to the ground. From that time, he felt an invincible inclination to live and die entirely for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men; his love to the Father of men, and to the divine Redeemer, as well as to all men, was at that moment so great, that he would gladly have sacrificed his life, had it been required. He felt, at the same time, an irresistible impulse to watch over his thoughts, words, and works, that they might all be useful, agreeable, and acceptable to God. He made upon the spot a firm and irrevocable covenant with God, to resign himself henceforth entirely to his guidance, and cherish no more vain wishes; but that if it should please God that he should continue a tradesman all his life long, he would willingly and joyfully assent to it.

He therefore turned about, and went home, and told no one of this circumstance; but continued as before, except that he spoke less, and more cautiously, which made him still more beloved.

This circumstance is a real truth. I leave it to men of genius, philosophers, and psychologists to make what they please of it;—I am well aware what it is that thus converts a man, and so entirely changes him.

Three weeks after this took place, Stilling went on the Sunday afternoon to church; after service, it occurred to him at the church-door, to pay a visit to the schoolmaster of the place; he was astonished at himself that he had not done so before; he therefore went directly to him. The latter was a worthy and respectable man; he was already acquainted with Stilling, and was glad to see him; they drank tea together, and afterwards smoked a pipe of tobacco. At length, the schoolmaster began, and asked whether he would not like to enter upon a good place. His desire for it was instantly again as great as it had ever been. "O yes!" answered he; "I should be heartily glad to do so." The schoolmaster continued, "You come as if you had been sent for: I have received a letter to-day from a wealthy merchant, who lives half-a-league beyond Holtzheim, in which he requests me to point out to him a good domestic tutor. I did not think of you, until you had entered; it now occurs to me, that you would be the man for him; if you will accept the situation, there is no doubt you will obtain it." Stilling was heartily glad of it, and believed firmly that the hour of his deliverance was come; he therefore said, it had always been his aim to serve God and his neighbour with his few talents, and that he should seize this opportunity with both hands, because it might tend to his advancement. "There is no doubt of that," rejoined the schoolmaster; "it depends solely upon your behaviour, and in time you will certainly prosper, and obtain preferment; I will write next post-day to Mr. Hochberg, and you will soon be sent for."

After some further discourse, Stilling returned home. He immediately related this event to Mr. Stollbein, as also to Mr. Nagel and his family. The clergyman was glad, but Mr. Nagel and his household were sorry; they employed all their eloquence to retain him with them, but it was in vain; his trade was again odious to him, and the time seemed tedious until he reached his destination. However, he now felt something within him which continually opposed such an engagement;—this "unknown something" convinced him in his mind, that his present inclination again proceeded from the old corrupt motive. His new conscience, if I may so speak, had awoke in him only since the Sunday above-mentioned, when he experienced such a powerful inward change. This conviction pained him;—he felt that it was true—but his inclination was too strong, he could not resist it; besides this, a species of serpent had insinuated itself into him, which sought to help itself by the aid of reason, suggesting to him as follows: "Hath God indeed determined that thou shouldst remain eternally sitting at the needle, and bury thy talents? By no means!—thou must lay out thy talent to usury the first opportunity; do not let thyself be persuaded to the contrary;—it is a mere hypochondriacal phantom." Conscience then again whispered, "But how often hast thou been desirous of laying out thy talent in the instruction of youth, and how has it then fared with thee?" The serpent knew how to object to this by replying, "Those were purifications, intended to fit thee for important employments." Stilling gave credence to the serpent, and conscience was silent.

The following Sunday, a messenger came from Mr. Hochberg to fetch Stilling. All wept at his departure; but he left them with joy. On arriving at Holtzheim, they went to old Brauer, who had related his history to Stilling on his first passing through the village; he told the honest old man his renewed good-fortune; but the latter did not, as it seemed, particularly rejoice at it; however, he said, "This is, for you, a good beginning." Stilling imagined the man might have his reasons for saying so.

After proceeding half-a-league further, they reached Mr. Hochberg's house. It lay in a little pleasant valley by a beautiful brook, not far from the high-road by which Stilling had travelled. On entering the house, Madame Hochberg came out of the parlour. She was spendidly dressed, and a lady of uncommon beauty. She saluted Stilling in a friendly manner, and told him to go into the parlour. He went in, and found an excellently furnished and beautifully-papered apartment. Two fine-looking boys entered, with a pretty girl; the boys were dressed in scarlet clothes, in the hussar fashion; but the girl quite in the style of a princess. The good children came, in order to pay their respects to their new tutor; they made their obeisances as they had been taught, and stepped towards him to kiss his hand. Now such a thing had never before happened to Stilling in his whole life; he knew neither how to act nor what

to say;—they seized his hand, but as he held the hollow of it to them, they were obliged to take the trouble of turning it about, in order to press their little mouths upon the back of it. Stilling now perceived how he had to behave on the occasion; but the children skipped away again, and were glad that they had finished their task.

Mr. Hochberg and his old father-in-law were gone to church, whilst his lady was occupied in making her domestic arrangements in the kitchen. Stilling was therefore alone in the room; he clearly saw what was requisite here, and that he was defective in two essential things, in order to be private tutor at Mr. Hochberg's. He was entirely ignorant of the science of politeness; for although he had not been brought up in stupid rudeness, yet he had never made a bow in all his life—every thing had been hitherto verbal salutation, and a shake of the hand. His language was his native dialect, in which, at the most, he could only honor a person with the little word "You." And secondly, his clothes were not fashionable, nor even good, but coarse and much worn. He had earned, it is true, eight guilders at Mr. Nagel's, but what was that in such want of every thing! For two guilders he had purchased a pair of new shoes, a hat for two more, a shirt for two, and two he had in his pocket. But all this outlay was scarcely visible upon him; he immediately felt that he would be daily ashamed; he had also hourly to learn, by attention, a more polite behaviour, and to endeavour by his faithful diligence, ability, and good conduct, to gain the favor of his employers, so that they might gradually help him out of his necessities.

Mr. Hochberg, at length, also made his appearance, for it was noon. He united, in one person, every thing that can be called dignity and mercantile respectability. He was a good-looking man, tall, and rather corpulent; he had a very round face, of a brown complexion, with large jet-black eyes, and rather thick lips; and when he spoke, two rows of teeth like alabaster always shewed themselves; his gait and posture were perfectly Spanish, but I must at the same time confess there was nothing affected in it, but all was natural to him. On entering the room, he looked at Stilling, just as great princes are wont to look at any one. This look penetrated Stilling through and through, perhaps as forcibly as that did which he nine years afterwards felt in the presence of one of the greatest princes of Germany; and his knowledge of the world at that time, was probably in the same proportion as Hochberg with this excellent prince.

After this look, Mr. Hochberg nodded at Stilling, and said, "*Serviteur, monsieur!*"

Stilling immediately collected himself, bowed, as well as he could, and said, "Your servant, worthy sir!"

To confess the truth, he had studied for an hour over this compliment; but as he could not know before-hand what Hochberg would say further, there was an end to it, as well as to his dexterity. Mr. Hochberg paced the room a few times; he then looked at Stilling again, and said, "Are you resolved to serve with me as preceptor?"

Stilling.—"Yes."

Hochberg.—"Do you understand languages?"

Stilling.—"Latin, pretty well."

Hochberg.—"*Bon, monsieur!* You do not indeed require it, but the *connoissance* of it is most essential in orthography. Do you understand arithmetic also?"

Stilling.—"I have exercised myself in geometry, for which arithmetic is requisite; I have also studied a little in dialling and mathematics."

Hochberg.—"*Eh bien!* that's clever! that pleases me. I will give you, together with board and lodging, twenty-five guilders a-year."

Stilling was satisfied with it, although it seemed to him rather too little; he therefore said, "I shall be content, with what you may add to it; and I hope you will give me what I may deserve."

Hochberg.—"*Oui;* your *conduite* will determine how I may act in that respect."

They now went to dinner. Stilling saw here also how much he had still to learn before he could bring meat and drink to his mouth *à la mode.* But notwithstanding all these difficulties, he felt within him a secret joy, on being at length elevated from the dust, and introduced into the circle of respectable people, for which he had so much longed. All that he saw, which appertained to propriety of behaviour and good manners, he observed most minutely; he even exercised himself in making proper obeisances, when he was alone in his chamber, when no one could see him. He regarded his present situation as a school, where the opportunity was afforded him of learning decorum and politeness.

The next day he began to attend to the tuition of the two boys and the girl;—he had great pleasure in the children, for they were well brought up, and particularly very obliging towards their teacher, and this sweetened all his labor. A few days after, Mr. Hochberg set off for the fair. His departure grieved Stilling, for he was the only one that could converse wth him; the rest spoke always upon such subjects as were entirely indifferent to him.

Thus passed some weeks very pleasantly, without Stilling's having any thing to wish for, except that he might at length be provided with better clothes. He wrote an account of this change in his circumstances to his father, and received a pleasing reply.

Mr. Hochberg returned at Michaelmas. Stilling was glad of his arrival; but this joy was not of long duration. A total change gradually took place, which rendered his situation painful to him. Mr. and Mrs. Hochberg had thought that their preceptor had still clothes at Schauberg. But when they saw, at length, that he had really brought all he had with him, they began to think meanly of him, and to mistrust him; they locked every thing up in his presence, were reserved, and he perceived from their conversation that they looked upon him as a vagabond. Now there was nothing in the world more repugnant to Stilling than to be suspected of the slightest breach of trust, and therefore this circumstance was quite intolerable to him. It is likewise inconceivable how the good people could fall upon such a satanic idea. However, it is most probable that some one of the servants was unfaithful, who sought to transfer the suspicion to him, behind his back; and the worst of it was, they did not openly make any charge against him, which deprived him of all opportunity of defending himself.

By degrees, they made his duties more difficult. As soon as he arose in the morning, he went down into the parlour; they then drank coffee, which was over by seven o'clock, and he was obliged immediately to accompany the children into the school-room, which consisted of a little chamber, four feet wide and ten feet long; he did not come out of it till between twelve and two o'clock, when he was called to dinner; and directly after that, he went in again until four, when they drank tea; immediately after tea it was said again, "Now, children, to school!"—and then he did not leave it again before nine o'clock, when supper was served; after which he went to bed.

In this manner, he had not a moment for himself, except on Sundays; and these he also spent sorrowfully, because, on account of his want of clothes, he could no longer go to the door, much less to church. If he had continued at Schauberg, Mr. Nagel would by degrees have sufficiently provided for him, for he had, in fact, made remote preparations for so doing.

A three-headed monster was now really let loose upon poor Stilling. The most extreme poverty, a continual incarceration or imprisonment, and thirdly, an insufferable mistrust, and the extreme contempt for him which resulted from it.

Towards Martinmas, all his susceptibilities awoke, his eyes opened, and he saw the blackest melancholy approaching him like a legion of devils. He called aloud to God so that it might have been heard from pole to pole, but there was no longer any feeling of consolation; he could not even once think of God so that his heart might have participated in it; and this dreadful torment he had never before been acquainted with, even by name, much less ever experienced the least of it. Besides this, he had not about him a single faithful soul, to whom he could communicate his circumstances; nor had he clothes to seek for such a friend—they were torn, and time was not even allowed him to repair them.

He thought at the very commencement, that he would not long be able to hold out under such circumstances; and yet they daily grew worse. His master and mistress, and every one else, troubled themselves as little about him as if he had not been in the world, although they were well satisfied with his tuition.

As Christmas drew near, his painful situation increased. The whole of the day he was quite stiff and reserved; but in the evening, about ten o'clock, when he retired to his chamber, his tears began to flow, he trembled and shook like a malefactor who is about to be broken on the wheel; and when he was lying in bed, he struggled in such a manner with his mental torment, that the whole bed, and even the glass in the windows shook, till he fell asleep. It was still very fortunate for him that he was able to sleep; but when he awoke in the morning, and the sun shone upon his bed, he was horrified, and was again stiff and cold; the beautiful sun seemed to him nothing else than the wrathful eye of God, which, like a flaming world, threatened to hurl down thunder and lightning upon him. But all the day long the heavens appeared red to him, and he started at the sight of every living being, as if it had been a ghost; whilst, on the contrary, it would have been a joy and refreshment to him to have watched in some gloomy abyss, between corpses and terrible objects.

At length he found time, during the holidays, to give his clothes a thorough repair; he turned his coat, and put every thing to rights as well as he could. Poverty is the mother of invention; and he covered his deficiences in such a manner that he could at least go a few times to church at Holtzheim, without being ashamed; but he had become so pale and thin that he could no longer cover his teeth with his lips; the features of his face were dreadfully disfigured by sorrow, his eyebrows were raised up very high, and his forehead was full of wrinkles; his eyes lay wild, deep, and dark in his head; his upper lip, with the nostrils, had drawn itself upwards, and the corners of his mouth sank down with the skinny cheeks; every one who saw him considered him fixedly, and turned away from him with apprehension.

On Sunday, after new-year, he went to church. There was no one of all the people who spoke to him, except the Rev. Mr. Brück; he had observed him from the pulpit, and when the sermon was over, the worthy man hastened out of the church, sought for him amongst the people who stood at the door, seized him by the arm, and said, "Come with me, tutor!—you shall dine with me, and spend the afternoon with me." It is inexpressible what an effect these kind words had upon his mind; he could scarcely refrain from weeping and crying aloud; the tears flowed in streams down his cheeks; he could not answer the preacher a word, and the latter asked him no further questions, but conducted him directly to his house; his lady and the children were shocked at his appearance, and heartily pitied him.

As soon as Mr. Brück had unrobed, they sat down to table. The clergyman immediately began to speak of his situation, and that so powerfully and emphatically, that Stilling did nothing but weep aloud, and all that sat at table wept with him. This excellent man read in his soul what was the matter with him; he impressively asserted that all the sufferings he had hitherto endured had been only purifying fires, by which eternal love sought to put away his pride, and to make him meet for some peculiar purpose—that his present painful situation had been allotted him for the same reason, and it would not be long before the Lord would graciously deliver him; and similar consolations of the kind, which refreshed the parched soul of poor Stilling like a cool dew. But this consolation did not last long; he was obliged to return in the evening to his prison, and the pain, after this refreshment, was only the more intolerable.

These dreadful sufferings continued from Martinmas to the 12th of April 1762, consequently nineteen or twenty weeks. This day was therefore the happy epoch of his deliverance. He rose early in the morning with the very same painful sufferings with which he had lain down to sleep; he went down as usual to breakfast, drank coffee, and from thence to the school-room. At nine o'clock, as he was sitting at the table in his prison, and quite retired within himself, enduring the fire of his sufferings, he suddenly felt his state completely changed: all his melancholy and pain had wholly disappeared; he felt such a delight and profound peace in his soul, that he knew not what to do for joy and felicity. He bethought himself, and perceived that he was willing to go away;—he had taken this resolution without being conscious of it; he therefore rose up the same moment, went up to his bed-room, and reflected upon his circumstances. How many tears of joy and gratitude flowed there, those alone can comprehend who have been themselves in a similar situation.

He now packed his few remaining rags together, bound up his hat with them, but left his stick behind. This bundle he threw out of a window into the yard behind the house, then went down again, and walked, with perfect indifference, out of the gate, went behind the house, took his bundle, and walked as fast as he could up the field, and pretty far into the thicket. He there put on his worn-out coat, his hat, and put his old chamois-frock, which he wore in the week-days, into his bundle, cut a stick, on which he supported himself, and wandered northwards over hill and dale without any certain path. His mind was now quite tranquil; he tasted the sweetness of liberty in all its fulness; but he was still so stupified and almost insensible, that he did not reflect upon his situation, and was incapable of thinking. After walking onwards for almost an hour through waste places, he hit upon a high road, and then saw, about a league before him, a little town upon a hill, to which this road led;

he followed it involuntarily, and about eleven o'clock, arrived at the gates. He there asked the name of the town, and was told it was Waldstatt, which he had sometimes heard mentioned. He went in at one gate, directly through the town, and out of the other. There he found two roads; which seemed to him equally trodden; he chose one of them, and went, or rather ran forwards upon it. After travelling scarcely half a league, he found himself in a wood, the road disappeared, and he saw no further trace of it. He sat down, for he had tired himself with running. All his mental faculties now returned; he recollected himself, and found that he had not a single farthing of money in his pocket, having demanded little or nothing of his salary from Mr. Hochberg; besides which, he was hungry, he was in a wilderness, and did not know a single individual, far and wide, that was acquainted with him.

He now began to say to himself, "I have at length ascended the highest summit of abandonment; nothing more is left me but to beg or die. This is the first day in my life in which I know of no dinner provided for me! Yes, the hour is come, when that great promise of the Redeemer is put to the highest test, as it respects me, 'Not a hair of your head shall perish!' If this be true, I must have immediate aid; for to this moment I have trusted in Him, and believed his word. I belong to those eyes that wait upon the Lord, that He may give them their meat in due season, and satisfy them with his good pleasure; I am his creature, at least as much as any bird that sings in the trees, and always finds its food when it requires it." Stilling's heart, at these words, was in a state similar to that of a child when by severe correction it melts at length like wax, and the father turns away to hide his tears. O God! what moments are these, when it is manifest how the bowels of the Father of men yearn over them, and when, from compassion, He can no longer restrain himself.

Whilst reflecting thus, his mind was suddenly at ease, and it seemed to him as if some one whispered to him, "Go into the town, and seek a master!" He turned about the same moment, and feeling in one of his pockets, he found that he had his scissars and thimble with him, without knowing it. He returned therefore, and went in at the gate. He found a person standing before his door, whom he saluted, and asked where the best master-tailor in the town lived. The man called a child, and said to it, "Take this person to Mr. Isaac." The child ran before Stilling, and conducted him to a small house, in a remote corner of the town; he went in, and entered the parlour. Here he found a pale, thin, but civil and cleanly woman, who was spreading the cloth, in order to dine with her children. Stilling saluted her, and asked her whether he could have work there. The woman looked at him, and considered him from head to foot. "Yes," said she, in a modest and friendly manner; "my husband is at a loss for a journeyman; where are you from?" Stilling answered, "From the province of Salen." The woman brightened up, and said, "My husband is also from that part; I will send for him." He was gone to work at a house in the town, with a journeyman and apprentice; and she sent one of the children thither to fetch him. In a few minutes Mr. Isaac entered the house;—his wife told him what she knew, and he made further inquiries regarding what he wished to know; he then willingly took him into his employ. His wife now invited him to sit down with them, and thus his dinner had been already prepared for him, whilst he was wandering in the wood and reflecting whether God would that day grant him his necessary food!

Mr. Isaac stayed and dined with them. After dinner, he took him to work with him at a bailiff's, whose name was Schauerof; this man was a baker, a tall, thin personage. After Mr. Isaac and his new journeyman had sat down, and began to work, the bailiff came also, with his long pipe, sat down with the tailors, and commenced a conversation with Mr. Isaac, where they had probably previously left off.

"Yes," said the bailiff; "the idea that I form to myself of the Spirit of Christ is, that of an omnipresent power, which every where seeks entrance into the hearts of men, in order to change every soul into its own nature;—now, the further any one is from God, the more estranged is he from this Spirit. What dost thou think of it, brother Isaac?"

"I view the matter much in the same manner," rejoined the latter; "it chiefly depends upon the will of man; the will makes him susceptible of it."

Stilling could now no longer restrain himself; he felt that he was with pious people; he began all on a sudden to weep aloud, behind the table, and exclaim, "O God, I am at home! I am at home!" All who were present started, and were astonished; they knew not what was the matter with him. Mr. Isaac looked at him, and said, "What is the matter, Stilling?" (for he had told him his name.) Stilling answered, "It is long since I have heard this language; and as I now see that you are people who love God, I was unable to contain myself for joy." Mr. Isaac continued, "Are you then a friend of religion and true godliness?"

"O yes," rejoined Stilling, "from my very heart!"

The bailiff laughed for joy, and said, "We have therefore one brother more." Mr. Isaac and bailiff Schauerof shook him by the hand, and were much pleased. In the evening, after supper, the journeyman and apprentice went home; but the bailiff, Isaac, and Stilling, continued long together, conversing in an edifying manner on religious subjects.

Heinrich Stilling, now lived again contentedly at Waldstatt;—after so much suffering and imprisonment, peace and liberty tasted so much the sweeter. He had not written one word concerning his distresses to his father, in order that he might not grieve him; but now, having left Mr. Hochberg's, and living again at his trade, he wrote him much, but not all. The answer which he received, was a reiteration of what he had often told him, that he was not destined for the instruction of youth.

After Stilling had been some days with Mr. Isaac, the latter once began, whilst they were at work together, during the absence of the other journeyman and apprentice, to speak to him respecting his clothes, and inquired minutely concerning every thing he had. After Isaac had heard all, he immediately rose up, and fetched some beautiful violet-coloured cloth for a coat, a fine new hat, black cloth for a waistcoat, stuff for an under-waistcoat and trowsers, and a pair of good fine stockings; the shoemaker had orders to measure him for a pair of shoes, and his wife made him six new shirts; all this was ready in a fortnight. His master then put one of his walking-sticks into his hand; and Stilling was now better clothed than ever he had been in his life; besides which, every thing was according to the fashion, and now he was not ashamed to be seen.

This was the last enemy that was to be overcome. Stilling could not sufficiently express his

heartfelt gratitude to God and his benefactor; he wept for joy, and was completely comfortable and happy. But blessed be thy ashes, thou friend of Stilling, where thou liest and reposest! When once the words shall resound over a flaming world, *"I was naked, and ye clothed me!"* then shalt thou also lift up thy head, and thy glorified body will shine seven times more brilliantly than the sun on a summer's morning!

Stilling's inclination to rise higher in the world was for this time, so to speak, completely torn up by the roots; and he was firmly and irrevocably resolved to remain a tailor, until he should be clearly convinced that it was the will of God he should begin something else. In a word, he solemnly renewed the covenant with God, which he had made the previous summer, on the Sunday afternoon, in the street at Schauberg. His master was also so satisfied with him that he treated him in every respect as his companion; but his wife loved him as tenderly as a sister; and the children likewise were fond of him, so that he again lived in his proper element.

His fondness for the sciences, indeed, still remained what it had been; however, it rested under the ashes—he had no longer a passion for them, and he let them rest.

Mr. Isaac had a large acquaintance with pious and awakened people for five leagues round Waldstatt. Sunday was appointed for visiting; he therefore went, early on the Sunday morning, with Stilling, to the place they had resolved upon, and after spending the day with their friends, returned home in the evening. Or if they intended to go far, they set out together on the Sunday afternoon, and returned on the Monday morning. It afforded joy to Stilling's soul to become acquainted with so many virtuous characters; and he was particularly pleased that all these people had nothing enthusiastic, but simply sought to exercise love to God and man, and to imitate Christ, their Head, in their walk and conversation. This fully accorded with Stilling's religious system, and therefore he united with all these people in sincere and fraternal affection. And in reality, this connexion had an excellent effect upon him. Isaac continually admonished him to watch and pray, and always fraternally reminded him, when he was not sufficiently careful in his conversation. This manner of life was beyond measure useful to him, and prepared him, more and more, for what God intended to make of him.

In the middle of May,—I believe it was near Whitsuntide,—Mr. Isaac determined to visit some very pious friends in the province of Mark, about six leagues from Waldstatt; they dwelt in a little town, which I will here call Rothenbeck. He took Stilling with him: it was most delightful weather, and the way thither led through a charming part of the country;—at one time across a meadow; at another through a green thicket filled with nightingales; sometimes up a field covered with flowers; at others, over a bushy hill; sometimes on a heath, where the scenery around was paradisiacal; then into a large wood; afterwards along a cool and murmuring brook, and thus continually changing as they proceeded. Our two pilgrims were healthy and well, without care or sorrow; they had peace both within and without,—loved each other as brethren, saw and experienced every where the goodness and nearness of the Father of all things in nature, and possessed a number of good friends in the world, and few or no enemies. They walked, or rather ran, hand-in-hand, along their way, spoke quite confidentially on all kinds of subjects, or sang some edifying hymn, until they arrived, towards evening, without weariness or difficulty, at Rothenbeck. They took up their residence with a very worthy and affluent friend, to whom they therefore proved the less burdensome. The name of this friend was Glöckner, who was a tradesman, and dealt in a variety of wares. This man and his wife had no children. They both received the strangers with cordial affection; and though they were not yet acquainted with Stilling, yet they were very friendly towards him, on Isaac's assuring them that he was of the same will and sentiments with them all.

During supper, in the evening, Glöckner related a very remarkable tale regarding his brother-in-law Freymuth, which was to the following effect:—Madame Freymuth was Glöckner's wife's sister, and of one mind with her concerning religion; the two sisters therefore came frequently together, with other friends, on the Sunday afternoon, when they recapitulated the morning's sermon, read in the Bible, and sang hymns. Freymuth could not bear this at all; he was an arch-enemy to such things, notwithstanding he went diligently to church and sacrament, but that was all;—horrible oaths, drinking, gaming, licentious conversation, and fighting, were his most gratifying amusements, in which he passed his time after his business was finished. When he came home in the evening, and found his wife reading the Bible, or some other edifying book, he began to swear in a dreadful manner, and to say to her, "Thou canting, pietistic d——, knowest thou not that I will not have thee read?" He then seized her by the hair, dragged her about upon the ground, and beat her, till the blood gushed from her nose and mouth; however, she did not say a word, but when he left off, she embraced his knees, and besought him, with many tears, to be converted and change his course of life; he then kicked her away from him with his feet, and said, "That I will not, thou wretch! I will be no hypocrite, like thee." He treated her in the same manner when he knew that she had been in company with other pious people. In this way he had acted, ever since his wife had been of different sentiments to himself. But now, only within the last few days, Freymuth had become entirely changed, and that in the following manner:—

Freymuth took his departure for the fair at Frankfort. During this time, his wife was entirely at liberty to live as she pleased; she not only went to visit other friends, but also occasionally invited a considerable number of them to her house; this she did, also, last Easter fair. Once, when many of them were assembled in Freymuth's house on a Sunday evening, and were reading, praying, and singing together, it pleased the mob not to suffer this; they came, and first of all broke all the windows within their reach, and as the house-door was fastened, they burst it open with a strong pole. The company in the parlour were alarmed and terrified, and every one sought to hide himself as well as he could. Madame Freymuth alone remained; and on hearing the house-door broken open, she stepped out with a light in her hand. Several of the mob had already burst in, whom she met in the hall. She smiled at the people, and said good-humoredly, "Neighbours! what is it you want?" Immediately it seemed as though they had received a beating, they looked at each other, were ashamed, and went quietly home again. The next morning, Madame Freymuth sent for the glazier and carpenter, in order to restore every thing to its proper state; this was done, and scarcely was all finished when her husband returned from the fair.

He immediately observed the new windows, and therefore asked his wife how it had happened?

She told him the pure truth, circumstantially, and concealed nothing from him; but sighed at the same time, in her mind, to God for assistance; for she expected nothing else but that she would be dreadfully beaten. Freymuth, however, did not think of that; but was mad at the outrage of the mob. His intention was to take cruel revenge upon the villains, as he called them; he therefore commanded his wife, with threats, to tell him who they were that had committed the outrage, for she had seen and recognized them.

"Yes, dear husband," said she, "I will tell thee; but I know a still greater sinner than they all together; for there was one who for the very same reason beat me most dreadfully."

Freymuth did not understand this as it was meant; he flew into a passion, beat upon his breast, and roared out, "May the d—— fetch him and thee too, if thou dost not this moment tell me who it was." "Yes," answered Madame Freymuth, "I will tell thee; revenge thyself upon him as much as thou wilt;—*thou art the man that did it*, and art therefore worse than the people who only broke the windows." Freymuth was mute, and stood as if struck by lightning; he was silent awhile: at length he began, "God in heaven, thou art in the right! I have certainly been a real villain! I am wishing to revenge myself on people who are better than I! Yes wife! I am the most wicked wretch upon earth!" He jumped up, ran up-stairs to his bed-room, lay there three days and three nights, flat upon the ground, ate nothing, and only occasionally took something to drink. His wife kept him company as much as she could, and helped him in prayer, that he might obtain favour with God, through the Redeemer.

On the morning of the fourth day, he rose with his mind at ease, praised God, and said, "I am now assured that my grievous sins are forgiven me!" From that moment he has been quite another man, as humble as he was proud before, as meek as he had been previously wrathful and daring, and as heartily pious as he had before been impious.

This man would have been a subject for my friend Lavater. The expression of his countenance was the maddest and wildest in the world; it needed only a single passion—for instance, anger—to be excited, and the animal spirits required only to extend every muscle of his face, and he would have appeared raging mad. But now he is like a lion turned into a lamb. Peace and serenity are impressed upon every muscle of his countenance, and this gives him an aspect as pious as it was previously brutal.

After supper, Glöckner sent his servant to Freymuth's house, to say that friends had arrived to visit him. Freymuth and his wife came immediately, and welcomed Isaac and Stilling. The latter made his observations, all the evening, upon the two people, and at one time admired the meekness of the lion, and at another the courage of the lamb. All the six were very happy together, edified each other as well as they were able, and went late to bed.

Our two friends continued a couple of days longer at Rothenbeck, visiting and receiving visits. The schoolmaster there, who was also a Stilling, and from the province of Salen, belonged likewise to the society of the pious at Rothenbeck; him they visited also. He became particularly fond of Stilling, especially on hearing that he had been a long time schoolmaster. The two Stillings made a covenant with each other, that one should write to the other as long as they lived, in order to maintain the friendship then formed.

At length they travelled back again from Rothenbeck to Waldstatt, and betook themselves to their occupation, during which they passed their time in all kinds of pleasing conversation.

There dwelt, about a league from Waldstatt, a considerable merchant, of the name of Spanier. This man had seven children, of whom the eldest was a daughter of about sixteen, and the youngest a girl of a year old. There were in all, three sons and four daughters. He had a very large iron-foundry, which consisted of seven forges, of which four were near his house, and three lay at the distance of a league and-a-half, not far from Mr. Hochberg's house, where Stilling had formerly resided. He possessed, besides, a great many estates, houses, gardens, and all that belongs to them, together with a number of domestics, footmen, servants, and grooms; for he had several horses for his own use.

When Mr. Spanier had collected together sufficient employment for the tailor, he sent for Mr. Isaac with his journeyman to work for some days at his house, in order to repair his own and his people's clothes.

After Stilling had been twelve weeks with Mr. Isaac, it happened that they were sent for to work at Mr. Spanier's. They went thither early in the morning. On entering the room-door, Mr. Spanier was sitting alone at the table, drinking coffee out of a little pot that had been filled for him alone. He turned himself slowly about, looked Stilling in the face, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Tutor."

Stilling blushed deeply, and knew not what to say; however, he soon recovered himself, and said, "Your servant, Mr. Spanier." The latter remained silent, and continued to drink his coffee. But Stilling betook himself to his work.

Some hours afterwards, Mr. Spanier walked up and down the room, but without speaking a word; at length he stood still before Stilling, looked at him awhile, and said:—

"You succeed as well in that, Stilling, as if you had been born to be a tailor; but that you are not."

"How so?" asked Stilling.

"For this very reason," rejoined Spanier; "because I will have you for tutor to my children."

Mr. Isaac looked at Stilling, and smiled.

"No, Mr. Spanier!" replied Stilling; "that will not be the case. I have irrevocably determined to teach no more. I am now quiet and comfortable at my trade, and I will not depart from it."

Mr. Spanier shook his head, laughed, and continued, "I will teach you something different to that; I have levelled so many a mountain in the world, that if I were unable to bring you to another way of thinking, I should be ashamed of myself."

He said nothing more upon the subject that day; but Stilling entreated his master to let him go home the same evening, in order to escape Mr. Spanier's snares. However, Mr. Isaac would not permit it; Stilling, therefore, armed himself in the best manner, in order to be able to resist Mr. Spanier with the most weighty arguments.

The next day it again happened that Mr. Spanier walked up and down the room, and began to speak to Stilling as follows:—

"Hear me, Stilling. If I were to let a fine coat be made for me, and then hang it upon a nail, without ever putting it on—should I not be thought a fool?"

"Yes," replied Stilling; "first, if you needed it, and, secondly, if it fitted well. But supposing you let such a coat be made without requiring it, or if

you put it on, and found it was everywhere too tight for you, what would you do then?"

"I will tell you what I would do with it," answered Spanier; "I would give it to some one else, whom it fitted."

"But," rejoined Stilling, "if you had given it to seven, and each of them returned it to you and said, 'It does not fit me,' how would you then act?"

Spanier replied, "I should still be a fool if I suffered it to hang up for the moths to devour; I would give it to the eighth, and say, 'Alter it till it fits you.' But supposing the eighth was perfectly willing to take the coat as it was, and not to require more of it than it was made for, I should be committing a sin if I did not give it to him!"

"You are in the right there," rejoined Stilling; "however, notwithstanding all this, I entreat you, Mr. Spanier, for God's sake, leave me at my trade."

"No," answered he, "that I will not; you shall and must become my domestic tutor, and that on the following terms:—You are unacquainted with the French language, but with me it is necessary, for many reasons, that you understand it; therefore look out for a language-master wherever you please; remove to him, and learn the language; I will gladly pay whatever it may cost. Further, I give you, notwithstanding, full liberty to return to Mr. Isaac as soon as you are tired of living with me; and finally, you shall have all that you need as to clothing, &c., as long as you continue with me. But then I have also a right, on the contrary, to demand *this* of you,—that you will not enter upon any other situation, as long as I require you, unless it be to provide yourself for life."

Mr. Isaac was touched with this proposal. "Now," said he to Stilling, "you will commit a sin, if you do not consent. This comes from God, and all your previous engagements from yourself."

Stilling examined himself closely, and found within him no passion or ambitious feeling; but felt, on the contrary, a hint in his conscience, that this situation was pointed out to him by God.

After a short pause, he began:—"Yes, Mr. Spanier, I will venture upon it once more, but I do it with fear and trembling."

Mr. Spanier rose up, gave him his hand, and said, "God be thanked! I have now made this mountain into a plain. But you must immediately betake yourself to a language-master; the sooner the better."

Stilling was quite willing to do so, and even Mr. Isaac said, "The day after to-morrow is Sunday; you may then set off in God's name." This was therefore agreed upon.

I must confess, now that Stilling is again become another man, that however happy he imagined himself to be, he had still a discordant string, which he never dared to touch. As soon as it occurred to him, what he had read and attained to in the mathematics and other sciences, his heart was pained; however, he expelled it from his mind again; hence he felt very different on being conscious that he was about to enter into his proper element.

Although Isaac was pleased at his good fortune, yet it grieved him much that he was so soon to part with him; and it pained Stilling to the soul, that he was obliged to take leave of the most upright man in the world, and the best friend he ever had, before he was able to repay him for his clothes by his earnings; on this account, he secretly spoke with Mr. Spanier, and told him what Mr. Isaac had done for him. The tears came into Mr. Spanier's eyes, and he said, "Excellent man! I will reward him; he shall never want!" He then gave Stilling some louis-d'ors, with the intimation to pay Isaac with part, and economize with the remainder; when it was expended, he should have more, only he must give a proper account how he had spent it.

Stilling rejoiced above measure; he had never yet met with such a man. He therefore paid Mr. Isaac with the money; and the latter then confessed that he had really borrowed the money for all the clothes. This went to Stilling's heart; he could not refrain from weeping, and thought within himself, if ever a man deserved a marble monument, this man does—not for having made whole nations happy, but because he would have done so if he could.

Once more! Blessed be thy ashes, my friend!—who wast one of a thousand, where thou liest and sleepest; these sacred tears bedew thy grave, thou true follower of Christ!

Stilling therefore took leave, on Sunday, of his friends at Waldstatt, and proceeded by way of Rasenheim to Schönenthal, in order to seek a good language-master. On approaching that place, he recollected that a year and some weeks before, he had first travelled that road; he revolved in his mind all that had befallen him in that short period, and then again, his present condition; he fell down upon his knees, and thanked God heartily for his severe but sacred guidance, at the same time beseeching Him to cause the sunshine of his favor to beam upon him. On ascending the eminence, from whence he could survey all Schönenthal, and the extent of the beautiful valley, he felt poetically inspired, sat down under the bushes, drew out his tablets, and wrote:—

"I feel a soft emotion flow,
A peace celestial and profound;
Whilst pure delights within me glow,
And cooling breezes breathe around.
The clouds, along the placid sky,
Fringed with light, serenely fly.

"The rushing of the distant rill
Floats hither, as on gentle wings:
I listen!—all beside is still,
Save where the lark aspiring sings,
Or, warbling from some secret nook,
Joins with the murmurs of the brook.

"Now, joyfully, my eyes I raise
To every well-known lofty hill;
Then downwards on my path I gaze,
And my appointed course fulfil;
For ever from my breast expel
The foul tormenting fiend of hell.

"Once more I look, with feelings bold,
Down into sorrow's gloomy vale,
And with a placid eye behold
The place where heart and flesh did fail.
I hear a dreadful ocean roar,
And waves terrific lash the shore.

"Like some pale ghost, which feebly roams
Through halls and mansions lone and drear,
Or sadly flitting o'er the tombs,
Fills the night-wanderer with fear,
Whilst laboring hard a word to say,
Which might its suffering state convey—

"So did I totter on the brink
Of the dread gulph of black despair;
And every moment saw me sink
Deeper into the infernal snare.
Loudly below the dragons growl'd,
Whilst high above black thunders roll'd.

"I went, and saw, with sad dismay,
Angels of death around me wait;
Whilst forked lightnings mark'd the way;
Until I 'spied a little gate—
I hasten'd through, in spite of foes,
And found the end of all my woes.

"Onwards I crept, in silent shade:
It still was twilight all around;
I felt my powers and senses fade,
And bent in weakness towards the ground;
Fainting, I felt my eyelids close,
And sank, unconscious of my woes.

"I sank;—as when on friendship's breast
Some deadly-wounded warrior falls,
Whilst surgic aid, with influence blest,
The ebbing tide of life recalls;
I was revived, refresh'd, restored,
And through my frame new strength was pour'd.

'In Isaac's hospitable dome
I tasted pure and sweet repose;—
'Twas there I found a blissful home,
There songs of thankfulness arose;
O God we chaunted hymns of praise,
he Author of our happy days."

Stilling now hastened down the hill to Schönenthal; he ascertained, however, that the language-masters there would not suit his purpose, because, on account of their being much occupied in going from one house to another, they would have little time to spare for him. As he was in haste, and would gladly accomplish his object soon, he was obliged to seek an opportunity where he could learn much in a little time. At length he heard that a very able language-master resided at Dornfeld, where Mr. Dahlheim was the minister; and as this place was only three quarters of a league from Schönenthal, he the more readily determined to go thither.

He arrived at Dornfeld at three o'clock in the afternoon. He immediately inquired for the language-master, went to him, and found a very strange, original man, whose name was Heesfeld. He was sitting in a dark room; he had on a dirty morning-gown of coarse camblet, girded about him with a band of the same stuff; on his head was a cap with flaps to it; his visage was as pale as that of a man who had been some days in the grave, and, compared with the breadth, much too long. His forehead was beautiful; but beneath a couple of jet-black eyebrows, lay two small black eyes deep in the head; his nose was small and long, his mouth regular, but his chin was flat, and projected far forwards, and his extremely black hair was curled round about; in other respects, he was thin, tall, and well-made.

Stilling was in some measure startled at his singular countenance; however, he shewed no symptoms of it, but saluted him, and stated his intention. Mr. Heesfeld received him in a friendly manner, and said, "I will do what I can for you." Stilling next looked out for a lodging, and commenced his study of the French language, which he did in the following manner. In the forenoon, from eight till eleven o'clock, he attended the regular school, as also in the afternoon, from two to five. He sat, however, at the same table with Heesfeld, conversing and passing the time with him; but when the school was over they took a walk together.

Strange as Heesfeld was in his appearance, he was just as peculiar in his life and conversation. He belonged to the class of the Splenetics, as did Graser also; for he never told any one what he thought; no one knew whence he was, and they were equally ignorant whether he was poor or rich. Perhaps he never loved any one in his life more tenderly than Stilling; and yet the latter only ascertained after his death whence he came, and that he had been a rich man.

His peculiar mode of thinking appeared also from his always concealing his abilities, and only letting so much of them be perceived as was necessary. It was every day manifest that he understood French perfectly; but that he was also an excellent Latin scholar was only first apparent when Stilling came to him, with whom he commenced his instruction on the principles of the Latin grammar, and daily made Latin verses with him, which were incomparably beautiful. He understood drawing, dancing, physic, and chymistry in a high degree;—and only two days before Stilling's departure, it happened that the latter was playing on the harpsichord in his company, and Heesfeld was listening. When Stilling ceased, he sat down to it; and acted, at first, as if he had never touched an instrument in his life; but in less than five minutes he began a voluntary, so sweetly and dreadfully melancholy, that it was enough to make a man's hair stand on end. In short, he shewed himself a complete master of the art, and knew how to touch every responding chord in the human frame in such a manner, that Stilling was ready to melt at his affecting mode of playing, and admired the man beyond measure.

Heesfeld, in his youth, had entered into the military service. On account of his abilities, he was taken by an officer of high rank into his particular service, who had him instructed in every thing he desired. He travelled through the world with this gentleman, who twenty years afterwards died, and left him a handsome sum. Heesfeld, at that time, was forty years old; he returned home,—not, however, to his parents and friends,—but took the name of another family, went to Dornfeld as French language-master, and although his parents and his two brothers lived only two leagues from him, yet they knew nothing of him, but believed he had died in a foreign land. On his deathbed, however, he made himself known to his brothers, stated his circumstances to them, and left them a rich inheritance; which, according to his system, was then quite early enough.

Now whether this be termed a failing or a virtue, he had, with all this, a noble soul. His philanthropy had risen to a great height, but he acted in secret; even those to whom he did good were not permitted to know it. Nothing delighted him more, than to hear that people did not know what to make of him.

When he went out to walk with Stilling, they conversed together upon the arts and sciences. Their path always led them into the wildest solitudes. Heesfeld then ascended some waving tree, which would bend easily, sat down in the top, held fast with his hands, and weighing himself down with it to the ground, then laid himself a while in the branches, reposing. Stilling imitated him, and thus they lay and chatted together; when they were tired of this, they rose up, and the trees resumed their perpendicular position; this was an amusement to Heesfeld; he was wont to say, "How beautiful are air-beds! when we rise, they ascend towards heaven." Sometimes he gave a person an enigma to solve, and asked, "What kind of beds are those, which fly up into the air when one rises?"

Stilling lived very happily at Dornfeld. Mr. Spanier sent him money enough, and he studied very diligently, for he had finished in nine weeks. It is incredible, but certainly true;—in two months he understood this language sufficiently; he could read the French journals in German, as if they had been printed in the latter language; he was also already able to write a French letter without a grammatical error, and read correctly; he only required exercise in speaking. He was sufficiently acquainted with the whole of the syntax, so that he could boldly begin to give instructions himself in the language.

Stilling therefore determined to take leave of Mr. Heesfeld, and to remove to his new patron. Both wept on separating from each other. Heesfeld accompanied him the distance of a league; and when they were taking leave of each other, he embraced him, and said, "My friend, if you are ever in want of any thing, write to me, and I will do to you what one brother ought to do to another. My life is a hidden one, but I wish to work like our mother nature; her sources are not

seen, but the individual drinks his fill at her clear brooks." Stilling felt it hard to part from him; at length they tore themselves from each other, and each went his way, without once looking behind him.

Stilling therefore returned on foot to Mr. Spanier's, and arrived at his house in the evening, two days before Michaelmas 1763. Mr. Spanier rejoiced not a little on seeing Stilling return so soon. He immediately treated him as a friend; and Stilling felt convinced that he was now with people with whom he could be happy.

The next day, he began his tuition, the arrangement of which was regulated by Spanier in the following manner. The children and their teacher were with him in his room; he could therefore observe and direct them himself, as well as speak continually with Stilling on a variety of subjects. At the same time, Mr. Spanier gave his family-preceptor time enough to read also for himself. The tuition lasted the whole day; but was so convenient and amusing, that it could not be tedious or burthensome to any one.

Mr. Spanier, however, had designed that Stilling should be not merely the tutor of his children, but he had also another favorable intention respecting him—he purposed employing him in his business; but this he did not communicate to him until the day when he committed a part of his iron-works to his charge. He thought, by so doing, to make an agreeable change in Stilling's situation, and to preserve him from melancholy.

All this was attended with perfect success. After he had been engaged a fortnight in teaching, Mr. Spanier transferred to his care his three forges, and the estates which lay a league and-a-half from his house, not far from the residence of Mr. Hochberg. Stilling had to go thither every three days, in order to fetch away the articles which were ready, and to look after every thing.

He had also to purchase the raw material, and to go for this purpose to the distance of three leagues on the high-road, two or three times every week, whither the carriers came with the iron ore, in order to buy of them what was necessary. When he returned much fatigued, a few days' rest did him good; he then read for himself, and taught at the same time.

But the pleasing intercourse which Stilling had with Mr. Spanier, was his principal enjoyment. They were very intimate together, and conversed cordially on all sorts of subjects. Spanier was, in particular, an able and excellent agriculturist and merchant; so that Stilling often used to say, "Mr. Spanier's house was my academy, where I had an opportunity of studying farming, agriculture, and commerce, in their very essence."

Stilling's manner of life, as here described, continued, without the intervention of a single gloomy hour, for seven whole years together; I will say nothing further respecting it, than that during the whole of this time, he made considerable progress in his knowledge of the world, in good breeding, and the above-mentioned domestic sciences. He instructed his pupils, during this period, in the Latin and French languages, by which he attained to still greater expertness in both; as well as in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and in the principles of the reformed religion.

His own reading consisted, in the beginning, of a variety of poetical works. He first read Milton's Paradise Lost, then Young's Night Thoughts, and afterwards Klopstock's Messias—three books which truly harmonized with his soul; for as he had been previously of a sanguine and tender temperament, he had assumed, after his dreadful sufferings at Mr. Hochberg's, a soft and tender melancholy, which will probably adhere to him till his death.

He did not, at that time, do much more in mathematics, but applied himself, on the contrary, seriously to philosophy; he read the whole of Wolf's German writings, as also Gottsched's Compendium of Philosophy, and Leibnitz's Theodicée. He demonstrated the whole of Baumeister's Minor Logic and Metaphysics; and nothing was more agreeable to him than exercising himself in these sciences; —but still he felt a void within, and a mistrust of these systems; for they really stifled every childlike feeling of the heart towards God. They may be a series of truths; but we do not yet possess the true philosophical chain, to which all things are appended. Stilling expected to find this, but he found it not; he then set about searching further, partly by his own reflection, and partly in other writings; but hitherto he walks mournfully upon this path, because he sees no outlet.

Mr. Spanier was also originally from the province of Salen, for his father was born not far from Kleefeld, where Stilling had kept his last parochial school. On this account, he had occasionally business in that place; and for this he made use of Stilling by preference, particularly because he was known there. After he had been a year with his patron, and consequently nearly two years and-a-half away from home, he began his first journey, on foot, to his native province. He had twelve leagues to travel from Mr. Spanier's to his uncle Johann Stilling's, and thirteen to his father's. This journey he purposed accomplishing in one day. He therefore set off early in the morning, at daybreak, and travelled onwards very agreeably; but he took a nearer road than that by which he had formerly come. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he gained the summit of a hill on the borders of the province of Salen, from whence he could see all the well-known heights; his heart melted, he sat down, shed tears of sensibility, and thanked God for his painful, but very uncommon guidance. He reflected how poor and wretched he had gone forth from his native province, and that now he had money in abundance, fine clothes, and all that he needed. This softened him so much, and made him so grateful to God, that he could not refrain from weeping.

He now proceeded on his journey, and arrived in the course of an hour at his uncle's at Lichthausen. The joy they felt on seeing him was unspeakable; he was grown tall, and of a good figure; had on a fine dark-blue coat, and fine white linen; his hair was powdered, and rolled up round about, and he looked, at the same time, cheerful and blooming, because things went well with him. His uncle embraced and kissed him, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks. Meanwhile his aunt, Maria Stilling, came also; she had been married since his departure, and had removed to Lichthausen; she fell upon his neck, and kissed him repeatedly.

He remained that night with his uncle; the next morning, he proceeded to Leindorf to his father's. How the worthy man jumped up, on seeing him come so unexpectedly!—but he sank back again, whilst Stilling ran towards him, embraced and kissed him. Wilhelm held his hands before his eyes, and wept; his son likewise shed tears. The mother then came also, shook him by the hand, and wept aloud for joy, on seeing him again in health.

Stilling now related to his parents all that had happened to him, and how comfortably situated he was at present. Meanwhile, the report of Stilling's arrival spread itself through the whole village. The house was filled with people; old and young came

to see their former schoolmaster, and the village was full of joy on his account.

Towards evening, Wilhelm took his son with him to walk in the fields. He spoke much with him on his past and future fate, just in the manner of old Stilling; so that his son was penetrated with reverence. At length Wilhelm said, "Hear me, my son:—thou must visit thy grandmother; she suffers much from the rheumatism, and will not live much longer. She very often speaks of thee, and wishes to converse with thee once more before her end." The next morning, therefore, Stilling rose, and went to Tiefenbach. How he felt, when he saw the old castle, *der hitzige Stein*, the Giller, and the village itself! His sensations were inexpressible; he commenced a self-examination, and found, that if he were able, he would gladly exchange his present state for that of his youth. He arrived in a short time at the village; all the people ran out, so that he came, as it were, in a crowd, to the venerable house of his fathers. He felt a thrill pervade him as he entered, just as if he had been crossing the threshold of some ancient temple. His aunt Elizabeth was in the kitchen; she ran to him, gave him her hand, and led him joyfully into the parlour; there lay his grandmother, Margaret Stilling, in a neat little bed by the wall, near the stove; her chest was drawn upwards, the joints in her hands were swollen, and her fingers stiff and turned inwards. Stilling ran to her, took hold of her hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, "How are you, my dear grandmother? It rejoices my soul to see you again." She strove to raise herself up, but sank powerless back again. "Ah!" cried she, "I can still hear and feel thee, before my end. Come nearer to me, that I may feel thy face!" Stilling bent himself towards her; she felt his forehead, his eyes, nose and mouth, his chin and cheeks. In doing this, her stiff fingers came in contact with his hair, and she felt the powder. "So," said she, "thou art the first of our family that has worn powder; but be not the first to forget integrity and the fear of God! Now," continued she, "I can form an idea of thee, as though I saw thee; tell me how it has fared with thee, and how it now goes with thee." Stilling related every thing briefly and pointedly. When he had finished, she began as follows:—"Listen to me, Heinrich! Be humble and devout, and it will go well with thee; never be ashamed of thy descent, and thy poor friends, however great thou mayest be in the world. He that is low may become great by humility, and he that is high may become low by pride; when I am once dead, it is all one what I have been in the world, if I have only lived as a Christian."

Stilling was obliged solemnly to promise this, both by word, and by giving her his hand; and after he had conversed with her for some time longer, he took a hasty leave of her. His heart pained him, for he knew that he should not see her again in this life. She was on the borders of the grave; but she took him by the hand, held him fast, and said, "Thou art in haste—God be with thee, my child! I shall see thee again before the throne of God!" He pressed her hand and wept. She perceived it, and continued, "No! weep not over me!—it is well with me. I heartily commend thee into the fatherly hands of God;—may He bless thee, and preserve thee from all evil! Now go, in God's name!" Stilling tore himself loose, hurried out of the house, and has never returned thither since. Some days after, died Margaret Stilling; she lies buried at Florenburgh with her husband.

Stilling now felt as if he had no longer any attachment to his native province; he took leave of his relatives, hastened his departure, and arrived again at Mr. Spanier's after an absence of five days.

I will not expatiate upon Stilling's uniform mode of life and occupations, during the first four years; but pass over to more important matters. He had now been for a considerable time employed in tuition, and Mr. Spanier's affairs; his years increased, and the idea began to occur to him, what would at length become of him? There was now a complete end to his trade; he had not attempted it for some years, and the tuition of children was also disagreeable to him; he was heartily tired of it, and he felt that he was not formed for it, for he was of a busy and active turn of mind. A mercantile life also did not please him, for he was very conscious that he would be unfit for continual occupation with such things, and this vocation was opposed to his inward impulse; he was, however, neither disturbed nor melancholy, but waited to see what the Lord intended concerning him.

One morning in the spring of the year 1768, he was sitting at the table after breakfast, whilst the children were running about in the court for a little while; he stretched out his hand behind him for a book, and caught hold of "Reitz's History of the Regenerate." He turned it over a little, without intention or reflection; when the history of a man met his eye, who had travelled into Greece, in order to search after the remains of the first Christian churches there. He read the narrative solely to pass the time. When he came, in the course of reading, to the place where the man, on his deathbed, testified the great pleasure he still took in the Greek language, and particularly, what a pleasing feeling he had at the word Eilikrineia—it seemed to Stilling as if he were awaking out of a profound sleep. The word Eilikrineia stood before him, as if surrounded with radiance; he felt, at the same time, an irresistible impulse to learn the Greek language, and a strong and latent attraction to something with which he was still unacquainted, nor could he tell what it was. He recollected himself, and thought, "What shall I do with the Greek language? What an immense labor would it be for me to learn so difficult a language, which I cannot even read, in my twenty-eighth year!" However, all the objections of reason were entirely fruitless; his impulse towards it was so great, and his inclination so powerful, that the time seemed tedious to him before he could commence it. He mentioned all this to Mr. Spanier; the latter reflected a little, and at length he said, "If you must learn Greek, learn it!" Stilling immediately prepared to set out; and went to Waldstatt, to a certain excellent theologian, who was a good friend of his, and to whom he made known his intentions. The good man was much pleased, gave him encouragement, and even recommended him to study divinity; however, Stilling felt no inclination to the latter, and his friend was also satisfied with his sentiments; but advised him to pay close attention to the Divine guidance, and as soon as he was conscious of it, to follow it implicitly. He then gave him the books necessary for learning the Greek language, and wished him the Divine blessing. From thence he went likewise to the preachers, and mentioned his purpose to them; they were also in favor of it, particularly Mr. Seelburg, who promised him every assistance and necessary instruction, for he came to Mr. Spanier's house twice every week.

Stilling now began to learn Greek. He applied himself to it with all his powers, and troubled himself little about the scholastic mode of instruction; but sought only to penetrate, with his under-

standing, into the genius of the language, in order rightly to understand what he read. In short, in five weeks, he translated the first five chapters of the gospel of Matthew into the Latin language, without making a fault, and at the same time, analyzed every word. The Rev. Mr. Seelburg was astonished, and knew not what to say;—this worthy man instructed him only in the pronunciation, and this he caught very rapidly. On this occasion, he also attempted the Hebrew; and in a short time made such progress in it, that he could proceed with the help of a lexicon; Mr. Seelburg did his best for him in this also.

Whilst he thus occupied himself with astonishing industry and labour in these languages, Mr. Spanier continued entirely silent on the subject, and let him do as he pleased: no one knew how the matter would end; and he himself did not know it, but the majority believed that he would become a preacher.

At length, the whole affair developed itself all at once. One afternoon in June, Mr. Spanier walked up and down the room, as he was wont when reflecting upon some important affair, whilst Stilling was engaged with his languages and tuition. At length Mr. Spanier began:—"Preceptor!—it all at once occurs to me what you ought to do;—you must study medicine."

I cannot express how Stilling felt at this proposition; he could scarcely keep on his feet, so that Mr. Spanier, being alarmed, seized hold of him, and said, "What is the matter with you?" "O Mr. Spanier," replied Stilling, "what shall I say—what shall I think? I am certain that is my vocation. Yes, I feel in my soul, that this is the great object which has been so long hidden from me, which I have so long sought, and been unable to find! For this my Heavenly Father has been so long designing to prepare me, by severe and painful trials, from my youth up. Blessed be the merciful God, that has at length made known to me his will! I will boldly follow his guidance."

On this, he ran up to his bed-room, fell upon his knees, thanked God, and besought the Father of men to lead him the shortest way to the attainment of his object. He reflected upon all the way in which Providence had led him, and now clearly perceived why he had enjoyed such a peculiar education; why he had been obliged to learn the Latin language so early; the reason of his innate impulse for the mathematics, and the knowledge of the occult powers of nature; why he had been rendered pliant and fit, by his many sufferings, to serve his fellow-creatures; why, for some time past, his inclination to philosophy had so much increased, as to impel him to study logic and metaphysics; and, lastly, why he had felt such an inclination for the Greek language. He now knew his destiny; and from that hour, he determined to study for himself, and to collect materials, until it should please God to send him to the university.

Mr. Spanier now gave him permission to take a few hours in the evening for himself, and did not employ him any longer so much in his business, in order that he might have time to study. Stilling applied himself with all his powers to the languages, and began to make himself acquainted with anatomy from books. He read Krüger's System of Nature, and made all that he read his own; he sought also to form a plan for himself with regard to the prosecution of his studies, in which he was assisted by some eminent physicians, with whom he corresponded. In one word, he went through all the discipline of the art of medicine for himself, as much as was possible at the time, in order that he might at least attain a general idea of all its parts.

This important news he immediately communicated to his father and uncle. His father replied to this, that he resigned him entirely to the guidance of God; he must not, however, hope for any assistance on his part, and be careful not to plunge himself into a new labyrinth. But his mother was quite displeased at him; and believed to a certainty, that he was actuated only by a love of novelty, which would assuredly turn out ill. Stilling did not let this disturb him in the least, but cheerfully prosecuted his studies, leaving it to the paternal providence of God to provide the means.

The following spring, when he had already studied a year, his master's business again obliged him to travel into the province of Salen. This delighted him uncommonly; for he hoped the better to convince his friends, by word of mouth, that it was really the will of God respecting him that he should study medicine. He set off, therefore, early in the morning, and arrived in the afternoon at his uncle's at Lichthausen. This worthy man, immediately after welcoming him, began to dispute with him respecting his new plan. The whole question was, "Where shall the large sum come from, that is requisite for such an extensive and expensive study?" Stilling always answered with his motto, "Jehovah Jireth," (the Lord will provide).

The next morning, he went to his father's, who had also his apprehensions, and feared he might suffer shipwreck in the important undertaking; however, he did not dispute with him, but left him to his fate.

After he had finished his business, he went again to his father's, took leave of him, and afterwards proceeded to his uncle's; but the latter had entirely changed his mind, within a few days. Stilling was astonished at it, but still more so when he heard the reason of it. "Yes," said Johann Stilling, "you must study medicine; I now know that it is the will of God."

In order to comprehend this matter in its origin, I must make a little digression, which has reference to Johann Stilling. He was acquainted, before he became land-measurer, with a singular man, a Catholic priest, who was a very able oculist, and celebrated far and near. Now Johann Stilling's wife had very sore eyes, for which reason her husband went to Molitor, to fetch something for them. The priest soon observed that Johann had an intelligent mind, and he therefore encouraged him to apply himself diligently to geometry. Molitor's intentions towards him were kind; he had the prospect of becoming steward to a very rich and honorable baronet, and this employment he preferred to his clerical office. This baronet was a great admirer of geometry, and desirous of having plans made of all his estate. This was what Molitor designed for Johann Stilling, and the plan succeeded admirably. As long as the old baronet lived, Molitor, Johann Stilling, and sometimes Wilhelm Stilling, were supported by him; but when the latter died, Molitor was dismissed, and there was also an end to the land-measuring.

Molitor, in his old age, was made vicar in a little town which lies four leagues to the north of Lichthausen. His principal occupation consisted in chemical operations, and cures of the eyes, in which he was still the most celebrated man in that part of the country.

Just at the time that Heinrich Stilling was about his master's business in the province of Salen, old Mr. Molitor wrote to Johann Stilling, informing him that he had most faithfully and circumstan-

tially copied out all his ophthalmic arcana, both with respect to their application and preparation, as also an explanation of the principal diseases of the eye, with the method of cure. Now, as he was old and near his end, he wished to see this valuable manuscript in good hands—and in consideration of the firm and intimate friendship that had uninterruptedly subsisted between them, notwithstanding their difference of religion, he requested him, as a friend, to inform him, whether there was not some worthy individual in his family who had a desire to study the art of medicine; that if there were, he might be sent to him; and professed himself ready to commit the manuscript to him, together with other valuable medicinal matters, immediately and gratuitously, with the sole condition, that he must pledge himself to benefit poor sufferers with it at all times, without any charge. But it ought to be some one who intended to study medicine, in order that the things might not fall into a bungler's hands.

This letter had entirely changed Johann Stilling's mind with respect to his nephew. That he should just arrive at that period, and that Mr. Molitor should fall upon this idea at the very time when his nephew intended to study medicine, seemed to him a most convincing proof that God had his hand in the matter; he therefore said to Stilling, "Read this letter, nephew! I have nothing more to object to your plan. I see it is the finger of God!"

Johann Stilling therefore immediately wrote a very friendly and grateful letter to Mr. Molitor, and most warmly recommended his nephew to him. With this letter Stilling walked the next morning to the little town where Molitor lived. On arriving there, he inquired for the gentleman, and was shown a pretty little house. Stilling rang the bell, and an aged female opened the door to him, and asked who he was. He answered, "My name is Stilling, and I wish to speak with the clergyman." She went up-stairs, and the old man himself came down, welcomed his visitor, and led him up into his little cabinet. Here he presented his letter. After Molitor had read it, he embraced Stilling, and inquired into his circumstances and intentions. The latter continued with him the whole day, looked at his pretty laboratory, his convenient surgery, and his little library. "All this," said Mr. Molitor, "I will leave you in my will, before I die." Thus they spent the day very pleasantly together.

Early the next morning, Molitor delivered up the manuscript to Stilling, with the condition, however, that he should transcribe it, and return him the original. Molitor, on the other hand, solemnly pledged himself that he would give it to no one else, but would conceal it, so that no body should be able to find it again. Besides this, the worthy old man had laid aside several books, which he promised to send Stilling forthwith; the latter, however, packed them up in his portmanteau, took them upon his back, and set out. Molitor accompanied him beyond the gates; he then looked up to heaven, took Stilling by the hand, and said, "The Lord, the Holy One, the Omnipresent, make you, by his Holy Spirit, the best of men, the best of Christians, and the best of doctors!" On which they kissed each other, and parted.

Stilling shed tears at this separation, and thanked God for this excellent friend. He had to travel ten leagues to Mr. Spanier's; this he accomplished the same day, and arrived at home in the evening, heavily laden with books. He related the recent occurrence to his patron, who admired with him the singular leadings and guidance of God.

Stilling now set himself to the work of transcribing the manuscript; and notwithstanding his other business, he finished it in four weeks. He therefore packed up a pound of good tea, a pound of sugar, and some other things, in his portmanteau, together with the two manuscripts, and set off again early one morning, to visit his friend Molitor, and return him his manuscript. He arrived in the afternoon, rang at the door of the house, waited a little, and then rang again; but no one opened to him. A woman who was standing at the door of a house opposite, asked him whom he wanted. Stilling answered, "The Rev. Mr. Molitor." The woman said, "He has been in eternity above a week!" Stilling was so struck, that he turned pale; he went to an inn, where he inquired into the circumstances of Molitor's death, and who was executor to his will. He there heard that he had died suddenly of an apopletic fit, and that no will had been found. Stilling therefore turned about with his portmanteau, and went back four leagues, where he spent the night at a little town, with a good friend of his, so that he was at home again early the next day. He could not refrain from weeping the whole of the way, and would gladly have wept on Molitor's grave, had not the entrance to his tomb been closed.

As soon as he came home, he began to prepare Mr. Molitor's medicines. Now Mr. Spanier had a man-servant, whose son, a lad of twelve years of age, had for a long time had very sore eyes. Stilling made his first attempt upon this boy, which succeeded admirably, so that he was cured in a short time; hence he soon came into regular practice, so that he had much to do; and towards autumn, the fame of his cures extended itself four leagues round, even as far as Schönenthal.

Mr. Isaac, the tailor of Waldstatt, saw his friend's progress and success, and rejoiced heartily over him; nay, he swam in pleasure, in anticipation of eventually visiting Doctor Stilling, and delighting himself with him. But God drew a stroke through this calculation, for Mr. Isaac fell ill. Stilling visited him constantly, and perceived with sorrow his approaching end. The day before his decease, Stilling was sitting at his friend's bedside;—Isaac raised himself up, took him by the hand, and said, "Friend Stilling, I shall die, and leave behind me a wife and four children; I am not anxious about their maintenance, for the Lord will provide for them; but whether they will walk in the Lord's ways or not, I know not, and therefore I commit the oversight of them to you; assist them, in word and deed; the Lord will reward you." Stilling cordially promised to do so, as long as he could possibly take charge of them. Isaac continued, "When you remove from Mr. Spanier's, I absolve you from your promise. But now I beg of you always to remember me with affection, and live in such a manner that we may be eternally united in heaven." Stilling shed tears, and said, "Pray for grace and strength for me." "Yes," said Isaac, "that I will do, when I have finished my course; I have now enough to do with myself." Stilling did not suppose his end was so very near; he therefore went away, and promised to come again the next day; however, he died the same night. Stilling acted as chief mourner at his funeral, because he had no relations; he wept over his grave, and lamented him as a brother. His wife died not long after him; but his children are all well provided for.

After Stilling had been nearly six years in Mr. Spanier's service, during which he continued to practise as an oculist, it occasionally happened that his master spoke with him concerning a convenient place for the regulation of his studies.

Mr. Spanier proposed to him to continue some years longer with him, and to study for himself; he would then give him a couple of hundred rix-dollars, that he might be able to travel to a university, pass the usual examination, and take his degree; and in the course of a quarter of a year, return, and continue to reside with Mr. Spanier. What further intentions he had respecting him, I know not.

Stilling was quite satisfied with this plan at one time, but not at another. His object at the university was to study medicine thoroughly; and he did not doubt but that God, who had called him to it, would put ways and means into his hands to enable him to accomplish it. But Mr. Spanier was not satisfied with this, and therefore they were both at length entirely silent on the subject.

In the autumn of the year 1769, when Stilling had just entered his thirtieth year, and had been six years with Mr. Spanier, he received a letter from a merchant at Rasenheim, a league on this side of Schönenthal, whose name was Friedenberg, in which the latter requested him to come to Rasenheim as soon as possible, because one of his neighbours had a son who had been troubled for some years with sore eyes, and was in danger of becoming blind. Mr. Spanier urged him to go immediately; he therefore did so, and after a three hours' walk, arrived in the forenoon at Mr. Friedenberg's, at Rasenheim. This man dwelt in a neat and beautiful house, which he had had built for him a short time before. The part of the country where he dwelt was extremely agreeable. When Stilling entered the house, and perceived that order, cleanliness, and neatness without magnificence prevailed in every part of it, he was pleased, and felt that he could live there. But on entering the parlour, and seeing Mr. Friedenberg himself, with his consort, and nine handsome well-made children, who presented themselves, one after the other, in neat and elegant, but not expensive clothing, every face beaming with truth, integrity, and cheerfulness—he was quite in ecstacy, and wished in reality to dwell for ever with these people. There was no bustle nor hurry to be seen, but an efficient activity, the result of harmony and good-will.

Mr. Friedenberg, in a friendly manner, offered him his hand, and invited him to dinner. Stilling accepted the offer with pleasure. On conversing with these people, he immediately perceived an inexpressible harmony of spirit; all of them immediately became fond of Stilling, and he also loved them all exceedingly. His conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Friedenberg was entirely upon religion and true godliness, which was the chief and sole concern of these people.

After dinner, Mr. Friedenberg accompanied him to the patient, whom he attended to, and then went back with his friend to drink coffee. In a word, these three spirits, Mr. and Mrs. Friedenberg and Stilling, united firmly together, and became intimate friends, without venturing to express it. In the evening, the latter returned to his place; but after this visit, he felt, in some measure, a void; he had never met with such a family since the days of his youth, and would gladly have resided nearer Mr. Friedenberg, in order to associate more with him and his family.

Meanwhile, the patient at Rasenheim began to recover, and there were several in that part, and even in Schönenthal itself, who desired his aid; he therefore resolved, with the consent of Mr. Spanier, to go every fortnight, on the Saturday afternoon, to visit his patients, and return on the Monday morning, He arranged it so, that he arrived on the Saturday evening at Mr. Friedenberg's, then went about on the Sunday morning visiting his patients, even as far as Schönenthal, and returned back to Rasenheim on the Sunday evening, from whence he went home again on the Monday morning. Through these repeated visits, his intimate connexion with Mr. Friedenberg and his family became more and more strengthened; he acquired also a pleasing acquaintance with many pious people in Schönenthal, who alternately invited him on Sundays to dine with them, and conversed with him on religion and other good subjects.

Things continued thus until the February of the following year, 1770, when Mrs. Friedenberg was delivered of a daughter. Mr. Friedenberg not only informed Stilling of this pleasing event, but even requested him to stand sponsor, the following Friday, at the christening of his child. This caused Stilling extreme pleasure. Mr. Spanier, however, could not comprehend how a merchant should come to ask the clerk of another merchant to be godfather to his child; but Stilling was not astonished at it, for Mr. Friedenberg and he no longer knew of any difference of rank—they were brothers.

Stilling therefore went, at the time appointed, to assist at the baptism. Now Mr. Friedenberg had a daughter, who was the eldest of his children, and about that time in her twenty-first year. This young lady had loved quietness and retirement from her youth, and she was therefore reserved towards all strangers, particularly when they were better dressed than she was accustomed to. Although this circumstance, as it regarded Stilling, was not an obstacle, yet she avoided him as much as she could, so that he saw her very seldom. Her whole occupation, from her youth up, had consisted in those domestic employments which were suited to her sphere of life, and the necessary instruction of the Christian religion according to the evangelical Lutheran confession, together with reading and writing; in a word, she was a pretty, agreeable young girl, who had never mixed with the world, so as to be able to live according to the fashion, but whose good disposition richly recompensed for the want of all these insignificant trifles in the estimation of a man of integrity.

Stilling had not particularly remarked this young lady in preference to the other children of his friend; he felt within him no impulse to do so, nor did he venture to think of such a thing, because it was necessary, previously, that obstacles of a stupendous kind should be removed out of the way.

This amiable girl was called Christina; she had been for some time very ill, and all the physicians doubted of her recovery. Now when Stilling came to Rasenheim, he inquired after her, as the daughter of his friend; but as no one gave him an opportunity of visiting her in her apartment, he did not think of it.

That evening, however, after the christening was over, Mr. Friedenberg filled his long pipe, and said to the new sponsor, "Will it afford you pleasure for once to visit my sick daughter? I wish to know what you will say of her. You have already more knowledge of diseases than many." Stilling consented, and they went up-stairs into the invalid's chamber. She lay in bed, weak and poorly; yet still she had much cheerfulness of spirit. She raised herself up, gave Stilling her hand, and asked him to sit down. Both sat down therefore at the table, near the bed. Christina did not now feel ashamed in the presence of Stilling, but conversed with him on a variety of religious topics. She became very cheerful and sociable. She was often subject to attacks of a serious nature; so that some

one was obliged to sit up with her all night; another reason for which was, because she could not sleep much. When they had sat awhile with her, and were about to leave her, the sick damsel requested her father's permission for Stilling to sit up with her that night, along with her elder brother. Mr. Friedenberg willingly consented, but with the condition that Stilling had no objection to it. The latter was glad to shew this piece of friendship to the patient as well as to the family. He betook himself, therefore, in the evening, with the eldest son, about nine o'clock, to her chamber; they both sat down at the table near the bed, and spoke with her on a variety of subjects, in order to pass the time; they also read aloud to her at intervals.

About one o'clock in the morning, the invalid requested her two companions to be quiet a little while, as she thought she should be able to sleep. Accordingly they were so. Young Mr. Friedenberg, meanwhile, stole down stairs, in order to prepare some coffee; but continuing absent some time, Stilling began to nod in his chair. About an hour after, the patient again began to move. Stilling drew the curtains a little asunder, and asked her how she had slept? She answered, "I have lain in a kind of stupor. I will tell you something, Mr. Stilling! I have received a very lively impression on my mind, respecting a subject which, however, I must not mention to you till another time." At these words, Stilling was powerfully struck; he felt from head to foot a trepidation he had never before experienced, and all at once a beam of light penetrated through his soul like lightning. It was evident to his mind, what the will of God was, and what the words of the sick maiden signified. With tears in her eyes he arose, bent over the bed, and said, "I know, dear miss, what impression you have received, and what the will of God is." She raised herself up, stretched out her hand, and replied, "Do you know it?" Stilling put his right hand into hers, and said, "May God in heaven bless us; we are eternally united!" She answered "Yes! eternally so!"

Her brother now came and brought the coffee, placed it upon the table, and all three partook of it. The invalid was quite as tranquil as before; she was neither more joyful nor more sorrowful—just as if nothing particular had happened. But Stilling was like one intoxicated; he knew not whether he was waking or dreaming;—he could neither think nor reflect upon this unheard-of event. However, he felt in his soul an indescribably tender inclination towards the dear invalid, so that he could joyfully have sacrificed his life for her, if it had been requisite; and this pure flame was as if, without being kindled, a fire had fallen from heaven upon his heart; for certainly, his Christina had, at that time, neither charms, nor the will to charm; and he himself was in such a situation that he shuddered at the thought of marrying. But as aforesaid, he was stupified, and could not reflect upon his situation until the following morning, whilst he was returning home. He previously took a tender leave of Christina, on which occasion he expressed his fears; but she was quite confident in the matter, and added, "God has certainly commenced this affair, and he will as certainly finish it!"

On the way, Stilling began to reflect upon his situation, and the whole affair appeared dreadful to him. He was convinced that Mr. Spanier, as soon as he was made acquainted with the step he had taken, would immediately withdraw his assistance from him and dismiss him; consequently he would be out of bread, and be placed in his former circumstances. Besides this, he could not possibly imagine that Mr. Friedenberg would be pleased with him; for to betrothe himself with his daughter whilst in a situation in which he was unable to maintain himself, much less support a wife and children—nay, even whilst requiring a large sum himself—this was in reality a miserable return for his friendship; it might rather be looked upon as a dreadful abuse of it. These reflections caused Stilling heartfelt anxiety, and he feared being placed in still more difficult circumstances than he had ever experienced before. He felt like one who has climbed up a high rock by the sea-side, and cannot come down again without the danger of being dashed to pieces; but ventures, and leaps into the sea, in the hope of saving himself by swimming.

Stilling knew not what to do;—he cast himself with his Christina into the arms of the paternal providence of God, and was then tranquil; but he resolved, notwithstanding, to mention nothing of this event, either to Mr. Spanier or to any one else.

Mr. Friedenberg had given Stilling permission to consign to him all the medicines for his patients in that part of the country, to be forwarded to them; he therefore sent off a packet of physic to him, on the following Saturday, which was eight days after his betrothment, and this he accompanied by a letter, which flowed entirely from his heart, and which pretty clearly revealed what was passing in it; nay, what was still more, he even inclosed in it a sealed letter to Christina; and he did all this without considering or reflecting what might result from it; but when the packet was despatched, he began to consider what the consequences might be. His heart beat, and he could scarcely contain himself.

Never had he found a journey more laborious than his customary one to Rasenheim, which he took the week following, on the Saturday evening. The nearer he came to the house, the more his heart palpitated. He entered the parlour:—Christina had recovered a little; she was there, with her parents, and some of the children. He went up to Mr. Friedenberg with his usual pleasant look, gave him his hand; and the latter received him with his wonted friendship, as did also Mrs. Friedenberg, and last of all, Christina. Stilling then left the room, and went into his bed-chamber, in order to lay down a few things he had with him. His heart was already lighter; for his friend had either perceived nothing, or else was satisfied with the whole affair. He now went down again, expecting what further would take place. On arriving at the bottom of the stairs, Christina, who was standing at the door of a room opposite the parlour, beckoned to him to enter; she closed the door after him, and both sat down together. Christina then began:—"Oh how much you terrified me by your letter!—my parents know all. Listen, and I will tell you every thing as it occurred. When the letters came, I was in the parlour with my father, but my mother was on the bed in her chamber. My father broke open the letter; he found another in it for me, and handed it to me, with the words, 'There is also a letter for thee.' I blushed, took it, and read it. My father also read his, sometimes shook his head, stood, considered, and then read further. At length, he went into the chamber to my mother; I could hear all that was said. My father read the letter to her. When he had finished, my mother laughed; and said, 'Dost thou understand what the letter means?—he has a mind to our daughter.' My father answered, 'That is not possible; he was only one night with her, with my son; besides which, she is ill; and yet the letter seems to me to imply something of the kind.' 'Yes, yes,' said my

mother; 'do not think otherwise; it is so.' My father then went out, and said nothing more. My mother immediately called out to me, and said, 'Come, Christina, lie down a little by me; thou art certainly weary of sitting.' I went to her, and lay down by her. 'Hear me,' she began; 'has our friend Stilling an inclination for thee?' I boldly said, 'Yes, he has.' She continued, 'You have not, however, promised marriage to each other?' 'Yes, mother,' I answered; 'we are betrothed;' and I was then obliged to weep. 'Indeed!' said my mother; 'how did that happen?—for you have not been alone together!' I then related to her every thing circumstantially, as it had occurred, and told her the plain truth. She was astonished at it, and said, 'Thou art involving thyself in difficulties. Stilling must first study, before you can live together;—how wilt thou bear that? Besides, thou art but weak in mind and body.' I answered, that I would do as well as I was able—the Lord would assist me; that I *must* marry him; yet if my parents forbade it, I would obey them; but I would never take another. 'Thou hast nothing to fear,' rejoined my mother. As soon as my parents were again alone in the room, and I in the parlour, she related every thing to my father, just as I had told her. He was long silent; but at length he said, 'I have never heard of such a thing before; I can say nothing to it.' Thus the matter still stands; my father has not said a word to me, either good or bad. But it is now our duty to ask our parents this very evening, and obtain their full consent. Just as you went up-stairs, my father said to me, 'Go with Stilling into the other room alone; thou hast probably something to say to him.'"

Stilling's heart leaped for joy. He felt that the matter would terminate favorably. He conversed some time longer with his beloved, and they bound themselves once more, in a close embrace, to inviolable fidelity, and an upright deportment before God and man.

After supper in the evening, when all besides in the house were asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Friedenberg, together with Christina and Stilling, continued sitting in the parlour. The latter then began, and faithfully related the whole event in all its minutest details, and concluded with these words: "Now I ask you sincerely, if you are heartily willing to receive me into the number of your children? I will faithfully, with the help of God, fulfil every filial duty, and I solemnly protest against all help and assistance towards my studies. I request your daughter alone;—yes, I take God to witness, that it is the most dreadful thought I could have, were I to imagine you perhaps might think I had any mean intention in this connection."

Mr. Friedenberg sighed deeply, and a few tears ran down his cheeks. "Yes," said he, "my dear friend, I am satisfied, and willingly accept you for my son; for I see that the finger of God is at work in the matter. I cannot say any thing against it; besides, I know you, and am well aware that you are too honorable to have such unchristian intentions; but this I must candidly add, that I am not at all in a situation to bear the expence of your studying at the university." He then turned to Christina, and said, "But hast thou sufficient confidence in thyself to be able to bear the long absence of thy friend?" She answered, "Yes; God will give me strength for it."

Mr. Friedenberg now rose up, embraced Stilling, kissed him, and wept on his neck; after him, Mrs. Friedenberg did the same. The sensations which Stilling experienced are inexpressible; it seemed to him as if he were translated into paradise. He did not trouble himself in the least whence the money for the prosecution of his studies was to come from. The words, "The Lord will provide," were so deeply engraven on his soul, that he could not feel anxious.

Mr. Friedenberg advised him to continue that year with Mr. Spanier, and to betake himself to the university the following autumn. This was just what Stilling wished, and had also been his intention. Finally, they all resolved to keep the matter a profound secret, in order to prevent the misjudgings of others; and then by fervent prayer on all sides, entreated the blessing of God on this important undertaking.

Stilling therefore still continued in his situation with Mr. Spanier, as well as his customary walks to Rasenheim and Schönenthal. A quarter of a year before Michaelmas, he announced his intention to Mr. Spanier, in a polite and friendly manner, and besought him not to take this step amiss, since, being in the thirtieth year of his age, it was at length time for him to provide for himself. To all this, Mr. Spanier did not answer a word, but remained perfectly silent; from that time, however, his heart was entirely turned away from Stilling, so that the last three months were not a little painful to him—not because any one threw any difficulty in his way, but because friendship and familiarity had wholly disappeared.

Four weeks before the Frankfort autumnal fair, Stilling took leave of his former dear patron, and the whole household. Mr. Spanier wept bitterly, but did not say a word, either good or evil. Stilling wept also; and thus he left his last school or situation as tutor, and removed to his friends at Rasenheim, after having quietly spent seven entire and pleasant years in one place.

Mr. Spanier had never communicated his true intentions with regard to Stilling. It was impossible for the latter to enter into his plan of becoming a doctor merely as regards the title, without possessing sufficient knowledge; and as Mr. Spanier did not fully communicate to him the rest of his plan, Stilling could not be acquainted with it, much less depend upon it. Besides all this, providence led him, as it were, with might and power, without his cöoperation; so that he was obliged to follow its guidance, even though he had resolved upon something different for himself. But the most disadvantageous circumstance for Stilling was, that having never made any certain agreement with Mr. Spanier with regard to salary, the worthy man gave him only what was sufficient for his necessities. But as he had been in the habit of purchasing books and other requisites,—which, taken altogether, made something considerable yearly—Mr. Spanier gave him nothing at his departure; so that he arrived at Mr. Friedenberg's, at Rasenheim, without money. The latter, however, immediately advanced him a hundred rix-dollars, to procure what was most necessary for his journey, and the remainder he was to take with him; whilst his christian friends at Schönenthal presented him with a new coat, and offered their further assistance.

Stilling continued four weeks with his intended and her family, during which time he made preparations for removing to the university. He had not yet made choice of one, but waited for an intimation from his Heavenly Father; for since he intended to study simply from faith, it was necessary he should not follow his own will in anything.

At the end of three weeks, he went once more to Schönenthal to visit his friends there. On his arrival, a very dear and valued friend asked him, whither he intended to go. He replied, he did not know. "Oh," said she, "our neighbour, Mr. Troost, is going to Strasburg to spend a winter

there; go with him." This touched Stilling's heart; he felt that this was the intimation he had waited for. Meanwhile, Mr. Troost himself entered the room. Stilling's friend immediately began to speak to him concerning him. The worthy man was heartily pleased at having him for a companion, for he had already heard something of him.

Mr. Troost was, at that time, a man of about forty years of age, and still unmarried. He had already practised for twenty years, with much celebrity, as a surgeon in Schönenthal; but being no longer satisfied with his knowledge, he determined once more to study anatomy thoroughly, at Strasburg, and attend other surgical lectures, in order to return furnished with new powers, that he might be able to serve his neighbours the more effectually. He had already spent some years at this celebrated university in his youth, and there laid the foundation of his knowledge.

Now this was just the proper man for Stilling. He had the best and noblest of hearts, composed entirely of philanthropy and friendship; and possessed, besides this, an excellent character, much religion, and the virtues resulting from it. He knew the world, and was well acquainted with Strasburg; and certainly it was a very paternal guidance of Providence, that Stilling became acquainted with him just at that time. He therefore immediately made friends with Mr. Troost. They agreed to travel to Frankfort with merchants proceeding to the fair, and from thence to Strasburg by a return-chaise; they also decided upon the day of their departure, which was fixed for that day week.

Stilling had already communicated to his father and uncle, in the province of Salen, his further and singular guidance; they were terrified and astonished; they feared, hoped, and confessed that they must resign him entirely to God, and merely stand at a distance, and contemplate his aspiring flight with fear and trembling; meanwhile they wished him every imaginable blessing.

Stilling's situation was now, in every respect, dreadful. Let any rational man imagine himself in his place, and feel!—He had betrothed himself with a tender, pious, susceptible, but at the same time sickly young woman, whom he loved more than his own soul, and who was pronounced by all the physicians to be consumptive, so that he had great reason to fear when he took leave of her that he should see her no more. Besides this, he felt all the painful sufferings which her tender and affectionate heart would have to endure for such a length of time. The whole of his future welfare depended solely on his becoming a complete physician, and for this purpose a thousand rix-dollars at least were requisite, of which he could not tell where in the whole world to raise a hundred; consequently his situation was critical, even in this respect; if he failed in the latter point, he would fail in everything.

Yet, although Stilling placed all this before him in a very lively manner, he nevertheless fixed his confidence firmly on God, and drew this inference:—"God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously. Now it is most certainly true, that He alone has ordered my present circumstances, entirely without my cöoperation:—consequently, it is also most certainly true, that He will accomplish every thing regarding me in a manner worthy of Him."

This conclusion frequently rendered him so courageous, that he smilingly said to his friends at Rasenheim, "I wonder from what quarter my Heavenly Father will provide me with money!" However, he did not communicate his peculiar situation to any other individual, and especially not to Mr. Troost, for this tender friend would have hesitated much to take him with him; or he would at least have had to endure much anxiety on his account.

At length, the day of his departure approached; Christina swam in tears, and occasionally fainted away, and the whole house was troubled.

The last evening, Mr. Friedenberg and Stilling sat together alone. The former could not refrain from weeping. He said with tears to Stilling, "My dear friend, I am heartily concerned about you;—how gladly would I provide you with money, if I were able! I began my business and manufactory with nothing, and I am now just in a situation to maintain myself respectably; but were I to bear the expense of your studies, I should quite lose ground again. Besides this, I have ten children; and what I do for the first, I owe to all."

"Hear me, my dear friend," answered Stilling, with a cheerful courage and a joyful mien; "I do not wish for a farthing from you; believe assuredly, that He who was able to feed so many thousand people in the desert with a little bread, lives still, and to Him I commit myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not you therefore be anxious—'The Lord will provide.'"

He had already sent off his books, clothes, and luggage to Frankfort; and the next morning, after having breakfasted with his friends, he ran up to the chamber of his Christina, where she sat and wept. He took her in his arms, kissed her, and said, "Farewell, my angel!—the Lord strengthen thee, and preserve thee in health and happiness, till we see each other again!" So saying, he ran out of the door. He then took leave of every one, hastened away, and wept copiously on the road. Christina's elder brother accompanied him to Schönenthal. The latter then turned back sorrowfully, and Stilling repaired to his travelling companion.

I will say nothing respecting his journey to Frankfort. They all arrived there in safety, with the exception of having suffered a violent fright in the neighbourhood of Ellefeld on the Rhine.

Forty rix-dollars was the whole of Stilling's property on setting out from Rasenheim. They were compelled to remain eleven days at Frankfort, waiting for an opportunity to proceed further; indeed, Mr. Troost could not leave sooner; his money consequently melted away in such a manner, that two days before his departure for Strasburg, he had only a single rix-dollar left, and this was all the money he had in the world. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his heavenly Father. However, notwithstanding his courage, he was still uneasy, he walked about, and prayed inwardly to God. Meanwhile, he happened to reach the Römerberg, and there met with a merchant from Schönenthal, who knew him well, and was also a friend of his; I will call him Liebmann.

Mr. Liebmann saluted him in a friendly manner, and asked him how it fared with him. He answered, "Very well." "I am glad of it," rejoined the other; "come this evening to my apartment, and sup with me on what I have." Stilling promised to do so, and Mr. Liebmann then showed him where he was lodging.

In the evening, he went to the place appointed. After supper, Mr. Liebmann began as follows:—"Tell me, my friend, who furnishes you with money to enable you to study?" Stilling smiled, and answered, "I have a rich Father in heaven; He will provide for me." Mr. Liebmann looked at him, and continued, "How much have you at pre-

sent?" Stilling answered, "One rix-dollar—and that is all." "So!" rejoined Liebmann; "I am one of your Father's stewards; I will therefore now act the paymaster." On this he handed over thirty-three rix-dollars to Stilling, and said, "I cannot at present spare more; you will find assistance every where. If you are subsequently able to return me the money, well!—if not, it is no matter." Stilling felt warm tears in his eyes. He thanked him heartily for his kindness, and added, "I am now rich enough. I do not wish to have more." This first trial made him so courageous, that he no longer doubted that the Lord would certainly help him through every difficulty. He also received letters from Rasenheim, from Mr. Friedenberg and Christina. The latter had taken courage, and stedfastly determined to wait patiently. The former wrote to him in the most tender language, and commended him to the paternal providence of God. He answered the two letters likewise with all possible tenderness and affection. However, he mentioned nothing of this first trial of his faith, but merely wrote that he had abundance.

Two days after, Mr. Troost met with a return-chaise to Manheim, which he hired for himself and Stilling, in company with an honest merchant from Lucerne, in Switzerland. They then took leave of all their acquaintances and friends, took their seats in the chaise, and proceeded on their way.

In order to pass the time pleasantly, each related what he knew. Their Swiss companion became so sociable that he opened his whole heart to our two travellers. Stilling was affected by it; and he related his whole life, with all its particulars, so that the Swiss gentleman often shed tears of sympathy. Mr. Troost also had never heard it before; he was likewise much moved by it, and his friendship for Stilling became so much the greater.

At Manheim they again took a return-chaise to Strasburg. On entering the great forest between Speyer and Lauterburg, Stilling alighted. He was unaccustomed to riding, and could not well bear the motion of the chaise, particularly in sandy roads. The Swiss gentleman alighted also, but Mr. Troost remained in the carriage. Whilst the two travellers were thus walking together, the Swiss asked Stilling whether he would not part with Molitor's manuscript, since he possessed a copy of it, for five louis-d'ors. Stilling regarded this again as a hint from God, and therefore promised it to him.

They at length got into the chaise again. Whilst conversing on a variety of subjects, Mr. Troost, very mal-àpropos, began to speak of the manuscript above-mentioned. It was his opinion, that when Stilling had once finished his studies, he would put little value on such secrets and quackery, because they were never what they pretended to be. This made the Swiss gentleman prefer his five louis-d'ors to the manuscript. Had Mr. Troost been aware of what had passed between the two, he would certainly have been silent on the subject.

Our travellers arrived safe and well at Strasburg, and took up their quarters with counsellor Blesig, at the sign of the Axe. Stilling, as well as his friend, wrote home, and announced their safe arrival to their several friends.

Stilling could not rest until he had viewed the beautiful cathedral, both externally and internally. He was so much delighted with it, that he publicly said, "The sight of it alone was worth the journey; it is well it was built by a German." The next day they inscribed themselves as members of the university; and Mr. Troost, who was known there, sought for a convenient apartment for them both. This he found also according to his wish; for in the most convenient place for them, dwelt a rich and respectable merchant, of the name of R———, whose brother had resided in Schönenthal, and he therefore showed kindness to Mr. Troost and his companion. This gentleman let them an excellently-furnished room on the first floor, for a moderate price, of which they accordingly took possession.

Mr. Troost next went in search of a good eating-house; and this he likewise found close at hand, where there was an excellent dinner-club. Here he agreed for himself and Stilling by the month. The latter, meanwhile, inquired about the lectures, and attended as many of them as were held. Physics, chemistry, and anatomy were his chief objects, and these he immediately entered upon.

The next day at noon, they went, for the first time, to the table-d'hôte to dine. They were the first there, and their places were pointed out to them. About twenty persons dined at this table, and they saw them enter one after another. In particular, there came one into the room, very briskly, with large bright eyes, beautiful forehead, and handsome figure. This person attracted the eyes of Mr. Troost and Stilling; the former said to the latter, "What a fine-looking man!" Stilling was of the same opinion; however, he thought that they would both have much trouble with him, because he looked upon him as a wild young fellow; this he inferred from the freedom of manner assumed by the student; however, Stilling was mistaken. Meanwhile they heard that this remarkable individual was called "Göethe."

There were also two other students of medicine; the one from Vienna, the other from Alsace. The name of the first was Waldberg. He showed, in his whole deportment, that he possessed ability; but at the same time, a heart full of ridicule against religion, and full of licentiousness in his manners. The one from Alsace was called Melzer, and was rather foppish; he had a good disposition, but unfortunately was inclined to be irascible and mistrustful. He had his seat next to Stilling, and soon became very friendly with him. Then came a student of divinity of the name of Lerse, one of the most excellent of men; he was Göethe's favorite, and this partiality he justly merited; for his abilities were great, he was a good divine, and had besides the rare gift of uttering the most striking satirical things in the presence of persons of vicious habits. His temper was extremely noble. Another came who took his place near Göethe; I will say nothing more of him, than that he was a good daw in peacock's feathers.

A very worthy Strasburger sat also at table. His place was the uppermost, and would have been so, if it had been behind the door. His modesty does not permit me to panegyrize him; it was Mr. Saltzmann the registrar. If my readers can imagine to themselves a man possessing the most thorough and sentimental philosophy, combined with the most genuine piety—they will form an idea of Saltzmann. Göethe and Saltzmann were cordial friends.

Mr. Troost said in a low voice to Stilling, "We shall do best to be silent here for the first fortnight." The latter recognized the truth of this remark; they therefore said nothing, nor did any one take particular notice of them, except that Göethe sometimes rolled his eyes upon them; he sat opposite Stilling, and had the presidency of the table, without seeking it.

Mr. Troost was very useful to Stilling; he knew the world better, and could therefore lead him

safely through; without him, Stilling would have stumbled a hundred times. Thus kind was his Heavenly Father towards him, so that he even provided him with a guardian, who could not only assist him in word and deed, but from whom he could also receive instruction and direction in his studies; for certainly, Mr. Troost was an able and experienced surgeon.

Stilling having now made all his arrangements, pursued his course heroically; he was in his element; he eagerly attended to every thing he heard; but he neither transcribed lectures nor any thing else, but transferred every thing into general ideas. Happy is he, who knows how to practise this method well; but it is not given to every one. His two professors, the celebrated Messieurs Spielmann and Lobstein, soon observed him, and became fond of him, particularly because he conducted himself in a grave, manly, and retired manner.

But his thirty-three rix-dollars had now melted down again to a single one; on which account, therefore, he began again to pray fervently. God heard and answered him; for just at the time of need, Mr. Troost began to say to him one morning, "You have, I believe, brought no money with you; I will lend you six Carolines (about five pounds) until you receive a remittance." Although Stilling knew as little where a remittance as money was to come from, yet he accepted this friendly offer, and Mr. Troost paid him six louis-d'ors. *Who was it that excited the heart of his friend to make this offer, at the very moment when it was needed?*

Mr. Troost was dressed neatly and fashionably; Stilling likewise pretty much so. He had on a dark-brown coat, with velveteen trowsers; he had, however, still a round wig, which he wished to wear by turns with his bag-wigs. He put this on, on one occasion, and appeared with it at the dinner-table. No one troubled himself about it, except Mr. Waldberg from Vienna. The latter looked at him, and as he had already heard that Stilling was inclined to be very religious, he began by asking him, whether Adam wore a round wig in paradise? All laughed heartily, except Saltzmann, Göethe, and Troost—they did not laugh. Stilling's anger pervaded every limb, and he answered, "You ought to be ashamed of such ridicule. Such a common-place idea is not worth a laugh!" But Göethe interrupted him, and added, "Try a man first, whether he deserves to be ridiculed. It is devilish to make a jest of a worthy man, who has offended no one." From that time, Göethe took Stilling's part, visited him, became fond of him, made an alliance of friendship and fraternity with him, and labored on every occasion to shew him kindness. It is lamentable that so few persons know the heart of this excellent man.

After Martinmas, lectures on midwifery were announced, and those who were desirous of attending them, were invited. This was a principal thing with Stilling; he therefore presented himself, on the Monday evening, with others, in order to subscribe. He had no idea but that these lectures would be paid for, like the others, after they were ended; but how was he dismayed, when the doctor announced that the gentlemen would please pay six louis-d'ors each for the lectures, the following Thursday evening! There was, therefore, an exception in this case, and that for a good reason. Now if Stilling did not pay on the day fixed, his name would be struck out. This would have been disgraceful, and would have weakened the credit which Stilling absolutely required. He was therefore at a loss what to do. Mr. Troost had already advanced him six louis d'ors, and there was still no prospect of being able to return them.

As soon as Stllling entered his apartment, and found it empty—for Mr. Troost was gone to attend a lecture—he shut the door after him, threw himself down in a corner, and wrestled earnestly with God for aid and compassion. The Thursday evening however arrived, without any thing of a consoling nature manifesting itself. It was already five o'clock; and six was the time that he ought to have the money. Stilling's faith began almost to fail; he broke out into a perspiration with anxiety, and his whole face was wet with tears. He felt no more courage or faith, and therefore he looked forward to the future as to a hell with all its torments. Whilst he was pacing the room occupied with such ideas, some one knocked at the door. He called out, "Come in!" It was their landlord, Mr. R——. He entered the room, and after the customary compliments, he began, "I am come to see how you are, and whether you are satisfied with your lodging." (Mr. Troost was still not there, and knew nothing of Stilling's present struggles.) Stilling answered, "Your inquiries after my health do me much honor; I am well, thank God! and your apartment is quite according to the wish of both of us."

Mr. R—— rejoined, "I am very glad of it, particularly as I see you are such well-behaved and worthy people. But I wished particularly to ask you one thing:—have you brought money with you, or do you expect bills?" Stilling now felt like Habbakuk, when the angel took him by the hair of his head to carry him to Babylon. He answered, "No, I have brought no money with me."

Mr. R—— stood, looked at him fixedly, and said, "For God's sake, how will you be able to proceed?"

Stilling answered, "Mr. Troost has already lent me something." "But he requires his money himself," rejoined Mr. R——. "I will advance you money,—as much as you need; and when you receive your remittance, you need only give the bill to me, that you may have no trouble in disposing of it. Are you in want of any money at present?" Stilling could scarcely refrain from crying out; however, he restrained himself, so as not to shew his feelings. "Yes," said he, "I have need of six louis-d'ors this evening, and I was at a loss."

Mr. R—— was shocked, and replied, "Yes, I dare say you are! I now see that God has sent me to your assistance," and went out of the room.

Stilling felt at this moment like Daniel in the lion's den, when Habbakuk brought him his food; he was overpowered by his feelings, and was scarcely aware of Mr. R——'s reëntering the room. This excellent man brought eight louis-d'ors, handed them to him, and went away.

In the sphere in which Stilling now moved, he had daily temptations enough to become a sceptic in religion. He heard, every day, new reasons against the Bible, against Christianity, and against the principles of the Christian religion. All the proofs he had ever collected, and which had always hitherto tranquillized him, were no longer sufficient to satisfy his inflexible reason; the trials of faith alone, of which he had already experienced so many in the dealings of Divine Providence with him, made him quite invincible. He therefore concluded as follows:—"He who so obviously hears the prayers of men, and guides their destinies so wonderfully and visibly, must, beyond dispute, be the true God, and his doctrine the word of God. Now I have ever adored and worshipped Jesus Christ, as my God and Saviour. He has heard me in the hour of need, and wonderfully supported and succoured me. Consequently Jesus Christ is in-

contestibly the true God, his doctrine is the word of God, and his religion, as He has instituted it, the true religion."

This inference, indeed, was of no value to others, but it was perfectly sufficient for himself, to defend him from all doubts.

As soon as Mr. R—— was gone, Stilling fell on the floor, thanked God with tears, and cast himself anew into His paternal arms, after which he went to the college, and paid as well as the best.

Whilst this was passing in Strasburg, Mr. Liebmann of Schönenthal paid a visit, on one occasion, to Mr. Friedenberg at Rasenheim, for they were very good friends. Liebmann knew nothing of Stilling's alliance with Christina, although he was well aware that Friedenberg was his cordial friend.

Whilst they were sitting together, the conversation turned upon their friend at Strasburg. Liebmann was never weary in relating how Mr. Troost commended Stilling's industry, genius, and good success in his studies. Friedenberg and his family, particularly Christina, were heartily delighted at it. Liebmann could not comprehend whence he had his money, any more than Friedenberg. "Well," continued Liebmann, "I wish some friend would join with me; we would remit him, for once, a considerable sum."

Mr. Friedenberg perceived this leading of Providence, and he could scarcely refrain from tears. But Christina ran up-stairs into her room, cast herself before God, and prayed. Friedenberg replied, "I will join with you in it." Liebmann rejoiced, and said, "Well, then, do you count out one hundred and fifty rix-dollars; I will add as many more to them, and send off the bill to him." Friedenberg willingly did so.

A fortnight after the severe trial of faith which Stilling had endured, he received, quite unexpectedly, a letter from Mr. Liebmann, together with a bill for three hundred rix-dollars. He laughed aloud, placed himself against the window, cast a joyful look towards heaven, and said, "This is only possible with thee, thou Almighty Father!—may my whole life be devoted to thy praise!"

He now paid Mr. Troost, Mr. R——, and others to whom he was indebted, and retained enough to enable him to get through the winter. His manner of life at Strasburg was so remarkable, that the whole university spoke of him. Philosophy had been, from the first, the science to which his spirit most peculiarly inclined. In order to exercise himself in it the more, he resolved to read a public lecture in his apartment, in the evenings, from five to six o'clock, at which hour he was at leisure. For as he had a good natural gift of eloquence, he the more readily resolved to do this, partly to rehearse what he had heard, and exercise himself further in it, and partly also to attain an ability for speaking in public. As he demanded nothing for it, and as this lecture was regarded as a repetition, he succeeded in it, without any one objecting to it. He obtained a number of hearers, and in consequence, many acquaintances and friends.

His own lectures, he never neglected. He prepared his own studies in anatomy with pleasure and delight; and what he had prepared, he demonstrated publicly, so that both professors and students were astonished at him. Professor Lobstein, who, as is well known, occupied this department with the greatest celebrity, grew very fond of him, and spared no pains to instruct him thoroughly in the science. He also visited, that winter, the sick in the hospitals, with professor Ehrmann. He there observed the diseases, and in the dissecting-room, their causes. In a word, he took all possible pains in order to attain a thorough knowledge of the science of physic.

Göethe gave him another direction in reference to polite literature. He made him acquainted with Ossian, Shakspeare, Fielding, and Sterne; and in this manner, Stilling made a transition out of nature into nature. There was also a society of young people at Strasburg, who called themselves the Society of the Belles Lettres, to which he was invited, and received as a member; here he became acquainted with the best works, and the present state of polite literature in the world.

During that winter, Herder came to Strasburg Stilling was made acquainted with him by Göethe and Troost. He never in his life admired any one so much as this man, of whom it has been said, "Herder has only one idea, and that is a whole world." He furnished Stilling with a sketch of all things in one,—I cannot call it otherwise; and if a spirit ever received an impetus to an eternal movement, Stilling received it from Herder, and this because he harmonised with this excellent genius, with respect to natural disposition, more than with Göethe.

The spring approached, and Mr. Troost made preparations for his departure. Though Stilling deeply felt the separation from such a worthy man, yet he had now the best acquaintance in Strasburg, and besides this, he hoped in the course of a year to be with him again. He gave him letters to carry with him; and as Mr. Troost had discovered that he was betrothed, Stilling besought him to go to Rasenheim, the first opportunity, and relate to his friends personally every particular respecting his present position.

Thus this worthy man set off again, in April, for the Low-lands, after having once more gone through the studies of the sciences he most required, with the greatest industry. But Stilling courageously continued his academical course.

The Tuesday before Whitsuntide was fixed for the marriage of the son of one of the Professors, on which account there were no lectures. Stilling therefore determined to spend the day in his own apartment, and study for himself. At nine o'clock, a sudden panic seized him; his heart beat like a hammer, and he knew not what was the matter with him. He rose up, paced the room, and felt an irresistible impulse to set off home. He started at this idea, and considered the loss he might sustain both with regard to money and with respect to his studies. He at length believed it was only a hypochondriacal chimera; he therefore strove to repel it from his mind by force, and sat down again to his studies. But the uneasiness he felt was so great, that he was obliged to rise up again. He was now really troubled; there was something in him, which powerfully urged him to return home.

Stilling knew not whither he should look for counsel or comfort. He represented to himself what people might think of him, were he to travel fifty German miles at a venture, and perhaps find every thing at home in the best situation. But as his anxiety and the impulse he felt still continued, he betook himself to prayer, and besought the Lord, if it were His will that he should travel home, to give him an assurance respecting the cause of it. Whilst praying thus within himself, Mr. R——'s clerk entered the room, and brought him the following letter:—

"*Rasenheim, 9th May*, 1774.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND,

"I doubt not that you have duly received the letters from my wife, son, and Mr. Troost. You must not be alarmed when I inform you, that your dear Christina is rather poorly. She has been, for

the last two days, so extremely ill, that she is now very—very weak. My heart is so affected by it, that floods of tears run down my cheeks. However, I must not write much of this; I might be saying too much. I sigh and pray most heartily for the dear child; and also for ourselves, that we may filially resign ourselves to God's holy will. May the Eternal and Most Merciful be gracious unto all of us! Your dear Christina is pleased at my writing to you on this occasion, for she is so weak that she cannot say much. I must cease writing a little; may the Almighty God put it into my heart what to write! I will go on in God's name; and must tell you, that your beloved Christina, according to human appearance—be firm, my dearest friend!—has not many days to spend here, before she will enter her eternal rest; however, I write according as we men view the matter. Now, my beloved friend—I think my heart will melt; I cannot write much more to you. Your dear Christina would gladly see you once more in this world; but what shall I say to, or advise you? I can write no further, for the tears flow so rapidly upon the paper. O God, thou knowest me, and that I will gladly pay the expenses of the journey;—but I dare not advise you: ask advice of the true Counsellor, to whom I heartily commend you. Myself, my wife, your betrothed, and the children, salute you a thousand times.

"I am, eternally,
"Your affectionate friend,
PETER FRIEDENBERG."

Stilling threw himself like a madman from one side of the room to another; he did not sob nor weep, but looked like one who despaired of his salvation;—at length he recollected himself so far as to throw off his morning-gown, put on his clothes, and then ran, as well as he was able, with the letter, to Göethe. As soon as he entered his room, he exclaimed, in the agony of his soul, "I am lost!—there, read the letter!" Göethe read it, started up, looked at him with tears in his eyes, and said, "Thou poor Stilling!" He then went back with him to his lodging; another true friend, to whom Stilling related his misfortune, also accompanied them. Göethe and this friend packed up what was needful in his portmanteau, another inquired for an opportunity for him by which he might take his departure; which was soon found, for a vessel lay ready on the Preusch, that would set sail at noon for Mayence, the captain of which readily took Stilling with him. The latter, meanwhile, wrote a few lines to his friends, to announce his speedy arrival. After Göethe had packed his portmanteau, he ran to procure some provisions for his friend, and carried them on board the vessel. Stilling went with him, prepared for his journey. Here they took leave of each other with many tears. Stilling set sail in reliance on Divine protection; and after commencing his journey, felt his mind more at ease, and he had the presentiment that he would find his Christina still alive, and that she would get better; however, he took several books with him, in order to continue his studies at home. It was just the most convenient time for him to travel; for most of the lectures had ceased, and the most important had not yet recommenced.

Nothing remarkable occurred on the voyage to Mayence. He arrived there on the Friday evening, at six o'clock, paid for his passage, took his portmanteau under his arm, and ran to the Rhine-bridge, in order to find a conveyance to Cologne. He there heard that a large covered barge had left two hours before, which would stop the night at Bingen. A boatman immediately stepped up to him, and promised Stilling to take him thither in three hours, for four guilders, although it is six leagues from Mayence to Bingen. Stilling agreed with him. Whilst the boatman was making ready to depart, a smart little fellow of about fifteen years of age, with a small portmanteau, came up to Stilling, and asked whether he would permit him to travel with him to Cologne. Stilling consented; and as he promised the boatman two guilders more, the latter was also satisfied.

The two travellers, therefore, entered the three-boarded boat. Stilling was not pleased with it from the first, and expressed his apprehensions, but the two boatmen laughed at him. They then set off. The water came within two fingers' breadth of the edge of the boat; and when Stilling, who was rather tall, moved a little, he thought it would have upset, and then the water really came into the boat.

This sort of conveyance was dreadful to him, and he wished himself heartily on *terra firma*; however, in order to pass the time, he entered into conversation with his little fellow-traveller. He heard, with astonishment, that this youth was the son of a rich widow in H——, and intended, just as he sat with him, to travel quite alone to the Cape of Good Hope, in order to visit his brother there. Stilling was astonished above measure, and asked him whether his mother had consented to his journey. "By no means," answered the boy; "I went away from her secretly; she had me arrested at Mayence, but I entreated her, until she permitted me to travel, and sent me a bill for eleven hundred guilders. I have an uncle at Rotterdam, to whom I am addressed, and who will assist me further." Stilling was now at ease with respect to the young man, for he did not doubt that this uncle would have secret orders to detain him by force.

During this conversation, Stilling felt a coldness at his feet, and on looking down, found that the water was forcing itself into the boat, and that the boatman behind him was baling it out as fast as he could. He now became seriously alarmed, and requested peremptorily to be set on shore on the Bingen side, saying that he would gladly give them the money agreed upon, and walk to Bingen on foot; however, the boatmen refused to do so, and continued rowing. Stilling therefore also betook himself to baling, and with his companion, had enough to do to keep the boat empty. Meanwhile, it grew dark; they approached the rocks, the wind rose, and a storm seemed coming on. The youth began to tremble in the boat, and Stilling fell into a deep melancholy, which was increased on perceiving how the boatmen spoke to each other by signs, so that they certainly intended something evil.

It was now quite dark; the storm approached, the wind blew tempestuously, and it lightened, so that the boat rolled about, and its destruction appeared more certain every moment. Stilling turned inwardly to God, and earnestly prayed that he might be preserved, particularly if Christina should be still alive; lest by the dreadful news of his unfortunate end, she should breathe out her soul in sorrow. But if she had already entered into her rest, he resigned himself cheerfully to the will of God. Whilst immersed in these reflections, he looked up, and saw, a little way before him, the mast of a yacht; he called out with a loud voice for help, and in a few moments, one of the sailors was on deck with a lantern, and a long boat-hook. The boatmen rowed with all their might in a contrary direction; but they could not succeed, for as they were rowing towards the shore, the wind and the stream drove them to the yacht, and before

they were aware, the hook was in the boat, and the boat along-side the yacht. Stilling and his companion were on deck with their portmanteaus, before the villains of boatmen perceived it. The sailor held the lantern to them, and began to exclaim, "Ha, ha! are you the wicked rascals that drowned two travellers down yonder, a few weeks ago? Only wait till I come again to Mayence." Stilling threw them their full pay into the boat, and let them go. How happy was he, and how did he thank God, after escaping this danger! They then went down into the cabin. The men were from Coblentz, and honest people. They all supped together; and the two travellers lay down on the luggage that was there, and slept quietly until day-break, when they found themselves before Bingen; they gave the sailors a handsome gratuity, left the vessel, and saw the barge in which they wished to sail to Cologne, moored there to a post.

Not far from the shore was an inn, into which Stilling went with his comrade, and entered a room, the floor of which was strewed with straw. In one corner lay a man of a pleasing and respectable appearance; at a little distance from him, a soldier; a step further, a young man, who looked as like a drunken student as one egg does to another. The first had on a cotton cap drawn over his ears, and a cloak hanging over his shoulders, whilst his Russian frock-coat was wrapped round his feet. The second had bound his pocket-handkerchief about his head, and thrown his soldier's coat over him, and was snoring aloud. The third lay with his bare head in the straw, with an English frock across him; he raised himself, stared strangely about him, like one who has looked too deeply, the previous evening, into the dram-glass. Behind, in the corner, lay something, which it was impossible to say what it was, until it began to move, and look forth from between clothes and cushions; —Stilling then perceived that it was some sort of a female. Stilling contemplated this excellent group awhile with pleasure; at length he began, "Gentlemen, I wish you all a happy morning, and a pleasant journey!" All three raised themselves, gaped, rubbed their eyes, and made other such motions as are usual on awaking; they looked, and saw a tall smiling man, and a lively boy standing by him; they then all sprang up, returned the compliment, each after his fashion, and thanked him in a friendly manner.

The principal gentleman was a person of dignified and noble aspect; he stepped up to Stilling, and said, "Whence come you, so early?" Stilling related briefly what had happened to him. With a noble mien the gentleman rejoined, "You are certainly not in business; at least you do not seem to me to be so." Stilling was surprised at this speech; he smiled, and said, "You must understand physiognomy well; I am not a merchant, but am studying medicine." The strange gentleman looked at him gravely, and said, "You are therefore studying in the midst of your days; you must previously have had great obstacles to surmount, or else you made your choice very late." Stilling replied, "Both was the case with me. I am a child of Providence; without its particular guidance, I should either have been a tailor, or a charcoal-burner." Stilling spoke this with emphasis and emotion, as he always does when on this subject. The unknown gentleman continued, "You will perhaps relate your history to us, on the way." "Yes," said Stilling, "most willingly."

The former now clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Be you who you may, you are a man after my own heart."

You that scourge my brother Lavater so severely, whence came it, that this noble stranger became fond of Stilling at first sight?—and what is the language, and which are the letters that he knew how to read and study so ably?

The student by this time had recovered his senses; he had become sober, and greeted Stilling, as did also the soldier. Stilling asked whether the gentlemen would take breakfast? "Yes," said they all, "we will drink coffee." "So will I," rejoined Stilling; and he hastened out of the room, and ordered it. On returning, he said, "Can I have the honor of your agreeable society to Cologne, with my companion?" They all immediately said, "Yes, it will cause us much pleasure." Stilling made an obeisance. They then all dressed themselves; and the lady behind, very shamefacedly, also put on one garment after another. She was housekeeper to a clergyman at Cologne, and consequently very careful in the company of strange men; which, however, was quite unnecessary, for she was too ugly to be an object of their attentions.

Coffee was now brought in; Stilling placed himself at the table, drew the coffee-pot towards him, and began to pour out the beverage; he was cheerful, and inwardly pleased; but wherefore, I know not. The strange gentleman placed himself near him, and clapped him again on the shoulder; the soldier sat down on the other side, and clapped him upon the other shoulder; whilst the two young people seated themselves on the opposite side of the table, and the lady sat behind, and drank her coffee alone.

After breakfast, they went on board the barge, and Stilling observed that no one knew the strange gentleman. The latter urged Stilling to relate the history of his life. As soon as they had passed the Bingen lock, he began it, and related every thing, without concealing the smallest circumstance; he even stated with sincerity the particulars of his betrothment, and the reason of his present journey. The unknown gentleman occasionally dropped a tear, as did also the soldier, and both wished heartily to hear where and in what state he had met with his Christina. Both were now intimate with him; and the soldier then began to relate as follows:—"I was born of mean parentage in the duchy of Zweibrücken, but was kept diligently at my learning, in order, by knowledge, to make up for what was wanting in property. After I left school, a person in office employed me as a writer. I was with him some years; his daughter was kind to me, and we became such good friends, that we betrothed ourselves inviolably to each other, and bound ourselves never to marry, if any obstacles were laid in our way. My employer soon discovered it, and I was sent away; however, I still found half-an-hour to converse with my sweetheart alone, on which occasion we bound ourselves to each other still more firmly. I then went to Holland, and enlisted for a soldier; I very often wrote to the young lady, but never received an answer, for every letter was intercepted. This rendered me so desperate that I often sought death, but still I had always an abhorrence of suicide.

"Our regiment was soon after sent off to America; the cannibals had commenced war against the Dutch; I was therefore obliged to go with it. We arrived at Surinam, and my company was stationed at a very remote fort. I was still grieved to death, and wished nothing so much as that a ball might at length strike me dead;—all that I was afraid of, was being taken prisoner; for who likes being devoured! I therefore continually entreated our commander to give me a few men to make inroads upon the cannibals; this he did, and as we were always fortunate, he made me serjeant.

"Once I commanded fifty men; we ranged through a wood, and went to a considerable distance from the fort; all of us having our muskets cocked, under our arms. Meantime, a shot was fired at me;—the ball whistled by my ear. After a short pause, it occurred again. I looked about, and saw a savage reloading his gun. I called out to him to halt, and pointed my musket at him. He was close to us; he stood still, and we took him. This savage understood Dutch. We forced him to betray their chief to us, and take us to his retreat, which was not far from where we were. Here we found a troop of savages reposing. I had the good fortune to take their chief prisoner myself. We drove as many of them before us as we could keep together; many, however, escaped.

"In consequence of this affair, the scuffle with these people was at an end. I was made lieutenant at sea, and returned with my regiment to Holland. I obtained a furlough, and travelled home, where I found the young lady as I had left her. Being furnished with both money and honor, I found no further opposition; we were married, and have now five children."

This tale delighted the company. The lieutenant, as well as Stilling, would now gladly have learned the unknown gentleman's circumstances, but he smiled, and said, "Excuse me at present, gentlemen. I dare not."

Thus the day passed away in the most agreeable conversation. Towards evening, a storm came on, and they therefore landed at Leidersdorff, not far from Neuwied, where they passed the night. The dissolute young man they had with them, was from Strasburg, and had run away from his parents. He soon made acquaintance with the youth who was passenger with them. Stilling warned the latter, very seriously, in particular, not to shew the bill of exchange; but it was of no avail. He afterwards heard that the boy had lost all his money, and the Strasburger had disappeared.

In the evening, on retiring to rest, it was found that there were only three beds for five persons. They cast lots which should sleep together, when it fell out that the two youths were to be in one bed, the lieutenant in another, and the strange gentleman and Stilling were to have the best. Stilling now perceived the costly valuables of his bedfellow, which indicated something very dignified. He could not make this mode of travelling agree with such elevated rank, and began to suspect all was not right; however, as he observed that the stranger was truly devout, he was ashamed of his suspicions, and was satisfied. They fell asleep, after much confidential conversation; and the next morning, they again pursued their voyage, and arrived in the evening, safe and well, at Cologne. The stranger began to be busy there; persons of consequence went and came to him with all secrecy. He provided himself with a couple of servants, and purchased a quantity of jewellery and other things of the kind. They all lodged together, at the same inn; and although there were beds enough in the house, yet the stranger requested to sleep again with Stilling, to which he readily assented.

In the morning, Stilling hastened to take his departure. He and the stranger embraced and kissed each other. The latter said to him, "Your company, sir, has afforded me uncommon pleasure. Go on as you have begun, and you will rise high in the world. I shall never forget you." Stilling once more expressed his desire to know witn whom he had travelled. The stranger smiled, and said, "Read the newspapers attentively when you arrive at home, and when you find the name of * * * remember me."

Stilling now set out on foot; he had still eight leagues to walk, before he reached Rasenheim. On the way, he reflected on the stranger's name; it was known to him, and yet he knew not who he was. A week after, he read in the Lippstadt journal the following article:—

"Cologne, 19th May.—M. von * * *, ambassador of the court of * * * to * * *, passed through this place, in the strictest incognito, on his way to Holland, in order to transact important business."

In the afternoon of Tuesday after Whitsuntide, Stilling arrived at Rasenheim; he was received with a thousand demonstrations of joy. But Christina was not mistress of herself; when Stilling went to her, she pushed him away, for she knew him not. He went for a little while into another room, and in the meantime she recovered herself, and it was told her that Stilling was arrived. She could now no longer contain herself. He was called, and came to her. The most tender salutations which can be conceived took place; but it cost Christina dear;—she fell into the most violent convulsions, so that Stilling, in the extremity of grief, awaited the mortal blow at her bed-side, for three days and three nights. Contrary to all expectation, she recovered again; and in a fortnight was so much better, that she sometimes rose for a little while during the day.

Stilling's alliance with Christina was now generally known. Their best friends advised Friedenberg to let them be married. This was assented to; and after the customary formalities, the marriage ceremony was performed, on the 17th of June, 1771, at the bedside of his Christina.

There dwelt in Schönenthal an excellent physician, a man of great learning, and active perseverance in the study of nature; he was at the same time devoid of jealousy, and possessed the best heart in the world. This worthy man had heard part of Stilling's history from his friend Troost. Stilling had visited him several times on this occasion, and requested his friendship and instruction. His name was Dinkler, and his practice was extensive.

Mr. Dinkler, therefore, and Mr. Troost were present at Stilling's marriage; and on this occasion, they both proposed to him to settle at Schönenthal, particularly because a physician had just died there. Stilling again awaited the Divine direction, and therefore said he would think upon it. His two friends, however, gave themselves much trouble in order to find out a house for him in Schönenthal; and they succeeded in doing so, even before Stilling took his departure again; the Doctor also promised to visit his Christina during his absence, and to take care of her health.

Mr. Friedenberg now likewise found a source from whence he might procure money; and after every thing was arranged, Stilling prepared to depart again for Strasburg. The evening before the melancholy day, he went up to his wife's chamber. He found her lying on her knees, with folded hands. He stepped up to her, and looked at her; but she was stiff as a log of wood. He felt her pulse, which beat quite regularly. He lifted her up, spoke to her, and at length brought her to herself. The whole night was spent in continual mourning and conflict.

The next morning Christina continued lying upon her face in the bed. She took her husband round the neck, and wept and sobbed incessantly. At length he tore himself forcibly from her. His two brothers-in-law accompanied him to Cologne. The next day, before he took his seat in the diligence, a messenger arrived from Rasenheim,

and brought the news that Christina had become tranquil.

This encouraged Stilling; he felt much relieved, and did not doubt but that he would again meet his dear and faithful Christina in good health. He commended her and himself into the paternal hands of God, took leave of his brothers-in-law, and set off.

In seven days he again arrived at Strasburg, safe and well, without danger, and without meeting with any thing remarkable. His first visit was to Göethe. The noble young man started up on seeing him, fell upon his neck, and kissed him. "Art thou here again, my good friend!" exclaimed he; "and how is thy intended?" Stilling answered, "She is my intended no longer; she is now my wife." "Thou hast done well," replied the former; "thou art an excellent fellow." They spent the remainder of the day entirely in cordial conversation, and in narrating what had occurred.

The well-known and gentle Lenz had also arrived there. His pleasing writings have rendered him celebrated. Göethe, Lenz, Lerse, and Stilling, now composed a kind of circle, in which every one felt happy who was able to feel what is good and beautiful. Stilling's enthusiasm in the cause of religion did not prevent him from cordially loving such men as thought more freely than himself, if they were only not scoffers.

He now prosecuted his medical studies with all diligence, and omitted nothing which belongs to that science. The following autumn, Göethe disputed publicly, and then set off home. He and Stilling entered into a mutual and indissoluble bond of friendship. Lerse also took his departure for Versailles, but Lenz remained at Strasburg.

The following winter, Stilling, with the permission of Professor Spielmann, read a lecture upon chemistry, completely finished his anatomical studies, went through some things a second time, and then wrote his Latin treatise for examination without the assistance of any one. This he dedicated, by special permission, to His Serene Highness the Elector of the Palatinate, his gracious prince; he then passed his examination, and prepared for his departure.

Here much money was again requisite, and Stilling wrote home on the subject. Mr. Friedenberg was startled at it; at the dinner-table, he thought he would put his children to the test. They were all present, great and small. The father began:—"Children, your brother-in-law requires still so much money; what think you, would you send it to him if you had it?" They all answered unanimously, "Yes! even were we to take off our clothes and pledge them!" This moved the parents, even to tears; and Stilling vowed them eternal love and fidelity, as soon as he heard of it. In one word, a remittance arrived at Strasburg, which was sufficient.

Stilling now disputed with credit and applause. Mr. Spielmann acted as dean on the occasion. On giving him the licence, after the disputation was ended, he broke out into commendations of him, and said, "That it was long since he had given the licence to any one with greater pleasure than to the present candidate; for he had done more, in such a short time, than many others in five or six years," &c. Stilling was still upon the rostrum, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. His soul overflowed with thankfulness towards Him who had brought him out of the dust, and given him a vocation in which, in accordance with his own inclinations, he could live and die to the honor of God and the benefit of his neighbours.

On the 24th of March 1772, he took leave of all his friends at Strasburg, and set off home. At Manheim he had the honor of presenting his Latin Treatise to his Serene Highness the Electoral Prince, as well as to all his ministers. He became on this occasion, correspondent of the Palatinate Society of Sciences, and then travelled to Cologne, where Mr. Friedenberg met him with every expression of joy; his brothers-in-law also met him on the way, on horseback. On the 5th of April he arrived, in the company of the friends abovementioned, at Rasenheim. His Christina was upstairs in her room. She lay with her face upon the table, and wept aloud. Stilling pressed her to his breast, embraced and kissed her. He asked her why she wept. "Oh," answered she, "I am weeping because I have not power sufficient to thank God for all his goodness." "Thou art in the right, my angel!" rejoined Stilling; "but our whole life, in time and in eternity, shall be made up of thanksgiving. However, rejoice now, that the Lord has helped us hitherto."

On the 1st of May, he removed, with his spouse, into the house taken for him at Schönenthal, and began to exercise his vocation. Doctor Dinkler and Mr. Troost are the faithful companions of his life and labours there.

On the first medical promotion at Strasburg, he received, through a notary, his doctor's diploma, and this was the conclusion of his academical course. His family, in the province of Salen, heard all this with rapturous joy; and Wilhelm Stilling wrote, in his first letter to him at Schönenthal, "It is enough that my son Joseph liveth; I must go down and see him before I die."

Unto the throne of Majesty supreme,
With grateful heart I now draw near;
And mingle with the seraph's lofty theme
My humble song of praise and prayer.

Although but dust, and form'd of earthly clay—
Although I feel both sin and death—
Yet to a seraph's height aspire I may,
Since Christ for me resign'd his breath.

Words are not thanks—no, such like noble deeds
As Christ's own precedent approves,
Mingled with sufferings' and afflictions' seeds,
An incense, which th' Almighty loves;—

Be these my thanks; and may my stedfast will
Each hour be dedicate to Thee;
And grant, I always may this wish fulfil,
E'en till I reach eternity!

HEINRICH STILLING'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

On the 1st of May 1772, in the afternoon, Stilling proceeded with his Christina on foot to Schönenthal, and Mr. Friedenberg accompanied them. All nature was still, the sky was serene, the sun shone over hill and dale, and its warm and genial rays unfolded herbs, and leaves, and flowers. Stilling contemplated his present circumstances and prospects with delight, and felt assured that his sphere of operation would become wide and comprehensive. Christina indulged the same hope; whilst Mr. Friedenberg sometimes walked on alone or lingered behind, smoking his pipe; and when anything relating to domestic economy occurred to

him, he expressed it briefly and emphatically, believing that such practical maxims would be useful to them, as they were now about to keep house. On arriving at the eminence from which they could survey the whole of Schönenthal, an indescribable sensation thrilled through Stilling which he could not account for; inwardly sorrowful and joyful by turns, he prayed in spirit, and descended the hill with his companions in silence.

This town lies in a very pleasant valley, which runs in a straight line from east to west, and is intersected by a small river called the Wupper. In summer, the whole valley, for the space of two leagues, to the borders of the Mark, is seen covered with linen-yarn, as with snow, whilst the bustle of a busy and prosperous population is indescribable. This valley is filled with isolated houses; one garden and orchard borders on another, and the walk up the valley is enchanting. Stilling dreamed of future happiness; and thus dreaming, he entered the noisy town.

In a few minutes, his father-in-law conducted him to the house which Dinkler and Troost had selected and hired for him; it stood back a little from the high-road, near the Wupper, and had a small garden attached to it, with a beautiful prospect of the southern hills. The servant-girl, who had preceded them a few days, had cleaned every thing thoroughly, and arranged their little stock of household furniture.

After sufficiently surveying and giving his opinion upon every thing, Mr. Friedenberg took his leave with many cordial wishes for their happiness, and walked back again to Rasenheim. The young married couple then stood and looked at each other with tearful eyes. Their whole stock of furniture was very limited;—six wooden chairs, a table and bed for themselves, and one for the servant, a couple of dishes, six pewter plates, a few pans for cooking, &c., together with the most needful linen, and a very bare supply of clothes, was all that could be found in the house, though large; this furniture was divided hither and thither, and yet the apartments seemed all indescribably empty. The third story was never thought of; it was void, and continued so.

And then the cash! Their funds consisted altogether of five rix-dollars in ready money, and that was all! Really, really, it required great confidence in the paternal providence of God in order to sleep quietly the first night; and yet Stilling and his consort slept well, for they did not doubt for a moment that God would provide for them. His reason, however, occasionally tormented him much; but he gave no ear to it, and simply *believed.* The next day he paid his visits; but Christina paid none, for her intention was to live as unknown and privately as propriety would permit. Stilling now found a great difference in the behaviour of his future fellow-citizens and neighbours. His pietistic friends, who had formerly received him as an angel of God, and embraced him with the warmest salutations and blessings, stood at a distance, merely bowed, and were cold;—but this was no wonder: for he now wore a wig with a bag to it; formerly it was only round, and powdered a little; besides, he wore ruffles to his shirt, at the neck and hands, and was therefore become a gentleman, and a man of the world. They attempted occasionally to speak with him on religion, in their usual way; but he expressed himself, in a friendly and serious manner, to the effect that *he had talked long enough about duties; he would now be silent and practise them;* and as he no longer attended any of their meetings, they regarded him as a backslider, and spoke of him on every occasion in an unkind and lamenting tone. How much is this mode of proceeding to be deprecated in such characters, otherwise so worthy and excellent! I willingly confess that some of the most upright people and the best of Christians are to be found amongst them; but they ruin every thing by their love of judging. He that is not precisely of one mind with them, nor trifles, and affects religious sensibility with them, is of no value in their eyes, and is regarded as unregenerate; they do not reflect that the mere profession of religion is unavailing, and that the individual must let his light shine by his good works. In short, Stilling was not only entirely forsaken by his old friends, but even *calumniated;* nor did they scarcely ever employ him as a physician. The majority of the rich merchants received him merely with politeness, as a man who had no property, and whom it was necessary, at first sight, to impress with the idea, "Never have the heart to ask money, help, or support from me; I will reward thy services as they deserve, and nothing more." However, he likewise found some worthy men, and true philanthropists, whose looks bespoke a noble mind.

All this had a depressing effect upon Stilling;—hitherto he had dined at a table well provided by others, or else had been able to pay for it himself; the world around him had had little reference to him; and with all his sufferings, his sphere of operation had been inconsiderable. But now, he saw himself all at once placed in a vast, splendid, low-bred, avaricious, mercantile world, with which he did not harmonize in the least, where the learned were only esteemed in proportion to their wealth—where sensibility, reading, and learning were ludicrous—and where he alone was honored who made much money. Hence, he was like a very small light, at which no one would think of lingering, much less of warming himself. Stilling therefore began to feel melancholy.

Meanwhile, two days, and even three days, passed, before any one came who needed his assistance; and the five rix-dollars melted away rapidly. But on the morning of the fourth day, a woman came from Dornfeld, a small town that lies about three-quarters of a league to the east of Schönenthal. On entering the door, she cried out, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, doctor, we have heard that you are a very able man, and know a great deal;—a very, very great misfortune has happened at our house, and we have employed all the doctors far and near, but none of them can do any thing for him; I am therefore come to you;—Oh, help my poor child!"

"Gracious heaven!" thought Stilling to himself; "the first patient I get has put to shame all the experienced physicians; what shall I, who am so inexperienced, be able to effect?" He asked, however, what was the matter with the child.

The poor woman related, with many tears, the history of her sick child, of which the following were the principal circumstances:—

The boy was eleven years old, and had had the measles about a quarter of a year before; through the carelessness of his nurse, he had been exposed too soon to the cold air; the inflammatory matter had retired into the brain, and produced very singular results. For the last six weeks, the patient had lain in bed without consciousness or feeling; he did not move a limb of his whole body, with the exception of his right arm, which, day and night, incessantly vibrated, like the pendulum of a clock; his life had been hitherto supported by the injection of thin soups, but no medicine had been able to produce any effect. The woman concluded her copious account with expressing her suspicion, whether the child might not possibly be bewitched.

"No," answered Stilling, "the child is not

bewitched; I will come and see him." The woman wept again, and said, "Oh, doctor, do come!" and with that she went away.

Doctor Stilling paced his room with rapid strides. "Who can do any thing in such a case?" thought he.—"There is no doubt that all possible means have been used (for the people were wealthy); what remains, therefore, for a beginner like myself!" With these melancholy thoughts, he took up his hat and stick, and set out for Dornfeld; praying to God, the whole way, for light, and blessing, and power. He found the child exactly as its mother had described;—its eyes were closed, it fetched breath regularly, and the right arm moved, as though it beat time, from the breast towards the right side. He sat down, looked and considered, inquiring into all the circumstances; and on going away, ordered the woman to come to Schönenthal to him in an hour, telling her he would reflect upon this strange case during the time, and prescribe something. On his way home, he thought of what he could order that might be useful; at length it occurred to him, that Mr. Spielman had commended "Dippel's animal oil" as a remedy for convulsions; he was the more glad of this medicament, for he felt assured that none of the physicians had used it, because it was no longer in fashion. He therefore decided upon it; and as soon as he came home, he prescribed a mixture, of which this oil was the basis; the woman came and fetched it. Scarcely had two hours elapsed, when a messenger arrived, who requested Stilling to return immediately to his patient;—he hastened to him, and on entering the house, he saw the boy sitting up in the bed, happy and well; and was told that scarcely had the child swallowed a teaspoonful of the mixture, before he opened his eyes, awoke, and asked for something to eat, and the arm had become still, and just like the other. It is impossible to describe how the good doctor felt on this occasion; the house was full of people, desirous of seeing the miracle; every one regarded him with delight as an angel of God. Every one blessed him; but the child's parents wept tears of joy, and knew not what they should do for the able physician. Stilling thanked God inwardly in his heart, and his eyes were filled with tears of delight; however, he was heartily ashamed of the praise bestowed upon him, which he had so little merited; for the whole cure was neither the result of plan or reflection, but mere accident, or rather Divine and paternal providence.

When reflecting on the whole affair, he could scarcely refrain from laughing aloud at hearing them speak of his stupendous ability, being conscious how little he had done in the matter; however, prudence required him to be silent, and to take every thing for granted, although without ascribing vain glory to himself; he therefore now prescribed purgatives and tonic medicines, and healed the child completely.

Here I cannot restrain the impulse of my heart from communicating to young physicians a warning and an admonition, which is the result of much experience, and which may be likewise useful to the public, who are obliged to confide themselves to such inexperienced persons. When the young man goes to the university, his first idea is, to finish as soon as possible; for studying costs money, and he would gladly soon be able to support himself. The most needful auxiliary sciences, such as the knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, are neglected, or at least not sufficiently studied; whilst, on the contrary, the time is spent in a variety of subtle and sophistical anatomical disquisitions; the individual then attends the other lectures mechanically, and immediately hastens to the sick-bed. There, however, every thing is found to be very different; the man knows little or nothing of the secret course of nature, and yet ought to know every thing;—the young doctor is ashamed to confess his ignorance; he therefore talks a great deal of high-sounding nonsense, which makes the ears of the experienced practitioner to tingle; then sits down, and prescribes something, according to his fancy. Now, if he is still in any degree conscientious, he makes choice of remedies which, at least, cannot injure; but how often is the most important crisis by this means neglected, in which a beneficial effect might have been produced!—and besides all this, the individual often thinks he has prescribed something of a harmless nature, not considering that injury may nevertheless be done by it, because he is ignorant of the real character of the disease.

It is therefore imperative upon young students, after attaining a perfect knowledge of the auxiliary sciences, to study Surgery to the very bottom; for the latter contains the most certain principles of knowledge, from whence, by analogy, internal diseases may be ascertained. They ought then to study nature at a sick-bed, with the professor of practical medicine, who should, however, himself be a good physician; and then at length, enter upon this highly important office; but mark!—*only under the superintendance of an able practitioner!* Alas! where is there a greater deficiency, than in the arrangements of the medical establishment, and in the regulations appertaining to it?

This first cure made a great noise; the blind, the lame, the crippled, and incurables of every kind, now came for his assistance; but Dippel's Oil did not avail for all, and Stilling had not yet found any such specific for all diseases. The concourse of people to him therefore diminished; but he came into a regular practice, which procured him a bare subsistence. Meanwhile, his competitors began to attack him; for they looked upon the cure as a piece of quackery, and made the public suppose that he was, and would be, a mere charlatan. This unfounded report reached the medical board at Rüsselstein, and caused the members of it to entertain prejudicial ideas of him; he was required to appear before them for examination, and was rather severely handled; however, he stood firm, notwithstanding all the attempts at chicanery, so that no one could establish anything against him; he obtained therefore the diploma of a privileged physician.

In the beginning of that summer, Stilling made it known that he would read a lecture on Physiology to young surgeons. Messieurs Dinkler and Troost attended the lecture diligently, and from that time he has read lectures almost without interruption. When he spoke in public, he was in his element; in speaking, his ideas developed themselves so fast that he often could not find words enough to express them all; his whole existence felt reanimated, and became life and delineation. I do not say this for the sake of boasting; God knows, it was He who gave him the talent; Stilling had done nothing towards it. His friends often foreboded he would become a public lecturer; at which predictions he sighed within himself, and wished it might be so; but saw no way before him how to ascend that step.

Scarcely had Stilling spent a few weeks in such occupations, when all at once the heavy hand of the Almighty again drew forth the rod, and wounded him severely. Christina began to grow melancholy and ill; by degrees her dreadful fits returned in all their violence; she became subject to tedious and painful convulsions, which often

lasted for hours together, and contracted her poor weak body in such a manner, that it was pitiful to behold. The convulsions often threw her out of bed; during which she shrieked so dreadfully that she might have been heard to the distance of several houses in the neighbourhood. This lasted for some weeks, when her state became evidently more dangerous. Stilling looked upon her as perfectly hectic, for she had really all the symptoms of a consumption; he now began to despair, and to wrestle with God; all his powers succumbed, and this new species of sorrow—that of losing a wife whom he so tenderly loved—inflicted deep wounds on his heart. To this were joined daily new cares respecting his maintenance in a place of trade, like Schönenthal;—he had no credit; besides which, every thing was very dear, and the manner of living expensive. Every morning, on awaking, the question recurred to him with redoubled force, "How shall I find subsistence this day?" for the case was very rare that he had money enough for two days. His experience and his trials of faith, indeed, stood before his eyes; but then he daily saw still more pious people, who struggled with the bitterest want, and had scarcely bread enough to satisfy their hunger; therefore, what else could console him, but an unconditional surrender of himself to the mercy of his heavenly Father, who would not suffer him to be tempted beyond his ability?

To this was added another circumstance;—he had adopted the maxim, that every Christian, and particularly a physician, ought to be benevolent without reflection, merely in confidence upon God; in consequence of this, he committed the great mistake of frequently having medicine made up at the apothecary's on his own account, for those he visited, who were unable to pay; by which he plunged himself into debt, which subsequently caused him much sorrow; nor was he careful, on such occasions, to reserve the money he had been receiving. I cannot say that in such instances an inward benevolent impulse alone guided his actions. No; there was also a certain thoughtlessness and disregard for money connected with it, of which weakness of character Stilling at that time was ignorant, but at length became sufficiently acquainted with it, through many grievous trials. It is no wonder that in this manner his practice became very extensive; he had more than enough to do, but his labors brought him in very little. Christina also felt grieved at it, for she was very careful; and he said nothing to her when he gave away anything, lest she should reproach him; for he felt assured that God would bless him for it in some other way. In other respects, they were both very moderate in food and raiment; and contented themselves with that which the extreme of propriety required.

Christina grew worse, and Stilling thought he should certainly lose her. One forenoon, as he sat by her bed and waited upon her, her breath all at once began to cease,—she stretched out her arms towards her husband, gave him a piercing look, and breathed out the words, "Farewell—angel—Lord, have mercy upon me—I am dying!" With that her eyes became fixed, all the appearance of death shewed itself in her face, her respiration ceased, she was convulsed, and Stilling stood like a poor criminal before his executioner. At length he threw himself upon her, kissed her, and spoke consoling words into her ear; but she was insensible. The moment, however, that Stilling was about to call for help, she came again to herself; she was much better, and evidently relieved. Stilling had not yet by any means sufficient medical experience to know all the parts which this dreadful hysteric evil is wont to act in such a weakly and irritable frame; hence it was, that he was so often alarmed and terrified. Christina did not die under this attack, but she remained dangerously ill, and the dreadful paroxysms continued; hence his life was a constant torture, and every day had new torments in readiness for himself and his consort.

Just in this severe time of trial, there came a messenger, from a place which was five leagues distant from Schonenthal, to conduct him to a rich and respectable individual, who was confined by a lingering illness. Painful as it was to him to leave his own wife in such a melancholy condition, yet he felt as deeply the duties of his office; and as the state of the patient above-mentioned was not dangerous, he sent the messenger away again, promising to come the next day. He therefore arranged his affairs so as to be able to be absent for a day. At seven o'clock in the evening, he sent out the servant-girl to fetch a bottle of Malaga wine, which was intended for Christina's refreshment; if she took only a few drops of it, she felt herself invigorated. Christina's younger sister, a girl of thirteen years of age, was at that time residing with them on a visit to her sister, and she went out with the servant to fetch the wine. Stilling seriously enjoined the latter to return immediately, because there were still several things to do, and he had to prepare for his journey on the morrow; however, she did not do so;—the fine summer evening seduced the thoughtless girl to take a walk; and it was nine o'clock before she came home. Stilling had consequently his wife's bed to make, and other things to do himself. Both were therefore justly irritated. As the girl entered the door, Stilling began, in a gentle but serious tone, to admonish her, and remind her of her duty; the girl was silent, and went down-stairs with Miss Friedenberg into the kitchen. After a little while, they both heard a hollow, terrible, and dreadful sound, and at the same time, the sister calling out for help. The gloom of the twilight, together with this appalling noise, produced such an effect, that Stilling himself grew cold through his whole frame, whilst his sick wife shrieked out with terror. Meanwhile, Stilling ran down stairs, in order to see what was the matter. He found the servant-girl standing by the sink, with dishevelled hair, and, like a lunatic, emitting this horrible sound, whilst foaming at the mouth, and looking like a fury.

Stilling now felt exasperated; he seized the girl by the arm, turned her about, and said to her, energetically, "What now! what are you doing?—what Satan impels you to trouble me thus, in my distressing circumstances?—have you no human feeling?" But this was pouring oil into the fire; she shrieked convulsively, tore herself from him, and fell into the most dreadful epileptic fits. At the same moment, he heard Christina likewise screaming dreadfully; he ran up-stairs, and found, in the twilight, his wife in the most appalling condition;—she had thrown off all the bed-clothes and bedding, and was writhing convulsively in the straw beneath; all recollection was fled, she gnashed her teeth, and the convulsions drew her head backwards to her heels. The waves of affliction now rolled over his head;—he ran out to his next neighbours and old friends, and called aloud for help most piteously. Persons of both sexes came, and exerted themselve to bring the two sufferers again to themselves;—they succeeded first with the servant-girl; she came to herself again, and was taken to bed; but Christina remained for a couple of hours in the same melancholy condition. She then became quiet; her bed was made, and

she was put into it, where she lay like one asleep, entirely without consciousness, and unable to move. The day now dawned; two females from the neighbourhood, together with the sister, continued with Christina; and Stilling rode, with the heaviest heart in the world, to visit his patient. On returning in the evening, he found his wife in the same state of stupefaction, and she only came to herself again the next morning.

He now sent away the malicious servant, and hired another. The storm passed over for this time; and Christina got well again. The following autumn, she was again troubled with an ulcerated breast, which was the cause of many painful occurrences; though with this exception, she was very well and cheerful.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stilling's domestic life had commenced painfully and sorrowfully in every respect. There was nothing pleasing in his whole situation, except the tenderness with which Christina treated him; both loved each other cordially, and their intercourse was a pattern to married people. However, the excessive affection of his wife sometimes occasioned him very bitter moments, for it frequently degenerated into jealousy; but this weakness entirely vanished in the course of a year or two. In other respects, Stilling's whole state resembled that of a wanderer travelling by night through a wood full of robbers and ravenous beasts, who hears them, from time to time, rustling and roaring around him. He was continually tormented by care respecting his daily support; he had little success in his vocation, little love in the circle in which he moved, and consequently little comfortable society. No one encouraged him; for those who could have done it, did not know him, nor he them; and those that observed and were acquainted with him and his circumstances, either despised him, or were indifferent to him. If he occasionally went to Rasenheim, he did not dare say any thing of his condition, lest he should cause anxiety, for Mr. Friedenberg had become security for the amount his studies had cost;—he was compelled to hide his sorrow from his Christina, for her tender mind would have been unable to have borne it with him; he was even obliged to encourage her, and hold out to her the most pleasing hopes.

It was, on the whole, a singular affair with reference to Stilling's vocation and attending the sick. As long as he labored, unobserved, amongst the poor and the lower class, he performed excellent cures, and was successful in almost every case; but no sooner had he to attend one of the higher class, to whom many eyes were directed, than all was in vain; his sphere of action, therefore, continued limited to people who could pay him but little. This circumstance, although it seemed strange, is easily understood:—his whole soul was system; in his ideas it was requisite that every thing should be according to rule; hence he had no disposition for the refined and allowed charlatanry, which is so needful to the practical physician *who wishes to gain something for himself*; therefore when he visited a patient, he inquired into his case, then formed a plan, and acted according to it. If it did not succeed, he was vanquished; his labors then became disagreeable to him, and yet he was unable to help himself. With common and robust constitutions, in which nature works more regularly and simply, his method was most successful; but where luxury, delicate nerves, perverted sensibility, and imagination, were in full play, and where his attention to the patient had to consist of a hundred different kinds of seemingly important employments, Stilling did not feel at home.

All this gradually inspired him with a profound repugnance to the medical profession; and only the idea that God had designed him to be a physician, and would therefore gradually render him successful in his vocation, supported his soul, and kept him in unwearied activity. For this reason he formed, the very first summer, the gigantic resolution to study and investigate, until he had attained to mathematical certainty in his vocation. In this tedious undertaking, he hit upon several important tracks, and discovered many new philosophical truths; but the further he sought, the more he found that his misfortunes would increase, the more ground and foundation he discovered in his profession; for he perceived very clearly that the physician can do very little, and consequently can earn very little. This weakened his hopes, and his prospects became dark, just like a wanderer on an unknown and dangerous path, who is overtaken by a thick fog, so that he cannot see ten steps before him. He therefore cast himself unreservedly into the paternal arms of God, hoped, where nothing was to be hoped for, and proceeded in a very melancholy manner on his pilgrimage.

Dare I tell you, friends and readers, that Stilling, notwithstanding all this, was a happy man! What is the object of human life, but a perfecting of existence, in order to be able to spread happiness around us? Similarity to God and to Christ is the brilliant aim which beams upon a mortal, like the morning radiance, from his youth up;—but where is the boy, the youth, or the man, in whom religion and reason have so much the ascendancy over sensuality, as to prevent him from wasting his life in gratifying himself, and from forgetting his exalted destiny? It is therefore an invaluable blessing, when an individual is instructed, from his youth up, to place an entire reliance upon God; and is then placed by Providence in a situation where he is compelled to exercise that confidence. His soul, by this means, becomes pliant, humble, resigned, patient, and unceasingly operative; it struggles through doing and suffering, and overcomes every thing; no adversary can essentially injure it, for it strives against them with the weapons of love, which no one effectually resists: nay, even Deity itself may be overcome by love! This was Stilling's case. The wise man must therefore esteem him happy, although scarcely any one would wish himself in his place.

Towards the autumn of the year 1772, the two excellent brothers Vollkraft, of Rüsselstein, came to Schönenthal. The eldest was court-chamberlain, and a noble, upright, excellent man; he had a commission to execute at the latter place, which detained him some weeks. His brother, a sentimental, tender, and well-known poet, and at the same time, a man of the best, noblest, and most upright sentiments, accompanied him, in order to be with him in a place which was so entirely destitute of food for his soul. Doctor Dinkler was very well acquainted with these two worthy characters. At the first visit, he described Stilling to them so advantageously that they were desirous of becoming acquainted with him. Dinkler gave him a hint, and he hastened to visit them. He went to them for the first time one evening; when the chamberlain entered into conversation with him, and was so taken with him, that he saluted and embraced him, and favored him with his entire love and friendship; the same was the case also with the other brother. Both understood him, and he them; their hearts overflowed into each other, and a conversation arose, such as is not understood by every one.

Stilling's eyes were continually filled with tears on this occasion. His deep sorrow sought alleviation; but he never mentioned any thing of his situation, for he knew how humbling it is to confess one's need even to friends. He therefore bore his burden alone; which, however, was much lightened from having met with those who understood him, and were confidential and open to him. Besides this, Stilling was of low birth; he had been accustomed, from his youth up, to regard persons of rank, and even rich and reputable people, as beings of a superior kind; hence he was always timid and reserved in their presence. This was often construed into stupidity, ignorance, and adherence to his low descent:—in a word, he was despised by persons of the common sort, who were destitute of refined feelings: but the brothers Vollkraft were of a very different stamp; they treated him confidentially; he revived in their society, and was able to shew himself in his true colours.

Friedrich Vollkraft, for so was the chamberlain called, asked him, at his first visit, if he had written any thing. Stilling answered that he had; for he had sent his history, in lectures, by piecemeal, to the society of Belles Lettres at Strasburg, which existed at that time, and had received the copy of it back again. The two brothers much wished to read it; he brought it, therefore, at the next visit, and read it to them. The style, as well as the declamation, was so unexpected, that they exclaimed aloud, "That is beautiful,—incomparable!" They therefore encouraged him to write more, and induced him to furnish something for the "German Mercury," which was then commencing. He did so, and wrote "Aseneitha, an Oriental Tale," which appeared in the first part of the third and the first part of the fourth volume of that periodical work, and gave general satisfaction.

Through this acquaintanceship, Vollkraft became a support to Stilling, which much relieved him on a very painful occasion. He had now a lodging and a friend when he travelled to Rüsselstein, who imparted to him, by his correspondence, many a refreshing ray of light. This connection, however, made him still more hated by his fellow-townsmen, and particularly by the Pietists; for in Schönenthal, a rigid adherence to systems of religion universally prevails, and he that varies from them in the smallest degree, as was the case with the brothers Vollkraft, was regarded as Anathema and Maranatha; so that if a person writes any thing, if it be a poem that is not spiritual, or a romance however moral, he is in their eyes already tainted with irreligion, and becomes odious. It is true that all the inhabitants of Schönenthal do not think alike, of which proofs will be given in the sequel; these are, however, the sentiments of the majority, and it is this which gives the *ton*.

Doctor Stilling continued to live thus circumstanced, amidst a variety of changes. At the close of the year 1772, he made a calculation of his expenses; he balanced receipts and payments,—or rather, income and expenditure,—and found, to his great sorrow, that he was two hundred dollars deeper in debt; the reason of which was as follows. It is the custom in Schönenthal, to carry every thing that is earned to account; therefore, as no money came in, none could go out; consequently, what is wanted is fetched from the tradespeople, and placed to account. At the end of the year, the bills are made out and sent, and thus accounts are received and paid. Now, although Stilling had earned as much as he had spent, yet his demands were scattered about in such trifling sums that he could not possibly collect them all; he was therefore at a stand; and thus, the shopkeepers not being paid, his credit sank still more; his grief, on this account, was inexpressible. He met his daily ready-money expenses by what he received from patients in the country; but this resource was so limited, that he had barely sufficient for mere necessaries, and was frequently put to the severest tests; in which, however, Providence never forsook him, but came to his aid, as formerly, in a visible and wonderful manner. The following is an instance amongst many.

In Schönenthal, coals alone are used, both in the kitchen and the parlour stoves; all these coals are brought from the neighbouring province of Mark. Stilling had also his coalman, who from time to time brought him a horse-load, which, however, he was obliged to pay for on the spot; for the carrier required the money to buy more, and he had been hitherto always provided with the needful. On one occasion, this coalman drove up to the door, in the afternoon; the coals were wanted, and the man could not be sent away Stilling had not half-a-guilder in the house, and he did not feel himself at all at liberty to go and borrow of his neighbour. Christina wept, while he prayed ardently to God. All that was required was a couple of Convention dollars; but to him that does not possess them, the payment of two dollars is as difficult as to one who has to pay a thousand, and does not possess a hundred. Meanwhile, the carrier unloaded his coals; and when that was done, he washed his hands, in order to receive the money; Stilling's heart beat, and he wrestled with God. All at once, a man came to the door with his wife;—the good people were from Dornfeld; Stilling had healed the man of a painful disease some weeks before, and had charged him, in his account, for the end of the year. After the customary salutations, the man began: "I have just been receiving money; and as I was passing your door, it occurred to me, that I had no need to let my account stand over till next year; I therefore wish to settle it now. You, perhaps, may be able to make use of the money." "Very well," replied Stilling; so saying, he went and fetched the book, made out the account, and received ten rix-dollars.

Stilling frequently met with examples of this kind, by which he was much strengthened in his faith, and encouraged to persevere.

On the 5th of January 1773, Christina bore him a daughter; and although every thing passed over in the ordinary course of nature, yet there was again a dreadful period of six hours' continuance, in which the fury, Hysteric, used her claws in a terrible manner;—the poor woman writhed about like a worm; and such times were always a penetrating and purifying fire for Stilling.

The following spring, after riding, one Saturday, to a neighbouring village, which lies at the distance of a league and-a-half from Schönenthal, in order to visit the sick, and spending the whole day in going from house to house, and from cottage to cottage, there came in the evening, a poor, young, well-made female, across the street, who was blind, and was obliged to be led by the hand. Stilling was still eminent for curing diseases of the eye; he stood at the door of the inn, near his horse, and was just about to mount, when the poor woman called out, "Where is the Doctor?"

Stilling.—"Here! What do you want, good woman?"

Woman.—"Oh, sir, look at my eyes! I have been blind some years; I have two children, whom I have never seen, and my husband is a day-laborer; I helped formerly, by spinning, to maintain

our family, but I cannot do so now; and though my husband is very industrious, yet he cannot support us alone, and therefore we are badly off. Oh look, sir, and see whether you can do any thing for me!"

Stilling looked at her eyes, and said, "It is a cataract; you might, perhaps, be healed of it, if you met with an able man, who could perform the operation."

Woman.—"Do not you understand it, Doctor?"

Stilling.—"Yes, I understand it, it is true; but I have never yet tried it on any living being."

Woman.—"Oh, then, try it upon me!"

Stilling.—"No, good woman! that I will not; I am too much afraid of it;—it might not succeed, and then you would always continue blind; it would be afterwards impossible to cure you."

Woman.—"But now, if I will run the risk? You see I am blind, and shall not be blinder than I am now; perhaps the Lord will give his blessing with it, and make it successful;—perform the operation upon me!"

At these words, Stilling was seized with a fit of trembling; operations were not his business; he therefore threw himself on horseback, and said, "Let me alone!—I cannot—I cannot—perform the operation."

Woman.—"Doctor, you must; it is your duty; God has called you to help the poor and the needy, whenever you can;—now you can operate for the cataract; I will be the first to take my chance, and I will accuse you at the day of judgment, if you do not help me!"

These words were daggers in Stilling's heart; he felt that the woman was in the right, and yet he had an invincible dread and dislike to all operations on the human body; for he was, on the one hand, too tender and too susceptible, and, on the other, too conscientious also, to risk the happiness of any one in such a manner. He therefore made no further reply, but rode off; he struggled with himself on the way, but the result was the same,—a resolution not to perform the operation. However the poor woman did not let the matter rest there; she went to her minister—why should I not name him?—the worthy man, who was one of a thousand—the late Theodore Müller. He was the father, the counsellor of all the members of his church; the prudent, gentle, unweariedly active servant of God, without being a pietist; in short, he was a disciple of Jesus in the full sense of the word. His Master soon called him away, assuredly to make him ruler over much. Lavater sang his death, the poor wept over him, and the sick lamented him. Blessed be thy remains, thou seed for the day of retribution!

The poor blind woman came to this worthy man to tell her sorrows, and at the same time accused Doctor Stilling. Müller therefore wrote him a pressing letter, in which he represented to him all the happy results which this operation would occasion, in the event of its succeeding; and, on the other hand, the inconsiderable consequences in the event of its being unsuccessful. Stilling ran, in the distress of his heart, to his friends Dinkler and Troost. Both advised him seriously to undertake the operation; and the former even promised to accompany him and assist him. This encouraged him in some measure, and he resolved upon it with fear and trembling.

There was another circumstance to be added to all this. Stilling had been particularly instructed at Strasburg, by Professor Lobstein, in the extraction of the cataract, and had also procured from Bogner the instruments for it; for it was his intention, at that time, to unite this excellent and beneficial method of healing to his other opthalmic remedies. But on becoming a practical physician himself, and being grieved to see all the misery that resulted from unsuccessful medical attendance, he grew extremely timid, and did not dare to venture on such operations; he consequently lost all desire to operate for the cataract; and this was one of the principal reasons why he could not perform as much—or at least, did not appear to accomplish as much—as others of his colleagues, who undertook every thing, labored on, and though they often made miserable falls, gathered themselves up again, and notwithstanding all, got forward better than he.

Stilling wrote therefore to Müller, that he would come on a certain day, with Doctor Dinkler, to perform the operation on the poor woman. Accordingly, both set off, on the day appointed, and walked to the village; Dinkler gave Stilling every possible encouragement, but it was of little avail. At length they arrived at the village, and went to Müller's house; the latter comforted him, and the woman was then sent for, together with the surgeon, who had to hold her head. When every thing was ready, and the woman had taken her seat, Stilling placed himself before her, took the instrument, and introduced it into the eye at the proper place. But as the patient, as is natural, moved a little on taking breath, Stilling drew the instrument out again; consequently the watery humour flowed out of the wound, down the cheek, and the anterior eye closed. Stilling therefore took the curved scissars, and penetrated into the wound with the one blade, and then regularly cut the semi-circle below, as customary; but on looking closely, he found that he had also cut the coat of the iris; he was alarmed;—but what was to be done? He was silent, and sighed. That moment the lens fell through the wound, down upon the cheek, and the woman exclaimed, in the greatest transport of joy, "O Doctor, I can see your face! I see the black in your eyes!" All present rejoiced. Stilling then bound up the eye, and healed it successfully; she saw extremely well, with one eye. Some weeks after, he performed the operation upon the other eye, with the left hand; all was done regularly, for he had now more courage; this was also healed, and the woman was perfectly restored to sight. This was noised abroad, so that several blind people came, on whom he successfully performed the operation; it was seldom that he did not succeed. Nevertheless, it was singular, that these important cures rarely yielded him any emolument. Most of the individuals being poor, he performed the operation on them gratuitously; and it was seldom that any one came who was able to pay anything; his circumstances were consequently little improved by his success. Many even took occasion from it to class him with operators and quack-doctors. "Only pay attention," said they; "he will soon begin to travel from place to place, and enter into some order."

In September of the following autumn, the lady of one of the principal and most wealthy merchants, or rather men of property, who was at the same time a very worthy man, was confined for the first time. The case was a very painful and protracted one; and Dinkler, as physician to the family, proposed to call in the assistance of Stilling, who was therefore sent for. After having sufficiently convinced himself that the child was dead, to assist the mother, he opened its head, and pressed it together. Every thing afterwards went on well; and the lady soon became convalescent. But the heartfelt anxiety, tears, struggles, and sympathy which such employments occasioned our susceptible Stilling,

cannot be described. However, he felt it his duty, and was obliged to go whenever he was sent for. He started, therefore, so that his heart beat, on hearing a knock at his door during the night; and this has interwoven itself so firmly into his nerves, that to the present moment, he shudders whenever any one knocks at his door in the night-time, although he is well aware that he is no longer sent for to act on such occasions.

This affair gained him, for the first time, the esteem of all the inhabitants of Schönenthal; he now saw a number of friendly faces. But this pleasant state of things did not last long; for about three weeks afterwards, there came an order from the medical board at Rüsselstein, enjoining him to abstain, for the time being, from acting as accoucheur, and to appear before the board, to be examined regarding that department. Stilling stood as if thunder-struck; he did not comprehend a word of it, until at length he learnt that some one had sent a very unfavorable account of his professional aid in the above-mentioned case.

He therefore set out for Rüsselstein, where he took up his abode with his friend Vollkraft, his worthy lady, who is equalled only by few, and his excellent sisters; and he needed this recreation in his painful circumstances. He then waited upon one of the members of the medical board, who received him very scornfully, with the words, "I hear, you put out people's eyes." "No," answered Stilling; "but I have cured several of the cataract."

"That is not true," said the man, insolently; "you say false." "No!" rejoined Stilling, with fire in his eyes, and burning cheeks, "I do not speak falsely; I can bring witnesses to prove it incontestibly; and were I not aware of the respect I owe you, sir, as one of my superiors, I would answer you in the same tone. A graduated person, who seeks every where to do his duty, deserves the esteem, even of his superiors." The member of the medical board laughed in his face, and said, "Is it doing your duty, to destroy children?"

Dimness now obscured Stilling's sight; he turned pale, stepped nearer, and rejoined, "Sir, do not say that again!" He felt, however, at the same time, all the horrors of his situation, and his dependence upon this horrible man. He therefore sank back into a chair, and wept like a child; but this produced no effect, except to excite more scorn; he therefore rose up, and went away. In order that his grief might not be too much perceived by the Vollkrafts, he walked awhile up and down the rampart; and when he entered the house, he seemed more cheerful than he was. The reason why he did not relate all his grievances to Mr. Vollkraft lay in his nature; for open-hearted as he was with respect to every prosperous circumstance, he was just as silent regarding all he had to suffer. One cause of this was a great degree of self-love, and a wish to spare his friends. He was ready, however, to say every thing, and reveal every thing, to certain people, who had passed through similar situations;—but this phenomenon had a still deeper foundation, which he did not perceive till long after. Rational and acute-thinking people could not, like him, regard every thing as the result of Divine guidance;—no one doubted that Providence was specially leading him to some exalted aim; but whether much that was human had not intervened in the case of his marriage, and in other circumstances that had befallen him, was another question, to which every philosophical reasoner would loudly answer, "Yes!" Stilling, at that time, could not bear this at all; he thought he knew better, and this was the real cause of his silence. The sequel of this history will show how far these people were right or wrong. But I return to my subject.

The medical board fixed a time for his examination in Midwifery, and for deciding respecting his treatment of the Schönenthal lady. In his examination, the most captious questions were put to him; and it was decided, that "though he was pretty correct in the theory, yet he had entirely fallen short in the practice;" he was therefore only permitted to assist in cases of the utmost extremity.

Notwithstanding all these vexatious circumstances, Stilling could not refrain from laughing aloud on reading this; and the public laughed with him;—he was forbidden to practise as an accoucheur, as an unfit person; but an exception was made in extreme cases, in which the assistance of this unfit person was permitted. With respect to the case of labor above-mentioned, Stilling was declared to have been the cause of the child's death, but the punishment was spared him; a great favor for the poor doctor—to be allowed to murder unpunished!

This decision, however, pained him to the soul; and he therefore rode, the same afternoon, to Duisberg, in order to bring the whole affair before the medical faculty there; the head of which, at that time, was the venerable Leidefrost. There he was declared perfectly innocent, and received a *responsum* which entirely restored his credit. The husband of the lady that had been delivered, published this document himself at the Schönenthal town-house. But the estimation of the cure suffered much by the course the matter had taken; and Stilling's enemies took occasion from it to calumniate him.

Stilling's success in curing the cataract had however caused much sensation; and a certain friend even inserted an account of it in the Frankfort newspaper. Now there was at the university of Marburg a very worthy and able professor of Jurisprudence, of the name of Sorber, who had been three years blind of the cataract, to whom this account in the newspaper was read. He instantly felt impelled to take the long journey to Schönenthal, in order to have the operation performed by Stilling, and to place himself under his care. He therefore arrived at the end of April 1774, with his lady and two daughters, and Stilling successfully performed the operation in the beginning of May; his patient recovered so satisfactorily that he perfectly regained his sight, and still continues to fill his situation in an honorable manner. During this time, Christina was brought to bed a second time, and bore a son. With the exception of dreadful hysterical fits from the milk-fever, every thing went on favorably.

There was still one thing which lay at Stilling's heart. He wished to see his father again, after so long a lapse of time. As Doctor, he had not yet spoken to him, and his consort was still entirely unacquainted with him; but though he had frequently invited the worthy man, and Wilhelm had often promised to come, yet he always postponed his visit. Stilling now, however, did his utmost. He wrote to him to say that would ride on a certain day to Meinerzhagen, which was half-way, to meet him, and would fetch him from thence. This produced the desired effect. Wilhelm Stilling set out at the proper time, and they met at the appointed inn, at Meinerzhagen. They ran to each other's arms, and the feelings which assailed the hearts of both were unspeakable. Wilhelm in unconnected ejaculations expressed his joy, that his and Doris's son had now attained the object for which he was designed; he wept and laughed alternately; and his son took good care not to give him the slightest

hint relative to his painful sufferings, his doubtful success, and the difficulties of his profession ; for by this he would have spoiled all his father's joy. He nevertheless felt his grief the more deeply ;—it pained him not to be so happy as his father imagined him to be, and he doubted also that he ever should be thus happy ; for he always regarded himself as one whom God had destined to the medical profession, and that he must continue in this vocation, although he had for some time taken a dislike to it ; because, on the one hand, he found so little real encouragement in this science ; and on the other, because if he proceeded with it in an honest manner, it was not sufficient to support him, much less to prove the basis of the prosperity of his family.

The next morning, he placed his father on the horse, and acted the pedestrian at his side on the path ; and thus they travelled nine leagues that day, conversing in a most agreeable manner, until they reached Rasenheim, where he introduced his father to the whole of his Christina's family. Wilhelm was received in a manner worthy of him ; he shook every one by the hand ; and his honest, characteristic Stilling's-face, inspired every one with reverence. The Doctor now let his father walk on before, accompanied by one of his brothers-in-law, whilst he remained a few minutes longer, in order to give free vent to his feelings in the bosom of Mr. Friedenberg's family ; he wept aloud, thanked God, and then hastened after his father. He had never travelled the road from Rasenheim to Schönenthal with such heartfelt delight as on the present occasion ; and Wilhelm likewise rejoiced in his God.

On entering the house, Christina flew downstairs to meet the worthy man, and fell upon his neck with tears. Such scenes must be witnessed, and the spectator of them must possess the requisite organs of sensibility, in order to be able to feel them in all their force.

Wilhelm remained a week with his children ; and Stilling again accompanied him as far as Meinerzhagen, from whence each pursued his way in peace.

Some weeks after, Stilling was sent for early one morning to an inn, and was told that a strange gentleman, who was sick, desired to speak with him. He therefore dressed himself, went thither, and was conducted into the chamber of the stranger. He found his patient with a large cloth wrapped round his neck, and his head enveloped in clothes. The stranger stretched his hand out of bed, and said, with a weak and hollow voice, "Doctor, feel my pulse! I am very weak and poorly." Stilling felt it, and found the pulse very regular and healthy ; he expressed himself therefore to that effect, and declared he found nothing wrong, for the pulse went regularly. Whilst saying this, Göethe took him round the neck. Stilling's joy was indescribable, and he took him home with him. Christina was also happy to see this friend, and made preparations for dinner. Meanwhile he led Göethe to an eminence out of the town, in order to shew him the charming view of the town and the extensive valley.

Just at that time, the brothers Vollkraft were again in Schönenthal on business. They had a friend with them, who has rendered himself celebrated by his beautiful writings, but whom Stilling did not like, because of his satirical and sarcastic humour ; he therefore seldom visited his friends, for Juvenal (as I will for the present call the man) continually ridiculed him on account of his attachment to religion. During the time that Stilling was taking a walk with Göethe, Mr. Vollkraft the chamberlain rode up to Stilling's door on horseback, and called out to the servant, to tell her master that he had suddenly set off for Rüsselstein, because Göethe was there. Christina was not present at the moment to inform him of the true state of the case. Vollkraft therefore trotted off in haste ; when Göethe and Stilling returned home, and the servant related the occurrence to them, they both regretted the mistake, but it was then too late to alter it.

The peculiar occasion of this journey of Göethe's was the following :—Lavater had been visiting the baths at Ems, from whence he travelled to Mühlheim on the Rhine, to visit a friend there. Göethe had followed him to Ems ; and in order to see every thing of a remarkable nature, and to visit some eminent characters, he had accompanied him to Mühlheim. Göethe then left Lavater behind him, and made an excursion, by way of Rüsselstein, to Schönenthal, in order likewise to visit his old friend Stilling, promising Lavater to return to Mühlheim at a certain time, and accompany him back again. However, during Göethe's absence, Lavater was under the necessity of likewise proceeding to Rüsselstein, and from thence to Schönenthal ; but of this, Göethe did not know a syllable ; consequently, after dining with Stilling, he set out on horseback on the way to Rüsselstein, with the above-mentioned Juvenal, in order to meet the Vollkrafts there. Scarcely were they gone, when Lavater came driving up the street, accompanied by the two Vollkrafts, the celebrated Hasenkamp of Duisburg, and the very remarkable, pious, and learned Doctor Collenbusch. Stilling being informed of this, hastened after the two horsemen, and brought them back again.

Lavater and his attendants, meanwhile, had turned in at a well-known and pious merchant's. Stilling, Göethe, and Juvenal hastened thither also. Never, perhaps, had a more singularly mixed company met together, than that which now surrounded the large oval table, which, according to the Schönenthal fashion, was at the same time loaded with refreshments. It is worth the while for me to give even a rude sketch of these guests.

Lavater's fame for practical godliness had attracted thither, amongst others, an old adherent of Tersteegen's ; he was in every respect a venerable man :—unmarried, according to the principles of pure mysticism ; extremely particular in the choice of his company ; very friendly ; grave ; of a soft-featured countenance, composed look, and careful in all his expressions ; all his words were weighed, as it were, in gold scales ; in short, he was an excellent man, if I except the single peculiarity, which all persons of this kind so easily assume—that of being intolerant towards all who differ from them in opinion. This venerable man, with his round and lively face, round bob-wig and black small-clothes, sat towards the head of the table ; he looked about him with a kind of friendly anxiety, and now and then privately dropped monitory hints, for he scented spirits of very different sentiments.

Next to him sat Vollkraft the chamberlain, in a fashionable riding-dress, a refined man of the world, equalled only by few ; his lively disposition shot forth sparks of wit, and his highly-rectified philosophical feeling judged always according to the balances of propriety, of rectitude, and of justice.

After him followed his brother, the poet ; from whose whole being streamed gentle, pleasing feeling, and benevolence towards God and man, let them think and believe as they would, if they were only good and worthy people ; his grey flock-hat lay behind him in the window, and his form was covered with a light summer frock.

The landlord sat next him ;—he had on his head a coal-black wig with a bag, and a brown chintz morning-gown, girded about with a green silk sash ; his large prominent eyes started forth from beneath his broad and lofty forehead ; his chin was pointed, and the face, on the whole, triangular and meagre, but full of traits of understanding ; he loved rather to hear than to speak ; and when he spoke, every thing was previously considered and decreed in the chamber of his brain ; certainly his dove-like simplicity was not unaccompanied by the wisdom of the serpent.

Lavater was next in order ;—his apostle John's face forcibly attracted every heart with veneration and love ; and his cheerful and pleasing wit, combined with a lively and amusing humour, made all present its own, who did not think they sinned by wit and humour. Meanwhile, his physiognomical feelers were secretly and constantly at work ; for here there was no want of objects. He had an able drawing-master with him, who also did not sit with his hands in his bosom.

Near Lavater sat Hasenkamp, a man of about forty years of age,—a little bent, thin, and hectic, with rather a long face, remarkable physiognomy, and an aspect which inspired veneration. Every word was a paradox, exciting reflection and pleasure, though seldom systematic ; his spirit sought for liberty, and struggled in its tabernacle after truth, until, having soon burst it, he soared aloft with a loud hallelujah to the Source of light and truth. His detached pieces cause orthodox and heterodox Christians to shake their heads ; but he required to be known ;—he constantly walked with his perspective glass in his hand, up and down the land of shadows, and looked over into the region of the plains of light, the dazzling rays of which occasionally dimmed his sight.

Collenbusch followed next, a theological physician, or medical divine. His countenance was remarkably singular—a face which shook Lavater's whole system ; it contained nothing disagreeable, nothing bad ; but at the same time, nothing of all that on which he builds greatness of soul. A secret and serene majesty, however, beamed forth through his features, which were disfigured by the small-pox, but so slightly as only to be gradually discovered in associating with him. His eyes, which were struggling with the cataract and the gutta serena, and his ever-open mouth, showing two rows of beautiful white teeth, seemed as if they would attract the truth through worlds of space ; and his very pleasing and agreeable language, connected with a high degree of politeness and modesty, fettered every heart that approached him.

Juvenal then followed. Let the reader imagine to himself a little, young, round-headed mannikin, the head inclining a little to one shoulder, with bright and roguish eyes, and an ever-smiling countenance ; —he said nothing, but made his observations in silence ; his whole atmosphere was an impenetrable power, which repelled every thing that sought to approach him.

Close to him sat a worthy young Schönenthal merchant, a friend of Stilling, full of religion without pietism, and glowing with a hunger after truth—a man who has few that are like him.

Now followed Stilling ; he sat there, with a profound and secret grief on his brow, which circumstances for the moment dispelled ; he spoke occasionally, and sought to show each one his heart as it was.

Some inconsiderable physiognomies, merely to fill up the vacant space, completed the circle. Göethe could not sit still ; he danced about the table, made faces, and shewed every where, in his way, how royally the circle of men delighted him. The Schönenthal people thought to themselves, "Good heaven ! the man cannot be right in his head ;" but Stilling and others, who knew him and his ways better, thought they should burst with laughter, when some one regarded him with a fixed, and as it were compassionating eye, and he would confound him with a full and piercing look.

This scene lasted, rather tumultuously, scarcely half-an-hour ; when Lavater, Hasenkamp, Collenbusch, the young merchant, and Stilling, rose up, and wandered forth in the clear evening sunshine, up the lovely valley, in order to visit the excellent Theodore Müller above-mentioned. Stilling will never forget that walk ; Lavater became acquainted with him, and he with Lavater ; they spoke much together, and became attached to each other. On arriving at the village, Stilling returned to Schönenthal with his friend ; in the mean time, Göethe and Juvenal had set off for Russelstein. Lavater came next morning to visit Stilling, had his portrait taken for his work on Physiognomy, and then pursued his journey further.

It was necessary to touch upon this remarkable period of Stilling's life circumstantially ; for although it made no alteration in his situation, yet it laid the foundation for a variety of important changes in his future course of life. One thing more I have forgotten to observe ;—Göethe took with him the manuscript of Stilling's life, in order to be able to read it at home, at his leisure ; we shall find, in the sequel, the excellent use which Providence made of this apparently trifling circumstance, and of Göethe's visit.

CHAPTER IX.

In the autumn of that year, 1772, a Schönenthal merchant brought with him from the Frankfort fair a merchant of the name of Bauch, from Sonnenburg in Saxony, in the hope that Stilling would be able to cure him. Stilling looked at his eyes ; the pupils were broad, but still in some degree moveable ; though there was the commencement of the cataract, yet the patient was much too blind for it to proceed solely from this trifling obscurity. Stilling saw clearly that the beginning of the *gutta serena* was the chief cause of the evil ; he mentioned this ; but his friends all advised him to attempt the operation, particularly because the patient was otherwise incurable, and therefore would lose nothing by the operation ; whilst, on the other hand, duty required that every means should be tried. Stilling therefore suffered himself to be prevailed upon, for the patient himself requested that the attempt might be made, and expressed himself to the effect that this last remedy must be also tried ; the operation was successfully performed, and the cure commenced.

The step was very inconsiderate, and Stilling found sufficient cause to repent of it. The cure did not succeed ; the eyes inflamed, suppurated strongly, and the sight was not only irreparably lost, but the eyes had now also an ugly appearance. Stilling wept in solitude, and prayed to God on his face for this man, that he might be healed ; but he was not heard. To this, other circumstances were added ; Bauch learned that Stilling was needy, and hence he began to believe that he had performed the operation merely in order to gain money. Now though the merchant, his landlord, who had brought him with him, was Stilling's friend, and sought to divest him of his suspicions, yet there were others, who visited the patient, who insinuated distrust enough concerning Stilling's poverty, deficiency in knowledge, and limited abilities. Bauch therefore travelled back to Frank-

fort unhappy, and full of vexation and mistrust of Stilling's integrity and attainments; he remained there some weeks, in order to make new attempts with his eyes, and after that to return home.

During this time, a very worthy and respectable Frankfort patrician, Mr. Von Leesner, heard how Professor Sorber of Marburg had been cured by Stilling. He himself had been blind for some years; he therefore sent to Sorber for the requisite information, and received the most satisfactory reply. Mr. Von Leesner consequently had his eyes inspected by several physicians, and as all of them agreed that the cataract might be cured, he committed the matter to his family-physician, the respectable and worthy Doctor Hoffmann, that he might correspond with Stilling upon the subject, and induce him to proceed to Frankfort; because, being old, blind, and infirm, he did not think himself able to undertake such a journey. Leesner promised to pay Stilling a thousand guilders, whether the operation proved successful or not. These thousand guilders dazzled Stilling's eyes in his afflicted circumstances; and Christina, however intolerable her husband's absence might seem to her, advised him, very seriously, not to neglect this establishment of his reputation; the Friedenberg family, and all his friends, also advised him to go. Theodore Müller alone was entirely opposed to it: he said, "Friend, you will repent of it, and the thousand guilders will cost you dear. I forebode a melancholy result; remain here; let him that will not come to you, stay away. Leesner has money and time; he will come when he sees that you will not undertake the journey." However, all his advice was fruitless; Stilling's former impulse to run before Providence again got the ascendancy; he therefore determined to set off for Frankfort, and accordingly promised Mr. Von Leesner that he would come.

Stilling now dreamed of future prosperity and the end of his sufferings. With the thousand guilders, he expected to be able to pay the most urgent demands upon him; and he likewise saw clearly, that the successful cure of such an individual would excite great attention, and procure him an extensive and lucrative practice from far and near. Meanwhile it seemed that Bauch, who was still residing at Frankfort, would ruin the whole affair again; for as soon as he heard that Von Leesner intended to place himself under Stilling's care, he seriously warned him, and depreciated Stilling as much as he could, on account of his needy circumstances and mean acquirements;—however, it was of no avail; Von Leesner persisted in his intention. No one could, in reality, blame Bauch for acting thus, for he had no other knowledge of Stilling, and his object in warning Von Leesner against misfortune was not ignoble.

Göethe, who was still residing at Frankfort with his parents, rejoiced at the prospect of having his friend Stilling with him for a time; his parents invited him, during his abode there, to dine at their table, and hired a handsome apartment for him in their neighbourhood. Göethe also inserted an advertisement in the newspapers, in order that other sufferers might be benefited by him; and thus the whole affair was regulated and agreed upon. Stilling's few friends rejoiced and hoped, others were anxious; and the greater part of those who knew him wished he might not succeed.

In the beginning of the year 1775, in the first week of January, Stilling mounted a hired horse, took a guide with him, and rode one afternoon, in dreadfully rainy weather, to Waldstatt; there he remained the night. The day following the heavens seemed willing to pour a new deluge over the earth; all the brooks and streams were immensely swollen, and Stilling more than once was in the utmost danger of his life. However, he arrived safely at Meinerzhagen, where he passed the night. The third morning he set out again upon his way; the sky was now pretty clear, large clouds flew over his head, and the sun occasionally shot its gentle rays through them upon his face; all nature reposed; the forests and bushes were grey and leafless, the fields and meadows half-green, the streams murmured, the storm-wind whistled from the west, and not a single bird animated the scene.

Towards noon, he came to a solitary inn, in a beautiful and pretty valley called Rosedale; here he saw, with astonishment and terror, on riding down the hill, that the stream, which was furnished with a strong arched bridge from one hill to the other, had overflowed the whole valley; so that he imagined he saw the Rhine before him, except that here and there a bush peeped forth. Stilling and his companion mutually expressed their sorrow; he had also promised his Christina to write from Leindorf, where his father lived; for his way led him directly through his native province. He knew that Christina would expect letters on the day appointed, and there was no opportunity of sending them from the place where he was; he was therefore obliged to proceed, or be under the apprehension that from anxiety she would be seized with fits, and become dangerously ill again.

In this dilemma he perceived that the balustrade, which conducted from the road to the bridge, still projected a foot high above the water; this gave him courage; and he determined to take his attendant behind him on the horse, and endeavour to ride along the paling to the bridge.

It was dinner-time when he reached the inn; here he met with several carriers, who awaited the falling of the water, and all advised him not to venture; it was in vain,—his active and ardent spirit was not disposed for waiting, where working or resting depended solely upon him; he therefore took his attendant up behind him, entered the flood, and struggled successfully through.

A couple of hours after, Stilling gained the eminence, from which he saw before him the mountains and plains of his native province. There lay the lofty Kindelsberg, south-westward before him; eastward, at its foot, he saw the smoke of the chimnies of Lichthausen, and soon discovered which of them belonged to his uncle Johann Stilling; a sweet thrill pervaded all his limbs, and all the scenes of his youth passed before his soul; they seemed to him to be golden times. "What have I now attained?" thought he to himself; "nothing but splendid misery! I am indeed become a man that excels all his forefathers in honor and respectability; but what avails all this?—a painted sword hangs by a silken thread over my head; it only need fall, and every thing would vanish like an empty bubble! My debts are growing more and more heavy, and I have reason to fear that my creditors will lay hands on me, take the little I have, and then leave me naked in the street; and besides, I have a delicate wife, who could not bear this, and two children, that would cry for bread." The idea was dreadful!—it tormented Stilling unceasingly for hours together, so that he could not enjoy a single happy moment. At length he recovered himself again; the great experience he had of the paternal fidelity of God, and the important prospects of his present journey, inspired him with renewed courage, so that he trotted cheerfully and joyfully into the village of Lichthausen.

He rode first to the house of the son-in-law of

Johann Stilling, who was an innkeeper, and had therefore accommodation for his horse. He was received by the friend of his youth and her husband with great rejoicing; he then walked, with trembling joy and a beating heart, to his uncle's house. The report of his arrival had already spread through the whole village; every window was full of heads, and as he opened the house-door, the two brothers, Johann and Wilhelm, came to meet him; he embraced one after the other, wept on their necks, and the two grey-heads also shed large tears. "Bless you, bless you, my dear nephew!" began that truly great man, Johann Stilling; "our joy is unspeakably great on seeing you at the summit of your wishes;—you have ascended to it gloriously, on the footsteps of honor; you have out-reached us all; you are the pride of our family," &c. Stilling answered nothing more than, "It is solely and wholly God's work; He has done it!" He would gladly have also added, "And still I am not happy; I feel on the brink of a precipice;" however, he kept his troubles to himself, and went without further ceremony into the parlour.

Here he found all the chairs and benches filled with neighbours and peasants from the village, the greater part of whom stood crowded together. All of them had known Stilling when a boy; but as he entered, every hat and cap was thrust under the arms of the wearers, and every one regarded him with respect. Stilling stood and looked around; with tears in his eyes, and a faltering voice, he said, "Welcome, welcome, dear people, and friends! God bless every one of you! Be all of you covered, or I will immediately leave the room;—what I am, is the work of God, and to Him alone be the glory!" A murmur of joy now arose; all of them admired and blessed him. The two old men and the Doctor then sat down amongst the good people, and every eye was fixed upon his deportment, and every ear was directed to his words. What father Stilling's sons then felt, cannot be described.

But how came it that Doctor Stilling excited so much attention?—and what was the reason that his elevation to the rank of Doctor of medicine, which was in no respect any thing so very wonderful, should excite such astonishment? There were many sons of peasants, in his native province, who had become learned and worthy men; and yet no one troubled himself about it. When we consider the thing in its true point of view, we shall find it very natural. Stilling, only nine or ten years before, had been schoolmaster amongst them; he had been universally regarded as a poor and hopeless youth;—he had then gone upon his travels; what occurred to him abroad, he had communicated to his uncle and his father; report had exalted every thing that was natural into something wonderful, and that which was wonderful into something miraculous; and hence it was, that they sought to see him as a curiosity. But he humbled himself inwardly before God; he knew his situation and circumstances better, and regretted that so much was made of him; however, it still caused him pleasure that he was not here so mistaken as it was his daily lot to be in Schönenthal.

The next morning, he set out with his father on the way to Leindorf. Johann Stilling lent his brother Wilhelm his own saddle-horse, and went beside him on foot; he would not have it otherwise. Before reaching the village, whole groups of youths and men from Leindorf, who had formerly been his scholars, came about a league to meet him; they surrounded his horse, and accompanied him. The rest of the population of Leindorf stood in the meadow by the water, and the cries of welcome resounded from a distance. He rode with his father in silence, and deeply abased and affected, into the village. His uncle Johann then returned home. At his father's house, Stilling's mother received him very timidly, but his sisters embraced him with many joyful tears. Father Stilling's daughters came also from Tiefenbach with their sons; people ran together from all sides, so that the house was filled from top to bottom, and the whole day and the following night it was impossible to think of repose. Stilling let himself be seen on every side; he spoke little, for his sensations were too powerful; they continually affected his heart, and he therefore hastened his departure. The next morning, he mounted his horse, surrounded by a hundred people, and rode off in the midst of the shouts and cries of a manifold and oft-reiterated farewell! Scarcely had he left the village, when his attendant told him that his father was running after him; he therefore turned about: "I have not yet taken leave, my dear son!" said the old man; he then took his left hand into his two hands, wept, and stammered out, "The Almighty bless thee!"

Stilling was now again alone, for his attendant was on the foot-path at one side. He then began to weep aloud; all his feelings streamed forth in floods of tears, and gave vent to his heart. Pleasing as the universal applause and the affections of his friends, relatives, and countrymen were to him, yet it deeply grieved him in his soul, that all their rejoicing was founded on false appearances. "I am not happy! I am not the man I am taken to be! I am nothing wonderful in the science of medicine!—no physician made so by God, for I seldom cure any one; if it happen, it is a mere chance! I am just one of the most every-day kind, and the most inexpert of my profession! And what at best have I become, that is so great? I am Doctor of medicine, a graduated person;—well, I am therefore one of the middle class!—no great light, that excites attention, and deserves such a reception!" These were Stilling's loud and perfectly true thoughts, which continually burst forth like a flame of fire from his breast, until at length he perceived the town of Salen before him, and composed himself. Stilling did not now strive for honor; he thought his station sufficiently respectable; it was only his disgust at his profession, his necessities, and the contempt in which he lived, which made him unhappy.

At Salen, Doctor Stilling kept himself incognito; he merely dined there, and rode to Dillenburg, where he arrived rather late in the evening, and took up his quarters with his honest and worthy cousin, Johann Stilling's second son, who was surveyor of the mines there. Both were of the same age, and had been cordial friends from their youth up; it is therefore easy to suppose how he was received. After a day's rest, he set out again, and travelled by way of Herborn, Wetzlar, Butzbach, and Friedberg, to Frankfort, where he arrived in the evening, and took up his abode with Göethe's family, who received him in the most friendly manner.

The following morning, he visited Mr. Von Leesner, and found him to be an excellent old man, full of pleasing politeness, united with enlightened religious sentiments. His eyes were fit for the operation, so that Stilling was enabled to give him the best hopes; and the day was fixed for extracting the cataract. Stilling made likewise some other important acquaintances; he visited the old and celebrated Doctor Burgraf, who had grown old, grey, and infirm in the most extensive and successful practice. After this excellent man had observed Stilling a while, he said, "Sir, you

are in the right way. I heard of your invitation hither, and imagined to myself a man who would visit me dressed in the height of the fashion, and would, as is commonly the case, appear like a charlatan; but I find you just the contrary to this; you are modest in your behaviour and in your dress, and are therefore such a one as he ought to be who has to administer aid to those who sigh under the rod of the Almighty. The Lord bless you! It causes me pleasure still to find, at the end of my days, men who give every hope of becoming what they ought to be." Stilling sighed, and thought to himself, "Would to God I were that which this great man takes me to be!"

He then visited the Rev. Mr. Kraft; his whole soul harmonized with this worthy man, and an intimate friendship arose between them, which will continue beyond the present life.

Meanwhile, the time for performing the operation drew near. Stilling performed it quietly, without saying any thing to any one, except a couple of surgeons and physicians, who were present on the occasion, in order that he might, in every case, have experienced men as witnesses. Every thing succeeded according to his wish: the patient saw and recognized all his friends after the operation; the fame of it spread through the whole city; friends wrote to friends at a distance, and Stilling received letters of congratulation from Schönenthal, before he could have answers to his own. The prince of Löwenstein Wertheim, the duchess of Courland, born princess of Waldeck, who was at that time residing in Frankfort, all the noble families there, and generally speaking, all those of the higher class, inquired respecting the result of the operation, and sent every morning to know how the patient was.

Stilling was never more satisfied than at present;—he saw how much attention this cure would excite, and what celebrity, applause, respect, and resort, it would cause him; and people began already to talk of presenting him with the freedom of Frankfort, in order to induce him to remove thither. In this expectation the good Doctor rejoiced beyond measure; for he thought that there, his sphere of operation would be greater, and the public opinion less narrow-minded than in Schönenthal; that there the concourse of strangers and persons of rank was uninterrupted and great; and that there he could earn something, and then become the man he had desired to be from his youth up.

Just at this time, some other blind persons arrived. The first was Doctor Hut, physician and counsellor of state in Wiesbaden, who, by taking cold, had become entirely blind of one eye in one night; he lodged with his brother, counsellor and advocate Hertz of Frankfort. Stilling performed the operation, and healed him successfully. This was universally made public, and that very worthy man became thereby his constant friend; particularly, also, because they were of the same sentiments.

The second was a Jewish Rabbi, dwelling in the Jew's-street at Frankfort; he had been long blind of both eyes, and requested Stilling to come to him. The latter went, and found an old man of sixty-eight years of age, with a snow-white beard hanging down to his girdle. On hearing that the Doctor was there, he rose from his chair with a tottering step, strove to find him, and said, "Doctor, look at my eyes!" He then made a grinning face, and pulled both his eyes wide open. Meanwhile a multitude of Jewish faces of all kinds crowded into the room, and here and there a voice was heard, exclaiming, "Silence!—what will he say?" Stilling looked at his eyes, and declared that, with the help of God, he should be able to assist him.

"Blessings on the gentleman!" resounded from all sides; "may he live a hundred years!"

The Rabbi now began: "Hush!—hear me, Doctor; only one eye,—only one!—for if it does not succeed—only one!"

"Well," answered Stilling, "I will come the day after to-morrow; and as you wish, it shall be only one."

The next day Stilling performed the operation on a poor woman in the Jews' hospital; and the following morning on the Rabbi. The same day, being at Mr. Von Leesner's, he was called to the house-door; he there found a poor beggar Jew of about sixty years of age, who was completely blind of both eyes, and therefore sought help; he was led by his son, a good-looking youth of sixteen years of age. The poor man wept, and said, "Ah, dear Doctor, I and my wife have ten living children; I was an industrious man, have travelled about much, and maintained them honestly; but now, alas! I am a beggar, and all my children beg; and you know how it is with us Jews." Stilling was inwardly affected; with tears in his eyes, he seized his two hands, pressed them, and said, "With the Lord's help, you shall have your sight again." The Jew and his son wept aloud, and would have fallen upon their knees, but Stilling did not suffer them, and continued, "Where will you take up your quarters? I will take nothing from you, but you must stay here a fortnight." "Ah, good heaven!" answered he, "that will be a difficult matter; many rich Jews reside here, but they do not receive strangers." Stilling rejoined, "Come to-morrow, at nine o'clock, to the Jews' hospital; I will there speak with the managers."

Accordingly, whilst Stilling was binding up the poor woman's eyes, the blind man arrived with his son; the whole room was filled with Jews, both high and low mingled together. The blind man now pleaded his case most piteously, but he found no hearing; these hard-hearted people had no feeling for the extreme wretchedness of their brother. Stilling was silent until he perceived that begging and praying was of no avail; but he then began to speak seriously; he sharply reproved them for their unmercifulness, and solemnly affirmed before them, that he would immediately abandon the Rabbi and the patient he had in hand, and do nothing more for them, unless the poor man was regularly and conveniently lodged for a fortnight, and duly supported. This had its effect; for in less than two hours the poor Jew had all that he needed, in an inn near the Jew's-street.

Stilling now paid him a visit. The Jew, though pleased by the hope of cure, shewed an extraordinary degree of apprehension of the operation, so that Stilling began to fear it might prove prejudicial to the cure; he therefore took other measures, and said, "I will postpone the operation for a few days; but to-morrow I must rub and brighten the eyes a little;—this will not give you pain; we will afterwards see what is to be done;" with which the poor man was well satisfied.

The next morning, therefore, he took the surgeon and some friends with him. The Jew was in good spirits, sat down, and opened his eyes widely. Stilling took the instrument, and operated on one of his eyes; as soon as the lens was extracted, the Jew exclaimed, "I believe the gentleman has done the job! O heaven! I see!—I see every thing! Joel, Joel, (for so his son was called,) go and kiss his feet!" Joel cried aloud, fell down, and would have kissed them; but he was not permitted.

"Well, well!" continued the Jew; "I would I had a million of eyes; I would have them couched, one after the other, for sixpence each!" In short, the

Jew regained his sight perfectly; and on taking his departure, he ran through the streets, with his arms stretched out, and over the Saxonhäuser bridge, exclaiming incessantly, "O good people, thank God for me! I was blind, and am now able to see! God grant long life to the Doctor, that he may be able to cure many blind people!" Stilling performed the operation on seven other persons besides Mr. Von Leesner, and all received their sight; however, none of them were able to pay him any thing, except Doctor Hut, who richly rewarded him for his trouble.

But now began all at once the most dreadful period of Stilling's life, which lasted uninterruptedly for more than seven years. Notwithstanding all his efforts, Mr. Von Leesner did not recover his sight; his eyes began to inflame and suppurate; several physicians came to his assistance, but all was unavailing; pain, and the fear of incurable blindness, dashed every hope to the ground.

Stilling thought it impossible to survive this; he wrestled with God for help, but all in vain; every friendly countenance vanished, all drew back, and Stilling continued alone in his sorrow. His friend Göethe and his parents sought to encourage him, but it was of no avail;—he saw nothing before him but horrors; sympathy from his friends, which could render him no service; and on the contrary, abundance of scorn and contempt, by which all his further practice would be rendered difficult. He now began to doubt whether God had called him to the medical profession; he feared he had still perhaps followed his own impulse, and would have to drudge during his whole life at a vocation which was extremely repugnant to him. His needy circumstances presented themselves again, in a lively manner, to his soul; he trembled, and only a secret confidence in the paternal providence of God, which was almost imperceptible to himself, supported him, so that he did not entirely fall to the ground.

As he was once sitting with Mr. Von Leesner, and lamenting, with tears, the unsuccessful result of the operation, the worthy man said, "Be satisfied, dear Doctor; it was good for me, and therefore, also the will of God, that I should remain blind; but it was necessary I should undertake the thing, and pay you the thousand guilders, that other poor people might be healed." Stilling personally received the thousand guilders; he took them sorrowfully, and after a residence of eight weeks, returned to Schönenthal. Every thing was tranquil there; all his friends compassionated him, and avoided speaking of the matter as much as possible. The worthy Theodore Müller, who had counselled him so faithfully, had, during the time, to his great sorrow, entered the eternal world; but the generality of people, and particularly the lower class, scoffed at him unceasingly; "I well knew," said they, "how the thing would terminate; the fellow has learnt nothing, and yet he is always striving to rise above others; the coxcomb is rightly served, by thus running his head against the wall."

Now though Stilling was desirous of setting himself above all this, yet it aided in preventing any more resort to him. The families he previously attended, had, during his absence, provided themselves with other physicians, and no one seemed inclined to return to him. In a word, Stilling's practice became very small; people began to forget him; his debts increased, for the thousand guilders were insufficient to discharge them; and his grief in consequence was unbounded. He concealed it, indeed, from the whole world, as much as he was able, but it was so much the more difficult for him to bear. Even the Friedenberg family began to be cold to him; for his own father-in-law began to believe that he could not be a good housekeeper. He was obliged to listen to many a grave admonition; and was often reminded that the sum of fifteen-hundred dollars, which had been expended on his studies, and in instruments, necessary books, and the most requisite household furniture, and for which Mr. Friedenberg had become security, must soon be paid. Stilling had not the smallest prospect of this; it pained him to his inmost soul, that he who gave him his child whilst he was still without a vocation, and even without bread, who with him had unreservedly trusted Providence, should now begin to totter. Christina also felt this change in her father severely; but she began to exhibit an heroic courage, which was really remarkable; and this was quite requisite, for without this uncommon strength, she must, as one of the weaker sex, have succumbed under her trials.

Notwithstanding the desperate situation of his affairs, however, what was needful never failed him;—Stilling had never any thing beforehand; but when it was required, it was there. This strengthened the faith of both; so that they were enabled still to bear up under their sufferings.

In the spring of 1775, Christina again bore a son, who died however four weeks afterwards. She suffered extremely in this confinement. One morning, Stilling saw her lying in a state of profound stupor; he was terrified, and asked her what was the matter. She answered, "According to circumstances, I am well; but I have a dreadful conflict within; let me alone, until I have overcome." He waited with the greatest anxiety for the time of explanation upon this point. After two melancholy days, she called him to her, fell upon his neck, and said, "Dear husband, I have now overcome, and I will tell thee all! I have struggled for two days with God and myself for my dissolution, and have fervently entreated Him to take me to himself, in order that thou mayest be able to marry another wife, that shall be more suitable for thee than I." This scene pierced his very soul. "No, my dear wife," said he, whilst pressing her to his beating heart; "thou shalt not struggle on this account, much less pray for thy death;—live, and be only of good courage."

The following summer, Stilling received a letter from his friend Doctor Hofmann of Frankfort, in which it was mentioned in confidence, that Mr. Von Leesner deeply felt his incurable blindness, and sometimes expressed distrust respecting his oculist. Now as he had been paid in such a princely manner, it would be setting the crown upon his good fame, if he would pay Mr. Von Leesner another visit at his own expense, in order that nothing might be left untried. Meanwhile, he, Mr. Hofmann, would again insert his intended visit in the newspapers, and perhaps the expense would be richly repaid him. Stilling felt the nobleness of the plan, if it could be accomplished; even Christina advised him to undertake the journey, but no one besides; every one was against the proposition. However, he followed merely his feeling of justice and propriety; he found a friend who advanced him a hundred dollars for the journey; and thus he travelled by the stage once more to Frankfort, where he again took up his residence with Göethe.

Mr. Von Leesner was extremely affected by this unlooked-for visit, and it had the desired effect. Several individuals also, who were suffering from the cataract, presented themselves, on all of whom Stilling performed the operation;—some recovered their sight, others did not; but none of them were in a condition to repay his expenses. This journey therefore plunged him a hundred dollars

deeper in debt; he resided also, this time, eight melancholy weeks in Frankfort.

During this period, Stilling committed an imprudence of which he often repented, and which caused him much vexation. He found at a friend's house, "The Life and Opinions of Magister Sebaldus Nothanker." He took the book and read it through. The bitter satire, the ridicule cast upon the pietists, and even upon truly pious men, pained him to the soul. Although he himself was not satisfied with the pietists, and had to suffer many things from them, yet he could not bear them to be ridiculed; for it was his opinion, that faults in religion must be wept over and lamented, but not held up to scorn and contempt, because in this manner religion itself is ridiculed. These sentiments were certainly very correct; but the step which Stilling ventured to take was not less hasty. He wrote from the impulse of the moment "The Sling of a Shepherd's Boy against the scornful Philistine, the author of Sebaldus Nothanker;" and without even once going through the manuscript coolly again, he gave it, glowing hot, to Eichenberg the publisher. His friend Kraft strongly advised him not to print it; but it was of no avail,—it was published.

Scarcely had he returned to Schönenthal, before he repented of the step he had taken. He now reflected on what he had done, and what weighty enemies he had made himself by this means; besides, he had not sufficiently developed his principles, and he was afraid that the public might regard him as stupidly orthodox. He therefore wrote a little tract under the title of "The great Panacea for the disease of Infidelity," which was also printed by the same publisher. In the mean time a defender of Sebaldus Nothanker appeared; for a certain merchant in the Netherlands wrote against "The Sling." This occasioned Stilling to seize the pen once more, and publish "The Shepherd-boy's Theory, in rectification and defence of his Sling." In this work he acted gently; he begged pardon of the author of Nothanker for his violence, without however recanting the least of his principles; he then sought to impart correct ideas of his sentiments to his opponent, the Netherlands merchant, avoiding at the same time all bitterness, as much as was possible, with the exception of a little innocent raillery: with this the whole affair terminated.

About this time, two institutions were established in Schönenthal, in which Stilling took a prominent part. A number of worthy and enlightened men formed a private society, which met on the Wednesday evenings, in order mutually to improve themselves by the perusal of useful writings, and by conversation on a variety of subjects. He that had the desire and ability, was also at liberty to read lectures. By means of fixed subscriptions, a library of select books was gradually collected, and the whole institution rendered generally useful. It still exists and flourishes, and is become since that time still more numerous and prosperous.

Stilling, who was one of its first members, together with his constant friends, Troost and Dinkler, had here an opportunity of displaying his talents, and of making himself better acquainted with the most excellent of his fellow-townsmen. In the meetings of this private society, he read a lecture upon Physics, in which he took "Euler's Letters to a German Princess" as the basis; by this he recommended himself uncommonly; all the members became fond of him, and supported him in a variety of ways. It is true, his debts were not by this means diminished; on the contrary, the absence of practice increased them daily;—they would, however, have been still greater, if Stilling had purchased all that was presented him by these worthy men.

The second institution had reference to a mineral spring, which had been discovered in the vicinity of Schönenthal. Dinkler, Troost, and Stilling, carried on the affair; and the latter was appointed physician to the establishment by the magistracy. He received, indeed, no salary; but his practice was in some degree increased, though not to such an extent as to enable him to meet his regular expenditure, much less to pay his debts.

His participation in these two institutions irritated the pietists against him still more. They saw that he associated more and more with the people of the world, and there was therefore no end to their reasonings and their calumnies. It is lamentable, that this otherwise worthy class of people so little observe the great precept of Jesus, whom they so highly honor in other respects—"Judge not, that ye be not judged." All their good qualities are thereby destroyed; and their judgment, on the great day, like the judgment of the pharisees, will be severe. I here solemnly except the noble and upright amongst them, who are the salt of the earth; they are deserving of respect, love, and forbearance; and may my end be like theirs!

In the spring of the year 1776, Stilling was under the necessity of removing to another habitation, because his landlord wished to occupy his house himself. Mr. Troost therefore sought and found one for him; it lay at the lower end of the town, on the way to Rüsselstein, near a number of gardens; it was enchantingly beautiful and convenient. Stilling rented it, and made preparations for removing into it. But here he had a dreadful trial to sustain; he had hitherto been able to pay the seventy dollars house-rent regularly every year; but he had not at that time a single farthing in hand, and, according to the law, he was not permitted to remove until the rent was duly paid. The want of credit and money likewise rendered him timid in requesting his landlord to have a little patience; there was, however, no other remedy. Oppressed with extreme sorrow, he therefore went to him, and besought his landlord, who was a worthy and upright merchant, but punctual and severe, to allow him a little more time. The merchant reflected a little, and said, "Remove, if you choose; but with the condition that you pay in a fortnight." Stilling, firmly confiding in the Divine aid, promised to settle every thing by that time, and removed into his new habitation. The cheerfulness of the house, the prospect of the beauties of nature, the convenient accommodation, and in short, every circumstance, certainly contributed much to alleviate his painful feelings; but the difficulty itself was not yet removed, and the gnawing worm remained.

The end of the fourteen days drew near, and there was not the slightest appearance of obtaining the seventy dollars. The iron now again entered into poor Stilling's soul; he often ran up to his chamber, fell upon his face, wept, and entreated help of God; and when his vocation called him away, Christina took his place; she wept aloud, and prayed with such fervour of spirit as might have moved a stone; but there was no trace of obtaining so much money. At length the dreadful Friday arrived;—both prayed incessantly, the whole morning, during their occupations, and their heart-rending anxiety caused ardent ejaculations to ascend continually.

At ten o'clock, the postman entered the door:—in one hand he held his receipt-book, and in the other a letter, the contents of which were heavy.

Stilling took it, full of expectation; the superscription was in Göethe's hand, and under the address was written, "Enclosing one hundred and fifteen rix-dollars in gold." He broke open the letter with astonishment, read it, and found that his friend Göethe, without his knowledge, had caused the commencement of his history to be published, under the title of "Stilling's Youth," and this was the sum obtained for the copy-right. Stilling quickly signed the receipt, in order to send the postman away; the married couple then fell upon each other's necks, wept aloud, and praised God for his signal interposition. During Stilling's last journey to Frankfort, Göethe had received his call to Weimar, and had there procured the publication of Stilling's history.

It cannot be expressed what a powerful effect this visible interference of Divine providence produced on the hearts of Stilling and his consort. They firmly and unhesitatingly resolved never to waver any more, but to endure every suffering with patience; they also perceived, in the light of truth, that the Father of men led them by the hand, that therefore their path and course were right before God, and that He intended by such trials to prepare them for higher purposes. Oh, how feeble and disgusting to one who has had so much experience of this kind, is the sophistry of modern philosophers, when they assert, "that God does not trouble himself with the detail, but merely with the total; that He has fixed the plan of the world, and that therefore prayer cannot alter it." O ye daubers with untempered mortar! how much the ancient abomination glimmers through! Jesus Christ is the governor of the world;—Stilling called upon Him a hundred times, and he was heard by Him. He led him up the dark, and dangerous, and precipitous ascent, and—but I will not forestall myself. What avail sophistical cobwebs of correct and logical inferences, where one experience follows the footsteps of another? In the sequel of this history, still more striking proofs of a direct providence will appear.

Stilling's friendship with Göethe, and the visit of the latter to Schönenthal, were so bitterly spoken against by those who professed to be the elect of God, that they shuddered at him as though he were an infidel, and reviled Stilling because he associated with him; and yet the matter was according to the plan and arrangement of Eternal Love, to try its pupil, to convince him of its fidelity, and to promote his advancement. Yet none of those who thus calumniated him, were feeling enough to assist Stilling with a farthing. Those who are called men of the world, were most frequently the blessed instruments in God's hand, when He intended to aid and instruct Stilling.

I have said and written it a hundred times, and am not weary of repeating it: "Let him that is desirous of being a true servant of God, not separate himself from men except on account of sin; let him not join any particular society, which professes for its object to serve God better than others; for in the consciousness of this *better serving* Him they gradually become proud, mean-spirited, hypocritical in appearance, and frequently so in reality, and therefore an abomination in the sight of a pure and holy God. I have known many such societies, and yet they always crumbled to the dust with derision, and were a reproach to religion. Young man, wilt thou tread the true path? Distinguish thyself by nothing but purity of life and noble actions; confess Jesus Christ by faithfully following His life and doctrine, and only speak of Him where it is necessary, and where it may edify; but then, be not ashamed of Him. Trust Him in every situation of life, and pray to Him with confidence; He will assuredly lead thee to the desired aim.

About this time, Counsellor Eisenhart of Manheim, a person of great activity and powerfully operative mind, had formed a society, in the ancient city of Rittersburg, in Austrasia, for the purposes of civil and political science. It consisted of a number of learned and intelligent men, who associated themselves together for the purpose of promoting agriculture, manufactures, and trade, and by this means, rendering both prince and people prosperous. The Elector had also patronized and sanctioned this excellent institution, and had provided it with certain revenues, that it might be able to proceed the more effectually. Now this society had commenced a manufactory of chamois leather: Eisenhart was acquainted with Stilling, for the latter had visited him on his way from Strasburg to Schönenthal. As the manufacture above-mentioned flourished exceedingly at the latter place, Eisenhart wrote to him, and requested him to make himself acquainted with the various modes and processes by which the fabric might be brought to perfection, and to give him information on the subject.

Much as Stilling was pleased with the institution, and much as he rejoiced at its prosperity, yet this commission, which was to make him serve as a spy, seemed dangerous to him; for he had reason to fear the Schönenthal people might at length hear of the affair, and then his misery would be boundless. He therefore wrote to Mr. Eisenhart, in a very friendly manner, and represented to him the danger in which he would plunge himself by such a step; but inquired, at the same time, whether he could not be of service to the institution by a variety of useful essays; for he had collected practical experience in the science of political economy. Eisenhart soon replied to him, and assured him that such treatises would be very welcome. Stilling therefore applied himself to the work; and wrote out one treatise after another, sending them to Mr. Eisenhart the director, who caused them to be read to the society at Rittersburg.

Stilling's labors met with very unexpected approbation; and he was soon honored with a patent as foreign member of the Electoral Palatine Society of Political Economy. This pleased him uncommonly; for although the whole connection, together with the honor he enjoyed from it, brought him no emolument, yet he experienced a real joy in occupations of this nature, which had such immediate reference to the best interests of mankind.

Stilling was respected on account of the history of his life, and his treatises. He now began to be known as a not altogether unpopular author; and he felt encouraged to continue the history of his life to the period of his settlement in Schönenthal. This also yielded him something, and thus alleviated his domestic circumstances; but his debts still continued, and were even in some measure increased. But who could have imagined that this work caused him to be suspected in Schönenthal of infidelity! It is incomprehensible, but certainly true;—he was called a hero of romance, a fantastical fellow; and principles were pretended to be discovered in the work which were diametrically opposed to the system of the reformed church; and he was declared to be a man without religion. To obliterate this suspicion, he wrote "The History of Mr. Von Morgenthau." But this availed little or nothing; he continued to be despised, and a constant object of calumny, which in the autumn of the year 1777 reached the highest summit of wickedness. Stilling began all at once to perceive that as he passed along the street, people regarded him

with a fixed eye, and observed him awhile; as he walked on, they ran to the windows, looked inquisitively at him, and then whispered to one another, "See, there he goes!—poor man!" &c. This conduct from *every* quarter was incomprehensible to him, and pierced him through and through; when he spoke with any one, he observed how first one considered him attentively, and how another turned himself sorrowfully away; he therefore went rarely out, grieved profoundly in secret, and seemed to himself to be like an apparition, of which every one is afraid, and tries to avoid. No one can form an idea of this new species of suffering; it is too singular, but likewise so intolerable that it requires very peculiar power to be able to endure it. He now observed also, that scarcely any more patients came to him; and it therefore seemed as it were entirely over with him. This dreadful state of things lasted a fortnight.

At length, one afternoon, his landlord entered the door, sat down, looking at Doctor Stilling with fixed and tearful eyes, and said, "Doctor, do not take it amiss—my regard for you impels me to mention something to you. Only think,—the report is spreading in Schönenthal, that last Saturday fortnight, in the evening, you became all at once insane; and although it is not seen outwardly, yet that you have completely lost your senses; therefore all your patients have been warned not to employ you;—but now tell me, how is it with you? I have paid strict attention to you, and have perceived nothing."

Christina covered her face with her apron, weeping aloud, and hastened away; but Stilling stood astonished. Grief, vexation, and innumerable feelings of every kind, ascended so powerfully from his heart to his head, that he might have become insane in reality, if his constitutional temperament and his inward organization had not been so extremely regular.

Tears shot from his eyes, and feelings from his soul, with an indescribable effect, composed of the supremely ridiculous and the deepest melancholy; and he said, "Certainly no Adramelech could ever have invented such wickedness! It is more than devilish! Nor could any one have undertaken any thing with more satanic cunning, completely to deprive me of my maintenance; but God, my avenger and my provider, still lives. He will deliver me, and provide for me! I will give account to no man with regard to my sanity; let myself and my actions be observed, and it will be apparent. The whole affair is so extraordinary, so inhumanly wicked, that there is nothing more to be said upon it." "Do not take it amiss of me, dear Doctor," continued the landlord; "my attachment to you impelled me to inform you of it." "No," rejoined Stilling; "I thank you for doing so."

The report now gradually disappeared, as some pestiferous monster steals away; but the effect remained, and Stilling and his suffering consort felt the atmosphere of Schönenthal infected; his practice diminished still more, and with it the hope of being able to support himself. Where the horrible calumny originated, and who had hatched the basilisk, which kills with its look, remains for the great day of revelation. Stilling himself never learned with certainty from whence it sprang; he had, however, his suspicions, which were founded on the highest probability; but he takes care not to give the slightest hint on the subject. The whole affair was in general not much taken notice of, for Stilling was not of sufficient importance;—he was no merchant, much less did he possess wealth; hence it was of little consequence what became of him.

My readers will allow me to dwell a little upon this cruel affair, and describe to them the peculiar condition in which Stilling was now placed; for it is necessary that they should have a correct idea of his situation.

Stilling and his consort had, as before observed, not the smallest property, and consequently, not the least real credit. Besides his medical practice he had no vocation, and no means of gaining money; nor had he either ability or disposition for the latter, and still less desire; he was not wanting in knowledge, but in the art of turning it to account. To be obliged to found the healing of diseases, where life or death is the stake (and let the reader reflect what is implied in this), on unceasing *suppositions*,—and where has the physician, unless he is likewise a surgeon, sure grounds?—did not suit Stilling. He was therefore fit for any thing rather than a practical physician; and yet he was nothing else, and knew of no other means of subsistence. At the same time, it was Providence which had led him to this vocation:—what a contrast; what a contradiction; what a trial of the stedfastness of his faith and confidence! And then reflect also upon the people amongst whom, and by whom he was obliged to live, and who acted towards him in such a manner!

His cures of cataract indeed continued very successful; but the most of his patients were poor, and seldom was there one that could pay him any thing; and if occasionally a wealthy person came, the operation generally proved unsuccessful.

But was there any thing in Stilling's mode of life and conduct that possibly so degraded him; or was he really no economist, or even a spendthrift? To this I will reply impartially, and according to truth:—Stilling's whole deportment was naturally free and open, but now universally tinctured with melancholy. There was nothing in him which could have offended any one, except his open-heartedness; in consequence of which, he suffered much to flow out of his heart which he might have kept to himself; and this caused him to be regarded by his colleagues, and those of the same profession, as ambitious, aspiring, and desirous of taking the precedence of them; though, in reality, his soul was devoid of this feature. That which, in other respects, had caused him the greatest suffering, was a high degree of thoughtlessness;—he did not always weigh the consequences of what he did or said; in a word, he had a certain colouring of *etourderie* or inconsiderateness; and it was this very failing which paternal Providence intended, by such a tedious purification, to banish from his character. With regard to his economy, no one had reasonably any thing to object to it; and yet there was a reason why he was so much cramped in his reputation and in his domestic arrangements. Nothing in the world oppressed him more, than to owe any thing to any one, and to have many and burdensome debts. His diligence and activity were unbounded; but he could not urge any one for payment;—his character constrained him, even in his own most urgent necessities, to remit the poor man his debt, and to cross out the account of the rich man who was niggardly or murmured at his charges; too magnanimous to spend even an unpleasant word, or to cause any individual pain, for the sake of money. In food and clothing, he was cleanly and neat, but very modest and simple; neither had he any expensive hobby-horse, and yet he often expended something without sufficient reflection, which might have been much better applied; in short, he was a man of learning, and not a tradesman. Christina, on the contrary, was extremely sparing; she turned every farthing over

and over before she laid it out; yet she did not exercise a judicious oversight over the whole of he housekeeping; she spared only with that which she had in hand.

It is however true that if Stilling and his spouse had possessed a tradesman-like spirit, he would have made fewer debts; but in their situation it was impossible to remain free from them. This observation I owe to truth.

He that is desirous of forming to himself a lively idea of Stilling's state of mind at that time, must imagine to himself a wanderer on a narrow foot-path, close to a perpendicular range of rocks, on his right hand; further on, an abyss of invisible depth; on his left, steep and rugged rocks, and impending loose masses of stone, hanging over his head; before him, no hope of a better or surer way; on the contrary, the path becoming smaller, and at length ceasing entirely; nothing but precipices are seen all around.

Stilling had only needed to have become a professor of the new-fashioned religion, to have abandoned his wife and children; but the temptation to this never entered his mind;—he adhered only the more closely to a paternal Providence; he believed it was an easy thing for that to find an outlet, where all human forethought could not discover any; and he therefore proceeded, in darkness and twilight, step by step, on his narrow path.

In the beginning of the year 1778, he again made up his accounts, and found, to his utter dismay, that he had fallen during the past year still deeper into debt than before; add to which, some of his creditors began to threaten him, and his affairs now seemed to be at the worst. Besides this, there was another circumstance which harassed his mind; he had undertaken to collect the subscriptions for the works of the Society of Political Economy, and had received money; he was therefore indebted to Mr. Eisenhart twenty-eight guilders, which he was unable to pay: "I shall be disgraced, even there," said he to himself. In the greatest anxiety of heart, he ran up to his chamber, threw himself before God, and prayed a long time with unequalled fervour; he then arose, sat down, and wrote a letter to Eisenhart, in which he disclosed to him his whole situation, and besought him to have patience with him a little while. He soon after received an answer. Eisenhart wrote to him, desiring him not to mention a word more of the twenty-eight guilders; he had thought it went well with him, and that the practice of medicine was a pleasure to him; but since he now saw that the contrary was the case, he proposed to him, if agreeable, to accept a professorship of Agriculture, Technology, Commerce, and the Veterinary art, in the lately-established provincial academy at Rittersburg. Two professors were already there, one of whom taught the auxiliary sciences, Mathematics, Natural History, Physic, and Chemistry; and the other, Civil, Financial, and Political Economy; the stipend was six hundred guilders, and the lecture-money might easily amount to two or three hundred guilders more; living was cheap at Rittersburg, and he was confident that he could easily induce the Elector to give Stilling the appointment.

Reader, stand still, and cast a look into Stilling's whole being, on reading this letter! Supposing that the wanderer whose dreadful alpine path I have described above, met with an open door to the left, at the point where his path had disappeared before him, through which he found an outlet into blooming fields, and saw before him a sumptuous habitation—a home, which was destined for him, how would he feel? Just so was Stilling affected; he sat like one stupefied; so that Christina was terrified, and looking over his shoulder, read the letter which had so moved him; she clapped her hands together, sank upon a chair, wept aloud, and praised God.

At length he recovered himself; the brilliance of the light had dazzled him; he now looked with a fixed eye through the opened door upon the radiant prospect, and reflecting deeply, saw in prospect his whole destiny. From his youth up, public speaking, elocution, and declamation had been his greatest delight, and in these he had always enjoyed much approbation; lungs and voice—all were formed for speaking in public. But he had never been able to cherish the most distant hope of becoming Professor, although it was his highest wish; for he had neither success nor celebrity in the medical profession, and both were requisite for that purpose; and he knew of no other department in which he might have been placed. But what is there that is impossible to Providence! It created for him a new sphere of action, in which little had been accomplished, and where he found enough to do. He reviewed his attainments in knowledge, and found, to his extreme astonishment, that he had been imperceptibly forming for this vocation from his cradle. Brought up amongst farmers, he had learnt agriculture, and had himself repeatedly performed all its attendant labors. "Who can teach it better than I?" thought he to himself. He had lived long in the woods, amongst foresters, charcoal-burners, wood cutters, &c., and was therefore perfectly acquainted with the practical part of these things. Surrounded from his youth up with miners of every description, with iron, copper, and silver-smelters, with bar-iron, steel, and spelter-founders and wire-drawers, he had become thoroughly acquainted with these important manufactures, and had also himself had the management for seven years together, at Mr. Spanier's, of estates and foundries; while at the same time, he perfectly understood commerce in all its branches, and was practised in all. And in order that he might not be deficient in the fundamental and auxiliary sciences, Providence had very wisely directed him to the study of medicine, in which Physic, Chemistry, Natural History, &c., are indispensable. In reality, he had labored through these sciences, and especially Mathematics, with greater predilection than all the rest, so that even in Strasburg he had read a lecture upon Chemistry; the veterinary art was also easy to him, as a practical physician. Finally, he had made himself acquainted, in Schönenthal, with all sorts of manufactures; for an irresistible impulse had always predominated in him, to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of trade, without knowing why. Besides all this, he had uninterruptedly exercised himself in lecturing; and it is now the time for me to mention a fact of which I could say nothing before without appearing ridiculous, which is, however, extremely important;—Stilling had been, from his youth up, extraordinarily fond of history, and had studied it intently; he had therefore attained a good acquaintance with matters of government. To this add novels and romances of all sorts, especially political, by which a propensity arose in his soul which no one had discovered, because he was ashamed of it;—it was a desire to rule, an exceedingly powerful anxiety to render mankind happy, that continually actuated him. He had thought he should have been able to do the latter in the capacity of a practical physician, but nothing satisfied him in that department. The "History of Mr. Von Morgenthau" had flowed from this source. Let the reader now imagine to himself a man of mean birth and low rank without the smallest hope of

ever being able to fill a civil office, and yet endued with this passionate desire! But now, this irregular mass melted together into the stream of his future course of life. "No, no! I would not be myself a ruler," he exclaimed when he was alone; "but it was the forming of rulers, and princes' ministers, for the prosperity of the people, and I knew it not." Just as a condemned criminal, on whom the judge pronounces pardon and raises from the dust, sinks down and stammers out unutterable thanks, so sank Stilling before God, and faltered out unspeakable words. Christina was also extremely rejoiced;—she longed to depart from her present situation, and go into a land which she knew not.

As soon as the tumult had subsided in his soul, and he had become tranquil, all his debts presented themselves to his mind, and scarcely could he control his confusion. "How shall I be able to leave this place without paying?" This was a hard knot to unloose. However, he took courage again; for he was too strongly convinced of his destiny, to doubt in the least. He wrote therefore to Eisenhart, that a professor's chair in Rittersburg would be very agreeable to him, and that he felt himself competent to the situation, but that his creditors would not suffer him to depart; he therefore inquired whether a certain sum could not be advanced him;—he would pledge his income, and pay off yearly a couple of hundred guilders, together with the interest. This request was flatly refused; but Eisenhart consoled him on the other hand with the hope that his creditors would be contented, if they only saw that he had the means of being able in time to satisfy them. Stilling, however, knew better, for his personal credit was too much weakened; eight hundred guilders at least must be paid, otherwise they would not let him go;—nevertheless, he placed a firm confidence in God, and hoped against hope.

He kept this occurrence by no means concealed, but related it to his friends, and they again related it to others; it therefore became the general talk of the town, that Doctor Stilling was to be made Professor. Now nothing appeared more laughable to the people of Schönenthal than this:—"Stilling a professor! How comes he to it?—he does not understand anything! It is mere rhodomontade; it is all an invention, solely in order to make himself appear great," &c. But in the mean time every thing went on in its regular course; the academical senate at Rittersburg chose Stilling as regular and public Professor of Agriculture, Technology, Commerce, and the Veterinary art, and proposed him to the Elector; the confirmation followed, and nothing more was wanting but the formal vocation. Whilst all this was transacting, the summer passed away.

Stilling now gradually withdrew himself from the medical profession. With the exception of a few wealthy town-patients, who afforded him his needful support, he scarcely did anything in physic, but devoted himself entirely to his future engagement, which was so agreeable to him. All his knowledge of political economy lay in his soul like a confused chaos; but, as future professor, it was necessary that he should bring every thing into a system. Nothing was easier to him than this, for his whole soul was system; his plan of instruction in those sciences, therefore, developed itself before his eyes without trouble, and he contemplated the beauteous whole with the utmost inward delight. I refer my readers to his numerous publications, in order not to detain them here with learned dissertations.

In these pleasing employments, the summer passed over, the harvest approached, and he expected his appointment day after day. But what ensued! In the first week of September, he received a letter from Eisenhart, which entirely annihilated the whole affair! On the Elector's proceeding to Bavaria, the project was started of removing the newly-established academy to Manheim, where there were men of every description able to fill the professorships. Eisenhart deplored it, both on his own account and Stilling's; however, he could not alter it.

His condition was now perfectly indescribable. He and his poor wife sat together in their chamber, and shed floods of tears; *all* seemed now to be lost; for a long time he could neither think nor recover himself, he was so stupefied. At length he cast himself before God, humbled himself under His mighty hand, and committed himself, his wife and his two children, to the paternal guidance of the Most Merciful; resolving, without the smallest murmur, to return once more to the practice of medicine, and to endure every thing that Providence might ordain respecting him. He now began to go out again, to visit friends and acquaintances, and relate his misfortune to them; his practice returned, and it seemed as if it would go better with him than before. He therefore surrendered himself entirely to the will of God, and was tranquil.

He who is acquainted with the divine procedure will be aware, without my reminding him of it, that all this is precisely the method of Providence. Stilling had hastened towards his aim with eagerness and impure desire;—pride, vanity, and other passions, had intermingled themselves in his mind; in such a state, he would have arrived at Rittersburg with blustering ambition, and would certainly not have been successful. It is the maxim of Eternal Love, to render its pupils pliant and perfectly resigned in their wills, before He advances further with them. Stilling, therefore, at that time, believed firmly that he ought and must remain a physician; and his resignation went so far, that he even no longer desired the vocation, but was entirely indifferent to it. It fared with him precisely in the same manner as on former occasions;—when he was disgusted with his trade, he hastened eagerly away from Schönberg to Mr. Hochberg's; and I have already described, in his "Wanderings," how miserably he was situated there; he afterwards engaged himself to Mr. Isaac, where he was satisfied, and would gladly have remained at his trade; so that Mr. Spanier was obliged to constrain him to leave his situation.

The Schönenthal people meanwhile again sounded fiercely the alarm; for now it was deemed evident that the whole affair was Stilling's invention, and solely fabricated from vanity; but this troubled him little, for habit had inured him to calumny; he no longer saw or heard anything of the kind. Profoundly resigned to the will of God, he hastened from one patient to another, from morning till evening; and Christina made preparations for the winter, as she was wont, by preserving a variety of fruits, white-washing and repairing the house, &c.

A week before Michaelmas, his appointment suddenly and unexpectedly arrived. He received it calmly, and without the smallest eagerness; yet he felt inwardly happy; he and his consort returned God thanks, and they began to prepare for their departure, and their long journey. The academy was to be continued at Rittersburg, because too many difficulties had occurred in the way of its removal.

I have described the first case Stilling attended; I will now also detail the last, for it is not less remarkable.

A full league beyond Schönenthal, lived a very upright, pious, and wealthy merchant, of the name

of Krebs; his spouse, as regards her head and her heart, was one of the noblest of her sex; and both of them had often employed Stilling, for they knew and loved him. They had a private teacher for their children, a man of seventy years of age, who was by birth a Saxon, and was called Stoi. This man was a most singular character; tall, thin, and of a very venerable aspect; very learned, and imbued with the most exalted virtues, he possessed, as the result of religious principles, a coolness, a resignation, and a submission to the will of God, almost unexampled; every motion and position of his body was decorous; his whole being was naturally grave, and every thing he said was weighed in the balances; each word was a golden apple on a salver of silver; and what was particularly excellent in this worthy man, was his modesty and carefulness in judging; he never spoke of the faults of others, but concealed them where he could, and looked merely at himself. Stoi was a pattern for a man and a Christian.

This remarkable man was seized with the miliary fever. The course of the disease was natural, and, as usual, not dangerous. At length the whole of the inflammatory matter settled in his right arm, which became scarlet all over, and burned and itched so intolerably that he could not endure it any longer. Stoi, through his whole life, had troubled himself about nothing so little as his body; he considered it as a borrowed tenement; he was always temperate, and had never been ill; consequently he knew not the necessity of carefulness, and was ignorant of danger; he therefore sent for a bucket full of cold water, and plunged his arm into it, to the bottom; this relieved him,—the burning and itching subsided, and with it the redness and eruption; he drew his arm out again, and, behold, it was like the other.

Stoi was glad that he had been so easily cured. However, he soon perceived that his arm had lost its sense of feeling; he pinched the skin, but felt nothing; he felt the pulse of that arm, and found it was quite still; he felt it at the neck, and it beat regularly; in short, he was in other respects perfectly well. If he wished to move his arm, he found that he was unable, for it was as if it were dead; he now began to think all was not right, and therefore sent for a neighbouring physician; the latter was alarmed, as was reasonable, applied blisters to the arm, and scourged it with nettles, but all in vain; it remained insensible. By degrees, the fingers began to rot, and the putrefaction crept gradually up the arm.

Troost and Stilling were now called in. They found the arm swollen up to the elbow, of a blackish hue, and emitting an intolerable stench. As they entered the door, Stoi began, "Gentlemen, I have committed a piece of imprudence (here he related the whole affair); do your duty; I am in the hand of God; I am seventy years of age, and shall be well satisfied whichever way the matter terminates."

The two physicians consulted together; they already perceived that the arm must be amputated; however, they thought they would still attempt some other means previously, by which the operation would be facilitated. Mr. Troost therefore took his instruments, and made a variety of incisions round about, near where the mortification ceased; the patient felt nothing at all of it; they then made applications of the decoction of Peruvian bark, and prescribed this decoction to be taken frequently inwardly.

The next day they were again sent for, and requested to bring their instruments to amputate the arm. They accordingly set out for that purpose. On their arrival, they found the patient lying on a field-bed, in the middle of the room; around him, along the walls, stood a number of young people of both sexes, who shed silent tears, and prayed in secret. Stoi lay very tranquil, and did not manifest the smallest fear. "Gentlemen," he began, "I cannot endure the stench; take off my arm above the elbow, near the shoulder, where it is certainly still sound; whether the stump be afterwards an inch longer or shorter, is of little consequence." Stilling and Troost found what he said was correct, and promised to have it finished speedily.

Although all others present trembled at the dreadful preparations, yet Stoi did not; he stripped the arm, rolled up the shirt above the shoulder, and pointed out the place where the arm was to be taken off. Stilling and Troost could scarcely forbear smiling; when the latter applied the screw in order to close the pulse-vein, he assisted them very quietly and resignedly; he even wished to help them during the operation. Stilling, however, prevented this; and on the contrary, bent himself towards the old man's face, turned it away from the operation, and spoke with him upon other subjects; during which time Troost made the incision through the flesh to the bone. Stoi sighed only once, and continued his speech. The bone was then sawn off, and the stump bound up.

The whole of the case was remarkable. Mr. Troost slackened the screw a little, in order to see whether the vein would spring or not; but it did not do so, even when the screw was entirely removed; in short, the inflammatory matter had concentrated itself in a swelling in the upper part of the arm, which kept the nerves and veins firmly pressed together; but this was first discovered after his death.

Appearances were encouraging; a favorable ulceration succeeded, and the cure was considered certain, when Stilling was again sent for in haste; he ran thither, and found poor Stoi rattling in his throat, and drawing his breath with great difficulty. "I have committed another imprudence," stammered out the sick man to him. "I rose up, and went to the window; a cold north-wind blowing upon my arm, I began to shiver; the matter has lodged in my breast. I am dying; and it is well:—however, do your duty, Doctor; in order that the world may not afterwards slander you." Stilling took off the bandage, and found the wound perfectly dry; he strewed it with powdered cantharides, and covered the whole stump with a blister; he then prescribed other appropriate remedies; but they were all unavailing—Stoi died under his hands.

"A full stop now to my medical practice," said Stilling to himself. He accompanied the good Stoi to his grave, and buried him with his profession. However, he resolved to retain the occupation of an oculist, merely because he was so successful in it; but then he made it a law with himself, that he would in future receive no recompense, but practise it solely for the glory of his Heavenly Father, by serving his fellow-men.

The period now approached when he was to leave Schönenthal and remove to Rittersburg. October was already far advanced, the days were short, the weather and the roads bad; and finally, he was under the necessity of commencing his lectures with the beginning of November. However, there was previously still a steep cliff to climb;—eight hundred guilders must be paid before he could remove. Many friends advised him to assign over his goods, and to give up all to his creditors. But this was not according to Stilling's views of propriety. "No, no," said he; "every one shall be paid to the uttermost farthing. I promise this in the name of God; He has been my guide, and certainly will not let me be confounded. I will not

make myself a knave, and abandon the school of my heavenly Father." "It is all very well," answered they; "but what will you do now? You are unable to pay; and if you are arrested, and your furniture seized, what will you then do?" "I leave all that to God," rejoined he, "and do not trouble myself about it, for it is His affair."

He consequently began to pack up, and forward to Frankfort what he intended to take with him, and appointed a day for selling the rest by auction. Every thing passed over quietly, and no one stirred; he sent away furniture and received money without any one interfering; he even took places in the stage to Rüsselstein for himself, his wife, and the two children, for the following Sunday, consequently a week beforehand. Meanwhile, he was privately informed that a couple of his creditors had concerted together to have him arrested; for, as the little household furniture he possessed was altogether of trifling value, they had not troubled themselves about it; but believed that if they thus hindered him in his course, people would be found to liberate him. Stilling inwardly trembled with anxiety, yet still he firmly trusted in God.

The following Thursday, his friend Troost entered the door, with a cheerful, smiling countenance, and tears in his eyes; his pockets seemed loaded. "Friend," he began, "things go again in Stilling's fashion." So saying, he drew out a linen bag, filled with French dollars, and threw it upon the table. Stilling and Christina looked at each other, and began to weep.

"How is that?" said he to his friend Troost. "It is as follows," answered the latter. "I was at a certain merchant's," whose name he mentioned; "I knew that you owed him sixty dollars, and begged him to remit the debt. The merchant smiled, and said, 'Not only so, but I will present him with sixty in addition to it; for I know how much he is straitened.' He paid me, therefore, the money, and there it is; you have now nearly the eighth part of what you need; but I will give you a little advice:—to-morrow you must take leave of all your acquaintances, in order that you may spend Saturday quietly, and thus prepare for your journey. Be comforted, and see what God will do for you."

Stilling followed this advice, and on the Friday morning began to take leave. The first to whom he went was a rich merchant. As he entered the door, the latter came to meet him, and said, "Doctor, I know you are come to take leave. I have never mistaken your character; you were always a man of integrity; but I could not employ you as a physician, for I was satisfied with my own. God has raised me from the dust, and made me what I am; I acknowledge how much I am indebted to Him; have the goodness to receive this acknowledgment in His name; do not shame me by a refusal, nor sin through pride." So saying, he embraced and kissed him, and put into his hand a little roll of twenty ducats, consequently a hundred guilders. Stilling was petrified with astonishment, and his noble-minded benefactor hastened away. Amazement seized him by the hair of his head, as the angel did Habakkuk; he was lifted up on high by the greatness of his joy, and proceeded further.

But, why do I detain my readers?—acknowledgments were pressed upon him with the greatest delicacy and consideration; *and in the evening, when he had finished his round and returned home, and counted the money over, how much had he?—exactly eight hundred guilders, neither more nor less!*

Such sublime scenes are only weakened by description, and by the most brilliant expressions; I am silent, and adore! God will remember you, ye secret Schönenthal friends! I will bring you forward on the day of retribution, and say, "Lo, O Lord! these are they that rescued me from my state of helplessness; reward them immeasurably, according to thy great promises;" and He will do it. To thee, thou chosen and unshaken friend, Troost, I say nothing. When eventually we walk hand in hand through the plains of yonder world, we will talk the matter over!

I have hitherto, in several places, described the character of the inhabitants of Schönenthal in no very favourable manner; and it is very possible that many of my readers may have received a general impression of dislike to that place. I must myself confess, that I cannot divest myself of this impression; but this has no reference to the noble-minded few, who, even in their striving after wealth, or, together with their vocation, cherish those exalted feelings which ever have real love to God and man for their inseparable companions. These Schönenthal citizens cannot therefore take it amiss of me that I write the truth; for their sakes, the Lord blesses that flourishing place; and it causes them honour, both in the sight of God and men, that in the midst of so many temptations, they retain their courage, and do not suffer themselves to be carried away with the stream.

But the pietists of that place will, in an especial manner, pronounce a woe upon me, for having so openly represented them in their true colours;—this also has only reference to those amongst them who have deserved it. Why do they hang out the sign of religion and the fear of God, and yet do not what religion and the fear of God command? In our time, when Christianity is assaulted on all sides, and made the butt of blasphemy, the sincere admirer of religion must work and be silent, except where he must necessarily speak. But why do I stay to excuse myself? The Lord will take cognizance of it, who judgeth righteously.

It is long since I have mentioned any thing respecting Mr. Friedenberg and his family, or stated how this worthy man and his household acted on the occasion of Stilling's appointment to Rittersburg.

Friedenberg was a manufacturer and merchant. Both he, as well as his wife and children, were extremely industrious, thrifty, and active; their attachment to religion had preserved them from all dissipation and all the amusements of the great world. He had begun with nothing, and yet, with the divine blessing, had become a moderately wealthy, though not a rich man; hence an unfavorable sentiment towards Stilling prevailed in him and his family. They had no idea of the character of a learned man, and, generally speaking, learning was little esteemed by them;—that which did not increase their property was very indifferent to them. As men of business, they were quite in the right; but it was on this very account they were incapable of forming a correct judgment of Stilling, for the latter strove after the attainment of truth and knowledge; the unceasing consideration how every moment something was to be gained or saved, could not possibly fill a mind whose whole sphere of operation was occupied with higher things. Hence arose a species of coolness, which inexpressibly pained the sensitive heart of Stilling. He sought to portray the matter in its true form to his father-in-law; but the result always was, "A man must maintain himself honestly; this is his first duty: the second is then, certainly, that of being useful to the world." "Very correct," thought Stilling; "no one in the world can think ill of the worthy man for judging thus."

Friedenberg was not merely indifferent to the Rittersburg appointment, but even displeased; for he regarded his son-in-law as a confirmed bad

manager, so that he thought a fixed income would avail him just as little as his practice in Schönenthal; and since he was become security for his debts, he was afraid he would now have to bear all the burden himself, and perhaps, in the end, be obliged to pay all. Stilling's heart suffered extremely from this circumstance; he had nothing to say in his defence, but was obliged to lay his hand upon his mouth and be silent: but the most ardent sighs for succour incessantly arose from his oppressed heart to his heavenly Father. His confidence remained unshaken, and he firmly believed God would gloriously deliver him and crown his faith. However, he promised his father-in-law to pay off yearly a couple of hundred guilders, and thus continually lighten the burden. This was agreed upon, and Friedenberg consented to his removal.

On the Saturday, Stilling went with his Christina and the two children to Rasenheim, in order to take leave. The painful feelings which are customary on such occasions, were now much alleviated by the situation of affairs. Stilling, however, feared his consort might be unable to bear the assault upon her sensibilities, but he was mistaken; she felt, much more deeply than he did, how much she and her husband were misapprehended. She was conscious that she had economized to the utmost of her power; that her dress, for a doctor's lady, was extremely moderate, and much beneath the wardrobe of her sisters; and, finally, that neither in eating nor drinking, nor in furniture, had she done more than she could answer for. She was therefore cheerful and courageous, for she had a good conscience. Hence, when the evening approached, and her whole family were sitting in a circle, mourning, she sent her two children away, after their grand-parents had blessed them, and then stepping into the circle, she stood and said:—

"We are about to travel into a foreign land, with which we are unacquainted; we forsake parents, brothers, sisters, and relations, and we forsake them all willingly; for there is nothing that renders parting painful to us. The Lord has sent us sufferings and afflictions without number, and no one has helped, refreshed, or consoled us; the grace of God alone has preserved us, by the aid of strangers, from total ruin. I shall go with joy. Father, mother, brother, and sisters, live so that I may meet you all again before the throne of God!"

So saying, she kissed one after the other in their turn, and hastened away, without shedding a tear. Stilling now also took leave, but with many tears, and walked after her.

The following morning he placed himself with his wife and children in the stage, and set off.

CHAPTER X.

The further Stilling removed from the scene of his fiery trial, which had lasted six years and a half, the more his heart expanded; his whole soul was filled with thankfulness and a high degree of joy. Nothing brings purer pleasure than the experience which the sufferings we have endured affords us; we come forth more purified and more and more glorified from every purifying fire; and this likewise is solely the invaluable characteristic of the religion of Jesus, which no other ever had;—it teaches us to know sin and suffering. To this was added the more exhilarating prospect of the future;—a destination entirely accordant with his previous guidance and his character; a vocation which insured him a certain maintenance, and gave hopes for the liquidation of his debts; and finally, a people who could not have any prejudices against him. All this infused profound peace into his soul.

At noon he met a part of the private society of Schönenthal at an inn, where they had ordered a parting dinner. Here therefore he dined, and enjoyed himself in the company of these excellent men, and then travelled to Rüsselstein. Two of his brothers-in-law accompanied him thus far, and then returned. From Rüsselstein he took a conveyance to Cologne, and another from thence to Frankfort. At Coblentz he visited the celebrated Sophia Von la Roche, to whom he was already known by means of the history of his life. He then proceeded to Frankfort, where he visited his old friends, but especially the Rev. Mr. Kraft, who shewed him extraordinary affection and friendship.

After a day's rest, he went, on account of the great floods, by way of Mayence, Worms, and Frankenthal, to Manheim, where he was received with open arms. Here he found many friends and well-wishers, in consequence of his history having appeared in print. Favor, friendship, affection, and tenderness, were everywhere shewn him; and it is indescribable what a pleasing effect this had upon him and his Christina, after having been so long trodden under foot. Eisenhart now gave him several important admonitions. Stilling's history, notwithstanding the favorable reception it had met with, had excited a prejudice of pietism; every one regarded him as a man who was, after all, a refined enthusiast, and of whom it was necessary to be upon their guard in this respect. He was therefore warned not to speak too much of religion, but to let his light shine solely by integrity and good actions; for in a country where the Catholic religion predominated, it was necessary to be prudent. Stilling perceived the truth of all this, and therefore sacredly promised to follow his advice punctually; however, he was forced to laugh heartily, for at Schönenthal he was reputed an infidel, whilst here he was accounted a pietist; so little truth is there in man's judgment.

He now pursued his journey into the woody and mountainous province of Austrasia. Notwithstanding the rude season of the year, and the dead and leafless scenery, Stilling gazed with pleasure on the precipitous rocks and mountains, the aged forests, and the ruins of old baronial castles everywhere hanging to the cliffs—every thing reminded him strongly of his native province. He felt at ease, and soon saw at a distance the wood-crowned Rittersburg, with all its ancient towers; his bosom heaved, and his heart beat more strongly, the nearer he approached the scene of his future life. At length, in the twilight, he drove in at the gates. As the carriage turned to the left, and drove through the narrow street, he heard a man's voice call out, on his right, "Halt!" The coachman stopped. "Is professor Stilling in the coach?" A twofold "Yes," responded from the vehicle. "Well then, alight, my dear and chosen friend and colleague; here you must lodge."

The kind and gentle tone of his voice affected Stilling and his consort even to tears. They alighted, and were received in the arms of professor Siegfried and his lady; professor Stillenfeld, his other colleague, also soon appeared, whose retired, quiet, and peaceable character particularly attracted Stilling's attention. Stillenfeld was still unmarried, but Siegfried had already one child; he and his spouse were excellent people, full of zeal for religion and all that is good, and at the same time enthusiastically philanthropical. Siegfried was, at the same time, a very learned and deep-thinking philosopher, whose chief inclination was directed to Divinity, which he had formerly studied · but

he now taught the laws of nature and of nations, and Civil, Financial, and Political Economy. Stillenfeld, on the contrary, was a very refined, noble-minded, upright character, full of system, order, and mathematical exactness; in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, and Chemistry, it was difficult to find his equal. Stilling felt happy with these men; and his wife soon attached herself to professor Siegfried's lady, who gave her information in every thing, and assisted her in the regulation of her household.

The difference between Schönenthal and Rittersburg was certainly great. Old, irregular houses; low rooms, with ceilings supported by crossed beams; little windows, with round or hexagonal panes of glass; doors which could not be shut close; stoves of dreadful dimensions, on which the marriage of Cana in Galilee, with its twelve stone vessels of water in bas-relief, was edifyingly portrayed; then a prospect into nothing but gloomy forests of fir,—nowhere a rushing stream, but a serpentine, creeping, fenny water, &c. All this certainly formed a singular contrast with the scenes to which they had been so long accustomed; Christina also had often tears in her eyes; but by degrees we become accustomed to every thing, and thus both habituated themselves to their new situation, and were heartily satisfied with it.

Stilling now wrote both to Rasenheim, to his father-in-law, and to his father at Leindorf, as also to his uncle at Lichthausen, and faithfully pictured to these friends his whole situation; in doing which, he by no means forgot to dilate upon the excellent prospects he had respecting the future. Johann and Wilhelm Stilling were filled with astonishment at their Heinrich's new elevation; they looked at each other, and said one to another, "What will he at length become?" Friedenberg, on the contrary, was not particularly pleased; instead of expressions of satisfaction, his answer was full of paternal admonitions upon domestic economy;—he had no feeling for the honor done to his son-in-law and his daughter, in his being nominated professor; in fact, fame and honor did not affect him.

As the system of Political Economy which Stilling had formed to himself lay much on his heart, he appropriated the first winter to the development of it in his manual, and at the same time to the reading of lectures from what he had written. In the spring, this book was printed at Manheim, under the title of "An Essay on the Principles of Statistical Knowledge." It met with much approbation, notwithstanding its faults and imperfections; and Stilling now began to be fully assured of his destiny—he felt himself entirely in the department that was natural to him. Every obligation which his office laid upon him, was at the same time his greatest pleasure. It is impossible to conceive a more happy situation than that in which he now found himself; for even the people amongst whom he lived, loved, honored, and valued him and his Christina beyond measure; all calumny and turmoil was at an end; and if a storm had not continually threatened him from Schönenthal on account of his debts, he would have been perfectly happy.

The following summer, Stilling read lectures upon the treatment of woods and forests, Technology, and Agriculture; for he did not satisfy himself merely with the sciences to which he was appointed, but also glowed with desire to expand his system as far as possible in his sphere; and as the treatises in use were not adapted to his plan, he formed the resolution of writing compendia upon all the sciences he was acquainted with, and made preparations for commencing the work.

Stilling had been hitherto in the furnace of his divine Founder, and from the rough had been wrought into a serviceable instrument; but the file and the polish were still wanting;—nor were these forgotten; for events were forming at a distance, which were to put the last hand to the work, and which at length were more painful to him than every thing he had hitherto endured.

The Society of Political Economy, of which he was now a regular member, operated with unspeakable blessing and success for the country, and the Palatinate can never sufficiently thank it for its labors;—this is truth, and no compliment. It instituted the statistical academy; established a manufactory which flourishes greatly, and affords maintenance for many hundred people; and of all this, Counsellor Eisenhart was the first and last main-spring, the real weight to the clock. They had also bought a farm in the village of Siegelbach, a league and-a-half from Rittersburg, where they intended to make a variety of new agricultural experiments, and thus to set a good example to the farmers. This farm had been hitherto under the care of managers; but every thing had failed, nothing would succeed, for every circumstance proved unfavorable. Now when Stilling came to Rittersburg, the management was committed to him, as professor of Agriculture; and he accepted this secondary office, believing that he was fully competent to it. The steward was therefore dismissed, and the whole business committed to Stilling; this took place immediately after his entrance upon his professorship.

On arriving at Siegelbach, and after examining every thing, he found a large and beautiful cow-stable, laid with flags, arranged entirely in the new style; in this there were twenty lean skeletons of Swiss cows, which gave altogether, daily, three pails of milk; the true image of Pharaoh's lean kine. There were likewise two working horses, with two foals; and outside, in separate sties, a tolerable herd of swine; and, although it was only November, yet all the hay was long ago consumed, as well as all the straw for strewing. Hence there was a want of milk and butter for housekeeping, and fodder for so many great mouths. This pressed strongly upon the good professor's heart; he therefore applied directly to the society, but there he could not obtain a hearing. Every one told him he must do as well as he could, for all were weary of having always to pay. Stilling was now again deficient in needful prudence; he ought immediately to have resigned, and given up the management; however, he did not do so,—he was too much attached to the whole institution, and believed its honor was so closely connected with his own, that it was incumbent upon him to proceed with it, and this was his misfortune.

The first thing he undertook was the sale of half of the cattle; for he hoped with the sum he should realise from it, to be able to buy so much straw and fodder as to provide in a proper manner for the other half. He therefore made arrangements for a public auction, and was astonished at the concourse of people and the prices, so that he felt assured he should surmount the mighty obstacle. But how was he terrified on learning that most of the buyers were creditors, who had demands on the estate; whilst the rest, to whom the estate was not indebted, were poor; he therefore obtained little money, and he found that if he wished to help himself, he must put his hand into his purse, and where that did not suffice, borrow money on his own credit.

He had, it is true, the well-grounded hope, that in the following summer a large and abundant harvest would be more than sufficient to repay

every thing, and that the produce of the large clover-fields and grass-lands would relieve him from the burden; and so far he was excusable: still however, for a man in his circumstances it was thoughtless to undertake any thing of the kind, particularly when he learnt the true state of the case; but, oh, how easy it is, after struggling through grievous sufferings, to discover the little outlet by which we might have escaped! God be praised for his guidance!

To these threatening clouds, others collected themselves. The ruling persons at Rittersburg were all Roman Catholics, in the coarse sense of the word;—the Franciscans filled the clerical office, and had the care of the souls of the parishioners; it was therefore of importance to these divines that stupidity and superstition should be always preserved; the chief magistrate, in particular, was their faithful adherent. But the academy of Political Economy had now established itself in the town, the teachers of which were all Protestants, and the latter even exercised a jurisdiction; all which was naturally a thorn in their eyes. Now there resided there a certain learned man, of the name of Spässel, a singular character, who had few equals; his dress was very negligent, and even occasionally dirty; his gait and walk slovenly; and all his speeches savoured of low wit, so that he acted the jack-pudding in every company. In secret, he was the spy of one of the superior clergy, who was high in favor with the Elector, and likewise the news-monger and tale-bearer of the chief magistrate; openly, he was a facetious scoffer at certain usages of his own religion; but woe to that man who assisted him in so doing!—for he had secretly entered into the Franciscan fraternity, to which he faithfully adhered.

It is painful for me to hold up this man to public view. However, as he was an instrument in the hand of Providence, I cannot pass him by. If he be still living, and be recognised, and if he be still what he was, he is justly served, and it is a duty to warn every upright character against him; but if he be dead, or be not recognised, my description of him will do him no injury. As long as an individual is still continued in this state of probation and purification, he is capable of amendment and return;—if Spässel, therefore, become, even according to the principles of his own church, a worthy, upright, and benevolent character, all those who formerly knew him exactly as I here describe him, will alter their sentiments—will love him; and there will be more joy in Rittersburg, as well as in heaven, at his return to virtue, than over ninety-and-nine worthy individuals, who have not had so severe a struggle with disposition and character as he. Then will I also step forward, before the whole world, and say, "Come, brother, forgive, as I have forgiven thee; thou art better than I, for thou hast overcome more numerous enemies."

This Spässel had sought, from the commencement, to be made a member of the Society of Political Economy, and even to become professor of the Veterinary art; but they were afraid of him, for he was a very dangerous man, who, besides, did not possess the decorum which is so requisite for a professor; they had consequently been very careful to keep him at a distance. Now as Stilling obtained the Veterinary department along with the rest, he was therefore in his way. There was also something in addition to this;—the society had a library, which was open once in the week for a lecture, from six till eight o'clock in the evening. Stilling voluntarily undertook this lecture gratuitously; partly, in order to increase his knowledge of literature, and partly by this means to be the more useful to his hearers; the society had also permitted all the literati of the place to make use of their books at this lecture.

Spässel rarely took advantage of this privilege; but towards the spring, he began to come oftener. The management of the farm at Siegelbach, however, caused Stilling to make an alteration in the matter; as he was compelled to go thither every Monday, and being unable to read the customary lecture on that day, he transferred it to the Tuesday evening. This he made known to all the students, and begged them to make it public. Spässel, however, came three Mondays following, and found the door closed; on the third, he sat down and wrote the following note: I insert it just as it was:*—

"it Is probablee intended bi Professer Stilling To make A fool of me—but This is to informe Him—That Spässel duz not intend To b maid a fool of!!!—the zosiete ote to instrukt there peeple in there dooti and devores. SPASSEL."

Stilling sent this note in a letter to counsellor Eisenhart, the Director, and informed him of the circumstances of the case; the latter wrote immediately to Mr. Spässel, and represented the matter in its true light, in a polite and honest manner. But this was pouring oil into the fire; for the honest man came to Stilling, and made use of such malicious and offensive expressions, that the latter broke out into a glowing flame, and marched Mr. Spässel as quickly as possible out of the door and down the steps, and then called after him, "Never cross my threshold again, until you are become a better man."

Here the matter ended; but that Spässel kept all this in remembrance, in order eventually to take advantage of it, may be easily supposed.

About this time there appeared another meteor in the horizon of Rittersburg. A certain arrogant Englishman, of the name of Tom, had travelled through many a province as English language-master, made a thousand plans, and built castles in the air, but all had failed. In other respects, he was a man of uncommon talents, learned, and, on the whole, a genius, in the real sense of the term. The motive of all his actions was ungovernable pride; destitute of religion, rigid materialism and blind fate seemed to be his guides. Philanthropy, that offspring of Deity, was unknown to him; he loved nothing but himself; the name of "language-master" was odious to him, although, in reality, he was nothing more, and he assumed the appellation of Professor of English Literature. Poverty was a hell to him, and yet he was extremely poor; for when formerly he was a wealthy merchant, he had acted the part of a great man, and afterwards, as may easily be supposed, became bankrupt. This individual resided at that time in Manheim; and as the institution at Rittersburg seemed to him to be just the place where he could support himself and acquire fame, he applied to Eisenhart to assist him in obtaining a professorship in the Rittersburg academy. Eisenhart, who knew the ability of the man, but also his dangerous character, and besides deemed it necessary to economize with the favor of the Elector, always positively refused his request. At length Tom resolved to go thither, without either salary or employment; he therefore merely applied for permission to reside there and lecture; and this was readily granted him. Eisenhart therefore wrote to Stilling, who had the providing of lodgings and quarters for the students committed to him, to procure a dwelling for professor Tom, at the same time describing the man to him, and stating what kind of a lodging it must be. Stilling

* As the note of course must be translated for the English reader, the above is given as the nearest possible specimen of the illiterate original.—ED.

accordingly hired a couple of handsome rooms at a merchant's, and awaited Tom's arrival.

At length, one afternoon, a female-servant came from an inn, with the following note, addressed to Stilling :—

"Professor Tom is here."

"Ha!" thought Stilling ;—"a singular announcement!"

As he always made it a maxim, in cases which could not prejudice himself or the good cause, to "take the lowest place," he took up his hat and stick, in order to go to the inn. At the same moment, word was sent from the merchant that he would not permit the English language-master to enter unless he paid for the first quarter in advance. "Very well," thought Stilling, and proceeded to the inn. There he found a respectable-looking, well-made man, with a broad and lofty forehead, large staring eyes, thin face, and pointed lips, from whose features spirit and craftiness every where looked forth ; near him stood his wife, dressed in a riding-habit whilst grievous care gnawed her heart, which was evident in her swimming eye, and the downward inclining corners of her mouth.

After the exchange of compliments, during which Tom seemed to wish to penetrate deeply with his feelers into Stilling's soul, the latter said, "Sir, I have now seen where you have alighted ; come with me, in order also to see where I live."

"I will," said he, at the same time pointing his lips, and looking very sarcastical. On arriving at Stilling's house, he said to him further, "Sir, we are pleased at having so able a man amongst us, and heartily wish it may go well with you."

Tom walked up and down, making all kinds of grimaces, and replied, "I will make the attempt."

Stilling.—"But I must tell you one thing ; you will not take it amiss of me. I have rented two handsome rooms for you at Mr. R——'s ; but the honest man demands a quarter's rent in advance ; now, as you are unknown to us all, the man is not so much to blame."

Tom.—"So ! (he walked hastily up and down,) —I will go back again to Manheim ; I will not let myself be insulted here, either by a professor, or any one else."

Stilling.—"As you please ! We will quietly and contentedly suffer you to return."

Tom.—"What !—why then have I been decoyed hither ?"

Stilling now took him by the arm, looked him full and seriously in the face, and rejoined, "Sir, you must not seek to act the proud Briton here ! None of us, nor any honest German, troubles himself in the least on that account. At your own request you have been permitted to come hither, and it is altogether in our power whether we send you out of the gates or not. Now be calm, and observe the respect you owe to one who is your superior, or else depart, if you please. However, I advise you to remain here, and act the part of a man of integrity, and all will go well. Remember that you are an entire stranger here, whom no one knows, and who consequently has not the smallest credit ; for a rogue may possess your name, as well as an honest man."

Stilling was now called out ; the merchant had taken a view of Mr. Tom's furniture, and sent word that he would receive the language-master without the advance. This news pacified Mr. Tom, and he took possession of the apartments.

But that I may not waste both time and room in detailing every little event and circumstance, I will only observe in short, that Spässel and Tom united together, and formed a plan to overthrow Stilling, expel him from his situation, and then divide his office between them. Their preparations were extremely cunning, extensively concerted, and maturely digested, as the result will shew.

The general idea that Stilling had still some inclination to enthusiasm and pietism, appeared to the two caballers the weak side, to which they must direct their artillery and make a breach. They walked therefore a long time up and down the street before Stilling's house, in the twilight, in order to spy out what they could. Now he was frequently in the habit after dinner of playing hymn-tunes upon his harpsichord and singing to them, in which his Christina joined ; this was spread abroad ; it was said he had family-worship, prayer-meetings, and the like ; and thus the public were gradually prepared. This intelligence Spässel communicated also to the court at Munich, in order that every thing might be complete.

A circumstance was added to this, which fully decided the matter. Stilling had found at Seigelbach a stock of Swiss cheese, which he took home with him, in order to sell ; in consequence of which, a number of tradespeople, women, and girls, came frequently to buy cheese. Now there were some of them who were of a religious turn, and occasionally spoke on the subject with Stilling's consort :—one of them once invited her to her garden, in order to afford a little change to herself and her children. Christina accepted it without hesitation, and Stilling imagined nothing evil. She went therefore on the day appointed ; and after the lecture-hours, he walked to the garden also, to fetch his wife and children. Here he found four or five females sitting round his Christina in the summer-house ; some edifying works lay on the table, between currant-cakes and coffee-cups, and all were engaged in religious conversation. Stilling sat down by them, and began to preach circumspection ; he represented to them how dangerous meetings of that kind were in a place where every action and movement of the Protestants were so minutely observed ; he then clearly and fully proved to them that religion does not consist in such conversation, but in a devout life, &c.

But who could have imagined that Spässel, at that very time, was standing behind the hedge, and overheard every thing ! Stilling, at least, never dreamt of such a thing. How was he astonished, therefore, on receiving letters a week after, containing the most serious, and I may well say the severest reproaches from his friends at Manheim and Zweibrücken ?—he really knew not what to think of it ; and if the holding a garden-conventicle had not been mentioned, he would never have dreamt how this venomous calumny had originated. He therefore answered the above letters in a manly manner, and according to truth ; and his friends believed him ; but on the whole, there always remained a sensation behind which was prejudicial to him, at least amongst the Catholics.

In Rittersburg itself, the thing created disturbance. The chief-magistrate threatened imprisonment, and reasoned very excellently ; but the Protestants murmured and complained that they were not suffered even to hold family-worship. Stilling lost nothing in their estimation ; on the contrary, they valued him so much the more. The two Protestant clergymen, two venerable and excellent men, Mr. W—— and Mr. S——, also took up the affair ; they visited the females in question, admonished them to be prudent, consoled them, and promised them protection ; for they knew they were good and worthy people, who cherished no principles which were contrary to religion. Mr. W—— even preached, the following Sunday, upon prudence and duty with respect to family-worship ;

during which, he finally turned towards Stilling, and addressed him openly, by breaking out into the following words:—"But thou, suffering wanderer to the lofty aim of the Christian and the truly wise, be of good cheer; endure patiently, and walk with circumspection between the snares that adversaries lay for the! Thou wilt overcome, and God will crown thee with blessings; God will make shame the companion of thy foes, but upon thee shall the crown of the conqueror flourish. Let us accompany each other, hand in hand, through the burning sandy desert, and one shall console the other when his heart sighs for help," &c. The whole congregation fixed their eyes on Stilling, and blessed him.

Through the efforts of these excellent men, the whole parish was again tranquillized; and as a statement of the affair was transmitted to the Palatine ecclesiastical board, the chief-magistrate received an injunction to talk no more of imprisonment, until really illegal conventicles had been held, and excesses committed under the name of religion. But in the mean time, Tom and Spässel secretly continued their machinations at the court of Munich, and really carried matters so far that Stilling was on the point of being cashiered. He did not hear of this dangerous storm until it was happily over; for the divine interference of a superintending Providence was also visible in this affair. At the very moment when an ecclesiastic of high rank seriously urged the Elector to remove him, and rendered Stilling suspected by him, and when the thing was all but decided, another ecclesiastic equally respectable, but a warm friend of Stilling, and who knew the real state of affairs at Rittersburg, entered the cabinet of the Elector. The latter, on hearing the subject of the conversation, took Stilling's part, and defended it so strikingly and convincingly, that the Elector at once ordered the intolerant prelate to let the matter rest, and did not withdraw his favor from Stilling. Had not this worthy clergyman come thither accidentally, Stilling's misfortune would have been boundless. He first heard of the whole affair half a year afterwards, just as I have related it.

During this period, he lived quietly, fulfilled his duties, and acted as prudently as possible.

Spässel and Tom, meanwhile, concocted a variety of extensive plans for a general literary club, a topographical society, &c. But they became themselves at variance on these important affairs, and began to hate each other bitterly. Tom's creditors now made a stir; and as Stilling was at the same time Dean of the academy, and therefore his regular superior, he crept to the cross, came to him, wept, and confessed every thing in which he had cooperated with Spässel to his detriment; he even shewed him the letters and statements which had been sent from thence to Munich. Stilling was perfectly amazed at all the infernal wickedness and extremely artful devices of these men; but as all was now over, and as he learnt just at that time how he had been rescued at Munich, he forgave Spässel and Tom every thing; and as the latter was in painful and needy circumstances, he consoled and supported him, as well as he was able, without infringing upon strict justice; and when at length Tom could no longer remain at Rittersburg, and was desirous of removing to a certain German university, in order to try his fortune there, Stilling provided him with money for the journey, and gave him his hearty blessing.

Tom there tried all his tricks once more, in order to elevate himself; but he failed. And what did he attempt next?—He laid aside his pride, was converted, put on a very modest dress, and became a pietist! God grant that his conversion may be real, and not a mask for wickedness and pride. However, the way from one extreme to the other is by no means distant or difficult, but very easy and beaten. May the Lord bless him, and give him the opportunity of effecting much good, that so his former catalogue of sins may be blotted out!

Meanwhile, Stilling was highly successful in his situation as professor; he lived entirely in his element. But as I am unwilling to detain my readers with a variety of circumstances, even though of an interesting nature, which have no direct reference to his fate or his guidance, I will merely proceed with the principal course of his history.

The management of the Siegelbach estate went wrong; nothing succeeded; there was everywhere curse instead of blessing;—unfaithful servants, thievish neighbours, secret perfidy of the inferior officers; all these stood in Stilling's way, so that at length, unless he were willing to be ruined himself, along with the estate, he was obliged to give up the entire management, and render in his accounts. Though he was delivered by this means from this heavy burden, yet he was plunged still deeper into debt; for he had attempted and expended much, which he partly could not charge, and partly would not, in order not to be suspected of self-interest; and thus he came off from the affair with honor, but at the same time with an addition of debt.

Misfortunes of every kind now began to gather over his head. Debts had been formed at Rittersburg, as well as at Schönenthal; the interest was scarcely paid, much less any liquidation of the principal; besides this, all kinds of reports were spread abroad, that Stilling kept a coach and horses, lived at an amazing expense, and never thought of his debts. He had six hundred guilders salary, and received from two to three hundred guilders lecture-money; at the same time, the prices of every thing in Rittersburg rose almost double, so that with all economy scarcely so much remained over his necessary expenditure as covered the interest; with what, therefore, were the debts to be paid? Almost every post-day, the most tormenting letters arrived from his father-in-law, or from some creditor in Schönenthal. Mr. Friedenberg himself was in a very unpleasant situation; he was security, and was threatened with an action at law by the man who had formerly so kindly assisted Stilling from love to God and man. Stilling therefore had every moment to expect that his benefactor, his father-in-law, would, on his account, be obliged to stop payment. This thought was agony to him; and then, under all these dreadful circumstances, to possess not the smallest intimation of help, nor the remotest presentiment of it!

Dreadful! dreadful was this situation!—and to whom could he unburden himself? To no one but God; and this he did incessantly; he strove, without ceasing, with unbelief and mistrust, yet never cast his confidence away. All his letters to his father-in-law were full of submission to Divine Providence, and consoling; but they no longer produced any effect. Counsellor Eisenhart himself, who knew something of his situation, made fruitless attempts to assist him. Stilling wrote "Florentine Von Fahlendorn," and "Theodore Von der Linden," and sought, with what he received for them, to stem the torrent; but it was like a drop in a bucket. He wrote to several great and eminent friends, and stated to them his circumstances; but some were unable to help him, others took a dislike to him, others again exhorted him to endure to the end; and a couple assisted him with a drop of refreshment to his parched tongue.

Every thing therefore was in vain, and it con-

tinued to thunder and lighten incessantly from Schönenthal.

During this dreadful period, the Almighty prepared for judgment upon Stilling, in order, at length, to decide his fate.

On the 17th of August 1781, on a very sultry and thundery day, Christina had lifted a heavy basket upon the head of the servant-girl, and in doing so felt something crack in her breast, which was soon succeeded by acute pain, with shivering and fever. On Stilling's return from the college, as he entered her room, she came to meet him, deadly pale, with the air of a culprit, and said, "Be not angry, my dear husband;—by lifting a basket, I have done myself an injury in the breast; God be gracious to thee and me!—I forbode my death."

Stilling stood stupefied, and like one thunderstruck; weak and worn-out with protracted sorrow, he imagined he felt the mortal blow; his head inclined upon his shoulders, and projecting forwards, his hands clenched, his eyes fixed, with a weeping expression of countenance, though not a tear flowed, he stood mute; for he now also anticipated Christina's decease with certainty. At length he recovered himself, endeavoured to comfort her, and brought her to bed. In the twilight of the evening, the disease manifested itself in all its virulence. Christina laid herself down, like a lamb for the slaughter, and said, "Lord, do with me as seemeth thee good. I am thy child; if it be thy will that I shall never see my parents and sisters again in this world, I commit them into thy hands; only guide them in such a manner as that I may eventually see them again, before thy throne!"

Christina's first attack was therefore, properly speaking, a pectoral fever, accompanied by hysterical paroxysms, which manifested themselves in a violent cough; several physicians were called in, and various remedies were employed in order to save her. After the lapse of a fortnight, there was some amendment, and it seemed as if the danger were over. Stilling therefore composed thanksgiving-hymns, and wrote the pleasing account of her recovery to his friends:—however, he was greatly deceived; she did not even leave her bed; on the contrary, her illness settled into a regular pulmonary consumption. The waters now entered into Stilling's soul;—the thought of losing so dear a consort was intolerable to him, for she was the best of wives; polite, extremely obliging, whilst the tone of her conversation and her modesty captivated every one. Her cleanliness was remarkable; all were happy around her; neatness and order predominated in her very simple dress; and all that she did was performed with extreme facility and celerity. Amongst intimate friends she was mirthful, and witty with due decorum, whilst at the same time she was eminently devout, and devoid of hypocrisy. She avoided the outward mask of godliness, for experience had warned her against pietism. Stilling knew all this; he deeply felt her value, and hence he could not bear the thought of losing her. She herself now again desired to live, and consoled herself with the hope of recovery. However, the dreadful paroxysms returned occasionally; she coughed so violently that pieces of her lungs, as large as nuts, flew about the room; and she suffered, at the same time, the most dreadful pain. In all this affliction she never murmured, nor was ever impatient, but only exclaimed incessantly with a loud voice, "Lord, spare me, according to thy great mercy!" And when her husband and nurse were perspiring with anxiety, compassion, and fatigue, she looked at them both with an inexpressibly supplicating countenance, and said, "My angel and my all! My dear Mrs. M—, have patience with me, and forgive me the trouble I cause you." Acquaintances often stood at a distance at the door, and wept aloud, as did also poor people whom she had relieved, for she was very beneficent.

Stilling struggled in prayer for days and nights together; a corner of his study was rendered smooth by kneeling, and wet with tears; but heaven was shut against him; every ardent sigh rebounded back again; he felt as if the paternal heart of God were closed. Christina being unable to bear the sound of footsteps, he went constantly in stockings, and ran in the distress of his heart from one corner of the room to another, until the feet were worn through, without his being aware of it. During all this time, threatening and insulting letters continued to arrive from Schönenthal. Mr. Friedenberg's heart was broken by the expectation of his daughter's approaching death; but still his reproaches did not cease. He was now convinced that Stilling was the cause of all his misfortunes, and excuse was of no avail. The situation in which the poor susceptible man found himself, exceeds all description; but the more his distress increased, the more ardently and earnestly did he cleave to the compassionating love of God.

After some weeks, in the beginning of October, Stilling was standing one evening at the staircase-window; it was already night, and he prayed to God in secret, as he was wont; all at once he felt a profound tranquillity, an unspeakable peace of soul; and consequent upon this, a deep submission to the will of God;—he still felt all his sufferings, but at the same time, strength enough to bear them. He went into the sick-room, and approached the bed; but Christina beckoned to him to remain at a distance; and he then perceived that she was engaged in earnest silent prayer. At length she called him, motioned him to sit down, and turned herself with difficulty, in order to lay herself on the side next him; she then regarded him with an inexpressible look, and said, "I am dying, dearest angel; take heart,—I die gladly; the ten years we have passed in the marriage-state have yielded nothing but suffering; it does not please God that I should see thee delivered out of thy distress, but He will deliver thee; be comforted and calm,—God will not forsake thee. I do not commend my two children to thee,—thou art their father; and God will provide for them." She then gave several directions, turned herself about, and was quiet. From that time, Stilling often spoke with her concerning death, and of her expectations after death; and did all he possibly could to prepare her for her end. Hours of anxiety still frequently occurred; and then she wished for an easy death, and that it should happen in the day-time, for she dreaded the night. His colleague, Siegfried, often visited her, (for his consort, on account of sickness, pregnancy, and sympathy, could seldom come, and at length not at all,) and assisted him in the struggle, and in affording to her consolation.

At length she approached her dissolution. On the 17th of October, in the evening, he perceived the forerunners of death;—towards eleven o'clock he lay down, completely weary, in an ante-room, and reposed in a kind of stupor, till five o'clock in the morning, when he again arose, and found his dear sufferer very composed and cheerful. "I have now overcome!" she exclaimed, as he entered; "I now see the joys of the world to come vividly before me; nothing cleaves to me any more—nothing whatever." She then repeated the following verses:—

"'Amongst the lilies thou shalt feed,
With joy supremely blest;
Thither, O soul, thy pinions speed,
Like eagles to their nest.
Behold for thee the Saviour waits,
To open wide heaven's pearly gates.'

O let me run, and mount, and fly,
To join the heavenly host,
And the seraphic choirs on high,
In adoration lost—
With blissful songs surround the throne
Of Jesus, and the great Three-One!

Dear Brother of my soul! unmoor
My vessel from the strand,
Give me to reach the peaceful shore,
The safe, the heav'nly land—
There, where thy sheep securely feed,
Afar from sorrow, want, and need.

There's nothing to my heart shall cleave,
Of all the world can give:
Why should I longer mourn and grieve,
Or wish on earth to live?
I'd burst these fleshly prison-walls,
And hasten where my Saviour calls.

Beloved Redeemer! grant me faith—
A faith that conquers all—
That triumphs over sin and death,
And flies to reach the goal.
For Thee, my soul, like some lone dove,
Mourns, till I climb the realms above.

How soon canst thou my grief dispel,
My mouth with laughter fill;
And through the shades of death and hell,
Lead safe to Zion's hill!
Then shall life's painful passage seem
But like some empty, transient dream.

The curse of sin thou hast for me
In all its anguish borne;
Dismay and fear must therefore flee,
Like night before the morn.
The sting of death no more gives pain,
And all my bones shall rise again.

Thou Prince of life, with purest flame
My soul shall sing thy praise,
And magnify thy holy name,
Here, and to endless days!
Eternal life to me is given—
Take me, O Lord! to thee in heaven."

Stilling's whole soul melted into tears; he sat down by the bedside, and waited the departure of the friend of his soul;—she often pressed his hand, with her customary favorite expression, "My angel and my all!" but she said nothing more. She did not desire to see her children, but only commended them to God. But she frequently repeated the words:—

"And through the shades of death and hell
Lead safe to Zion's hill,"

and rejoiced in the consolation they contained.

Towards ten o'clock, she said, "Dear husband, I am very sleepy, and feel very comfortable; should I wake no more, and dream myself into eternity, farewell!" She then looked at him once more, with her large black eyes, most expressively, pressed his hand, and fell asleep. In about an hour, she began to be convulsed, sighed deeply, and shuddered; her breath now ceased, and the features of death covered her countenance; her mouth still, however, inclined itself to a smile. Christina was no more!

A tender husband must have witnessed a similar scene, or he can form to himself no idea of this. At the same moment Siegfried entered, looked towards the bed, fell upon his friend's neck, and both shed gentle tears.

"Thou dear angel!" exclaimed Siegfried, whilst bending over her, "thou hast now endured to the end!" But Stilling kissed her pallid lips once more, and said, "Thou unparalleled sufferer, thanks be to thee for all thy love and fidelity; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

When Siegfried was gone, the two children being brought into the room, their father led them to the corpse, and they cried aloud; he then sat down, took one on each knee, pressed them to his bosom, and all three wept together. At length he recollected himself, and made the arrangements which the circumstances required.

On the 21st of October in the morning twilight, Stilling's Rittersburg friends carried his deceased consort to the burial-ground, and interred her with all quietness. His friends, the two Protestant preachers, who sat with him during the time, alleviated this last separation, and supported him by consolatory conversation.

With Christina's death ended a great and important period in Stilling's history; and one equally important gradually commenced, which gloriously and tranquilly developed the object of the painful trials through which he had hitherto been led.

CHAPTER XI.

After the death of Christina, Stilling sought to arrange his solitary mode of life in a proper manner. He took a journey to Zweibrücken, where he had very good and faithful friends; and with them he conferred respecting where he could best place his children, in order to have them educated in a proper manner. It appeared that there was in Zweibrücken, as it seemed, a very good opportunity for that purpose; he therefore settled the matter, travelled back again, and fetched them. His daughter was now nine, and his son seven years old.

But after having disposed of his children, and returned to his solitary and empty dwelling, all his sufferings returned upon him; with an inexpressibly melancholy feeling he covered his face, weeping, and sobbing, so that he could scarcely comfort himself. He had given up his housekeeping, sent away the maid, and the people with whom he lived brought his dinner into his room; he was therefore like a complete stranger, and quite alone. He almost repented having sent away his children and the servant, but he could not possibly do otherwise;—his children must necessarily receive an education; besides which, his vocation took up too much of his time for attention to his domestic affairs, and he could not entrust a servant with the housekeeping; the arrangement he had already made was certainly the best, but to him intolerable. He had been accustomed to walk, hand in hand, with a faithful friend, and her he possessed no longer;—his sufferings were unspeakable. His father, Wilhelm Stilling, sometimes sought to comfort him by letter, and recalled to his recollection the years of his childhood, when he was reminded how long and painfully he also had lamented the loss of his departed Doris; yet time had gradually healed the wound, and such would be the case with him. But this availed little; Stilling was in distress, and saw no outlet by which he could escape.

To this was added also the gloomy close of autumn, which, irrespective of other circumstances, had much influence on Stilling's spirits. When he looked out of the window, and beheld the leafless scene around him, it seemed to him as if he were walking solitary amongst corpses, and saw nothing around him but death and corruption; in a word, his melancholy was indescribable.

Four weeks after, in the middle of November, one Saturday afternoon, this sorrowful feeling rose to its height;—he ran in and out, and could find rest no where; all at once he began to pray; he shut himself up in his closet, and prayed with the utmost fervour, and with unspeakable confidence, to his Heavenly Father, so that he could not leave off. When in the lecturer's chair, his heart continued its supplication; and when again in his chamber, he was again upon his knees, calling and praying aloud. At six o'clock in the evening, after reading his last lecture, and as he had just entered his room, the servant-maid came and told him a young man had just been there to inquire for him. Immediately afterwards, the latter en-

tered; with a friendly and captivating expression of countenance, he said, "I am from R—, and hold an appointment in a government-office; in accordance with the electoral regulations, I must study here at least half-a-year, however inconvenient it may be to me; for though I have no children, yet I have a wife;—I am glad, however, to become acquainted with Stilling. Now I have a request to make to you; I have heard, with regret, that your lady is dead, and that you are solitary and melancholy;—how would it suit you, supposing you permitted me and my wife to lodge with you, and dine at the same table? We should then have the benefit of your company, and you would have society and entertainment. I can flatter myself that you will be pleased with my wife; for she is of a noble mind and disposition."

Stilling's soul revived at these words, and he felt as if some one had all at once taken the burden of his sorrows from his shoulders, so that he could scarcely conceal his extreme pleasure. He therefore went with Mr. Kühlenbach to the inn, to pay his respects to his consort, who heard with joy his willingness to receive them. The next day, this excellent and worthy couple removed into Stilling's habitation.

Every thing now went on in its regular and cheerful course. Stilling, it is true, was still always melancholy;—but it was a pleasing melancholy, in which he even felt a comfort. He was now also enabled to publish his lectures in rotation, the sums he received for the copyright of which encouraged him with respect to the liquidation of his debts; for he saw a boundless field before him, in which he could labor as an author all his life, and thus make his income amount yearly to fifteen hundred guilders. He made a public sale of his superfluous household furniture, and retained nothing more than he himself required; and with the money thus obtained he paid his most urgent debts.

This very tolerable mode of life continued till the end of the winter of the year 1782. Kühlenbach then began to talk of removing, which renewed Stilling's anxiety, for he was apprehensive that his horrible melancholy would again return; he therefore sought to form a variety of plans, but none of them satisfied him. Just at that period, he received a letter from Mr. Eisenhart, advising him to marry again. Stilling clearly perceived that this would be the best course for him; he therefore resolved upon it, after many conflicts, and awaited the intimation and guidance of Providence.

His first thoughts fell upon an excellent widow-lady, who had one child, some property, bore the noblest of characters, and was of very good descent and respectable family. She had already given great proofs of her domestic management, and was acquainted with Stilling. He therefore wrote to her;—the worthy woman answered him, and stated such important reasons which prevented her from marrying again, that Stilling, as a man of integrity, was obliged entirely to relinquish her. This unsuccessful attempt made him timid, and he resolved upon acting more cautiously.

About this time, a light entered his mind regarding his affairs, of which, up to that period, he had not had the smallest idea; for as he was once taking a walk alone, and reviewing his ten years of sorrow in the marriage-state, he investigated whence it came that God had led him through such painful paths, since his marriage was so entirely ordered by Providence. "But was it really thus ordered?" inquired he; "may not human weakness—may not impurity of motive have mingled themselves with it?" The scales now seemed to fall from his eyes; he perceived, in the light of truth, that his father-in-law, his departed Christina, and he himself, had acted at the time neither according to the precepts of religion, nor of sound reason; for it is the Christian's highest duty, *under the guidance of Providence*, to examine every step, and particularly the choice of a wife or a husband, according to the rules of sound reason and propriety; and after this has been properly done, expect the Divine blessing. But all this was neglected at that time;—Christina was an innocent, inexperienced girl; she secretly loved Stilling, clung to this love, prayed to God for the fulfilment of her wishes; and thus religion and affection mingled in her hysteric attacks. Neither her parents nor Stilling knew anything of this; they looked upon it as Divine inspiration and influence, and were obedient to it. The impropriety and imprudence of the thing showed itself too late, in the painful consequences. Christina had no property, Stilling was equally destitute; he was compelled to study with other people's money, and afterwards was unable to economise like a tradesman, so that he could neither support himself nor pay his debts. Christina, on the contrary, who was brought up in a tradesman's family, expected from her husband the principal regulation of the household, and economised only with that which came to her hand; she would therefore have made any tradesman happy, but never a man of learning.

Stilling, however, clearly recognized, with all this, that his ten years of painful probation, as well as the events of his whole life, had been inexpressibly beneficial to his character and his whole existence. God had made use of his own impurity as soap, in order to purify him more and more; his dear and beatified Christina had stood the ordeal, and had been perfected in this very path. Stilling therefore broke out in loud thanks to God, that He had done all things so well.

This discovery he also communicated to Mr. Friedenberg, but the latter took it amiss; he always believed the thing was from God, that Stilling alone was to blame for every thing, and that *he* ought to amend himself. I sincerely desire my readers not to cherish any bitterness against this worthy man, who has now finished his course. He was upright and pious, and was recognized, loved, and honored as such by all men. But how easily may the most upright man mistake; and what saint in heaven has not erred! However, it was most repugnant to him that Stilling was determined to marry again.

His first attempt to find a consort being unsuccessful, Stilling's inmate, Kühlenbach, began to propose. He was acquainted with an excellent young lady in S——, who possessed considerable property, and who, he hoped, would be suitable for Stilling. I must, however, observe, that every one now advised him to take a rich wife; for they concluded that he would be the most easily assisted by so doing, and he himself thought it was the best step he could take. He often shuddered indeed for himself and his children, when he thought of a rich wife, who perhaps had no other good qualities; however, he placed his trust in God. Kühlenbach left him at Easter; and at Whitsuntide Stilling travelled to S——, to make the second attempt; but this, together with the third, was fruitless, for both persons were previously engaged.

Stilling now put a full stop to these endeavours; it was not at all congenial to him, to receive refusals; he therefore presented himself with a contrite heart before God, and said to Him with the most fervent filial confidence, "My Father! I resign my destiny entirely to Thee; I have now done what I could. At present I look for thy direction;—if it be thy will that I should marry again,

do thou conduct a faithful spouse to me; but if I am to remain single, do thou tranquillize my heart!"

At that time, that excellent lady, Sophia Von la Roche, was residing with her husband and her still unmarried children at S——. Stilling had visited her; but as he did not enjoy her intimate friendship, he had told her nothing of his intention.

The first post-day after the above-mentioned prayer and filial resignation to Providence, he received, very unexpectedly, a letter from that admirable lady; he opened it eagerly, and found, to his astonishment, amongst other things, the following:—

"Your friends here have not been so prudent as you were with me; for it is here a generally well-known affair, that Stilling has made several unsuccessful offers of marriage. This vexes me, and I wish it had not occurred.

"Must you necessarily have a lady of property?—or would one of my friends suit you, of whom I will now give you a correct description? She is very virtuous, handsome, and of a noble, ancient, and learned family, and excellent parents. Her father is dead; but her venerable, sickly mother is still alive. She is about twenty-three years of age, and has suffered much; she has been well brought up, exceedingly able in every female employment, and a very economical housekeeper; devout, and an angel for your two children. She has not much property, but will receive a regular dowry, &c. If all these qualities, for the truth of which I pledge myself, are an equivalent with you for some thousand guilders, please inform me. I will then mention her to you, and tell you what you have to do," &c.

Stilling's feelings on reading this letter cannot be described; a few days before he had solemnly committed the affair of his marriage to Providence, and now a person is pointed out to him, who possesses exactly all the qualities which he desired. The thought certainly occurred to him: "But she has no property; will not my torment therefore continue?" However, he dared not reason now according to his own principles; she was the object to which the finger of his heavenly Leader pointed; he therefore obeyed, and that very willingly. He shewed the letter to Mr. Siegfried and his lady, as well as to the Lutheran preacher and his spouse; for these four persons were his most intimate friends. All of them recognized, in a very lively manner, the intimation of Providence, and encouraged him to follow it. He decided therefore to do so, with God's help; and wrote a very obliging letter to Madame Von la Roche, in which he besought her to make him acquainted with the individual, for he would obey the intimation of Providence, and follow her advice. A week after, he received a reply; the worthy lady wrote to him that her friend's name was Selma Von St. Florentin, and that she was the sister of the senatorial advocate of that name, who resided there;—that all she had written of her was true;—that she had also shewn her his letter, mentioned something of the affair to her, and she had expressed herself to the effect that it would not be disagreeable to her to receive a visit from Stilling. Madame Von la Roche advised him therefore to take a journey to Reichenburg, where Selma was at that time residing at the Eagle Inn, because the innkeeper was a relation of hers. Stilling was always rapid and ardent in his undertakings; he therefore directly travelled to Reichenburg, which is a day's journey from Rittersburg, and four leagues from S——. He consequently arrived there in the evening, and drove to the inn above-mentioned. But he was now in a dilemma;—he dared not enquire after the lady whom he sought, and yet without this, his journey would probably be fruitless; however, he hoped she would make her appearance, and that God would further direct his way. As it was still very early, he went to an intimate friend, to whom he communicated his intentions; and although this friend had another plan for him, yet he confessed that Selma was all that Madame Von la Roche had described her to be; nay, that she was even worthy of higher praise, if possible, but with all this, not rich. Stilling rejoiced in his heart at this testimony, and replied, "Although she is not rich, if she be only a good housekeeper, all will go well."

He now returned to the inn; but notwithstanding all his observation, he could hear or see nothing of her. At nine o'clock supper was served up; the company at the table d'hôte was agreeable and select; yet he sat as on thorns, for even then Selma did not appear; he was grieved, and knew not what he should do next. At length, when the dessert was placed on the table, a venerable old man, who sat on his left, began as follows:—"A pretty joke has happened to me. I had resolved to-day to pay my respects to Madame Von la Roche; and as our agreeable dinner-companion, Mademoiselle Von St. Florentin (here Stilling pricked up his ears very nimbly) heard that I was returning this evening, she requested I would take her with me, because she wished to visit her brother the advocate. Her company was very agreeable to me; she therefore rode with me to S——, went to her brother, and I to Madame la Roche. At dinner, she sent to tell me that she would walk with her brother towards Reichenburg, and would wait for the coach at a certain village, where she requested I would stop and take her back with me. I therefore mentioned this to the coachman, who however forgot it, and took another way; consequently we are now deprived of her society."

Much was then said in Selma's praise, so that Stilling had enough to listen to; he now knew what he wished to know—the object of his desires was in S——. He therefore retired to his chamber as early as he could, not to sleep, but to think; he reflected whether his not meeting with her was not an intimation of Providence, in order to draw him away from her. He tormented himself the whole night with this idea, and knew not whether he should return straightway home again, or go first to S——, in order previously to speak with Madame Von la Roche. At length the latter decision predominated; he therefore rose at four o'clock in the morning, paid his bill, and went on foot to S——, where he arrived on the 25th of June 1782, at eight o'clock in the morning.

On entering the parlour of Madame Von la Roche, the latter clapped her hands together, and exclaimed, with an inexpressibly kind look, "Ha, Stilling! where do you come from?" Stilling replied, "You directed me to Reichenburg, but Selma is not there; she is in this town."

"Selma is here!—how is that?"

He then stated the whole affair to her.

"Stilling, this is admirable!—it is the finger of Providence. I have been reflecting on the subject;—at the inn at Reichenburg you would not once have dared to look at her, much less to speak with her; but here it can be all arranged."

These words quite cheered him, and tranquillized his heart.

Madame Von la Roche now made arrangements for a meeting. Mr. Von St. Florentin's colleague in office, Mr. P——, together with his lady, were very good friends of Madame Von la Roche, as well as of Selma; she therefore wrote a note to them, in which she informed them that Stilling was at her

house, and requested them to mention it to Selma and her brother, and beg of them to take a walk, about ten o'clock, in their garden, and that Mr. P—— would then call for Stilling, to take him thither.

All this accordingly took place; advocate P——'s lady went to fetch Selma and her brother, and Mr. P—— conducted Stilling.

What his feelings were upon the way, God knows. Mr. P—— led him out of the gates, and to the left by the walls, towards the south, into a beautiful shrubbery, with trellis-work and a handsome summer-house. The sun shone in the cloudless sky, and it was a most beautiful summer-day.

On entering, he saw Selma, dressed in an orange-coloured silken gown, and a black straw-hat, walking much disturbed amongst the trees; she wrung her hands, evidently in extreme mental emotion; in another place, her brother was walking with the advocate's lady. As Stilling approached and appeared to them, they all placed themselves in a position to receive him. After he had complimented them generally all round, he stepped up to Selma's brother; this gentleman had a dignified and very handsome figure, which pleased him extremely at first sight; he approached him therefore, and said, "Sir, I am desirous of soon being able to call you brother!" This address, which could only have proceeded from Stilling, must necessarily strike a man of such a refined education and knowledge of the world; he therefore made a bow, smiled, and said, "Your obedient servant, professor Stilling! I shall account it an honor."

Mr. P—— and his lady, with St. Florentin, now hastened into the summer-house, and left Stilling alone with Selma.

He walked towards her, presented her his arm, and led her slowly forwards;—just as directly and without circumlocution, he said to her, "Mademoiselle, you know who I am (for she had read his history); you know also the object of my journey;—I have no property, but a sufficient income, and two children; my character is as I have described it in the history of my life. If you can resolve to become mine, do not leave me long in suspense; I am accustomed to hasten to the object I have in view without circumlocution. I believe if you make choice of me, you will never repent of it;—I fear God, and will seek to make you happy."

Selma recovered from her confusion, and with an unspeakably graceful expression of countenance, she raised her beaming eyes, elevated her right hand, in which she held a fan, and said, "What is the will of Providence, is my will also."

They now arrived at the summer-house, where he was considered, investigated, examined, and exposed to view on all sides. Selma alone cast her eyes down, and did not say a word. Stilling shewed himself unvarnished, just as he was, and did not dissemble. It was then agreed that Selma and her brother should come in the afternoon, after dinner, to Madame Von la Roche, and that there the matter should be further discussed; on which every one went home again.

Sophia asked him, immediately on entering the room, how he had been pleased with her Selma.

Stilling.—"Admirably! she is an angel!"

Madame Von la Roche.—"Is she not? I hope God will bring you together."

After dinner, Selma was eagerly expected, but she did not come. Sophia and Stilling became uneasy; tears forced their way into the eyes of both; at length the worthy lady made a proposition, should Selma entirely refuse her consent, which fully shewed her angelic soul as it really was; but modesty and other important reasons forbid me to mention it.

At the moment when Stilling's anxiety had reached its height, Mr. Von St. Florentin with his sister entered the room. Sophia took hold of the advocate's arm, and conducted him into an adjoining apartment, and Stilling drew Selma near him upon the sofa.

Stilling.—"Was it indifference, or what was it, that you suffered me to wait so anxiously?"

"Not indifference," answered she, with tears in her eyes; "I was obliged to pay a visit, and was detained; my feelings are inexpressible."

Stilling.—"You therefore determine to become mine?"

Selma.—"If my mother consents, I am eternally yours!"

Stilling.—"Yes, but your mother?—"

Selma.—"Will have no objection to it."

He embraced and kissed her with unspeakable delight; and at the same moment Sophia, with the advocate, entered the room. They stopped short, and were evidently amazed.

"Are you so far advanced already?" exclaimed Sophia, with evident pleasure.

"Yes! yes!" said he, and led her arm-in-arm towards them.

The noble-minded soul now embraced both, lifted up her eyes, and said, with tears and the utmost inward emotion, "God bless you, my children! The beatified Christina will now look down with heavenly delight upon her Stilling, for she has besought this angel as a wife for thee, my son!"

This scene was heart and soul-affecting; Selma's brother also mingled with the group, blessed them, and vowed eternal and fraternal fidelity to Stilling.

Sophia then sat down, taking her Selma upon her lap, who hid her face in her friend's bosom, and bedewed it with tears.

All at length recovered themselves. The attraction Stilling felt to this excellent young lady, who was now his betrothed, was unlimited, although he was still unacquainted with the history of her life. She, on the other hand, declared she felt an indescribable esteem and reverence for him, which would soon be changed into cordial love. She then approached him, and said, with dignity, "I will take the place of your departed Christina towards your children, in such a manner as to enable me boldly to present them to her at a future day."

They now separated: Selma rode the same evening to Reichenburg, from whence she intended to travel to Creutznach, to her mother's sister, and there pass the period before her marriage. When she was gone, Stilling wrote a letter to her, which was sent after her the following day; and then he also travelled back, well pleased and happy, to Rittersburg.

When he was again alone, and minutely reflected upon the whole affair, his many debts recurred to him, and pressed heavily upon his heart;—of these he had not mentioned a word to Selma. This was certainly very wrong, and in reality, an unpardonable fault, if that may be called a fault, which arises from a moral impossibility. Selma knew Stilling only from his writings and from report; she saw him for the first time, on the day she promised him marriage; that, which between young people is called love, had no place in the matter; the whole affair was determination, consideration, and the result arising from rational reflection. Now if he had said any thing about his debts, she would certainly have drawn back, terror-struck; Stilling felt this fully, but he also felt what the consequences of a discovery of the kind would be

when he could no longer withhold it. He was therefore in a dreadful strife with himself, but found himself too weak to mention the matter.

Meanwhile, he received the first letter from her; he was astonished at the mind that dictated it, and looked forwards for future happiness. Liberty of feeling, without affectation,—correctness and order in her thoughts,—well-made and mature resolutions, reigned in every line; and every one to whom he confided the letter for perusal, pronounced him happy in the prospect of such a partner.

In the mean time, the consent of Madame Von St. Florentin was received; it was communicated to Stilling, and all was now in order. He therefore travelled to Creutznach to his betrothed, in order to spend some days with her, and become more intimately acquainted with her. He there learnt to know her in reality; and found how all the painful and tedious sufferings he had hitherto endured were superabundantly rewarded by the everlasting and paternal love of God; but he found it impossible to make any mention of his debts to her, and therefore prayed unceasingly to God, that He would so order the affair as that it might have a favorable termination.

Selma's aunt was also a very worthy and pleasant lady, who became very fond of him, and was glad of this addition to the family.

Near this aunt dwelt a merchant of the name of Schmerz, a man of much taste and knowledge. This gentleman had read Stilling's history, he was therefore an object of attention to him; hence he invited him one evening, with Selma and her aunt, to his beautiful garden, well-known to many connoisseurs. It lies on the north-west side of the town, and includes in it what was previously a part of the old town-ditch.

To this charming pleasure-ground, Schmerz, as mentioned above, had invited Stilling, Selma, and her aunt, to spend an evening. After they had walked about for some time, taken a view of every thing, and it had become dusk, they were conducted into the grotto, where they were served with refreshments until it was quite dark. At length Schmerz entered, and said, "Friends, come once more into the garden, in order to see how the night beautifies everything." All followed him; Stilling went before, having Schmerz on his left, and Selma on his right; the others followed behind. As they entered the long walk, a sight surprised them with extreme astonishment; the urn above, in the poplar-wood, was illuminated with many little lamps, so that the whole wood glittered like green and gold.

"Schmerz* had illuminated his urn for Stilling, and near him walked his Salome,† harbinger of future and sublime peace!"

Beautiful, charming, and affecting thought!

After they had all finished their joyful expressions of admiration, there commenced behind the urn, in the obscurity of the wood, very affecting music, beautifully performed on wind-instruments; it was the charming air from Zemira and Azor, which is sung behind the mirror; the sky was at the same time overcast with heavy clouds, and it thundered and lightened between. Stilling sobbed and wept; the scene was too powerful for his soul and his heart; he kissed and embraced first Schmerz and then his Selma, and in fact he overflowed with sensibility

He now discovered something new in his intended;—she also felt it all, and was affected likewise; but she continued perfectly tranquil; her sensations were no precipitous mountain-torrent, but a peacefully-flowing brook in a meadowy vale.

* Schmerz is the German word for pain.

† Salome, from whence Selma is derived, means peace, the kingdom of peace.

Two days before his departure from Creutznach, he was sitting in the hall with Selma and her aunt, when the postman entered, and presented a letter to Selma; she took it, broke it open, read it, and turned pale; she then drew her aunt with her into the parlour, soon came out again, and went upstairs into her chamber. The aunt now came, sat down by Stilling, and informed him that Selma had received a letter from a friend, in which it was stated to her that he was much involved in debt; this had surprised her, and she therefore requested him to go upstairs to her immediately and speak with her, in order that she might not withdraw her consent; for there were many worthy men that had the same misfortune, and anything of this kind ought not to cause a separation. Stilling accordingly went upstairs, with sensations perfectly like those of a poor culprit who is led up before the judge to receive his sentence.

On entering the room, he found her sitting at a little table, leaning her head upon her hand.

"Pardon me, my dearest Selma," he began, "that I have said nothing to you respecting my debts. I could not possibly do so, for I should not then have gained your consent; and I cannot live without you. My debts have not arisen from a love of splendour or extravagance, but from extreme necessity. I can earn much, and am unwearied in my labors. With regularity in housekeeping, they will be liquidated in a few years; and if I should die, no one can make any demand upon you. You must therefore imagine the matter to yourself, as if you had yearly a few hundred guilders less income; you lose nothing further by it;—with a thousand guilders, you can meet the house expences, and the residue I will apply to the payment of my debts. However, dear and valued friend, I now leave you at perfect liberty, and if it were to cost me my life, yet I am incapable of keeping you to your word, from the moment you repent of it."

So saying, he was silent, and awaited his sentence.

She then arose with the utmost inward emotion, looked at him with a kind and penetrating expression of countenance, and replied, "No, I will not forsake you, Stilling. God has destined me to assist in bearing your burden. I will gladly do so;—be encouraged, we shall also overcome this, with the help of God."

How Stilling felt can scarcely be conceived; he wept, fell upon her neck, and exclaimed, "Angel of God!"

They then descended the stairs, hand-in-hand; Selma's aunt rejoiced exceedingly at the happy result of this vexatious and dangerous affair, and sweetly comforted both by her own experience.

How wisely did Providence again rule Stilling's destiny! Do not tell me that prayers are not heard;—an earlier discovery would have ruined every thing, and a later would probably have occasioned vexation. It was then just the right time.

CHAPTER XII.

STILLING now travelled back again, quietly and contentedly, to Rittersburg, and made preparations for the celebration of his marriage, which was to take place at the house of Selma's aunt, in Creutznach.

The space of time which intervened, I will fill up with the history of

SELMA'S LIFE.

In the middle of the previous century, there lived in France two brothers, both of whom were of an ancient Italian noble family; they were called knights of St. Florentin de Tansor. One of them

became a Huguenot, and was therefore obliged to flee, and leave his property behind him;—moneyless, he took refuge in the Hessian dominions, where he settled at Ziegenhain, commenced business, and married a worthy young woman of the middle class. One of his sons, or perhaps his only son, studied jurisprudence, became a great, active, and upright man, and Syndic in the imperial city of Worms; from whence he was under the painful necessity, when this city was destroyed by the French at the close of the previous century, of emigrating with his wife and many children, and leaving his habitation in ashes. He retired to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he again became Syndic, counsellor to many imperial cities, and a man of eminence. Amongst his many sons, there was likewise an able lawyer, who for a period occupied the place of government-assessor in Marburg, and afterwards accepted the place of chancery-director at Usingen.

One of his sons, of the name of Johann Wilhelm, was the father of Selma; he first of all filled the place of counsellor of finance at W—, and was afterwards appointed finance-director in the principality of Rothingen, in Upper Swabia. He was a man of great penetration, fiery resolve, rapid accomplishment, and incorruptible integrity; and as he always lived at court, he was, at the same time, a very refined man of the world, and his house was the favorite resort of the noblest and the best of men. His consort was likewise noble-minded, kind-hearted, and very genteel in her manners.

This couple had five children, two sons and three daughters, all of whom are still living. The whole five need not my commendations: they are excellent characters. The eldest daughter married a counsellor and magistrate in the principality of U—; the eldest son is advocate in S—; the second son, counsellor of finance in Rothingen; the second daughter is united to a worthy preacher in Franconia; and the youngest child is Selma.

The finance-director, Mr. Von F. Florentin, had a moderate income, but he was too conscientious to accumulate wealth. On his sudden death, therefore, in the year 1776, his widow found that he had left little; she received indeed a pension on which she could subsist, and all her children were provided for, with the exception of Selma, to whom a variety of offers were made; but she was only in her sixteenth year, and besides this, none of these modes of provision pleased her.

She had formerly a very rich and distant relation, who in her fiftieth year had married a young cavalier of twenty-seven, and was at that time residing on her estate in Lower Saxony, in a very handsome mansion. The St. Florentin family knew, meanwhile, nothing but good of this person; and when the lady, who was at the same time Selma's godmother, heard of the finance-director's death, she wrote, in the year 1778, to the widow, and requested her to send her Selma to her, promising to provide for her, and make her happy.

Madame Von St. Florentin found it almost impossible for her to decide upon sending away her dearly-beloved daughter, to a distance of upwards of seventy German miles; however, as all her friends and children earnestly urged her to it, she at length consented. Selma kneeled down before her, and the venerable woman gave her her blessing, amidst floods of tears. In October of the year 1778, she set off, therefore, under safe convoy, to Lower Saxony, and was in Frankfort just at the time when Stilling passed through it with his wife and children, on removing from Schönenthal to Rittersburg.

After a long and tedious journey, she at length arrived at the mansion of her godmother, a general's widow, he having gone over to America, where he died. Here she soon perceived that she was disappointed, for she was ill-treated in a variety of ways. This was a school and a hard trial for the good girl. She was well brought up, and every one had behaved kindly to her; but here no one had any feeling for her talents;—it is true, there were people enough that esteemed her, but they could only comfort, without being able to help her.

To this something of a different nature was added:—a young cavalier made her serious offers of marriage; these she accepted, the marriage was agreed upon between the families, on both sides, and she was actually betrothed to him. He then set out on a journey, and on this journey, something occurred which withdrew him again from Selma, and the affair came to nothing.

I am silent respecting the true reason of his faithlessness; the great day will develope it.

By degrees, the sufferings of the good and pious girl rose to their height, and at the same time she learnt that her godmother owed much more than she possessed. She had now no longer any reason for remaining, and determined therefore to return to her mother.

It would not become me to enter more particularly into the description of her sufferings, and her conduct under them; did I dare to tell all, my readers would be astonished. But she is still living, and already blushes at that which, as Stilling's biographer, I must necessarily say.

She grew sickly also at the same time; and it appeared as if her sorrow would have ended in a consumption. However, she undertook the journey, after having endured for two years the furnace of affliction. On reaching Cassel, she stopped at the house of an excellent, pious, and worthy friend, government-counsellor M—; here she continued three-quarters of a year, during which time she entirely regained her health.

She then pursued her journey, and arrived at length at her brother's at S—, where she again resided a considerable time. Here a variety of opportunities presented themselves of providing for herself becomingly; but none of them suited her; for her exalted ideas of virtue, conjugal affection, and of extending her sphere of action, she feared, would be all frustrated by these offers; and she preferred remaining with her mother.

She now often visited Madame Von la Roche, and she was also present when it was mentioned to that venerable lady that Stilling had made fruitless offers of marriage there; Selma testified her repugnance at this report, and was surprised when she heard that Stilling resided in the neighbourhood. The idea now occurred to Madame Von la Roche, that Selma would be suitable for Stilling; she was therefore silent, and wrote the first letter to him, to which he immediately replied. When this answer was received, Selma was at Reichenberg; Sophia therefore handed Stilling's determination to advocate P—'s lady, the mutual friend of both. The latter hastened directly to Reichenberg, and found her friend, in the morning, still in bed; her eyes were wet with tears, for it was her birthday, and she had been praying and rendering thanks to God.

The advocate's lady presented her Stilling's letter, together with an epistle from Sophia, in which she gave her maternal advice. Selma did not reject this opportunity, but permitted Stilling to come.—My readers know the rest.

CHAPTER XIII.

EVERY thing being at length duly arranged, Stilling set off for Creutznach, on the 14th of August 1782,

in order to be married to his Selma. On his arrival he observed the first manifestation of tenderness in her; she now began not merely to esteem him, but she also really loved him. The day following, being the 16th, the marriage was solemnized in her aunt's house, in the presence of a few friends, by the Rev. Mr. W——, Inspector of the district, who was a friend of Stilling, and in other respects an excellent man. The address which he gave on this occasion is inserted in the printed collection of his sermons; notwithstanding which it is also subjoined here, as in its proper place.

It is verbatim as follows:—

"There are many enjoyments with which Eternal Wisdom has strewed the path of that man's life who possesses a mind and feelings for the joys of virtue. Now if we weigh all these enjoyments one against the other, and let heart and soul decide which of them deserve the preference, they will immediately and certainly pronounce in favour of those in which the sweet and noble social feelings, which the Creator has implanted in our souls towards our fellow-creatures, find satisfaction. With the possession of a friend to whom we may open our whole heart, and in whose bosom we can deposit our most secret cares, as in an inviolable sanctuary—who participates in every happy event; sympathises with our sorrows; incites us by his example to noble and virtuous deeds; by kind admonitions recalls us from the path of error and of stumbling; assists us in prosperous seasons with sage advice; and wipes away our tears in the season of suffering—without such a friend, what would be our life? And yet the enjoyment of the most perfect friendship must yield to that which the nuptial union with a virtuous woman affords to a virtuous man.

"Since I am to have the happiness this day of confirming so blissful a bond, by the sacred seal of religion, permit me, my honored auditors, before I lay my hands on the folded hands of my most worthy friend and the future amiable partner of his life, to detain you with a short description of the pure enjoyments of conjugal and gentle friendship, which is sanctified by the religious feelings and noble love of virtue of the couple who are thus united.

"Excellent, and rich in blissful and delightful feelings, is the bond which the pious and noble-minded youth establishes with the lovely companion of his blooming years. In the midst of the bustle of a world, which meets together from childish vanity, and separates again from base self-interest, the feeling youth discovers a beauteous soul, which invites him, by the irresistible attractions of a noble sympathy, to the most inward union, and sweetest brotherly love. A like-disposed heart, full of uncorrupted natural feeling; a like inclination for what is beautiful, and good, and noble, and great, brings them together; they behold each other, and friendly confidence glows upon their countenances; they converse with each other, and their thoughts harmonize; their hearts open to each other, and one soul attracts the other; they already know each other, and hand in hand, vow to love each other eternally. But David and Jonathan love in a world in which connections, which must be holy and venerable to us, often dissolve the sweetest bonds of friendship; often occasion joylessness, or even painful feelings. Jonathan has established the bond of sacred friendship with the artless son of Jesse, and the youth is then more to him than a brother; for he had loved him, as the sacred historian says, as his own soul. Happy Jonathan!—couldst thou but impart to thy king and father only a small part of thy tender estimation for the favorite of thy heart! But no; the wrath of Saul persecuted the innocent David; and the gentle and virtuous heart of the son and friend strives in vain to combine the sacred duties of filial love with the duties of the most faithful and tender friendship. Who can read the history of the two noble-minded youths, and see them embrace and weep over each other, at the stone Asel, in the bitter parting hour, and not shed tears with them?—and how often is this the lot of the most dignified and magnanimous souls! Although the bond of their friendship may be founded upon the purest and most virtuous inclinations, they cannot remove the severe restraint of connections which are sacred to every good and upright human soul. The command of a father; conflicting family views; nay, sometimes, the same wishes, which, though just on the part of every one, can only be fulfilled with respect to one, often divide, in this world of imperfection, the most tender friendly alliances, or rend the heart, in order to avoid an anxious separation.

"Not so with the friendship which is established between noble souls, by the holy and inviolable bond of matrimony; its genial enjoyments are not subjected to such assaults. Death alone can dissolve the bond which the flame of the tenderest love has established, and which solemn vows at the holy altar of religion have sealed. The circumstances and intentions, the wishes and efforts, of the lover and the beloved are one and the same; the relationship of the husband is the relationship of the wife; his honor, her honor; his property, her property.

"The guileless heart of the pious and selected spouse, full of tender and noble emotions, finds in the man that loves God and virtue a safeguard on the journey of life; a faithful adviser in perplexing circumstances; a courageous defender in dangers; a magnanimous friend, who continues faithful even unto death. What he accomplishes for the good of the world, of his country, and his family, has all a beneficial effect upon the happiness and the joy of the woman to whom he has presented his hand and his heart. Wearied with the labors of the day, he hastens to the sweet companion of his life; imparts to her the experience and knowledge he has collected; seeks to develope every shooting blossom of her mind, and prevent every timid wish of her affectionate heart; willingly forgets the gnawing cares of his vocation, the ingratitude of the world, and the bitter hindrances which every honest man meets with in the path of incorruptible integrity, in order to live entirely for her happiness; to give himself wholly to her, who, for his sake, has left father and mother, and friends, and companions; and who, adorned with every flower, has cast herself into the arms of a single individual, who is all to her heart. How could he be faithless to her, even in idea—the man that feels the greatness of the offering she has presented to him, and who knows and believes that there is a rewarder in heaven? And what a valuable treasure he has found in her, who loves God and virtue! Her gentle, heart-constraining society sweetens every hour of his life; her tender sympathy in his fate alleviates his every pain, and gives him doubly to feel each enjoyment of life; her kind discourse translates him often into the blissful feelings of a better world, when his eye, troubled by the miseries of this earthly state, needs the most to be directed upwards. Gladly does she renounce the deceitful glitter of transient amusements, in order, unembittered, to enjoy quiet, domestic happiness—the only happiness which is worthy of being sought and found by noble souls; and knows no joy of which he does not partake who is the choice of her heart. To please him; to take charge of the affairs of his house; by good ex-

ample and love of order, and by meekness and kindness to maintain that dominion of love over children, and inmates and domestics, which is the most difficult duty and the noblest embellishment of her sex; to season her husband's hours of recreation with pleasure; by harmless mirth to cheer his brow, when manly sternness rests upon it; or by gentle words to soothe his cares, when adverse results of well-meant intentions disturb him—this is the endeavour of the day, and this the nightly meditation of the spouse who loves God and virtue.

"Such a wife is the most valuable gift of heaven; such a husband, the blest blessing wherewith Eternal Love rewards a pious and faithful heart. If He who dwells in heaven blesses such a marriage with a progeny, what ravishing prospects, what pure delight, what felicity on earth, to see themselves live anew in well-disposed, beloved children; to bring up useful citizens of earth, and blessed inhabitants of heaven; to see a powerful support growing up for helpless old age; a sensible comfort in their infirmities! O God! what a rich recompense for all the toil, and labor, and care, which we expend on education and attention to the inheritors of our names and property; and when, as we may hope, our wishes are fulfilled, of our virtues also! What a goodly lot, to be permitted to hear the sweet names of father and mother!

"All happiness to you, my estimable friend, who to-day enjoy the felicity of being eternally united with such a consort! I know her noble-minded and pious heart, which is open to and warm for every friendly feeling. I do not need to place before your eyes the duties which such a union imposes upon you;—you have practised them; you have thereby become happy; you will become so again; and if the spirits of the blessed learn the fate of their mortal friends, and participate in it, the departed saint that is in heaven will look down with pure and indescribable joy on this new union, upon which you this day enter with the chosen one of your heart.

"Happiness and the blessing of God be upon you, amiable and virgin bride! The friend of your heart is the husband of your choice, and worthy of your whole esteem and of your tenderest affection. You may boldly cast yourself into his outstretched arms; expect, without apprehension, from him, what the most perfect friendship, nuptial love, and inviolable fidelity can give. He that fears God, fulfils vows, and keeps covenant even unto death; to him that has passed through rough and solitary paths, warm and heart-felt friendship is like a cordial to the wanderer, who, after roaming through barren deserts, finds a shady spring; he approaches it with the most fervent gratitude, and every drop of water which pours refreshment into his languishing heart is sacred to him.

"O God, thou hearest our prayer; do thou bless those whom thy hand has joined together, and bless them with all the felicity of a pure love, which death cannot destroy! Amen!"

Hereupon followed the priestly benediction; Stilling's and Selma's hearts and hands were inseparably united, and the Almighty gave his gracious blessing to this union. Mr. Schmerz took much interest in this joyful event; he provided the marriage-feast, and entertained the newly-married couple, with their friends who were present, both to dinner and supper.

Schmerz also wished to celebrate the day following by an excursion into the Rheingau; two coaches were therefore ordered, in one of which Madame Schmerz, the aunt, and Selma rode, and in the other, Mr. Schmerz, Mr. W—, the Inspector, and Stilling. The way led from Creutznach to Bingen, from whence they crossed the Rhine, thence to Geisenheim, to view the baronial residence of Ostein; and from thence, over against Bingen to Niederwald, which also belongs to the Count of Ostein, and is laid out in the manner of an English park. The whole journey was enchanting; objects everywhere presented themselves which afforded peculiar food for the eye of a mind susceptible of the beauties of nature and of art; the whole company was consequently extremely well pleased.

They dined in the midst of the Niederwald, at a forester's house; and after dinner, the afternoon was spent in walking, whilst the various beautiful scenes, prospects, and objects, refreshed the eye and the heart. Towards five o'clock, they commenced their return; the coaches with the ladies drove down the hill, and the gentlemen went on foot. The latter now resolved to stop at Rüdesheim, and drink another bottle of the excellent wine of that place, to cement their friendship; meanwhile, the ladies were to cross the river at the ferry, and wait at Bingen till they should follow them in a boat. This was accordingly done; but meanwhile a storm arose, the waves were high, and it already began to be dark, particularly as the sky was covered with black clouds. They took their seats in the boat, notwithstanding, and passed over the rushing waves, in the midst of the roaring of the storm; and with much danger and anxiety arrived safely at the other side.

All three now stood on the shore at Bingen to receive their beloved friends, who were however still waiting with their coach on the opposite shore. At length they drove into the ferry, and the ferry-boat pushed off. But what were their feelings, when the ferry-boat, instead of coming across, went down the river! The stream raged, and scarcely half-a-quarter of a league further down, the waters roared in the Bingen-loch like distant thunder; the ferry-boat was drifting towards this dangerous place; and all this when it was growing dark. Schmerz, W— and Stilling stood there, as if lamed hand and foot; they looked like poor criminals that had just received their sentence; all Bingen ran together,—all was in an uproar,—and some sailors put off in a large boat after the unfortunate people.

Meanwhile, the ferry-boat with the coach continued to drift further down; the boat followed them, and at length neither of them could be seen; besides all this, it grew ever darker and more dismaying.

Stilling stood as before the judgment-seat of the Almighty; he could neither pray, nor think; his eyes gazed fixedly between the lofty mountains towards the Bingen-loch; he felt as though he stood up to the neck in burning sand;—his Selma, that excellent gift of God, was lost to him; the horrible cry of the crowd resounded in his deafened ears on all sides, "The poor people are lost! God be gracious to them!" O! what intense misery!—and this lasted two hours.

At length, a young man, a clergyman, of the name of Gentli, pressed through the people to the three men. He placed himself with a cheering expression of countenance before them, pressed their hands, and said, "Be satisfied, dear sirs!—be not apprehensive;—people are not so easily lost. Be not disturbed by the foolish talk of the mob; most probably, the ladies are already over. Come, we will go along the shore on this side; I will shew you the way!" This was like a cool dew on their burning hearts; they followed his advice, and he conducted them by the arm down the meadow, and all his words were words of comfort and peace.

As they were walking towards the Mouse tower, having their eyes constantly fixed on the stream,

they heard opposite them, on the left hand, a rattling and rushing, as if a coach were driving between the hedges; all four looked thither, but it was too dark to see anything. Stilling therefore called aloud, and Selma answered, "We are safe!"

Klopstock's "Come hither, Abaddona, to thy Redeemer!" and these words, "We are safe!" produced one and the same effect. Schmerz, W—, and Stilling fell upon the neck of the good Catholic priest, just as if he himself had been their deliverer, and he rejoiced with them as a brother. O thou messenger of peace, thou real evangelist, eternal blessings be upon thee!

All three now ran to the coach; Stilling outstripped them, and met on the way his Selma, who went before the others on foot. He was astonished to find her quite composed, undisturbed, and without any sign of having suffered from fear; he could not comprehend this, and asked her respecting this singular phenomenon; she replied, with a tender and smiling countenance, "*I thought, God does all things well; if it were his will to tear me from you again, He must have a good object in view: therefore His will be done!*"

They now again betook themselves to their carriages, and drove quietly and safely, in the night-time, to Creutznach.

The cause of all this terror and grief was merely the drunkenness of the ferry-people, who were so intoxicated that they were unable to stand, much less guide the ferry-boat. The sailors, who were sent off with the boat, were the sole cause of their deliverance; they found the ferry close by the Bingen-loch, fastened their boat to it, and with dreadful toil and labor rowed it across above the rocks and the Mouse tower. As a punishment, the ferry-men were displaced, and imprisoned on bread and water; all which they well deserved.

It is the plan of Providence, in all its dealings, by which it leads him who lets himself be led by it to the great and glorious aim, that when bestowing some great felicity upon him, if he cleave passionately to it, it threatens in a powerful manner to take it from him again, solely in order entirely to mortify this sensual attachment, which is so extremely opposed to all moral perfection and to activity for the good of mankind. It is true what the mystics say in this case, that "*God seeks an undivided heart; it may love and value the gift, but on no account more highly than the Giver.*" Stilling has always found it thus; as every attentive reader, who is experienced in the ways of God, will easily perceive.

A few days after, Stilling, with his Selma, accompanied by her aunt, set out for Rittersburg. They were met half-way by the students of that place, who testified their joy and the interest they took, by presenting a poem, and by music and a ball.

Thus began a new period of his domestic life. Selma sent immediately for the two children from Zweibrücken, and with extreme care undertook their much-neglected education. At the same time, she represented to Stilling the necessity of her having possession of the cash; for she said, "My dear husband, your whole soul is engaged in its important vocation, in its high destiny; domestic arrangements, and domestic cares and expences, whether great or small, are beneath your attention; pursue your course without interruption, and henceforth leave to me income and expenditure. Commit both debts and housekeeping to my management, and let me provide; you will find your account in so doing." Stilling most joyfully assented, and soon saw the happy result; his children, his furniture, his table, were all becomingly and agreeably attended to, so that every one was gratified. Every friend was welcome to his table, but never sumptuously treated; his house was the refuge of the worthiest young men; many a one was thus preserved from ruin, and others reclaimed from going astray; but all this was managed with such decorum and dignity, that even the most poisonous-tongued calumniator did not venture to spread any unbecoming report.

With all this, the money was never entirely expended; there was always something in hand, and comparatively, even superfluity. Selma also formed a plan for liquidating the debts, the interest upon which was to be regularly paid, and the Rittersburg debts discharged first. This latter was accomplished in less than three years, and money was then sent to Schönenthal, by which the creditors were rendered more tranquil;— in a word, Stilling's tedious and painful sufferings had an end.

And if, occasionally, tormenting letters still arrived, Selma answered them herself, and that in such a manner as must necessarily have imparted confidence and satisfaction to every one who was in any degree rational.

However, circumstances gradually occurred which greatly limited Stilling's sphere of action. His activity and the number of his writings created envy;—there were those who sought, as much as possible, to envelope him in obscurity, and to place him in a wrong light; he did much for the general good, but it was not observed; on the contrary, his course was not always deemed right; and when the court or other political bodies were desirous of bestowing a recompense upon him, it was prevented. Add to this, Stilling wished to be able to complete and teach his whole system; but this was impossible in the existing order of things, for his colleagues participated in the system of tuition. Finally, his income was too small to enable him to make provision for his family; and this had become the chief object of his attention, since his debts no longer oppressed him. All this excited in him the determination to accept a more advantageous vocation, as soon as Providence should put it in his power. However, he was inwardly cheerful and happy; for all this was not suffering, but merely a limiting of circumstances.

At length, in the year 1784, the Elector resolved to remove the academy of Political Economy from Rittersburg to Heidelberg, and unite it with the ancient university there. Stilling's situation was thereby improved, inasmuch as his sphere of operation was more extensive, and his income in some measure increased; but there was still no possibility of making provision for his family, and envy now became still stronger. He found indeed many powerful friends there; and he gained the affections of the public, because he continued gratuitously to practise as an oculist, with much success. However, he was obliged to submit to much that was painful and vexatious. What consoled him the most, was the universal love of the whole university and its officers, of all the students, and the town; besides which, his fidelity and diligence, notwithstanding every obstacle, penetrated at length to the ears of the Elector, who, without his knowledge, and entirely gratuitously, sent him the patent of Electoral Aulic Counsellor, and assured him of his favor.

About this time, Mr. Friedenberg died of water on the chest. Selma had previously convinced him, by a very affecting letter, of Stilling's integrity, and of the certain payment of his debts, and thus he died in peace, and as a Christian; for this he was, in the full sense of the word. Peace be with his ashes!

Stilling was also accepted as a regular member of the German Society in Manheim; in consequence of which he travelled thither once every fortnight, with his friend Counsellor Mieg. These excursions were always a very pleasing recreation, and he felt happy in the circle of so many estimable men. His acquaintance with excellent characters also became more extensive and useful. To this, another circumstance greatly contributed.

In the year 1786, the University of Heidelberg celebrated the jubilee of its fourth centenary, with great pomp, and amidst the concourse of a great multitude of people from far and near. The solemn jubilee address in the name and on the part of the Academy of Civil and Political Economy, was committed to Stilling; he therefore prepared it considerately and calmly, and experienced an effect of which there are few parallel instances, but to which circumstances contributed not a little, and perhaps the chief part. All the other addresses were given in the great hall of the university, in Latin; besides which, it was bitterly cold, and all the auditory were weary of the endless Latin speeches, and taking degrees. When it came to Stilling's turn, the whole auditory were conducted into the hall of the statistical academy, which was a beautiful one, and as it was evening, was lighted up and warmed. Stilling stepped forth, and made an oration in German, with his wonted cheerfulness. The result was unexpected; tears began to flow,—a whisper ran through the assembly,—and at length they began to clap, and exclaim, "Bravo!" so that he was obliged to cease until the noise was over. This was repeated several times; and when he descended from the rostrum, the representative of the Elector, the Minister Von Oberndorf, thanked him very expressively; after which the grandees of the Palatinate, in their stars and orders, approached to embrace and salute him, which was also subsequently done by the principal deputies of the imperial cities and universities. It may easily be conceived what Stilling felt on this occasion. God was with him, and granted him a drop of well-earned, honorable enjoyment, which had been so long unreasonably withheld from him. However, he was fully conscious in all this, how little he had contributed towards deserving this honor. His talent was the gift of God; that he had been enabled duly to cultivate it, was the consequence of Divine providence; and that the present effect was so astonishing, was chiefly the result of circumstances. *To God alone be the glory!*

From this time, Stilling enjoyed the love and esteem of all the higher ranks of the Palatinate in an abundant measure; and it was just at this time also, that Providence began to prepare the station for him for which it had intended, during the last fourteen years, by tedious and painful sufferings, to lead and form him.

The Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, from the time he first assumed the reins of government, had taken the beneficent resolution of placing the University of Marburg in a better condition; and to this end had removed thither those celebrated men, Von Selchow, Baldinger, and others. He now also wished to see the Economical department filled, and for this purpose several learned men were proposed to him; but circumstances stood in the way, which hindered their coming. At length, in the year 1786, the late Mr. Leske of Leipsic received the appointment, and he proceeded thither, but suffered a dangerous fall on the journey, so that he died a week after his arrival in Marburg. Now, though Stilling had been often spoken of, yet persons of consequence opposed his appointment; because they believed a man who had written so many novels was scarcely suitable for such a station. But no man can withstand the plan of Providence. Stilling, in consequence of a rescript from the Landgrave, was formally and regularly appointed by the University of Marburg, public and ordinary Professor of the Economical, Financial, and Statistical sciences, with a fixed income of 1200 dollars sterling, or 2130 guilders current money, and a respectable provision for his wife in case of his death.

Thanks, ardent and heartfelt thanks to William the Ninth, the prince of the noble and worthy Hessians. He recognized Stilling's honest intentions and his impulse to be useful, and this was the cause of his being appointed. This he afterwards testified to him, when he was favoured with an audience; he was requested to relate his history, with which the Landgrave was affected and pleased. He himself thanked God for having made use of him, as an instrument, to lay the foundation of Stilling's good fortune; and promised, at the same time, constantly to support him, and to manifest paternal fidelity to him and his family.

Stilling accepted this appointment with the most heartfelt thankfulness to his wise and heavenly Guide, and now saw all his wishes fulfilled; for he could now fill up and teach his whole system, and in his domestic affairs and manner of life, could also lay up something for his children, and consequently make them happy. At that time, he had only three children; the daughter and son by the first marriage were growing up: the daughter he sent for a year to the relatives of her late mother; but the son was boarded with a very worthy preacher, in the neighbourhood of Heilbronn. Selma had had three children; but an infant son and daughter had already died in Heidelberg; the youngest child, a girl of a year old, he therefore took with him to Marburg.

He set out for this his place of destination, at Easter 1787, with his wife and child. At Frankfort, he again visited his old and faithful friend Kraft, who heartily rejoiced at the admirable result of his painful trials, and thanked God with him.

At Marburg he was received in a very cordial and friendly manner by all the members of the university; it seemed to him as if he were entering his native land, and coming amongst his friends and acquaintances. Even those who had labored against him became his best friends, as soon as they learnt to know him, for their intentions were pure and good.

After having courageously entered upon his office, confiding in the Divine assistance, and duly established himself, his heart impelled him to see once more his aged father, Wilhelm Stilling. The journey was not a great or difficult one for the venerable old man; for Stilling's native province and birth-place is only a few miles from Marburg; he wrote to him, therefore, and invited him to come to him, because he himself had not time to undertake the journey. The good old man consented with joy; and Stilling therefore made preparations for fetching him with a horse, all which was provided by the son of Johann Stilling, the mine-surveyor of Dillenburg.

He would gladly also have seen his uncle Johann Stilling. But the great Father of men had called him away a year before from his daily labor, and removed him to a more extensive sphere of action. In his latter years, he had become surveyor-in-chief of the mines, and had contributed much to the prosperity of his country. His whole life was an unceasing activity for the good of mankind, and an ardent striving after the discovery of new truths. His influence on the life, manners, and conduct of his neighbours was so great and so powerful, that his whole outward manner of life and conduct is

divided amongst the peasants of his village; the one laughs like him, the other has assumed his gait, a third his favorite expressions, &c. His spirit remains distributed amongst his friends, and renders him immortal, even with respect to this world; his memory also, as a servant of the state, is blessed; for his establishments and institutions will afford food and refreshment to the poor in after-times, when Johann Stilling's bones are become dust. Rest sweetly, thou worthy son of Eberhard Stilling! —thou hast done honor to him, the pious patriarch; and now, in his exaltation, he will rejoice over his son, conduct him before the Redeemer's throne, and render thanks unto Him.

In the summer of the year 1787, on a fine clear afternoon, as Stilling was upon the rostrum, and lecturing on Technology, some of the young gentlemen who were studying there all at once entered the lecture-room. One of them exclaimed aloud, "Your father is come; all is now at an end here!" Stilling was mute; a variety of feelings assailed his heart; he tottered down the steps, accompanied by his whole auditory.

At the house-door below, Selma had welcomed her good father-in-law with tears; had led him and his attendant, the mine-surveyor, into the parlour, and was gone to fetch her child; during which time, Stilling entered with his retinue. Immediately opposite the door stood the mine-surveyor, and at the side, to the left, Wilhelm Stilling;—he held his hat in his hands; stood bent with age; and in his venerable visage, time, and a variety of afflictions, had graven many and deep furrows. Timid, and with a very peculiar shamefacedness, which leaves no one unaffected, he looked askant in the face of his son as he approached. The latter stept up to him with the most heartfelt emotion; behind him stood his numerous auditory, and every one smiled with extreme and sympathetic satisfaction. Father and son first of all looked fixedly at each other for some moments, and then fell into each other's embrace, with a mixture of sobbing and weeping. After this, they stood again and looked at each other.

Stilling.—"Father, you have aged very much in the last thirteen years."

Wilhelm.—"So have you also, my son."

Stilling.—"Not '*you*,' my venerable father! but *thou!* I am your son, and am proud of being so. Your prayers, and your mode of educating me, have made me the man I am now become; without you, this would not have been the ease."

Wilhelm.—"Well, well, let it be so. God has done it. His name be praised!"

Stilling.—"It seems to me as if I were standing before my grandfather; you are become very like him, dear father!"

Wilhelm. "Like in body and soul. I feel the inward peace which he possessed; and as he acted, I seek also to act."

Stilling.—"Ah, how hard and stiff your hands are!—does it then go hard with you?"

He smiled like father Stilling, and said, "I am a peasant, and born to labor; that is my vocation; do not let that trouble thee, my son!—it is difficult for me to earn my bread, but yet I have no want."

He now cordially welcomed the mine-surveyor, on which Selma entered with her little daughter; the old man took it by the hand, and said, with emotion, "The Almighty bless thee, my child!" Selma sat down, contemplated the old man, and shed gentle tears.

The assembly now broke up; the students took their leave; and the Marburg friends began to visit Stilling's father. As much honor was done him as if he had been a person of rank. God will reward them for their noble-mindedness; it is worthy of their hearts.

Wilhelm resided for some days with his son, and frequently said, "This season has been a foretaste of heaven to me." Pleased and much affected, he then returned with his attendant.

Stilling, therefore, now lives in Marburg, perfectly happy and useful. His marriage-state is daily a source of the most sublime delight that can be conceived on earth; for Selma loves him with her whole soul, above every thing in the world; her whole heart incessantly inclines towards him; and as his many and long-continued sufferings have made him timid, so that he is always apprehensive of something without knowing what, her whole endeavours are directed to cheer him, and to wipe away the tears from his eyes which so easily flow, because their courses and floodgates have become so wide and fluent. She possesses what is called good and agreeable manners, without loving or seeking much society; they have therefore been formed by the company she kept, and rendered pleasing also to persons of rank. Towards the children by the first marriage she is every thing that Stilling can wish; she is wholly mother and friend. I do not wish to say more of the noble-minded woman; she has read all that precedes, and reproved me for having praised her; however, I owe more to her and my readers, to the praise of God; I have therefore concealed from her what I have just said, and what follows. She is rather short, and stiffly formed; has a pleasing and intelligent countenance; and from her blue eyes and smiling looks a stream of benevolence and philanthropy pours forth towards every noble-minded individual. In all her affairs, even in those which are not directly feminine, she has a calm and penetrating look, and always a mature and deciding judgment, so that her husband often advises with her; and when his rapid and active spirit is partial, he follows her, and always fares well in so doing. Her religious views are enlightened, and she is warm in her love to God, to her Redeemer, and to man. Sparing as she is, she is equally generous and benevolent, where it is requisite. Her modesty is peculiar; she seeks always to be dependant on her husband, and is so even when he follows her advice; she never seeks to shine, and yet she pleases wherever she appears; every worthy character feels happy in her society. I could say still more; but I set bounds to my pen. "Whom God loves, he gives such a wife," says Götz Von Berlichingen of his Maria, and Stilling says the same of his Selma.

Besides all this, his income is large, and all care about his maintenance is entirely vanished. Of his usefulness in his vocation it is not the place to speak here; the man of integrity and the Christian labors incessantly, commits the success of it to God, and is silent.

He continues to operate for the cataract, at Marburg also, gratuitously, and with much success. More than a hundred blind people, principally of the poor and labouring class, have already received their sight through him, with God's help, and with it the means of again earning their bread. How many a delightful hour does this easy and beneficial aid occasion him; when, after the operation, or at their departure, those who have been so long blind press his hands, and direct him for a recompense to the exceedingly rich inheritance of the future world! For ever blessed be the woman who formerly constrained him to try this beneficial mode of cure!—without it, he would not have been so efficient an instrument in the hand of the Father of the poor and the blind. Ever blessed be also the memory of the venerable Molitor! May his spirit enjoy, in the brilliant

plains of the paradise of God, all the superabundant felicity of the friend of man, for having instructed Stilling as an oculist, and laid the first masterly hand on him.

Young man, thou who readest this, watch over every germ of benevolence and philanthropy that springs forth in thy soul; cherish it with supreme care, and nourish it up to a tree of life that bears twelve manner of fruits. If foresight destines thee to a useful vocation, pursue it; but if some other impulse awake beside, or if Providence unfold a prospect to thee, where, without injuring thy peculiar vocation, thou canst disseminate seeds of blessedness, then neglect it not; let it cost thee toil, and arduous labour, if needful; for nothing conducts us more immediately nearer to God than beneficence.

But beware of the false activity which so greatly prevails in the present age, and which I am wont to call bustling affectation. The slave of sensuality, the voluptuary, covers filthiness with the whitewash of philanthropy; he wishes to do good in all directions, but knows not what is good; he often assists a poor good-for-nothing to gain a situation, where he does amazing injury, and works where he ought not to work. In this manner acts also the proud priest of his own reason, who, notwithstanding, makes dreadful mistakes by his childish sophistry in the vale of shadows and ignes fatui; he seeks to be an autocrat in the moral creation, lays unhewn or even mouldering stones in the building, in the improper place, and plasters up chasms and holes with untempered mortar.

Young man, first seek a renewed heart, and let thy understanding be enlightened by the heavenly light of truth! Be pure in heart, and thou shalt see God; and when thou beholdest the source of light, thou wilt also discover the strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life; then pray daily to God, that He may give thee opportunities of doing good; and if such present themselves, seize them with avidity;—be of good courage, God will assist thee; and when thou hast succeeded in a worthy action, thank God fervently in thy closet, and be silent!

Before I conclude, I must cast something off my heart, that oppresses me. It is difficult to write the history of living persons; the individual commits faults, sins, weaknesses, and follies, which cannot be revealed to the public; hence the hero of the tale appears better than he is;—just as little can all the good be told that he does, lest he be deprived of his gracious reward.

However, I am not writing Stilling's whole life and conduct, *but the history of Providence* in its guidance of him. The great Judge will eventually lay his faults in the one, and his little good in the other golden scale of the sanctuary. He is altogether an unprofitable servant; but thy eternal love, O Thou Most Merciful! as manifested in the gift of thy beloved Son, will abundantly supply all his need.

STILLING'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

(Imitated from Psalm cxviii.)

BLEST be the Lord! His eye benignant beams,
And from his face divine compassion streams;
His genial breath unfolds the blooming rose;
He gives the troubled spirit sweet repose.

Ye saints of his, approach, and praise his grace,
Holy and good through everlasting days;
Servants of God, rejoice, and bless the Lord,
And tread the path prescribed you in his word!

Let all that love Him to his throne ascend,
And offer grateful praises without end;
Ascend, ye righteous, who true virtue love!
And let your songs resound to God above.

My path was steep, in twilight and in shade,
And lightnings flash'd o'er my devoted head,
Sorrows, on every hand, my soul did wound,
But still my prayer to Thee admittance found;

And thou did'st hear—did'st answer my request,
And bring my suffering heart to peaceful rest;
Didst let me see sublime and glorious aid,
And soothed the grief which on my vitals prey d.

The Lord is with me!—who can now oppose?
Or who disturb my inward, calm repose?
E'en though new sorrows in my path appear,
I fear them now no more,—the Lord is here!

The Lord is ever near to strengthen and sustain;
He can the rage of every foe restrain.
Of what avails the trust in human aid,
So oft frustrated, and so ill repaid?

The Lord is good; his word must be believed;
Who trusts in him shall never be deceived.
How often is the word of princes broke!—
The Prince of princes does whate'er He spoke.

Troubles assail'd me, like the busy swarm:
Fiercely they buzz'd around to do me harm;
E'en as Jehovah's host they sharply fought,
And made the arduous conquest dearly bought.

As smoking thorns around and upwards dart,
Causing the brightest eye to feel the smart,
And, hissing, in the heat consume away,
Till root and branch fall to the flames a prey:—

So pierced the purging fire through all my frame,
Till chaff and stubble disappear'd in flame;
Down to the dust sank my dejected eye,
Or upwards look'd, for succour from on high.

But soon Jehovah's breath these foes repell'd,
And graciously the raging flame dispell'd;
With mighty hand He shew'd his power to save,
And drew me forth, renew'd as from the grave.

God is my strength, my succour, and my song!
Ye saints, your hallelujahs loud prolong!
From earth to heaven your glorious anthems raise,
Whilst suns, and spheres, and seraphs sound his praise.

The Lord's right hand the victory retains,
And, highly lifted up, its power maintains:
Jehovah's hand o'ercomes; and though I fall,
I rise again when on his name I call.

I shall not die, but live, long to declare
How great and marvellous his mercies are;
Although He chasten, yet his strength prepares
Me for his service in succeeding years.

Unfold the golden gates, that I may bring
A warm and contrite heart to heaven's great King,
And at the golden altar sing his praise,
Who all my woes with happiness repays!

Blest be the Lord, who brings the lofty low,
And makes my towering spirit humbly bow;
Abases, softens, and with kindness sways,
To fit me for his service and his praise.

The stone by men for building thought unfit,
Too tender, or too hard, no place would fit;
Yet still the Master-builder form'd and hew'd,
And shaped the stone out of the mass so rude.

'Twas God's own work, and wondrous in our eyes!
His people view it now with glad surprise.
This is the joyful day, when we behold
How every hair upon our heads is told.

O Lord, help still! and further grant success,
And on my soul thy image deep impress!
Blest is the man that comes to praise thy name;—
Who does thy will shall ne'er be put to shame.

God is our light!—come and adorn his house,
And at his holy altar pay your vows;
Let harp and tabret to his honour sound,
Faithful, and kind, and true, for ever found!

Thou art my God! and I thy goodness praise,
Which wondrously hath led me all my days.
Thou art my God!—when I thy grace review,
I pay the thanks which justly are thy due.

Hallelujah!

HEINRICH STILLING'S YEARS OF TUITION.

CHAPTER XIV.

DEAR readers and friends of Stilling, you may take the title, "Heinrich Stilling's Years of Tuition," in whatever sense you please. He had been hitherto a teacher himself, and had served in every gradation; he began as village-schoolmaster at Zellberg, and ended as professor at Marburg. But he was also a pupil or apprentice in the work-shop of the chief Master; whether he will become *journeyman* or no, will soon be seen:—further than this, he will certainly not advance, because we have all only *one* master, and *can have* only one.

Stilling now firmly believed that the professorship of civil and political economy was the vocation for which he had been preparing from his cradle, and that Marburg was the place where he was to live and labor till his end. This conviction afforded him inward tranquillity; and he strove, in his official situation, to do every thing which was in the power of man to do. He wrote his large and copious Manual of Civil and Political Science, his Science of Finance, the Camerale Practicum, the Principles of Political Economy, Heinrich Stilling's Domestic Life, and many other little treatises and pamphlets, during which he continued, uninterruptedly, his ophthalmic practice. He daily read lectures for four and sometimes five hours together, and his correspondence became more and more extensive; so that he was obliged to labor with all his might, in order to keep his large and difficult sphere of action in motion; much, however, was rendered easy to him by his residing at Marburg.

This ancient city, celebrated of old as being the last abode and burying-place of the holy Landgravine Elizabeth of Hesse, lies crookedly, obliquely, and irregularly below an old castle, on the slope of a hill; its narrow streets, clay houses, &c., leave on the mind of him who only travels through it, or is merely superficially acquainted with it, a prejudicial, but in reality an incorrect impression; for if he becomes acquainted with the internal social life of its inhabitants, and the people in their true character, he finds a cordiality, and such a real friendship as is seldom met with elsewhere. This is no vain compliment, but a thank-offering and a true testimony, which I owe to the worthy inhabitants of Marburg.

To this must be added, that the vicinity of the city is beautiful and very agreeable, and the whole scene is animated by the river Lahn; for though it bears no heavy burdens upon its slender back, yet it labors diligently as a porter, and helps the neighbours on every side.

The first family in Marburg which opened the arms of friendship to Stilling and Selma, was that of the Coings. Doctor Johann Franz Coing was professor of Divinity, and a real Christian; and to these, he united a friendly, gentle, pleasing, and secretly benevolent character. His spouse was likewise devout and pious; both were descended from the French refugees, and the family-name of the professor's lady was Duising. This worthy couple had four grown-up children,—three daughters, Eliza, Maria, and Amalia; and a son called Justus, who studied theology; these four children are the images of their parents, and models of the christian and domestic virtues. The whole family lives in a very quiet and retired manner.

The reasons why the family of the Coings attached themselves so warmly and cordially to that of the Stillings, were various:—parents and children had read Stilling's history; both the men were from the same province; relatives on both sides had intermarried. The Rev. Mr. Kraft in Frankfort, Stilling's old and tried friend, was Coing's brother-in-law, their wives being sisters; and what is still more than all, they were christians on both sides, and this establishes the bond of love and friendship more firmly than any thing else. Where the spirit of christianity reigns, it unites the hearts, by the bond of perfection, in such a high degree, that all other human connections are not to be compared with it;—he is happy, who experiences it!

Selma attached herself particularly to Eliza Coing; equality of age, and perhaps other causes, which lay in the character of both, laid the foundation for this intimate connection.

Stilling's many and laborious employments, and particularly also a most oppressive spasmodic attack, which greatly tormented him daily, and especially towards evening, operated powerfully on his mind, the first winter he spent in Marburg. He lost his cheerfulness, became melancholy, and so easily excited that he could not avoid weeping on the slightest occasion. Selma therefore sought to persuade him to undertake a journey, during the Easter vacation, to her relatives in Franconia and Oettingen. With much difficulty she at length induced him to consent; and he undertook this journey in the spring of 1788. A student from Anspach accompanied him to that place.

It is something peculiar in Stilling's character, that rural scenery makes such a deep and beneficial impression upon him; whether he be travelling or merely taking a walk, it is with him as with a lover of the arts when walking about in an excellent picture-gallery. Stilling possesses a classical feeling for the beauties of nature.

On the journey through Franconia, he was incessantly tormented by spasms at the stomach; he could not bear any kind of food; but the character of the scenery of that country was strengthening and comforting to him;—there is much grandeur in the views and prospects of Franconia.

At Anspach, Stilling visited Uz, the German Anacreon. He entered into the apartment of this great lyric poet with a kind of timidity; Uz, who is short, but rather corpulent in person, came towards him with a cheerful gravity, and awaited, with reason, the declaration of the stranger, to tell him who he was. This declaration was no sooner made, than the worthy old man embraced and saluted him, saying, "You are truly Heinrich Stilling!—it rejoices me much to see the man whom Providence so remarkably leads, and who so boldly confesses and courageously defends the religion of Jesus."

The conversation then turned on poets and poesy; and when they separated, Uz took Stilling once more in his arms, and said, "May God bless, strengthen, and preserve you! Never be weary in defending the cause of religion, and of bearing the reproach of our Redeemer and our Head! The present age needs such men, and the following will need them still more! We shall eventually see each other again with joy in a better world!"

Stilling felt deeply and inwardly affected and strengthened, and hastened away with his eyes suffused in tears.

Uz, Cramer, and Klopstock will probably be the Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun in the temple of the new Jerusalem. We shall see if this be the case, when *scenes in the invisible world* are again unfolded to us.

The next morning Stilling rode five leagues further to the village of Kemmathen, a place not

far from Dünkelsbuhl. He there drove up to the parsonage-house, alighted at the door of the court-yard, and waited for it to be opened. The clergyman, a handsome, dark-complexioned man, came out of the house, opened the gate, and thought of nothing so little as of seeing his brother-in-law, Stilling;—the surprise was great. The clergyman's lady, meanwhile, was otherwise engaged, and in reality, she did not exactly like to be disturbed in her employment by a visitor; however, when her husband conducted the visitor to her, she received him politely, as customary; but when he told her that he brought a message from her sister Selma, and also called her "sister," she welcomed him most cordially.

Stilling spent a few happy days with brother Hohlbach and sister Sophia. Their reciprocal brotherly and sisterly affection is immutable, and will continue beyond the grave.

Sister Sophia accompanied her brother-in-law to Wallerstein, to her brother's house. At Oettingen they drove past the church-yard where Selma's and Sophia's father reposes, to whom each devoted some silent tears; as they did also at Baldingen, at their mother's grave. The brother and his lady rejoiced at the visit.

No sooner had Prince Kraft Ernest Von Oettingen Wallerstein heard of Stilling's arrival, than he invited him, as long as he should remain there, to dine and sup at the prince's table; he accepted this offer, but only for dinner, because he wished to spend the evenings in the circle of his friends. This prince's territory is one of the most pleasant in Germany; for the Riess is a plain, many miles in diameter, which is watered by the Mernitz, and surrounded by lofty mountains. From the moderate eminence at the foot of which Wallerstein lies, there is a commanding prospect of this garden of God; near at hand is the imperial city of Nordlingen, and an innumerable multitude of towns and villages are also within view.

Stilling's residence here was beneficial, by his being of service to several persons diseased in the eye; he performed an operation upon president Von Schade, which proved successful, and the worthy man recovered his sight. At this time the notorious Weckherlin, author of "The Grey Monster," and "The Hyperborean Letters," was in prison in a hill-fort in the principality of Wallerstein. He had grossly and in a malicious manner insulted the magistrate of the imperial city of Nordlingen, who sent a requisition to the prince of Wallerstein, in whose territory Weckherlin was residing, demanding satisfaction. The prince therefore had him arrested and conveyed to the hill-fort. The prince's brother, Count Franz Ludwig, would gladly have procured the captive's freedom, and had made several fruitless attempts to do so; but on observing that the prince expressed a particular fondness for Stilling, he entreated the latter to beg that Weckherlin might be set at liberty, for he had already endured a sufficient penance for his petulance.

There are cases in which the true christian cannot come to a decision with himself; and this was one of that kind. To request the liberty of a man who had abused it to the prejudice of his fellow-creatures, and especially of the magistracy, required consideration; and on the other hand, imprisonment, particularly for such a man as Weckherlin, is a grievous affliction. The recollection that there were still a variety of means to restrain a man that abuses his liberty, outweighed Stilling's scruples; he therefore ventured, during dinner, to beg of the prince to set Weckherlin at liberty. The prince smiled, and rejoined, "If I let him loose he will go into some other country, and then I shall be attacked;—besides this, he is in want of nothing; he can take a walk in the castle, and enjoy the free air." However, not long after, the prisoner was released.

After an agreeable residence of ten days, Stilling set out again from Wallerstein. His relatives accompanied him to Dünkelsbühl, to which place sister Sophia also came; here they all remained together a night; and the next morning, Stilling took a tender leave of them all, and continued his journey to Frankfort. He there met his daughter Hannah at his friend Kraft's; she had been for a while with her relatives in the Netherlands, and was now grown-up. The father rejoiced over the daughter, and the daughter over the father. Both then rode together to Marburg. Selma, accompanied by friend Coing and her friend Eliza, came as far as Giessen to meet them, and thus they all arrived again, happy and contented, at home.

He that imagines Stilling's situation was at that time devoid of sorrow, is much mistaken. There are sufferings, the most painful of all, of which we can complain to the Almighty alone; because they would become perfectly intolerable through the idea that our most intimate friends had any knowledge of them. I therefore very seriously beg all my readers, by no means to reflect upon this kind of sufferings, lest they fall upon suppositions which in this case would be sinful. Irrespective of this, Stilling's spasmodic attacks caused him sufficient suffering.

About this time, there came a worthy individual to Marburg. He was governor to two young noblemen, who were to study there under his superintendance;—we will here call him Raschmann. He had studied divinity, and possessed peculiar abilities; he had a penetrating mind, an extraordinarily quick perception, a very highly cultivated classical feeling, and was possessed of an incomparable diligence. But, on the other hand, he was also a severe judge of every one with whom he became acquainted; and this very becoming acquainted with persons was one of his most favorite and agreeable employments. In every place and in every company, he observed with an eagle's eye each individual, and their actions, and then decided respecting their character; practice had, it is true, made an adept of him; but his judgments were not always under the direction of christian love, nor were failings always covered with its mantle. However, he had excellently educated the young Counts, and they still rank amongst the best men I know. This caused him, notwithstanding his criticising habit, to be esteemed in the eyes of every worthy man.

He had acted a prominent part in a certain connection, and had there attained his expertness in the knowledge of mankind. In other respects, he loved splendour and a good table; he drank the best wines, and his food was choice and delicate. In his deportment, he was very precise, captious, and passionate; and his domestics were harassed and ill-treated. This remarkable man sought Stilling's friendship; he and his young pupils attended all his lectures, and visited him two or three times a week at his house; and he dined frequently with him, together with other professors and friends. So much is certain, that Stilling found Raschmann's society agreeable, however much they differed in their religious sentiments; for Raschmann's acquirements were very extensive and refined, and, in the company of those who were not beneath him, he was very agreeable and extremely entertaining.

In the summer of that year (1788), Counsellor Mieg, of Heidelberg, with his estimable lady, came also to Marburg, in order to visit their friends

there, and amongst others, Stilling and Selma. The integrity, unremitting activity in doing good, and the feeling, benevolent soul of Mieg, had made a pleasing impression upon Stilling, so that they were cordial friends; and the two ladies, likewise, stood in the same connexion with each other. This visit tied the knot still more firmly; but it had, besides this, an important effect on Stilling's mode of thinking and his philosophical system.

Stilling, by means of Leibnitz and Wolf's philosophy, had fallen into the heavy bondage of fatalism. He had struggled for twenty years together, by prayer and supplication, against this giant, without being able to overcome him. He had, indeed, always maintained, in his writings, the freedom of the will and of human actions, and had believed in it also, in opposition to all the objections of his reason. He had, likewise, never ceased praying; although this giant continually whispered in his ear, "Thy prayers avail not; for what God in his counsels has decreed, takes place, whether thou pray or not." But notwithstanding this, Stilling continued to believe and pray, but without light or consolation; even his answers to prayer did not comfort him, for the giant said it was mere accident. O God! this was a dreadful temptation! All the delights of religion; its promises of this life and that which is to come; this only consolation in life, suffering, and death, becomes an illusive phantom, as soon as the individual gives ear to fatalism. Mieg was accidentally Stilling's deliverer from this captivity. He was speaking, on one occasion, of a certain treatise on philosophy, which had pleased him extremely. He then adduced, likewise, the postulate of Kant's moral principles, which is, "Act so, that the maxims of thy intentions may be always a universal law." This excited Stilling's attention. The novelty of this position made a deep impression upon him, and he determined to read Kant's writings;—he had hitherto shuddered at the thought, because the study of a new philosophy, and especially this, seemed an insurmountable object.

He naturally read first, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." He soon comprehended its meaning, and his struggle with fatalism was all at once at an end. Kant proves, from incontrovertible grounds, that human reason knows nothing beyond the limits of the visible world; and, that in super-sensible things, so often as it judges and decides from its own principles, it always stumbles upon contradictions; that is, it contradicts itself. This book is a commentary on the words of Paul, "The natural man knoweth nothing of the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him," &c.

Stilling's soul was now as if it had gained wings; it had been hitherto intolerable to him that human reason, this divine gift which distinguishes us from the brute creation, should be entirely opposed to that religion which was supremely dear to him. But he now found every thing appropriate and worthy of God;—he found the source of super-sensible truths, in the revelation of God to man in the Bible; and the source of all the truths which appertain to this earthly life in nature and reason. On one occasion, when Stilling wrote to Kant, he expressed his joy and approbation to this great philosopher. Kant replied, and in his letter stood the never-to-be-forgotten words, "You also do well in seeking your sole consolation in the gospel; for it is the never-failing source of all truth, which, when reason has measured out its whole jurisdiction, can be found nowhere else."

Stilling afterwards read also Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason" and then his "Religion within the Bounds of Reason" At first he thought he perceived probability in both; but on maturer reflection, he saw that Kant did not seek the source of super-sensible truth in the gospel, but in the moral principle. But can this moral feeling in man, which bids the Mexican offer human sacrifices, the North American scalp the innocent captive, the Otaheitan steal, and the Hindoo worship a cow,—can this be the source of super-sensible truth? Or, supposing it was said,—Not the *corrupt*, but the *pure* moral principle, which properly expresses his position, is this source; I answer, that the pure moral principle is a mere form, an empty faculty of knowing good and evil. But now show me, anywhere, a man who is solely under the influence of this moral principle! All are deluded, from their youth up, by a variety of errors, so that they take good for evil, and evil for good. In order that the moral principle may become the true guide of human conduct, that which is truly good and beautiful must be *given* the individual from a pure and infallible source;—but where can such a pure and infallible source be found, out of the Bible? *It is a sure and eternal truth, that every axiom of the whole code of morality is an immediate revelation from God;* let any one prove to me the contrary. What the wisest heathens have said that is beautiful, was imparted to them by means of manifold reflection from the light of revelation.

Stilling had, however, gained sufficient from Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason;" and this book is, and will remain, the only possible philosophy,—taking the word in the common acceptation of the term.

Now, much as Stilling was tranquillized on this side, yet a different and still greater danger threatened him from another; a more subtle, and consequently also a more dangerous foe, sought to ensnare him. His frequent intercourse with Raschmann gradually imparted to him, without his observing it, a number of ideas which, singly, did not seem to him at all suspicious; but afterwards, collectively taken, formed a basis from whence, in time, nothing could have resulted but, first, Socinianism; next, Deism; then, Naturalism; and finally, Atheism; and with it, anti-christianity. But his heavenly Guide did not suffer it to prevail so far with him as even to make a commencement of this falling-away from divine truth;—however, it was already bad enough, that the atoning sacrifice of Jesus began to appear to him to be an oriental embellishment of the moral merits of the Saviour in behalf of men.

Raschmann was able to express this with so much apparent warmth and veneration for the Redeemer, and with such a plausible love to Him, that Stilling *began* to be persuaded. However, happily it did not proceed further with him; for his religious ideas and frequent experience were much too deeply rooted in his whole being for him to decline further, or even to begin to do so.

This state of mind lasted about a year; and a certain illustrious and devout lady will still remember a letter of Stilling's written at that time, which withdrew her affection and esteem from him for a period,—that is, until his mind had again returned to the truth.

Thank God, it did return thither!—and he then observed, with astonishment, how much the reproving grace of God had gradually withdrawn itself from his heart. Sinful sensual impulses, long ago extinguished, already began to show themselves faintly in his heart, and the inward peace of God in his soul had become a distant glimmer. The good Shepherd restored him, and led him again into the right way; the sequel of

this history shows the means used for this purpose.

This aberration however was of utility to Stilling, in causing him to examine more strictly the doctrine of the Atonement; and he then apprehended it so firmly that no power can ever deprive him of it.

CHAPTER XV

The following year, in the winter of 1789, the reigning Countess of Stollberg Wernigerode wrote to Stilling to visit her during the Easter vacation. He answered that he could not take the journey merely for the sake of a visit; but as soon as there were any blind people there, to whom he could be serviceable, he would come. This caused the reigning Count to make it known throughout his territory, that an oculist would visit him, and he that desired his assistance should come to the castle of Wernigerode in the passion-week. This excellent arrangement occasioned the ridiculous report that the Count of Wernigerode had ordered all the blind people in his dominions to appear in the passion-week at his castle, on pain of ten rix-dollars fine, in order to be operated upon.

On receiving the intelligence that blind people would be there, Stilling set out on his journey on Tuesday in the passion-week, on horseback. The youthful spring was in full activity; the shrubs and bushes were every where unfolding their leaves, and the fecundity of nature filled all things with delight. Stilling had, from his childhood, always sympathized with nature; he therefore felt highly delighted on this journey. During the whole way, nothing struck him more than the difference between Osterrode at the foot of the Harz, and Clausthal on its summit; at the former, the spring was blooming; at the latter, only two leagues distant, every thing was stiff with ice, cold, and snow, which lay at least eight feet deep.

On Good Friday evening Stilling arrived at the castle of Wernigerode, and was received with uncommon kindness and affection by the family of the Count. Here he found eleven persons blind of the cataract, who were quartered at the castle and fed from the kitchen. Stilling performed the operation upon them on Easter Sunday morning, before the service at church, and the surgeon to the Count took charge of the binding-up.

Amongst these blind people was a young woman of twenty-eight years of age, who had almost perished in the snow, on her return home from Andreasberg to Ilsenburg, on the side of the Brocken; the snow fell so thick and deep that at length it went over her head, and she could proceed no further; she was found, after lying twenty-four hours in quiet stupefaction. This unfortunate occurrence had injured her health no otherwise, than by leaving her perfectly blind of the cataract; she now obtained her sight again.

An old man and his aged sister were also amongst the number. Both of them had had the cataract for a series of years, and had not seen each other for at least twenty years. When they were both cured, and came together again, their first sensation was astonishment at each other, and wonder at their aged appearance.

The days which Stilling here spent, as in the precincts of heaven, will remain ever memorable to him. A week after Easter, he set out again for Marburg.

A few weeks after this, the worthy and noble family of Wernigerode passed through Marburg, on their way to Switzerland. Stilling and Selma were visited by them; and on this occasion the Count expressed his intention of being with him again, with his fellow-travellers, on the 12th of September following, and that he would then celebrate his birth-day with him. The nobleman kept his word; —on the 12th of September, which was Stilling's fiftieth birth-day, the whole company again arrived safe, well, and delighted, in Marburg.

A good friend in the suite of the Count had given Selma a hint of it a few days before. She had therefore prepared a large supper in the evening, to which Raschmann, with his young noblemen, and other worthy Marburg people, were invited. I scarcely need mention that the family of the Coings were not forgotten on this occasion. Never had Stilling's birth-day been celebrated in such a manner before. His lecturer's chair was illuminated, and a speech from Raschmann heightened the solemnity. It was however remarkable, that the jubilee* of Stilling's life was solemnized in such a manner, without any one thinking that this was just his fiftieth birth-day; the whole happened naturally;—it afterwards occurred to Stilling, and it then was evident that that evening was a consecration to a new epoch in his life.

Soon afterwards, in the autumn of 1789, the vacation commenced, in which Stilling took a journey into the province of Darmstadt, and from thence to Neuwied, in order to assist the blind. Raschmann, his two young pupils, and Selma, accompanied him to Frankfort; he then travelled to Rüsselsheim on the Maine, where he couched the Rev. Mr. Sartorius's lady, and spent nine agreeable days in this religious family. This was the place where Stilling, with respect to the doctrine of the Atonement, caught himself on the pale horse;—Sartorius was one of the Halle school, or admirers of Franke, and spoke with Stilling on the truths of religion in his style. The conversation was chiefly upon the doctrine of the Atonement and imputed righteousness; without intending it, he fell into a dispute with the pious clergyman upon this subject, and now discovered how far he had already deviated; his return, therefore, commenced here.

In Darmstadt also, Stilling couched several persons who were suffering from the cataract; and there he met with a man who, up to that time, was the only one he had found laboring under that disease, who was willing to remain blind for the honor of God; for on being informed of Stilling's arrival, and told that, with the help of God, he might now regain his sight, he replied, very resignedly, "The Lord has laid this cross upon me, and I will bear it to His honor!" What a mistaken idea!

From Darmstadt, Stilling journied to Mayence, where Count Maximilian Von Degenfeld at that time resided. Both were desirous of travelling together to Neuwied. In the company of this nobleman he visited Mr. Von Dünewald, celebrated for his peculiar musical instrument; they viewed his pretty garden, and then saw and heard the abovementioned instrument, on which the proprietor played them a whole symphony, with all the accompanying instruments, very naturally and admirably. I know not what became of this instrument in the wars, and whether it be not for ever untuned.

The next morning they sailed down the Rhine in a covered barge. The voyage was this time more prosperous than in the year 1770, when the yacht

* The Germans pay much more attention to the observance of birth-days, anniversaries, &c., than is customary in this country, and particularly when a space of fifty years has elapsed, which is then called a jubilee. This is also especially the case, when a couple have lived together fifty years in the state of matrimony; the ceremony is then again performed, and this second celebration is called "the golden nuptials." —*Note of the Translator.*

upset on its passage to Strasburg; or in 1771, on the journey home, when Stilling took the same trip in the evening, in a three-boarded boat, and saved himself with his companion on board a barge. It was a beautiful morning in autumn, and the purple dawn swelled the sails of the barge in such a manner that they performed the six leagues, from Mayence to Bingen, in three hours. This water excursion is celebrated far and wide for its romantic prospects; but will never be forgotten by Stilling, on account of the unfortunate accidents above-mentioned. At four in the afternoon, they arrived at Neuwied, where they met Raschmann, with the young Counts, and the present vice-chancellor of the university, at that time professor Erxleben. Stilling took up his quarters with this friend at the Rev. Mr. Ming's; the rest were lodged in part at the castle.

This journey of Stilling's to Neuwied is remarkable in his history, from his having for the first time become acquainted with a Moravian church in that place, and attended once at their Sunday's worship, when Brother du Vernoy preached an excellent sermon. The whole made a deep impression upon Stilling, and brought him into closer contact with the Moravians; to which Raschmann also contributed much, for although he widely differed from them in his religious sentiments, yet he spoke of them with much esteem and enthusiasm. Stilling had always been well disposed towards the Moravians, although he had many prejudices against them, for he had hitherto associated solely with "awakened" people, who had much to object to the Moravians, and he had previously had no opportunity of examining for himself. Notwithstanding all this, they were very estimable in his opinion, on account of their missionary institutions.

The then reigning Prince, Johann Frederick Alexander, famous for his wisdom and maxims of tolerance, and who was far advanced in years, was at that time with his consort at his country-seat, Monrepos, which is two leagues distant from the town, and lies on the summit of a hill, up the valley, from whence there is an incomparable prospect. One beautiful day, he sent his equipage to fetch the two Marburg professors, Erxleben and Stilling, who dined with this princely pair, and returned in the evening to Neuwied. Here arose an intimate religious acquaintance between the old princess and Stilling, which was maintained by a lively correspondence until her transition into a better life. She was born Burgravine of Kirchberg, was a very pious and intelligent lady, and Stilling rejoices at the prospect of her welcoming him in the blissful plains of the kingdom of God.

After Stilling had spent a few days here, also, in ministering to the blind, he set off again for Marburg, in company with his friend and colleague Erxleben.

At Wetzlar, Stilling expected with certainty to find a letter from Selma, but he found none. On his entering the parsonage, he observed a kind of embarrassment in his friend Machenhauer and his lady; he immediately asked whether there was not a letter from Selma. "No," answered they; "Selma is not well, yet she is not dangerously ill; we have to mention this to you, with her kind remembrances." This was enough for Stilling; he instantly took post-horses, and arrived in the afternoon at Marburg.

His daughter Hannah met him quite unexpectedly in the hall; she had been for half-a-year with Selma's relatives in Swabia, at Kemmathen and Wallerstein. Sister Sophia Hohlbach had shewn her great kindness; but she had been brought very low by a very vexatious disorder, from which she had suffered inexpressibly, and looked very ill. The paternal heart of Stilling was rent, and its wounds bled. From Hannah he learnt that her mother was not dangerously ill.

As he ascended the stairs, he saw Selma, pale and altered, standing in the corner on the landing-place. She received her husband with a tenderly melancholy look, and smiling through tears, she said, "My dear, be not afraid!—there is nothing the matter with me." This tranquillized him, and he went with her into the room.

Selma had suffered much in her confinement in the spring, and Stilling believed that her present indisposition arose from the same cause. She did indeed recover; but a declaration followed on her part which plunged his soul, wearied by so many tedious and painful sufferings, into a profound melancholy. Soon after his return from Neuwied, whilst sitting on the sofa with Selma, she took him by the hand, and said, "Dear husband, listen to me calmly, and be not melancholy! I know for a certainty that I shall die in this confinement. I am no longer fit to accompany you through life. I have fulfilled that for which God gave me to you; but in future I should be unsuitable for the situation in which you are placed. Now, if you desire that I should pass the rest of my time quietly, and then die cheerfully, you must promise me that you will marry my friend Eliza Coing; she will be more suitable for you than I, and I know that she will be a good mother for my children, and an excellent consort for you. Now for once place yourself above what is termed decorum, and promise me this! Do, my dear, promise it me!" The pleading look which beamed from her fine blue eyes was indescribable.

My readers may judge for themselves, how Stilling felt at that moment. That he could not possibly fulfil her wish, and promise her that he would marry Eliza after her death, may be easily supposed; however, he recovered himself, and replied, "My dear, you well know that you have foreboded your death in every such times and yet you have always come safely through. I trust it will also be the case this time; and then consider duly, whether it is possible to promise what you require of me; for it is opposed to every thing that can be even called propriety." Selma looked embarrassedly around her, and replied, "It is however grievous that you cannot place yourself above all this, in order to satisfy me! I know for a certainty that I shall die; it is now very different with me to what it has been before."

Although Stilling did not place any strong faith in this presentiment of death, yet his mind was oppressed by a deep and foreboding melancholy, and he took the resolution, from that time, daily to pray specially for Selma's life, which he fulfilled.

During the whole of the winter, Selma prepared for her death, as for a long journey. It may be supposed how her husband felt on the occasion; she sought to arrange every thing, and did it all with cheerfulness and mental serenity. At the same time, she was constantly seeking to induce her husband to marry Eliza, and to make him promise her to do so. In this she went incredibly far; for one evening it happened that Stilling, Selma, and Eliza, were sitting quite alone at a round table, and supping together; when they had nearly finished, Selma looked longingly at Eliza, and said, "Dear Eliza, you will marry my husband when I am dead, will you not?" The situation in which Stilling and Eliza felt themselves placed by this speech, is indescribable. Eliza blushed deeply, and said, "Do not speak so! God preserve us from such an event!" —and Stilling gave her a kind reproof for her improper behaviour. When she found that she could not gain her point with her husband, she applied to good friends, who she knew had much influence

with Stilling, and entreated them suppliantly, to take care that after her death her wishes might be fulfilled.

In the spring of 1790, the important period of Selma's confinement gradually approached. Stilling's prayers for her life became more fervent, but she continued always calm. On the eleventh of May, she was happily delivered of a son, and was well, according to circumstances. Stilling felt very happy, and gave God thanks; he then tenderly reproached the dear invalid for her presentiment; but she looked at him seriously, and said very impressively, "Dear husband, all is not over yet." For five days she was very well, suckled her child, and was cheerful; but on the sixth, an eruption broke out, she grew very ill, and Stilling became greatly alarmed. Her friend Eliza came to wait upon her, in which she was faithfully assisted by Hannah. Madame Coing came also every day, and occasionally relieved her daughter.

Stilling had still hopes of her recovery; but, as he was sitting one afternoon alone by her bedside, he perceived that she began to speak irrationally, and to pull and straighten the bed-clothes. He ran out into the open air, through the Kenthof gate, and then through the beech-wood about the castle-hill, and prayed from his inmost soul, so that it might have penetrated to the very highest heaven —not for Selma's life, for he did not expect a miracle, but for strength for his weary soul, in order to be able to bear this severe stroke.

This prayer was heard; he returned home tranquillized; the peace of God reigned in his breast; he had offered up this great sacrifice to the Lord, who had graciously accepted it. After that time, he only saw Selma twice for a few moments; for his physical nature suffered too much, and it was apprehended she could not bear it. He therefore suffered himself to be advised, and kept at a distance.

On the afternoon of the following day, he went again to her;—she had already a locked jaw; Eliza was reposing upon the sofa; Selma lifted up her half-closed eyes, looked wistfully at her husband, and then beckoned to Eliza. Stilling cast down his eyes, and departed.

The next morning he went to her bed once more; —he will never forget the sight! the dawn of eternity beamed on her countenance. "Is it well with you!" asked he. She audibly whispered through her closely-fastened teeth, "O yes!" Stilling tottered away, and saw her no more; for strong as his spirit was, yet his physical nature and his heart were shaken. Nor could Eliza bear to see her friend expire; but Madame Coing closed her eyes. She departed this life the following night, on the 23rd of May, at one o'clock. They came weeping to Stilling's bed to inform him of it: "Lord, thy will be done!" was his reply.

CHAPTER XVI.

SELMA dead!—the woman of whom Stilling was so proud, dead!—that is saying much! Though profound peace reigned in his soul, still his state and condition were indescribable;—his frame was dreadfully shaken; the spasmodic complaint which continually tormented him, had already excited his nervous system to a high degree, and this stroke might have entirely ruined it, if the paternal goodness of God had not supported him; or, to speak in fashionable terms, if he had not had so strong a constitution. Death and silence now environed him. At Christina's departure, he had been so much prepared, by previous wearisome sufferings, that it was a relief, an alleviation to him; but now it was quite different.

That Selma was in the right when she said she was no longer suitable for his mode of life, he began, indeed, clearly to see, and in the sequel, found it true; but still her departure was heart-rending and dreadful to him;—she had been much to him; and had been a striking instrument in the hand of his heavenly Guide, with reference to him: but now she was no more.

Stilling, when he married Selma, had never been amongst people of high rank. Much still adhered to him from his parentage and education; in his whole life and deportment, gait and gestures, eating and drinking, and in his mode of address, especially in his intercourse with people of rank, he conducted himself so that his low origin was immediately observed; he always did either too much or too little in a thing. Selma, who was an accomplished lady, polished all this away completely; at least, the observation was never afterwards made that Stilling was deficient in good breeding; for it afterwards appeared that he was destined to associate with persons of the highest class.

But she was, particularly with reference to his debts, a helping angel sent from God. She was an excellent housekeeper;—with a very moderate income, in Lautern and Heidelberg, she had liquidated above two thousand guilders of debt, by which all the creditors were so pacified that the rest were content, and willingly waited. But the chief thing was, that immediately after she had married Stilling, she tranquillized his soul, which had been tormented by the miserable, unfeeling, and mercenary spirit of unmerciful creditors, in such a manner, that he knew not what to think of it; from a storm, which threatened him every moment with shipwreck, she placed him on dry land. "Attend to your vocation," said she; "trouble yourself about nothing, and commit the care to me;" and she faithfully kept her word. Selma had been, therefore, during the nine years in which they lived together in the marriage state, a continual means of happiness to Stilling.

When she declared that she was no longer a suitable companion for Stilling, though this declaration was perfectly correct, yet I must entreat every reader not to think any evil on that account, nor to imagine any. Selma possessed an extremely noble character; she was an excellent wife; but there are situations and circumstances for which even the most excellent of mankind are unsuitable.

Stilling's guidance was always systematic; or rather, the plan according to which he was led, was always so manifest, that every acute observer perceived it. Raschmann also saw through it; —he often regarded Stilling with astonishment, and said, "Providence must have something peculiar in view with reference to you, for all the trifling as well as important events which have befallen you, tend to some great object, which still lies hidden in the obscurity of the future." Stilling likewise felt this perceptibly, and it humbled him in the dust; but it gave him also courage and boldness to struggle forward in the path of conflict; and it may easily be supposed how much such a guidance promotes true Christianity, and faith in the Redeemer of the world.

Selma lay a lifeless corpse.—Hannah, a girl of sixteen years and-a-half old, now seized with courage and resolution the helm of the housekeeping, in which she was assisted by a worthy and faithful maid-servant, whom Selma had engaged in Lautern, and who, under her instructions, had become an able housekeeper.

Of six children, which Selma had borne, three were still alive: Lisette, Caroline, and the orphan suckling which she had forsaken. Lisette was

four years and-a-quarter, and Caroline two years and-a-half old. Selma herself had not completed her thirtieth year when she died, and yet had accomplished so much. It is singular that in her bridal-days she said to Stilling, "You will not have me long, for I shall not live to be thirty years old; a remarkable man in Dettingen told me so."

However faithful and well-intentioned Hannah was, yet she was not at that time capable of undertaking the bringing-up of her little sisters; but the departed saint had already provided for this; for she had arranged that Lisette should be taken to her friend Madame Mieg, at Heidelberg, until her father had married again, and Caroline was to remain, for the same length of time, with another good friend, who lived some miles distant from Marburg. The first arrangement was carried into effect some weeks after. Stilling sent her, with a maid-servant, to Frankfort, to the house of his friend Kraft, whence she was fetched by Madame Mieg; but Madame Coing took Caroline, for she said, "It was hard that two children should be removed, both at once, from their deeply-sorrowing parent, and to such a distance." Stilling was satisfied with this; for he was convinced Selma would have committed both the children to Eliza, if it had not been contrary to decorum, which now enjoined him to withdraw himself a little from the family of the Coings, in whose place another friend pressed forward with his aid.

The present privy-counsellor and government-director Riess, of Marburg, was at that time government-advocate, and commissary for the management of the University estates, to which Stilling had been also appointed treasurer from the beginning; both knew and loved each other. Scarcely, therefore, had Selma expired, when Riess came and undertook all the arrangements which circumstances required; whilst Stilling was taken home to his house, where he continued till all was over. His good consort immediately took away the little suckling, and provided a nurse for it, whilst Riess gave the necessary orders for the interment of the corpse, so that Stilling had no occasion whatever to trouble himself in the least. The child was baptized in Riess's house; who, with Coing, Raschmann, and the Counts, who offered themselves, were the sponsors. Such actions will be eventually highly esteemed; Riess and Stilling are friends for eternity, and there it will be easier to speak of such things than here.

The first thing that Stilling undertook for his consolation, was to send for his aged father, Wilhelm Stilling. The venerable old man, now seventy-four years of age, and severely tried in the school of affliction, came without delay; his peace of soul and resignation imparted consolation also to his son, who resembles him. He remained with him about a fortnight; during which time Stilling regained in some measure his serenity, to which also Selma's last will contributed much. That he must marry again was a matter of course, for he required some one to bring up his children, and keep his house; because it was not proper that Hannah should trifle away her prospects of happiness for the sake of her father's housekeeping. How beneficial therefore it was that the legitimate possessor of his heart should have appointed her successor, and that in such a manner that Stilling himself would have made no other choice!

He who has not experienced it, cannot believe how consolatory it is to a widower to know that his departed consort approved of his choice;—and here was more than approbation.

After the period had elapsed which decorum determines and the laws prescribe, Stilling paid his addresses to Eliza; whose parents, as well as herself, made him again happy by their affectionate consent. The gracious good pleasure of God in this union, the accomplished will of the departed Selma, and the kind wishes and approbation of all good men, imparted to his soul a peace which cannot be described. From that time, Eliza undertook Caroline's education; she also visited Hannah, and assisted her with her advice; and Stilling had now a friend with whom he could converse with unlimited confidence.

The twelfth of September, which had been so brilliantly celebrated the previous autumn, now again approached. Stilling had, since then, struggled through a year of painful suffering. The hereditary Prince of Hesse was at that time studying in Marburg, to whom Stilling gave instruction four times a week; the prince invited him to dinner on his birth-day, together with father Coing; and his natal day was celebrated in the evening at the house of the latter.

The nineteenth of November, the day of the holy Elizabeth, had always been observed in the family of the Duisings, the ladies of which also generally bore that name. With respect to Eliza, it was likewise particularly remarkable, because she is properly thrice called Elizabeth; she was born on the 9th of May, 1756, and had three such sponsors at her baptism as probably few persons have had. These were, her grandmother Duising; the mother of the latter, Vulteius; and her mother, consequently Eliza's great-great-grandmother, Madame Von Hamm;—these three matrons, her grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother, were present at the baptism; and the latter, Madame Von Hamm, presided at the christening-dinner. All the three ladies bore the name of Elizabeth. This "Elizabeth-day" was fixed for Stilling and Eliza's nuptials. He first read his four lectures, instructed the prince for an hour, and then proceeded to the house of the Coings, where the marriage-ceremony was to be performed. The Elector of Hesse expressed his high approbation of this fidelity to the duties of his office, although at the same time he reproached him severely for marrying again so soon.

Eliza's parents had invited several friends to the marriage-supper; and the reformed minister, Schlarbaum, a sure and tried friend of Stilling, performed the ceremony. He and his family were very beneficial companions to Stilling on his path, during his residence at Marburg.

Between the ceremony and the supper, Stilling played on the piano-forte the following verses; and Hannah sang them with her silver voice:—

"Ascend, my spirit, to the throne
Of Him who rules above:
Who visibly hath led thee on,
With all a parent's love.

Father of all created things,
In air, or earth, or sky,
To Thee my heart its tribute brings,
Thou Author of its joy!

The radiance of the morning light
Beam'd on my flowery way,
And with a flood of new delight
Thou crown'dst each passing day.

Selma, thy gift, with aiding hand,
Walk'd lovely at my side;
And all my griefs, at her command,
Consumed away and died;

When suddenly, the gloom of night
Obscured my radiant morn;
Thy lightnings fill'd my soul with fright,
And left me quite forlorn.

The corpse of Selma sank in dust;
Her spirit burst its clod;
'Be strong,' it said, 'believe and trust;'
And then it soar'd to God;—

And whisper'd, as it disappear'd,
'Be now Eliza thine;
For thou shalt by her love be cheer'd,
E'en as thou wast with mine.'
A sacred stillness reign'd around,
And I was left alone;
I cried, though plunged in grief profound,
'Thy will, O God be done!'

Again, thy kind, benignant eye
Beam'd on me graciously;
And she descended from the sky,
Whom Selma gave to me.

Now, Lord, before thy throne we bow;
Oh may we happy be!
And kindly make our cup o'erflow
With true felicity.

The seeds of pure beneficence
Which we in hope would sow,—
A gracious shower, O Lord, dispense,
And cause the seed to grow.

O let Eliza, at my side,
Thy richest blessings see;
With me the day of grief abide,
And bend the suppliant knee.

Then listen to the anxious sighs
Which from our hearts ascend,
That long to gain perfection's prize,
And ever upwards tend.

Father! thus to our journey's end
Conduct us hand in hand;
Until before thy face we bend,
Home, in our native land!"

The evening was spent cheerfully and happily; and a new course of life now commenced, which gradually distinguished itself from every former period, and brought Stilling nearer to his peculiar destiny. Eliza cheerfully commenced her new sphere of action, in confidence in God; and soon found, what a friend had already observed to her, that it was no easy matter to tread the same path with Stilling. She has hitherto faithfully and firmly accompanied him on his pilgrimage; and has often and variously made it evident that she understands how to be Stilling's consort.

Some weeks before Stilling's marriage, Raschmann and the young Counts, his pupils, left Marburg. He was a comet, which accompanied the planet Stilling for a period on its course, and made the latter feel the influence of its atmosphere.

He had certainly, in one respect, operated prejudicially on Stilling, as before mentioned; but this impression soon vanished in the new family-circle, and he became afterwards, through other cöoperating causes, still more firmly grounded in the doctrine of the Atonement than before. But on the other hand, Raschmann belonged, in a remarkable manner, to the instruments of Stilling's improvement; through him he learnt *great, mysterious, and important things; things which were of an extensive and comprehensive nature. That which Barruel and the triumph of philosophy intend to relate, and relate correctly, in the main, but erroneously in the detail, was now made known to him.*

It must not, however, be supposed that Raschmann *purposely* instructed Stilling in all this. The truth was, he was very talkative; so that when he had invited his friends to see him, some morsel or other continually made its appearance; and, as Stilling had a good memory, he retained correctly every thing he heard, and thus learnt, in the three years which Raschmann spent at Marburg, the whole connexion of that system of philosophy which has subsequently produced such great and dreadful phenomena in the ecclesiastical and political horizon; and when he connected that which he himself had learnt and read, with the fragments above-mentioned, and rectified one by the other, a correct and true *whole* resulted from it. How useful and necessary this knowledge was, is still, and will be in future to Stilling, may be judged of by those who have a clear insight into the object of their existence.

CHAPTER XVII.

The first weeks after Eliza's marriage were pleasant, and her path was strewed with flowers. Stilling had also no other affliction but his tormenting spasmodic attack; but a fortnight before Christmas, his constant house-friend again appeared in a very serious manner.

Hannah, from her youth up, had frequently suffered dreadfully from a tetter on the left cheek; Selma had employed every possible means to deliver her from it, and Eliza continued the attempt with all zeal. Just at that time, there came a celebrated physician to Marburg, who was also consulted, and he prescribed the external application of the sublimate of mercury. Now, whether it was this, or a predisposition inherited from her late mother, Christina, or both together, that produced such dreadful consequences, I know not —Hannah was seized, about the time above-mentioned, with the most dreadful hysteric fits. These attacks, so painfully exciting to every beholder, were particularly terrific to Eliza; who, besides this, was in the family-way; yet, notwithstanding, she heroically took courage, and nursed Hannah faithfully. But the Lord graciously preserved her from all prejudicial consequences.

This was the first act of the tragedy; the second now followed;—it was a severe and fiery ordeal for Stilling, Eliza, and Hannah. I will relate it, for the warning and instruction of the young; yet in such a manner that a certain family, whom I much esteem, will be satisfied.

Hannah had been requested, in a polite company, to sing and play. She complied. What can be more innocent than this?—and yet it was the sole occasion of passing half-a-year of anxious and painful suffering. A young man who was studying divinity, and whose self-will had never been broken, whom Hannah had previously never seen, nor even heard of, was present on the occasion. He was so enchanted with her singing, that from that period, he employed all—and at length the most desperate —means of obtaining possession of her. He first applied to Stilling for her hand; and was told, that when he was properly provided for, no objection would be made, if he could gain Hannah's consent. But this was not enough by far for this ardent suitor; he insisted upon it that the assurance should be then given him that she would marry him. Hannah firmly declared that she could never love him, nor marry him; and that she had never given him the smallest occasion for this application. But all this was unavailing. He next applied to the parents, and sought to prove to them that it was their duty to *compel* their daughter to marry him; and on his proof being found invalid, he attempted violence. He came once, unexpectedly, into Stilling's house, whilst Stilling was lecturing, and burst into the room where Hannah was; fortunately, she had a female friend with her;—her father heard her anxious cry, and ran thither with brother Coing, and both of them reproached the senseless man most bitterly.

He then took lodgings at an inn immediately opposite, that he might repeat the tragedy at any moment; but on Hannah's being removed to a place of safety, he again withdrew. Another time, he made his appearance unawares, and acted in such a wild and riotous manner that Stilling was obliged to shew him the door. He then ran to the Coings' house, where Madame Coing was lying dangerously ill; but Eliza, who was there just at the time, with a strong arm pushed him out of doors. He now became desperate;—was fetched back from the river, into which he intended to plunge himself; then cast himself on the ground before Stilling's

house; and was at length, with difficulty, sent back to his home, which was some leagues distant. He afterwards roamed about the country, and assailed Stilling with threatening letters; so that, at length, he was compelled to request the aid of the magistrates, and to procure his safety in that manner.

The unhappy and pitiable young man went abroad, where he died in the bloom of his years. It will not be difficult for parents, and young people of both sexes, to derive due advantage and appropriate instruction from this melancholy affair, which was so painful to Stilling and his family.

The good Hannah was however happily rewarded for this fiery trial. In the village of Dexbach, in the province of Darmstadt, five leagues from Marburg, there was a young clergyman of the name of Schwarz, who lived in intimate friendship with Stilling, and being still unmarried, kept house with his excellent mother and amiable sister. This pious and upright man afterwards rendered himself celebrated by several valuable treatises, particularly on "The Moral Sciences," "The Religious Teacher," elementary works, &c. Hannah and his sister Caroline loved each other cordially, and it was she who was with Hannah when the student burst into the room. It was this young lady also who took her to Dexbach, to her brother's house, for safety. Through the wise guidance of God, and in a christian and becoming manner, there arose between Schwarz and Hannah a love which was acceptable in His sight, and which was crowned with the consent of the parents and the paternal goodness of God. In the spring of the year 1792, the marriage was solemnized between Schwarz and Hannah in Stilling's house. She makes a good wife, a good mother of six hopeful children, an excellent assistant in her husband's seminary, and altogether a worthy woman, who causes joy to her virtuous husband and her parents.

The unpleasant affair with the student occurred in the first half of the year 1791, which was also aggravated by two mournful events. In the month of February died little Franz, the suckling which Selma left behind her, of water in the head; and Madame Coing also now approached her end. She had been in a weak state for some time, and was in particular subject to asthma. By works of love which she had performed, in sitting up at night, she had taken cold; and her illness now became serious and dangerous. Stilling visited her frequently; she was tranquil and joyful, and met her dissolution with an indescribable calmness of soul; and when she expressed anxiety respecting her children, Stilling assured her that they should be his, if their parents died before him.

All these mournful events operated so prejudicially on Eliza's health, that she also fell ill, though not dangerously so; however, she was obliged to keep her bed, which pained her the more because she was unable to visit her good mother. Both the invalids, mother and daughter, daily interchanged messages; and each comforted the other with the idea that their case was not dangerous.

One morning early, towards the end of March, the melancholy news arrived that Madame Coing had departed this life. It was Stilling's lot to inform Eliza of it; this was a painful task, but he accomplished it, and then ran to her parents' house. As he entered the room, the beloved corpse met his eye; she lay on a field-bed, opposite the door; she had been a very handsome woman, and the long-continued and tranquil exercise of a religious life had ennobled her features uncommonly; not hope, but the enjoyment of eternal life, beamed upon her pallid countenance. Father Coing stood before the corpse; he smiled at Stilling through his tears, and said, "Thank God! she is safe with Him!" He mourned; but in a christian manner. There is no conviction more pleasing, or more heart-elevating, than that of knowing our dear departed friends are happy. Father Coing, who celebrated his birth-day about this time, had intreated God for his dear consort as a birth-day gift, but did not obtain it; Stilling had prayed half-a-year for Selma's life, but was also not heard.

My dear christian readers, do not suffer such instances to deter you from prayer! It is the Father's will that we, his children, should ask Him for every thing, because this retains us continually in attachment to, and dependance upon Him. If He cannot grant us that for which we pray, He bestows upon us something better in its stead. We may rest assured that the Lord hears *every* believing prayer; we always obtain something by it, which we should not have obtained without praying, and that, indeed, which is the best for us.

When a Christian has made such progress that he is able to remain continually in the presence of God, and has entirely and unreservedly deferred his own will to the only good will of God, he prays incessantly in his inmost soul. The Spirit of the Lord then makes intercession for him with unutterable sighing; and then he never prays in vain, for the Holy Spirit knows what is the will of God. Therefore when He incites the heart to pray for something, He at the same time gives faith and confidence that the prayer will be heard. The man prays, and his prayer is answered.

Stilling and Eliza, from the commencement of their union, had taken the resolution of having his son Jacob, who was a child of the first marriage, again at home. He was now seventeen years old, and therefore it was time he should begin his academical course. He had hitherto been in the boarding-school of the worthy, learned, and reverend Mr. Grimm, at Schluttern, in the neighbourhood of Heilbronn, where he had been educated, and prepared for further study. Now as Stilling could only travel during the vacation, the next Easter holidays were fixed upon for the purpose of fetching his son; and Jacob was therefore written to, to be at friend Mieg's in Heidelberg, on a day appointed, for his parents would come thither and meet him. They also determined to take Lisette back with them; for Eliza wished to have all the four children together, in order to enable her to exercise her maternal duties towards them with all fidelity; and that they might likewise afford a refreshing season and a beneficial recreation to father Coing and his children in their profound sorrow, they both resolved to take these dear relatives with them to their friend Kraft in Frankfort, and then, on their return from Heidelberg, take them back to Marburg. The whole of this plan was carried into effect precisely in this manner, during the Easter holidays in 1791.

Soon after their arrival in Heidelberg, Jacob also made his appearance. He was become a good and worthy youth, who caused joy to his parents. He likewise rejoiced to see them, and that he was at length about to live with them. But as it respects Lisette, there were difficulties in the way. Madame Mieg, who had no children, wished to keep the girl; and asserted also that her mother, whose heart was attached to the child, might possibly pay for it with her life if she were removed from her. It pained Stilling to the soul to leave his little daughter behind; and Eliza wept;—she believed it was *her* duty to bring up the children of her departed friend, and that they would be eventually required at her hands, and not at those of another. However, the two parents contented themselves, and left the dear child in the care of their friend Mieg;—that she was well taken care of will be

seen in the sequel. They then returned with their son to Frankfort. Brother Coing accompanied them on this journey into the Palatinate.

After a short stay in Frankfort, the whole company commenced their journey back to Marburg, where the two professors arrived in sufficient time to resume their vocation and their lectures.

In the autumn of 1791, Eliza was happily brought to bed of a daughter, to whom was given the name of Lubecka, customary in the family of the Duisings. With the exception of Stilling's spasmodic attack, there was now a small cessation of suffering: but it did not last long; for Hannah, who was betrothed to Schwarz, was again seized with the most dreadful hysteric fits, from which, however, she was entirely freed in a few weeks, by that very able physician, Michaelis, who is also one of Stilling's most intimate friends.

On new-year's-day, 1792, Stilling was chosen pro-rector of the university. This dignity has always been held in high estimation; but, on the other hand, there is no university in which this office is so difficult to fill as that of Marburg. Stilling entered upon it confiding in Divine assistance; and really he needed it, this year, more than ever.

As Easter, and consequently Hannah's marriage, was now approaching, Eliza undertook the preparation of the dower; and Stilling invited uncle Kraft, with his consort and children, and likewise his father Wilhelm Stilling, to the wedding. They all came, and Stilling reckons this season as one of the most delightful in his whole life;—to the crossbearer, Wilhelm Stilling, it was, as he himself expressed it, *a foretaste of heaven.* Schwarz and Hannah were united in Stilling's house, amidst the blessings of their parents, grandparents, friends, and relatives;—their marriage is a happy one, and it goes well with them. After the ceremony, the beloved visitors returned to their homes.

A young gentleman had been for some time studying at Marburg, who is now the Prussian counsellor of administration, Von Vincke. He lodged in Stilling's house, and dined at his table; he was one of the most excellent young men who have ever studied at Marburg. His father, the Rev. Dean Von Vincke, of Minden, wrote to say that he would come during the summer, with his lady and family, and would visit Stilling and his Eliza. They did so, just as the German princes were marching to Champagne, and the Duke of Weimar with his regiment passed through Marburg. Stilling now became acquainted with this prince, with whom the dean and he spent a pleasant afternoon. After this agreeable visit, Eliza was again ill; she was in a state of pregnancy, which was rendered abortive by her illness; however, it passed over happily, so that on the ninth day, the weather being very fine, she was again able to go out. They determined therefore to go the garden; and as Schwarz and Hannah were there also to visit their mother, father Coing likewise joined the company in the garden. He was that afternoon particularly cheerful and happy; and as he was afraid of the evening air, which Eliza also could not bear, he took her by the arm and conducted her home; and as he passed along under the garden-wall, the young people strewed flowers upon him from above.

The next morning, at five o'clock, Stilling's kitchen-maid came into his room, and requested him to come out; he dressed himself a little, went out, and found Schwarz and Hannah, pale and with downcast eyes, standing in the room opposite. "Dear father," began Schwarz, "what you have so often foreboded has occurred;—father Coing is no more!" These words penetrated Stilling like a thunderbolt, through and through, and with it the consideration of his Eliza, who was still so weak, and who loved her father so tenderly! However, he took courage, went to her bedside, and said, "Eliza, a dear friend is dead!" She answered, "What!—Hannah?" for she also was in the family-way. "No," replied he; "it is father Coing!" Eliza grieved very much for her father;—however, she bore it with christian resignation. Nevertheless, the shock laid the basis for a painful affliction, which she has ever since had to bear. Stilling now hastened to the dear family;—they were all three standing in the room, weeping. Stilling embraced and kissed them, and said, "You are now all three my children; as soon as it is possible, remove to my house." This accordingly took place, as soon as the corpse was interred. Residing together with this dear family was, in the sequel, indescribably beneficial and consoling to Stilling, as will be subsequently seen. Father Coing had been seized with symptoms of suffocation, the physician had been called, and all possible means used to save him, but in vain. He declared very calmly that he was ready to die. He was an excellent man, and his blessing rests upon his children.

The most important period of Stilling's life now commences;—changes took place in him and out of him, which gave his whole being a very important direction, and prepared him for the situation he was eventually to fill.

Soon after father Coing's death, the time arrived when, as pro-rector of the University of Marburg, he was obliged, in company with the government commissary, to travel to Lower Hesse, in order to visit the districts there under the jurisdiction of the University, and to sell the tithe belonging to it to the highest bidder. The two friends, Riess and Stilling, therefore set out on the journey; and the latter took Eliza with him, in order to afford her recreation and amusement, and to accelerate her recovery; for her illness, and in particular, her father's sudden death, had brought her very low. After executing the duties of their office, Stilling returned with her, by way of Cassel, to Marburg. At Cassel, and even previously, Eliza observed an unpleasant sensation inwardly in the neck; this feeling became stronger on arriving at Cassel; and there arose an involuntary and occasional convulsive movement of the head towards the right side, but still it was not perceptible by others. She travelled home, and attended to her domestic duties.

The autumnal vacation again approached. Their uncle Kraft, at Frankfort, wrote that there was a rich blind Jewess in that town, who wished to be couched for the cataract by Stilling, and that she would gladly pay the expences of his journey, if he would come and administer his aid. Stilling assented to this; but required, first, to procure permission from Cassel, because the pro-rector of Marburg was not at liberty to pass a night out of the town. He obtained the permission, and consequently confided his office to the ex-pro-rector, and set out for Frankfort, accompanied by his Eliza. On arriving towards evening at Vilbel, a beautiful village on the Nidda, two leagues from Frankfort, as they were stopping before an inn to feed the horses, the hostess came out to the coach, and said, with an anxious expression of countenance, "*Oh, are you aware that the French have entered the empire, and have already taken Spire?*" This intelligence penetrated through Stilling's whole existence like an electric shock; but still he hoped that it was a mere report, and that the matter might not be so bad; he therefore continued his journey to Frankfort with his attendants, and took up his

residence with Mr. Kraft. He there learnt that the news was but too true in its whole extent, and that the whole city was in a state of apprehension and disturbance. It is quite requisite that I make a few observations here, on the singular effects which this information produced in Stilling's soul.

King Louis the Fourteenth of France, after him the Duke of Orleans, who was regent, and finally, Louis the Fifteenth, had in the course of a century introduced an unexampled degree of luxury into France. A nation that is sunk in voluptuousness, and whose nerves are weakened by every species of licentiousness, receives the witty derisions of a Voltaire as philosophy, and the sophistical dreams of a Rousseau as religion. Hence, a national character naturally arises, which is extremely captivating, agreeable, and pleasing to the sensual man; and having that which is dazzling in the system, and at the same time possessing an external polish, it becomes interesting even to the reflecting mind, and therefore gains the approbation of every cultivated nation.

It was for this reason also, that our German nobility, both high and low, regarded France as the chief school for politeness, good breeding, and—*morality!* They were ashamed of the powerful German language, and spoke French; French adventurers, friseurs, and—any thing, if they were but French—were chosen as the tutors of future rulers; and very frequently, French milliners were appointed governesses of our princesses, countesses, and ladies. The German national character, and religion along with it, went out of fashion, and was consigned to the lumber-room.

Learned men, and theologians in particular, were now desirous of giving their advice and assistance; and for this purpose, they chose—the way of accommodation. They sought to make peace between Christ and Belial;—each was to give way a little; Christ was to annul the dogmas of the doctrines of faith, and Belial to forbid gross vices, and both were in future to recognize nothing as the basis of religion but *morality;* for they were agreed upon this, that the latter must be *believed* and *taught;* but as for the *performance*, it was left to the liberty of every individual, which must be held sacred, and be by no means infringed upon. This Christo-Belial system was then, *par honneur de lettre*, to be called *christian doctrine*, in order not too grossly to offend Christ and his true worshippers. Thus arose the intellectual enlightening, so much esteemed in the present day, and the neology of the Christian religion.

But I earnestly beg that I may not be mistaken. None of these men voluntarily intended to make peace between Christ and Belial, especially as the existence of the latter was no longer believed; but the basis of all human ideas, which imperceptibly insinuates itself from youth up into the essence of human reflection, opinion, and inference, and which, if the individual be not very watchful, urges itself upon him quite involuntarily by the spirit of the times, altered the moral principle and reason in such a manner that people now found much in the Bible that was pronounced superstitious, ridiculous, and absurd, and therefore placed themselves above every thing; and then, with this spurious principle, and altered organ of investigation, undertook—the boldest enterprise of all—*the revision of the Bible*, that ancient and sacred relic! Thus arose the beginning of the great falling-away, so clearly foretold by Christ and his apostles, and especially by Paul, who at the same time asserts that soon after, *the man of sin*, the *incarnate Satan*, should appear, and be hurled into the abyss by the sudden manifestation of the Lord.

These great and important views of the present state of Christendom and the kingdom of God, had gradually arisen in Stilling's mind during a long course of years, partly from the study of history, partly from observing the signs of the times, partly by the diligent reading and studying the prophecies of scripture, and partly by secret communications from great men; and their importance filled his soul. To this, another observation, no less important, was added, which was in unison with the former.

He had observed the origin of an extensive alliance amongst people of all ranks; had seen its increase and progress, and had become acquainted with its principles, which had no less an object in view than the changing of the Christian religion into natural religion, and of the monarchical form of government into democratic republics, or at least into an unobserved direction of the ruling powers; and he had learnt, by the wonderful guidance of Providence, from Raschmann, how far the thing had already prospered, and this just at the time when the French revolution broke out. He knew in what degree his countrymen who belonged to this alliance stood in agreement with the French demagogues, and therefore was sufficiently informed with respect to the state of the times and their connection with biblical prophecy.

The result of all these ideas in Stilling's soul was, that Germany, because of its playing the harlot with France, would be severely punished by this very power. He foresaw the great conflict by which the chastisement would be inflicted, for men are punished by that through which they have sinned; and as the falling-away increased with rapid strides, he already remotely foreboded the founding of the kingdom of the "man of sin." That all this was really so—that is, that these ideas really existed in Stilling's soul before any one thought of the French revolution and its consequences,—is evident from certain passages in his writings, and particularly from an oration he made in 1786, before the Electoral German Society at Manheim, but which, for reasons that may be easily conceived, did not appear in print. But with all his ideas and convictions, he had not supposed that the storm would so rapidly and suddenly break out over Germany. He conceived, it is true, that the French revolution would lay the remote basis for the last great conflict between light and darkness, but he had no presentiment that this conflict was so near; for he did not doubt that the united forces of the German princes would conquer France. But now, when he learnt that the result was quite different, his feelings were indescribable. On the one hand, was the approaching fulfilment of such expectations as exceed the highest wishes of the Christian; and on the other, expectations also of unheard-of sufferings and afflictions, which the impending mighty conflict would unavoidably bring with it. Truly, this was a state of mind the weight of which might have easily pressed to the ground a man who had suffered so much and laboured so hard, and still laboured, if Providence had not intended to preserve him for objects of importance.

It might be supposed that this of itself was a sufficient ordeal; but just at this very anxious season, a particular heat was added, which the Great Refiner, for reasons known to Him alone, found it needful to permit. I have mentioned above, that Eliza, by a fright in a weak state from indisposition, had been seized with a convulsive motion of the head towards the right side. Hitherto the evil had not been very considerable, but it now became terrible and dreadful both to herself and her husband; for on the second day of her abode in Frankfort, a terrific alarm was spread

that the French were on the march. The magistrates assembled on the Römer; water-casks were filled in order to extinguish fire during the bombardment, &c.;—in a word, the general panic was indescribable. With respect to Eliza, there was also another consideration:—the University of Marburg forms one of the Hessian states, Stilling was its pro-rector, and its sovereign was at war with France. There was therefore nothing more probable than that the French, on entering Frankfort, would send Stilling as a hostage to France. This was too much for Eliza, who tenderly loved her husband;—her head now moved continually towards the right shoulder, and the whole of the upper part of her body was thereby distorted. Eliza suffered much from it, and Stilling thought he should have died in the midst of so much misery. Eliza had naturally a straight and fine figure, but now a disagreeable and suffering form; it was scarcely to be endured. Besides all this, it was utterly impossible to leave the town; they were therefore under the necessity of remaining there that day and the next, when it appeared that the French first intended to take Mayence. Stilling now found an opportunity for departing; and as the Jewess was incurably blind, he travelled back again with Eliza to Marburg. Every possible means were attempted to deliver the worthy woman from her affliction, but every thing has been hitherto in vain. She has suffered in this way for more than eleven years; it is certainly rather better now than at that time, but it is still a very heavy cross for herself and her husband to bear.

Stilling faithfully persevered in the discharge of his office as pro-rector and professor, and Eliza bore her affliction as becomes a Christian;—to this was now joined the fear of being attacked by the French. The Elector returned, it is true, about the beginning of October; but his troops followed him very slowly, on account of the badness of the weather. Hesse and the whole country was therefore unprotected, and the French general, Custine, could have acted as he liked. If his courage and his understanding had been as large as his whiskers and mustachios, the greater part of Germany would have lost its political existence; for the general feeling was, at that time, revolutionary, and favourable to France.

However, it was not then known what Custine's intentions were, and it was necessary to be prepared for every thing. His troops ravaged the Wetterau, and at times the thunder of their cannon was heard. All prepared for flight, with the exception of the heads of the college, who dared not leave their posts; consequently Stilling, as well as the rest, was obliged to remain. This situation of things extremely oppressed his soul, which was already harassed on all sides.

One Sunday morning, towards the end of October, the terrible report was spread in the town, that the French were near at hand, and coming down the Lahnberg. Stilling's anxiety now became insupportable. He fell on his knees in his study, and besought the Lord, with tears, for strength and consolation; his eyes then fell upon a little text-book, which stood before him amongst other books; he felt incited in his mind to open it; and on doing so, he found the text, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord," &c. He opened it again, and found, "I will be a wall of fire round about them," &c. He rose up encouraged and comforted, and from that time he was no longer afraid of the French; nor did any of them come, and the Prussians and Hessians soon after approached, Frankfort was retaken, and Mayence besieged.

Here I must make two observations, which none of my readers will take amiss.

1. The opening upon passages of Scripture, in order to ascertain the will of God, or even the future, is certainly an abuse of the Holy Scriptures, and not permitted to a Christian. If a person wishes to do it in order to derive consolation from the divine word, it ought to be done in complete resignation and submission to the will of God; but he ought not to be cast down or discouraged, if he hits upon a passage which is not of a consoling nature. Cutting for a text is no means which God has ever appointed for any object;—it is a kind of lot; and this is a sacred thing which ought not to be profaned.

2. Stilling's extreme timidity may possibly excite, in some, unfavourable ideas of him, as if he were a man devoid of courage. To this it may be answered, that Stilling trembles at every danger, whether great or small, before it is realized: but when it arrives he is confident and courageous, even in the greatest trials. This is the natural consequence of long-endured sufferings;—we fear them, because we know their pain; and endure them with confidence, because we are accustomed to bear them, and are acquainted with their blissful results.

Stilling was invited by the worthy family of the Von Vinckes to visit them at Prussian Minden during the next Easter vacation. He thankfully accepted this invitation; and his inmate, young Von Vincke, and some friends from Cassel, accompanied him. Stilling suffered much on this journey, from spasms in the stomach; the weather was raw, and he rode thither on horseback. He also accompanied the family above-mentioned to their sumptuous manorial residence of Ostenwalde, four leagues from Osnabruck, and then travelled home again by way of Detmold.

Stilling became acquainted with several remarkable individuals on this journey, with some of whom he entered into an intimate and friendly connection; namely, the lately-deceased Princess Juliana of Bückeburg, Kleuker of Osnabruck (who had however already visited Stilling in Marburg), Möser and his daughter, Madame Von Voight, the Princess Christina of Lippe Detmold, the three divines—Ewald, Passavant, and Von Cölln, and Doctor Scherf, physician to the prince of Lippe. All these worthy individuals manifested respect and kindness to Stilling. There was also then living in Detmold a very worthy matron, the widow of the late Superintendant-general Stosch, with her daughters, the eldest of whom had been Selma's intimate friend. Stilling visited her, and was received with affecting tenderness. On taking leave, the venerable woman fell on his neck, and said, "If we see each other no more in this world, pray for me, that the Lord would perfect that which concerns me, in order that I may be able eventually to embrace you again in his kingdom with more joy than at present."

On Stilling's return from this journey to Marburg, when he came to his house-door, Eliza stepped out to receive her husband; but what a sight! —a sword pierced his soul; Eliza stood there, bent and crooked; the motion in her neck communicated itself more violently to the upper part of her body; it was dreadful! His heart bled with sympathy and sorrow; but this was of no avail—he was compelled to bear it. However, every thing was done to cure the sufferer, and the most powerful remedies were resorted to; four balls of mora were burnt upon her shoulder, on the bare skin. She bore this dreadful pain without uttering a word; but it proved of no utility. She used baths, especially the shower-bath, which is very powerful

in its operation, but it all ended in nothing. Besides this affliction, she suffered a second miscarriage, in which her life was really endangered; but with the Divine assistance, she was restored again by the means that were employed. By degrees, the convulsive motion in her neck amended itself so far as to make it, at least, more tolerable.

In the spring of the year 1793, brother Coing entered upon the pastoral office, having been appointed to the Reformed Church at Gemund, a town in the principality of Upper Hessia, five leagues from Marburg. He had resided above half-a-year in Stilling's house. Coing would have been his brother, even though no bond of consanguinity had endeared him to him.

The most remarkable particular in the history of Stilling's life, during this and the following year, is the publication of two works which were peculiarly instrumental in determining his final vocation; these were, "Scenes in the Invisible World," in two volumes; and "Nostalgia," * in four volumes, with the key belonging to it.

The "Scenes in the Invisible World," produced an unexpected effect; they gained Stilling a large class of religious readers, I may say with truth and without boasting, in every quarter of the globe. By their means, the true worshippers of Jesus Christ were again made attentive to the man the history of whose life had already made an impression upon them; but the "Nostalgia" had still more particular results;—it gave the first bias to Stilling's future pursuits, as the sequel will show.

The origin of both books is very remarkable, for it proves incontestibly that Stilling did not contribute in the least degree towards the procuring cause of his subsequent appointment; as indeed was the case during the whole of his course, as I will show at the end of this volume. However, with respect to these books, and particularly the "Nostalgia," which proved peculiarly instrumental in that respect, it is requisite that I relate their origin circumstantially, and according to the precise state of the case.

The "Scenes in the Invisible World" originated as follows. Whilst Raschmann and the Counts were at Marburg, one evening, in company at his house, Wieland's translation of Lucian was spoken of. Raschmann read a few passages from it which were extremely comical; the whole company laughed aloud, and every one admired the translation as an inimitable master-piece. On a certain occasion, this book again occurred to Stilling; and he wrote for it immediately, without reflection. Some time after, his conscience smote him for this hasty step. "What!" said the reproving voice in his soul, "thou art about to purchase so valuable a book in seven volumes; and for what purpose?—merely in order to laugh! Yet thou hast still so many debts, and must provide for thy wife and family! And if this were not the case, how much assistance mightest thou have afforded by it to some poor sufferer! Thou art buying a book which is not even of use to thee in any part of thy vocation, much less necessary." Stilling now stood before his judge like a poor criminal who surrenders himself at discretion. It was a hard struggle, a painful wrestling for grace; but at length he obtained it, and then sought, on his part, to make as much reparation for this transgression as possible. If Lucian and Wieland, thought he, have written scenes in the world of fabulous deities, partly in order to exhibit the absurdity of the heathen mythology in a ridiculous point of view, and partly also to amuse their readers, I will now write scenes in the real Christian invisible world, for the serious consideration and for the instruction and edification of the reader, and apply what I may obtain for the work to the benefit of poor blind people." He carried this idea into execution, and thus originated a book which produced the entirely unexpected effect above mentioned.

The origin of the "Nostalgia" was just as little the result of reflection. Stilling, from particular inducement, had perused attentively Sterne's "Tristram Shandy." Soon after, it also happened that he read the "Genealogical Biographies." Both books, as is well known, are written in a sententious and humorous style. In the perusal of these works, Stilling had a very different object in view from that which Providence intended.

To these two preparatives a third was added. Stilling had for a long time accustomed himself daily to translate a passage out of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, and another out of the New from the Greek, and then form from them a concise and pithy sentence. He had a large store of such sentences in his possession, with no other object in view than biblical study. Now who could imagine that these insignificant, and in reality, trifling things, should have laid the real and peculiar foundation for the development of such a remarkable circumstance? Truly, Stilling had not the remotest presentiment of it.

Soon after the perusal of the books above-mentioned, and about the end of July 1793, Mr. Krieger, a bookseller in Marburg, came one forenoon to Stilling, and requested him to give him something of a classical nature, in the shape of a novel, to publish, in order that he might have something which might prove profitable to him, because the dry Compendia went off so slowly, &c. Stilling felt something in his mind which acquiesced in this request; he therefore promised him a work of the kind, and that he would commence it without delay.

The idea now suddenly occurred to Stilling, that from his youth up he had cherished the wish in his soul, after John Bunyan's example, to portray the true Christian's path of repentance, conversion, and sanctification, under the similitude of a journey; he therefore resolved to put this idea into execution; and as he had only lately been reading those humorous works, to adopt their style and mode of diction, and then intermingle in it his stock of sentences in an appropriate manner. An idea which he had shortly before expressed in writing in a person's album, gave occasion to the title "Nostalgia;" it was as follows:—

"Blessed are they that long for home,
For thither they shall surely come;"

for it was his opinion that this title would suit well to a book which was intended to describe the painful journey of a Christian to his heavenly home.

Thus prepared, Stilling began to write his "Nostalgia." But as he was not fully confident whether he should succeed in this method, he read the first six parts to his intimate friends, Michaelis and Schlarbaum, who were extremely well pleased with the commencement, and encouraged him to proceed in the same manner. But in order to be the more sure, he selected seven individuals from the circle of his friends, who met at his house once a fortnight, and to whom he read what he had written in the intervening time, and heard their judgment respecting it.

The state of mind which Stilling experienced whilst labouring at this work, which consists of four large octavo volumes, is utterly indescribable. His spirit was as if elevated into ethereal regions;

* We have no word in use in English, corresponding with the German word "Heimweh," which literally means "home-ache;" probably because no such disease is known in this country.—*Note of the Translator.*

a feeling of serenity and peace pervaded him, and he enjoyed a felicity which words cannot express. When he began to work, ideas glistened past his soul, which animated him so much that he could scarcely write with the rapidity which the flow of ideas required. This was also the reason why the whole work took quite another form, and the composition quite another tendency, to that which he had proposed at the commencement.

He experienced, besides, another singular phenomenon;—in the state between sleeping and waking, the most beautiful and as it were paradisiacal scenery presented itself to his inward senses. He attempted to delineate it, but found it impossible. With this imagery, there was always a feeling connected, compared with which all the joys of sense are as nothing;—it was a blissful season! This state of mind lasted exactly as long as Stilling was engaged in writing the "Nostalgia;" that is, from August 1793 to December 1794, consequently full a year and-a-quarter.

But here I must seriously entreat the Christian reader not to judge uncharitably, as if Stilling wished to arrogate to himself Divine inspiration, or even any thing approaching that nature. No, friends! Stilling assumed no such thing. It was an exalted feeling of the nearness of the Lord, who is the Spirit;—this light irradiated the powers of his soul, and enlightened his imagination and reason. In this light Stilling was to write the "Nostalgia;" but yet it is still an imperfect human work. Supposing that an apprentice, who had hitherto produced wretched performances by the dubious light of a lamp, had his window-shutters suddenly thrown open, and the light of the sun suffered to shine into his work-room, his productions would still be only those of an apprentice, but yet they would be better than before.

Hence came also the unexampled approbation which this book met with. A number of copies wandered to America, where it is much read. In Asia, where there are also some pious Germans, the "Nostalgia" was known and read. From Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, even to Astracan, Stilling received proofs of approbation. Out of every province in Germany, from persons of all ranks, from the throne to the plough, Stilling received a multitude of letters, which testified the loudest approval;—not a few learned sceptics were convinced by it, and gained over to true christianity; in a word, there are few books that have caused such a powerful and extensive sensation as Stilling's "Nostalgia." This must not be regarded as boasting; it belongs to the essential part of this history.

But the "Nostalgia" operated powerfully and painfully upon Stilling himself. The delight he had felt whilst writing it now ceased; the deep and inward conviction, that even political economy was not his real vocation, produced the very same effect on his mind as formerly the discovery at Elberfeld* that the practice of medicine was not that for which he was ultimately designed. He felt the pressure of a dejection which penetrated into his inmost soul, an unspeakable melting of the heart and contrition of spirit;—all the praise and all the approbation of princes, and of the greatest and most excellent men, caused him, indeed, a momentary joy; but then he felt profoundly, that all this did not belong to him, and that all the praise was due to Him alone who had entrusted him with such talents. Such is his state of mind still, and such it will remain.

It is remarkable that just at this period, three voices, entirely independent of each other, declared that Stilling's academical situation was no longer his proper vocation.

The first was an inward conviction, which had arisen in him during the time he was writing the "Nostalgia," and for which he was unable to give a reason. The impulse he had so strongly felt from his childhood to become an active instrument in the Lord's hands, for the advancement of religion, and which was also always the operative cause of his minor religious occupations, now stood more conspicuously before his eyes than ever, and filled him with a longing to become free from all earthly things, in order to be able to serve the Lord and His kingdom actively and with all his powers.

The second voice, which spoke the same thing, was contained in every letter he received, whether from far or near;—persons of every rank in society, from the highest to the lowest, called upon him to devote himself exclusively and entirely to the service of the Lord and the cause of religion, and by no means to discontinue his labours in that department.

The third and last voice was, that just about this time, academical orders and a revolutionary spirit prevailed amongst the students at Marburg, by which their whole minds were filled with principles and sentiments directly opposed to the doctrines which Stilling taught. Hence the number of his hearers continually decreased; and the spirit of the times, the prevailing mode of thinking, and the general tendency of the German financial policy, left him not a glimmer of hope that he would be in future of any utility with reference to his principles of political economy.

I now request my readers calmly to reflect how an honest and conscientious man must feel in such a situation, and whether the whole position in which Stilling now found himself could have resulted from blind accident or chance.

However clear and evident all this was, yet the way to attain to it was, on the other hand, equally obscure. No expedient could be at that time thought of by which to arrive at it;—for his family was numerous; his son was at the university; the war and other circumstances made every thing very dear; the needy were many; his large income was scarcely sufficient; and there were still many debts to pay. Eliza, indeed, who trod sincerely in Selma's footsteps with regard to the housekeeping, had, notwithstanding all the sickness, heavy expenses, and Hannah's marriage, already liquidated in a few years, some hundred guilders; and the interest was regularly paid every year. But under present circumstances, it was impossible to think of any perceptible liquidation of debt; it was therefore necessary that Stilling should retain his professorship, and attend to it with all fidelity, for the sake of the stipend. Let the reader imagine himself in his place;—insurmountable hindrances lay in the way of the vocation and sphere of action in which he could have been most beneficially and cheerfully occupied, and to which, from his youth up, he had had an unconquerable inclination. On the other hand, that vocation in which he was obliged to labour, without benefit, and without hope, was completely indispensable to him. And joined with this was the melancholy idea of what the Elector would say, when he learnt that Stilling did, or rather, was able to do, so little for his heavy salary.

The year 1794 again strewed many thorns in Stilling's path; for in February, Eliza's eldest daughter, Lubecka, died, from the consequences of the measles, and in the sequel, other bitter sufferings were added.

* Called *Schonenthal* at the commencement of the work.

In July of the following summer, Lavater wrote to him that he would pass through Marburg on his return from Copenhagen. This caused him real joy; he had seen this friend of his heart just twenty years before, in Elberfeld, and consequently only once in his life; but still, at times, had exchanged confidential letters with him. It was of extreme importance to him once more to converse personally with this witness for the truth, and discuss many subjects with him which were too difficult and copious for correspondence. Lavater arrived one Sunday afternoon in Marburg, with his pious and amiable daughter, now the consort of the Rev. Mr. Gessner, of Zurich. Stilling went about a league to meet him. Lavater continued at Marburg until early the next morning, when he proceeded on his journey.

It is difficult to call to mind in the whole course of history, a learned man that has excited so much attention, and who so little sought it, as Lavater. In the evening, whilst he was supping with Stilling, the place before the house was filled with people, and the windows were crowded with heads. He was certainly in many respects a remarkable man, and a great witness for the truth of Jesus Christ. The bond of fraternity was now more firmly established between Lavater and Stilling; they strengthened each other, and resolved that neither death, nor life, nor reproach, nor shame, should ever cause them to turn away from Christ, who was then so despised and hated.

Soon afterwards followed the bitter affliction I have mentioned above;—it was a fiery trial. Stilling was accustomed, during the Whitsuntide holidays, to go with his auditory to Cassel, in order to shew them the foreign horticultural productions at Wilhelmshöhe. This was done principally for the sake of those who studied the botanical sciences; but many others also accompanied him, to see what else was remarkable in Cassel. The journey thither and back was generally performed on foot. On this occasion, Stilling had the pleasure to see one of his wishes fulfilled by the Elector, which was, the laying out a particular nursery for forest-trees. As he was returning home with his retinue, and the students were conversing amongst themselves on the pleasure they had enjoyed at Cassel, and that every thing had succeeded so well, Stilling joined in the conversation, and said, "I have likewise been much pleased, for I have also obtained something of which I was desirous," without explaining himself further; but he had in his eye the promise of the Elector, with regard to the nursery of forest-trees.

There was at that time a private teacher in Marburg, a worthy and learned young man, of whom the students were very fond. He was addicted to Kant's philosophy, which at that time was the order of the day. Now, as the Elector was not very favorable to that system, and had, perhaps, heard something to the prejudice of the private teacher, he sent a rescript to the young man; in consequence of which he was removed to Hanau, as professor of philosophy, with a stipend of a hundred dollars. The latter was obliged to obey; but the students were enraged, and the whole of their suspicion fell upon Stilling; for they construed the expression he had made use of on the journey from Cassel, respecting the success of his wishes, as having reference to the removal of the private teacher, of which they deemed he had been the cause. The ferment at length reached its height; and, in order to make a tumult, they determined to serenade the private teacher, who was then ready to depart, and afterwards take the opportunity of storming Stilling's house and breaking his windows.

His good son Jacob was informed of all this;—he was studying jurisprudence, was very regular and diligent, and never took the smallest part in such disorderly proceedings. The worthy youth was in a state of great anxiety; for his mother-in-law, Eliza, whom he cordially loved, was again pregnant, and his aunt, Amalia Coing, Eliza's youngest sister, was seriously ill of the dysentery. He saw therefore, before his eyes, the lives of three individuals in danger; for the spirit of the times at that period, which stood in connexion with the reign of terror in France, breathed out murder and death; and the students lived in the intoxication of revolutionary sentiments.

Jacob therefore informed his parents of the danger that threatened them in the evening, and requested them to remove the windows which were next the street and the square, and to lay Amalia in another place; for she lay at the window towards the street. The windows, however, were not taken out; but the invalid had a bed made behind, in an alcove. Meanwhile, Jacob went about amongst the students, and represented to them the danger which might arise from the fright; but this was like preaching to deaf ears. At length, as he ceased not to entreat them, they consented, on condition that he would also enter "the order." The good youth struggled for two painful hours in the choice between two evils; however, he finally thought that entering into an order was the smaller of the two. He therefore did so; the misfortune was averted, and it was agreed that the students, as the procession passed Stilling's house, should merely show their hostility by spitting; this they were at liberty to do; there was room enough in the street for it.

Stilling knew not a word of his son's having entered a students' order; he first heard of it a year afterwards, but in such a way that it neither occasioned him terror nor sorrow. Jacob earnestly besought his parents to send him for half-a-year to Göttingen. The true reason of this no one was acquainted with. He pretended that it would be much to his advantage to study in Göttingen: in short, he ceased not to urge this request, until his parents consented, and sent him for the winter half of the year to Göttingen; but his secret object was, to leave the order in which he was enrolled, and to notify it to the pro-rector; which he could not do at Marburg, without exciting fresh disturbance. Just at that time, all academic orders were prohibited by the Diet at Ratisbon, and the universities began the examination. Jacob had fortunately already given in his resignation to the pro-rector of the order, and received an attestation to that effect, and thus he escaped the punishment. The following summer, when he was again in Marburg, the examination began there also. To their great astonishment, and quite unexpectedly, they found his name likewise upon the list. He of course stood forth, and produced his attestation; and the matter was referred to the decision of the Elector, whom Stilling informed of the real reason why his son had entered the order. The Elector was pleased with his conduct, and acquitted him from all punishment and responsibility.

During this year, there arose also a new connection in Stilling's family. Eliza's two sisters, Maria and Amalia, both very good and amiable girls, were to Stilling a real present from God; he felt happy in their society, as did every one who entered the family circle. The three sisters bore, as it were, in their hands, the man who by labor and sorrow was almost pressed down to the ground.

Amalia, by her excellent disposition, her beauty, and Madonna-like countenance, had made a deep impression upon Jacob. At first, the good young

man imagined that it was not permitted him to marry his step-mother's sister. He struggled therefore for a time with this partiality, and was in doubt whether it would not be better to leave his father's house. However, he confided his secret to his brother-in-law Schwarz, who encouraged him, and advised him to make his parents acquainted with his wishes. Stilling and Eliza had nothing to object to it, but gave them both their blessing and their consent to the marriage, as soon as Jacob was provided for; but this was not till after the lapse of seven years. During this period, the conduct of both, as well as their character, was blameless; but in order to avoid the tongue of calumny, he undertook, not long after, the place of governor to a young gentleman who was studying the law at Marburg, to whose residence he removed; and did not again live with his parents until he married Amalia.

This autumn also, the Elector appointed young Coing chaplain to the embassy at Ratisbon, which office he filled for some years, with distinguished approbation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In this state of things, commenced the year 1795. On the 4th of January, Eliza was happily delivered of a son, who received the name of Friedrich, and is still living. A fortnight afterwards, on a Sunday afternoon, Stilling received the mournful intelligence that his old and intimate friend Kraft, who was his uncle by marriage, had suddenly been called into eternity. Stilling wept aloud; for it was a loss which it would be difficult to replace.

The manner in which this excellent man and celebrated preacher died, was strikingly beautiful; he was sitting with his worthy consort, a daughter, and one or two good friends, at the supper-table; all were cheerful, and Kraft particularly lively. He was wont to return thanks aloud at table, which he was also about to do on this occasion. After supper was ended, he arose, looked upwards, began to pray, and at the same moment the Lord received his spirit; he sank down, and died on the spot.

Kraft was a learned theologian, and a man of great biblical research. Without possessing particular pulpit eloquence, he was an eminent and popular preacher; in every sermon something might be learnt. He always excited the attention, and irresistibly touched the heart. When I was once in his church at Frankfort, a Prussian officer came and sat down by me; I saw that he was merely there in order to have been at church. The doorkeeper came and laid a hymn-book before each of us, open at the hymn. The officer looked coolly into it, and that was all; he did not at all look at me, which was certainly quite at his own option. At length Kraft entered the pulpit; the officer looked up, just as a person looks when he knows not whether he has looked or not. Kraft prayed; the officer looked up a few times, without taking any further notice. Kraft preached; but now the head of the officer was immoveable; his eyes were fixed upon the preacher, and his mouth was wide open, as if to swallow every thing that Kraft brought forth out of the good treasure of his heart. When he pronounced the "Amen," the officer turned to me, and said, "I never heard such a sermon in all my life."

Kraft was a man endowed with wisdom, and consistent in all his actions. His heart burned with love to his Redeemer, and he was thence a faithful follower of Him. He was indescribably beneficent, and in this, his pious consort was his faithful helpmate; when it was needful, and the gift would be well applied, he could joyfully contribute a hundred guilders, and that in such an agreeable manner, that it appeared as if the greatest kindness were shown him by taking the money of him. When he was still a student, a poor man begged alms of him, but as he had no money, he immediately took his silver buckles from his shoes, and gave them to him. Although he was very orthodox, yet he was the most tolerant man in the world, and polite and hospitable in the highest degree.

In company, Kraft was cheerful, pleasant, jocose, and witty. On his visit to Stilling, at Easter 1792, the latter had one evening invited a company of good friends to supper; the conversation turned upon the exchequer * courts of the German princes, and on the ruinous principles which, in some cases, prevailed in them, to the great detriment of the rulers and their subjects. At length Kraft, who had hitherto been silent, began with his usual pathos, and said, "Though they should say unto you that Christ is in the secret *chambers*, believe it not."

Blessed art thou, dear man of God!—the consideration of joyfully meeting thee again in the kingdom of God, is a cordial to thy friend Stilling on his painful pilgrimage.

Kraft was replaced by the pious preacher Passavant of Detmold, Stilling's intimate friend. Besides his deeply afflicted consort, he left behind him three daughters, the eldest of whom had been married some years before, to his worthy colleague the Rev. Mr. Hausknecht; the latter is likewise a truly christian and evangelical man, and Stilling's intimate friend; his house has taken the place of Kraft's with reference to Stilling. The second daughter married an exemplary pious preacher from Bremen, of the name of Eisenträger, who was afterwards stationed at Worms, but soon followed his father-in-law. The third daughter, after the death of both her parents, married a young and religiously-disposed lawyer, of the name of Burckhardi, who is now Government-Advocate at Dillenburg, in the principality of Nassau. Madame Coing's and Madame Kraft's youngest sister, Mademoiselle Duising, had resided for a period in Kraft's house; these two sisters, Kraft's youngest daughter, and an old, faithful, and pious female servant, called Catherine, now constituted the household. But as the good widow no longer found any permanent place of abode in Frankfort, and longed to be at Marburg, her native town, amongst her relatives by blood, Stilling hired a habitation for her; which, however, she left at the year's end, and removed, with Stilling and his family, into the ancient family-house, where they all lived together in christian affection and harmony.

Stilling's melancholy turn of mind, and the pressure of occupation, which was almost insuperable, occasioned him and his Eliza to hire a country-house at Ockershausen, a village a mile distant from Marburg, and there pass the greatest part of the summer; in order that from a pure and free atmosphere, and the beauties of nature, they might derive invigoration, refreshment, and recreation. Eliza also stood in need of all this; for by the convulsive affection in her neck, the free motion of the pectoral muscles was impeded, in consequence of which she felt always more or less oppression on the chest, with which she is troubled even to the present time, and which occasionally renders her extremely dejected. Her path much resembles Stilling's; and this makes her husband, who loves her tenderly, often feel his burthen the more heavily.

From that time, Stilling dwelt with his family, for four years together, during a great part of the spring, summer, and autumn, at Ockershausen, in a

* The German word here used, may be literally rendered "revenue chambers."

pretty house, to which a beautiful orchard with an arbour is attached, and from which there is a fine prospect to the Lahnberg. But he continued to read his lectures in his house in the city.

One morning, in the spring of the year 1796, a handsome young man, in a green silk-plush coat, and otherwise well-dressed, came to Stilling's house at Ockershausen.

This gentleman introduced himself in such a manner as betrayed a polished and genteel education. Stilling inquired who he was, and learnt that he was the remarkable ——. Stilling was astonished at the visit; and his astonishment was increased by the expectation of what this extremely enigmatical individual might have to communicate. After both had sat down, the stranger began by saying that he wished to consult Stilling relative to a person diseased in the eye. However, the real object of his visit pressed him in such a manner that he soon began to weep, kissed first Stilling's hand, then his arm, and said, "Sir, are you not the author of the Nostalgia?" "Yes, sir."

"You are therefore one of my secret superiors!" (here he again kissed Stilling's hand and arm, and wept almost aloud.)

Stilling.—"No, dear sir! I am neither your nor any one else's secret superior. I am not in any secret connection whatever."

The stranger looked at Stilling with a fixed eye and inward emotion, and replied, "Dearest friend, cease to conceal yourself! I have been tried long and severely enough; I thought you knew me already!"

Stilling.—"No, Mr. ——. I assure you solemnly, that I stand in no secret connection, and in reality understand nothing of all that you expect from me."

This speech was too strong and too serious to leave the stranger in uncertainty; it was now his turn to be astonished and amazed. He therefore continued: "But tell me, then, how it is that you know anything of the great and venerable connection in the east, which you have so circumstantially described in the Nostalgia, and have even minutely pointed out their rendezvous in Egypt, on Mount Sinai, in the monastery of Canobin, and under the temple at Jerusalem?"

Stilling.—"I know nothing at all of all this; but these ideas and conceptions presented themselves in a very lively manner to my imagination. It was therefore mere fable and fiction."

"Pardon me, the matter is in truth and reality as you have described it; it is astonishing that you have hit it in such a manner!—this cannot possibly have come by chance!"

The gentleman now related the real particulars of the association in the East. Stilling was astonished and amazed beyond measure; for he heard remarkable and extraordinary things, which are not however of such a nature as can be made public. I only affirm, that what Stilling learnt from this gentleman had not the most remote reference to political matters.

About the same time, a certain great prince wrote to him, and asked him *whence it was that he knew anything of the association in the East; for the thing was as he had described it in the Nostalgia.* The answer in writing was naturally the same as that given verbally to the above-mentioned stranger.

Stilling has experienced several things of this kind, in which his imagination exactly accorded with the real fact, without previously having the least knowledge or presentiment of it. In the sequel, two cases of this kind will be related. How it is, and what it is, God knows! Stilling makes no reflections upon the matter, but lets it stand upon its own value, and looks upon it as the direction of Providence, which purposes leading him in a distinguished manner.

The development of the eastern mystery is, however, a most important matter to him, because it has reference to the kingdom of God. Much, indeed, remains in obscurity; for Stilling afterwards also heard from another person of great consequence, something of an oriental alliance, which was of a very different kind, and likewise not of a political nature. It remains to be developed, whether the two are entirely distinct, or stand more or less in connexion with each other.

Other extraordinary and remarkable discoveries were added to these. Stilling received information from various sources of apparitions from the world of spirits, of the reappearance of persons of all classes, some long and others recently deceased; of remarkable presentiments, discoveries, &c.,—all of which are demonstratively proved to be true.* It is to be regretted that not one of them is of a nature to be made public; but this is generally the case in such matters; the words are also applicable here, "They have Moses and the prophets;" and we possess, besides these, Christ and his apostles; we are not referred to such extraordinary sources of information. Stilling's ideas of Hades, of the world of spirits, of the state of the soul after death, next to the hints thrown out in the Scriptures for consideration, are derived from these sources. Yet still, these are not articles of faith; let every one think of them what he pleases; only let him not condemn them, for by so doing he would at the same time condemn himself.

The year 1796 was a year of terror and misery to the whole of Lower Germany. The crossing of the Rhine by the French, their march to Franconia, and their subsequent retreat, filled the whole country with indescribable wretchedness; and as Hessia was at peace, the people fled from all parts to the neighbourhood of Marburg. On numbering on one occasion, by order of the magistracy, the foreign fugitives that resided there, there were found in Marburg and the adjacent towns and villages, *forty-five thousand.* It was pitiable to see how people of all ranks, in an endless train, in carriages, carts, and waggons, drawn by oxen, horses, cows, and mules, with rich or wretched baggage, on foot, on horseback, or on asses, barefooted, in shoes, or in boots, with misery and woe depicted on their faces, filled the roads, and with loud thanksgivings blessed the prince who had made peace.

Stilling's mind was extremely oppressed by all this, and also by the prevailing spirit of the times, which laughed to scorn all that is holy; and his desire to labor for the Lord increased. All this had induced him, in the preceding year, to publish a periodical work entitled "The Grey Man," which very unexpectedly met with great approbation; on which account he still continues it. It is not only much read in every province of Germany, but also, like the "Nostalgia," in every quarter of the globe. I have myself seen American newspapers, in the German language, in which the "Grey Man" was inserted by piece-meal, under promise of its continuation.

Amongst the many fugitives were two very estimable personages, who were particularly important to Stilling and his family. Prince Frederick of Anhalt-Bernberg-Schaumberg, a true Christian in the purest sense of the word, hired a house in Marburg; and his next relative by blood, the Countess Louisa of Wittgenstein-Berlenburg-

* See his "Theory of Pneumatology," supported by a series of highly interesting facts of supernatural phenomena; with copious notes to the same effect by the Translator.—LONGMAN & Co.

berg, resided with him. The mothers of both were sisters,—the Countesses Henckel of Donnersmark,—and real Christians, who brought up their children excellently, and in the fear of God. These two noble individuals in every respect honored Stilling and Eliza with their confidential intercourse; and they were truly angels of consolation and of succour both to them and their family, during their five years' residence in Marburg. This excellent prince and amiable countess dwelt there from the summer of 1796 to the autumn of 1801.

At the same time, Stilling also entered into nearer connection with two absent princes;—the universally-acknowledged excellent and pious Elector of Baden wrote to him occasionally; and Prince Charles of Hesse, a real and very enlightened Christian, entered into a regular correspondence with him, which is still continued.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is now time for me again to notice father Wilhelm Stilling, and embody the history of the rest of his life with this. His second marriage had not been blessed. Notwithstanding all his striving, labouring, and sparing, he continually lost ground, and was ever deeper in debt; and his four children by the second marriage—three daughters and one son, all worthy and honest people,—were all poor and unfortunate. The old patriarch saw them all about him, and beheld their misery without being able to help them. Stilling, meanwhile, lived at a distance, and knew little of all this; indeed he was utterly ignorant that it fared so very ill with his father. Wilhelm, however, had more than one good reason for concealing his true situation from his son; for he had formerly often expressed himself to him to the effect that he would rather eat dry bread than be supported by one of his children. But the following idea probably lay heavy on his heart;—*he had often most bitterly reproached his son in his misery, respecting his circumstances, and told him he was a lost man,—that he was good for nothing,—that he would cause him nothing but shame and disgrace,—that he would be at length obliged to beg his bread, &c.* To suffer himself now to be supported by this very son, or to be dependant upon him, was probably a very difficult matter to the good old man's honorable feelings. However, Stilling heard by degrees in Marburg more of his father's true situation; and although he had himself a heavy debt to liquidate, he thought that in such a case he might make an exception to the well-known rule, "as long as a person is in debt, he ought not to apply money to other purposes." He determined, therefore, after considering the matter with Eliza, to contribute a dollar weekly for the support of his aged father, and occasionally to send him as much coffee and sugar as the two old folks—for the mother was still living—required. Eliza also sent to Leindorf now and then, when she found a fitting opportunity, a bottle of wine to cheer them.

At length, Wilhelm Stilling's second wife died suddenly. He then gave up the housekeeping to his youngest daughter, who had married a carrier, and boarded with her. However, it went hard with this poor woman; her husband was always from home with his horse, and being too poor to procure what was needful without labouring from early in the morning till late in the evening, in the field and garden, the good old man was entirely destitute of necessary attention. The other children were equally unable to do anything for him; for they could scarcely subsist themselves, much less assist others;—in a word, their wretchedness was great.

Wilhelm Stilling was at that time in his eightieth year, and in excellent health; but his feet, which were always weak and infirm, now broke out into ulcerous swellings; his mental powers also began to fade, and his memory, in particular, failed him extremely.

At length, in August 1796, Stilling received a letter from a relative, who had visited the pious old man and had witnessed all his woe. This letter contained a description of his misery, and called upon Stilling to take his father to him, before he perished in his sufferings. Stilling had not known the extent of them before. He instantly sent for him, and had him brought in a conveyance to Marburg. On being told, at Ockershausen, that his father was in his house at Marburg, he hastened thither to welcome him;—but as he entered the room, a pestilential effluvia met him, such as he had never experienced in a dissecting-room. He could scarcely approach him to kiss and embrace him. The distress was greater than I can describe. It was an advantage to the good man that his mental faculties were already so decayed that he did not particularly feel his misery. A few years previous, it would have been intolerable to his feelings of decorum and habitual cleanliness.

Stilling's heart bled at the sight; but Eliza, who had often wished that she might have the happiness of tending her parents in their old age, began the work with joy. Great boast has always been made of holy individuals of the Romish church, and it has been esteemed extraordinarily meritorious in them, that they bound up the putrifying ulcers of poor invalids in the hospitals and lazarettos;—hers *more* was done, *much more!* Thou wilt on no account consent, kind and noble-minded consort, that I should here say any thing to thy praise, and I am silent; but Father Wilhelm, who has no longer sufficient understanding to recognize thy unexampled, childlike love, and is unable to bless thee for it, will eventually meet thee, in his glorified form, thou faithful sufferer, thou companion of Stilling's life and afflictions, and return thee, in an abundant measure, the thanks omitted here! Doris hovers near, holding him by the hand, to welcome her daughter Eliza; father Eberhard Stilling smiles peace to thee; and Selma will also embrace her friend, and say, "Blessed art thou, for having so excellently fulfilled my expectations!" All these glorified ones will then conduct thee before the throne of the Most Merciful, who will incline the sceptre of all worlds towards thy forehead, and say, "What thou hast done to this my servant, thou hast also done to me; go thy way, thou inhabitant of the new Jerusalem, and enjoy the fulness of felicity."

Eliza continued this painful labour of love till the month of October, when she was again confined of a daughter, who is still living, and bears the name of Amalia. Amalia Coing, the future grand-daughter-in-law of Wilhelm Stilling, now undertook the task of attending to him, for which it will be well with her, and her reward will be great in time and eternity.

The close of the year 1796 was melancholy;—a brother of the late Madame Coing and aunt Kraft died in the autumn. He was a lawyer in Frankenburg, unmarried, and expired suddenly, in consequence of an apopletic fit. Another brother, who was likewise unmarried, and prothonotary at Dortheim in the Wetterau, came, in order to arrange his brother's affairs in Frankenburg, and died ten days before Christmas, in Stilling's house. In consequence of these repeated strokes, the good widow Kraft, whose daughter Eisenträger had also returned to her the previous summer as a widow, was quite cast down to the ground; she likewise took

to her bed, and died on Christmas-day, quietly and happily, like her sister Coing. There still remained Mademoiselle Duising, widow Eisenträger, and the unmarried Miss Kraft, with her worthy old Catherine. Miss Kraft married, during the following summer, Mr. Burckhardi of Dillenburg; and the remaining three members of the estimable circle of the late Mr. Kraft now live in Von Ham's family-mansion in Marburg, which is the property of aunt Duising.

The worthy Schwarz had also something of a severe nature to suffer with his consort, in the year 1796; he had left his solitary Dexbach, and had accepted a living at Echzell in the Wetterau, where he was exposed to all the horrors of war. Hannah was also amongst the forty-five thousand refugees; and she passed her third confinement quietly at her parents' in Marburg, and then set off again to her post.

The year 1797 was not particularly remarkable in Stilling's history. Every thing proceeded in its customary course, except that Stilling's inward sufferings were rather increased than diminished; an inward melancholy continually oppressed him, an indescribable cheerlessness deprived him of every enjoyment. The only thing which sustained him was his domestic circle, in which every one felt happy who entered it. Eliza and her two sisters, Maria and Amalia, were the instruments the Lord made use of to lighten the load of his crossbearer, although Eliza herself almost sunk beneath the burden.

Father Wilhelm Stilling experienced nothing of this; he was childish, and became more and more so; and in order that he might not want attention in any way, Stilling sent for his eldest sister's daughter, Maria, who faithfully fulfilled her duty to her grandfather, until attendance upon him was no longer proper for a young girl, and an old widow was engaged, who waited upon him day and night. Maria's character developed itself advantageously; she enjoys the esteem and love of all good men, and is beloved by Stilling and Eliza as their child. It gradually came to such a length with father Wilhelm, that he knew no one, and in the end not even his son. Respecting his second marriage and children he scarcely remembered anything; but occasionally spoke in an unconnected manner of his marriage with Doris, and of his youthful years. No sooner, however, was the subject of religion introduced, than his spirit returned to him; he then spoke connectedly and rationally; and when this also ceased to be the case, his mental faculties still clung to a few texts of scripture respecting the forgiveness of sins through the sufferings and death of Christ, which he repeated times without number, wringing his hands and shedding many tears, and comforting himself with them in his sufferings. From this instance may be learnt how important it is to fill the memory of children early with edifying texts of scripture, and verses of hymns. The first impressions on the memory of children can never be erased. Such passages and verses may be apparently of little service to them in their youth; but when, in old age, they have to travel through Wilhelm Stilling's desart, in which, solitary and divested of all susceptibility of social life and of their own existence, they retain only a small glimmer of reason for their guide,—when they have thus forgotten their whole course of life, such passages and verses are as bread from heaven, which strengthens the individual in crossing the awful stream of death. Generally speaking, they are an excellent means of invigoration and comfort in distress and death.

In the midsummer-vacation of the year 1797, Stilling and Eliza experienced another remarkable instance of Divine providence. He had certainly a considerable income, but also an equally considerable and necessary expenditure; for, at that time, every thing was dear at Marburg. Every housekeeper will remember seasons in which a variety of circumstances concurred in causing a demand for money, from which he knew not how to escape, and in which he was not in a situation to be able, or to venture to increase his debts. It was much such a situation as this in which Stilling, or rather his Eliza found herself, who had trodden in Selma's footsteps, and had undertaken, quite alone, the care of the housekeeping and the management of the cash. A very worthy and respectable lady in Switzerland had written to Stilling some time before, and asked his advice regarding the blindness of her husband. Just at this pressing emergency, as Stilling was with the students at Cassel, and had made his customary midsummer excursion with them, he received a letter from this lady, with a bill of exchange for three hundred guilders. She mentioned at the same time, that Stilling must never think of repayment, or of rendering any service for it; she felt herself impelled to send this trifle, and begged he would think no more of the matter. The pressure was thus all at once removed, which much strengthened Eliza's faith.

There was added, this year, another very estimable personage to the most important of Stilling's friends; the Countess Christina of Waldeck, widow of Count Josias of Waldeck-Bergheim, and born Countess of Isenburg-Büdingen, determined to send her two younger sons to Marburg, that they might study there. She finally resolved to remove to Marburg herself, with her amiable daughter, the Countess Caroline, till her sons should have finished their studies. It cannot be described what a valuable associate this pious lady was to Stilling and Eliza,—how variously her heart, which was formed for philanthropy, was occupied with showing it in word and deed. She harmonized entirely with Prince Frederick of Anhalt and the Countess Louisa;—all three had the opportunity of communicating their sorrows to Stilling and Eliza, and of conversing confidentially with them respecting all their affairs.

The year 1798 is remarkable in Stilling's history; because in it he wrote his "History of the Triumph of the Christian Religion, in an Exposition of the Revelations of John, adapted for general usefulness," and then made his first considerable journey with his Eliza.

The "History of the Triumph, &c." originated as follows. The important results produced by the French Revolution, and the events which occurred in several places, everywhere made a deep impression upon the true servants of the Lord who observed the signs of the times. Several individuals now began to apply certain parts of the Revelation to those times, without regarding the whole connexion of prophecy and its spirit in the Bible generally. Very sensible men already held the French cockade to be "the mark of the beast;" and therefore believed that the beast had already ascended from the bottomless pit, and that "the man of sin" was already in existence. This pretty general sensation amongst true christians excited Stilling's consideration, and he sought, in the "The Grey Man," to warn them against it.

On the other hand, it appeared to him extremely remarkable, that the well-known, pious, and learned prelate Bengel, had fifty years before pointedly foretold, in his Exposition of the Apocalypse, that in the last ten years of the eighteenth century the great conflict would commence, and the Romish throne be overturned. This had been made still

more minutely evident, by an anonymous writer in Carlsruhe, in a more exact and precise explanation of the Bengelic Apocalyptical system of calculation; which even determined the years in the last decenniary of the eighteenth century, in which Rome was to be overthrown; and this eighteen years before it really took place. All this drew Stilling's attention to Bengel's writings, and particularly to the book just mentioned, by the anonymous author in Carlsruhe.

Two circumstances also were connected with this, which operated upon Stilling's mind, and prepared it for so important a work. The "Nostalgia" had made a deep and beneficial impression upon several members of the Moravian church; he became more known in that community; the history of his life began to be read more universally; and his other writings, particularly "The Grey Man," were generally recognized as edifying. He was visited by Moravians who were passing through Marburg, and he read many of their works. In short, the Moravians became more and more estimable to him; particularly from observing that in their writings generally, and especially in their church and missionary intelligence, as also in their conference minutes, which were sent to him, an uncommonly rapid progress in the perfectionating of life and doctrine was evident; and that all their institutions were guided in a most distinguished manner by Providence, and crowned with its blessing; and what finally produced a more intimate union, was, a correspondence with a dear and worthy preacher of the Moravian church, brother Erxleben, who had formerly filled the pastoral office in Bremen, and afterwards at Norden in East Friesland, but is now a class-leader at Herrnhut. The correspondence with this worthy man still continues, and will probably not cease until one of the two shall be called away to the church above.

Stilling discovered, therefore, in this church, an important institution for the preparatory establishment of the kingdom of God. It appeared to him to be a seminary for it; and this idea gave him an important light into a principal hieroglyphic of the Apocalypse.

The other circumstance which prepared Stilling for so bold and important a work, was the great and very unexpected awakening in England; the result of which was the remarkable, new, and comprehensive Missionary Society. This circumstance was so striking, and the period of its commencement so remarkable, that no true servant of Christ could remain indifferent to it. In Stilling's mind, it strengthened the idea that this institution also was a proof of the rapid approach of the kingdom of God; real Christians everywhere looked to the great golden dial on the turret of the temple, and he that had weak eyes asked him whose sight was stronger, to what hour the gnomon pointed.

But notwithstanding that all this was passing in Stilling's soul, yet the idea of venturing on the sacred hieroglyphics of the Apocalypse never entered his mind; he intended rather in "The Grey Man," to warn every one against such a hazardous enterprise, because it had proved the confusion of many. But as that which is unexpected is, on all occasions, the rule and maxim of Providence in its guidance of Stilling, so it was also in the present case.

One Sunday morning in March 1798, Stilling determined not to go to church, but to work at "The Grey Man," and insert in it something of a useful nature for the christian reader, respecting the book of Revelations. But in order to make himself better acquainted with this difficult and important subject, he took up the above-mentioned Carlsruhe Elucidation sat down to his desk, and began to read. Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, a gentle, inward, and very beneficial influence pervaded him; which produced in him the determination to translate the whole Apocalypse from the original Greek, explain it verse for verse, and retain Bengel's system of calculation; because it had hitherto been so applicable and had proved so remarkably correct. He therefore instantly commenced the work, and hoped that the Spirit of the Lord would enlighten him in every obscure passage, and lead him into all truth. Stilling's "History of the Triumph of the Christian Religion" is, therefore, not a work which is the result of reflection and study; but it was indited by piecemeal, in seasons of leisure, during prayer and supplication for light and grace; and then sent off, without any further correction, to Rau, the publisher, at Nürenberg. As soon as Stilling can find time, he will establish, correct, and explain many things more precisely, in the "Appendix to the History of the Triumph."

He that is not purposely and maliciously disposed to misconstrue every thing and turn it into poisoned arrows, but thinks candidly and reasonably, will not accuse Stilling of desiring to excite in his readers the idea that he wrote from divine inspiration; but my object is to convince them that his writings, however defective, are nevertheless under the peculiar direction of Providence, of which his whole life, as well as the uncommon and unexpected blessing which rests upon his writings, is a pledge to him. This was also the case with "The History of the Triumph;" for scarcely had a year elapsed before a second edition of it was published.

During the whole of this summer, Stilling's melancholy rose to the highest degree. He often reflected upon this circumstance, and employed his whole medicinal reason in order to come to the bottom of it; but he found none. It was not that he was hypochondriacal,—at least, not what is usually termed so; but it was, properly speaking, a *cheerlessness*, on which the purest sensible enjoyment made no impression. The whole world became strange to him, as though it had no reference to him. Every thing that afforded pleasure to others, even to good men, was to him completely indifferent. Nothing, utterly nothing whatever, but the great object he had in view, which appeared to him partly obscure and partly unattainable, filled his whole soul; he fixed his eye upon this, and upon nothing besides. His whole soul, heart, and understanding adhered, with all the fulness of affection, to Christ, but only with a melancholy feeling. The worst of it was, that he could not complain to any one of his painful situation, for no one understood him. He once or twice disclosed it to pious friends in the Netherlands; but these men even took it amiss of him, for supposing himself to be in such an elevated mystic state; for he had called his mental condition, *the state of obscure faith*. O God! it is difficult to walk the path of the sacred cross; but afterwards it brings unspeakable blessings.

The true reason why his heavenly Guide suffered him to fall into this melancholy disposition of mind, was probably, first, to preserve him from pride, and from that vanity which destroys all sense of religion and piety, into which, without this thorn in the flesh, he would certainly have fallen; since so much of what was agreeable and exhilarating was said concerning him on every side, from far and near, by high and low, and by learned and illiterate. In this state it rejoiced him for a moment, even as a warm sunny ray on a gloomy day in December; but then all was again as before, and he felt just as if it had no reference to him. Secondly, the divine Refiner might also probably have put this son of Levi into this refining fire from

other and higher reasons, in order radically to burn up certain propensities of corruption.

This state of mind still continues, except that, at present, an inward serenity and a profound peace of soul are united with it.

Eliza, though she suffered much, was yet the only one amongst all his friends to whom he could entirely reveal and communicate himself. She then suffered yet more, without being able to help him; but still her sympathy and faithful attention were invaluable benefits to him, and her company, in particular, made every thing much more tolerable. From that time they both adhered still more closely to each other, and became reciprocally more indispensably necessary to each other. Stilling's whole domestic circle, generally speaking, was inexpressibly lovely and beneficial to him. It was also well that the spasms in his stomach began to abate; for he would not have been able to bear them with such a debilitated frame.

Stilling's cataract operations and ophthalmic cures were particularly blessed, and he had hitherto continued them uninterruptedly from the time of his residence in Elberfeld; but they also occasioned him double difficulty. The maxim he had once adopted, and from which he cannot deviate, that of demanding nothing for any cataract operation or other ophthalmic cure, but ministering it to every one gratuitously, (unless any one voluntarily makes him an acknowledgment, and presents him with any thing without any injury to himself,) attracted an astonishing concourse of persons diseased in the eye. He was interrupted every moment in his labors by such sufferers, and his patience put to the severest test. But the second and still greater trouble was, that blind people were sent to him from all quarters with testimonies of poverty, without being furnished with the necessary sum for their maintenance during the time of cure. To send away such a pitiable blind person without assisting him, for the sake of a few guilders, did not accord with Stilling's character. The directors of the two Protestant orphan-houses in Marburg had indeed the goodness to receive such blind people, and attend to them during the cure, for a moderate payment; but for the latter Stilling had to provide. This beneficial arrangement had also the troublesome effect of inducing his countrymen, and even foreigners, to send their poor blind people without money the more boldly. This caused many trials of faith; but the Lord manifested himself gloriously in them all, as the result will show.

At midsummer of this year, 1798, Doctor Wienholt of Bremen wrote to Stilling, and requested him to come thither, because there were several there afflicted with the cataract, who wished to be couched by him; for the success of his practice was known far and wide, and spoken of every where, particularly by those who studied at Marburg. Stilling replied that he would come during the autumnal vacation. This was carried into effect, and Eliza determined to accompany him, although she was not very well. She had a twofold reason for this; she was unwilling to be so long separated from her husband, and he also required her support and care; besides which, she wished to see the city from whence her predecessors on the mother's side had sprung; for her ancestor was a Brabanter, of the name of Duising, who had emigrated under the Duke of Alba and settled in Bremen. Two of her cousins, men of great respectability, were still living there, the brothers Meyer, both of whom were doctors of the law; one of them was one of the four presiding burgomasters, and the other, secretary to one of the colleges. These relatives also wished much that their Marburg friends would for once pay them a visit.

Stilling and Eliza, therefore, commenced the journey to Bremen on Saturday, the 22nd of September 1798; but the indisposition of his good lady made the journey a very anxious one. He was obliged to give the postilions a handsome douceur in order that they might drive slowly, for she could not possibly bear a rapid motion. They travelled by the way of Hanover, where they were cordially received and treated in a very friendly manner by Stilling's intimate friend, Falk, aulic counsellor and consistorial advocate. On Friday the 28th of September, they arrived late in the evening, but safely, in Bremen, and took up their abode with Mr. Secretary Meyer. This worthy man, and his excellent spouse, suited Stilling and his Eliza so well that they soon became as one heart and one soul, and concluded a brotherly and sisterly alliance with each other. The Burgomaster, on his side, who was personified friendship itself, did his best to afford his Marburg relatives pleasure. The good and worthy man now rests in his chamber; learning, unlimited kindness of disposition, and faithful diligence in his administration, formed the basis of his character.

Stilling performed twenty-two cataract operations in Bremen; and besides these, was of service to many who were diseased in the eye. Amongst the cataract patients, was an old man of the middle class, who had been blind many years, and had therefore retrograded in his circumstances. Several ladies requested Stilling to let them be present at the operation, for they wished to be spectators of the joy which would be manifested by one who had been blind so long. The operation proved successful, and Stilling then permitted him to look about him; the patient did so, struck his hands together, and said, "Oh, there are ladies, and it looks so disorderly here!" The good ladies knew not what to say or think, and followed one another out of the door.

Stilling made likewise some interesting acquaintances in Bremen, and renewed a couple of ancient friendly alliances; namely, with Doctor and Professor Meister, whom he had already known in Elberfeld, and with Ewald, who was now preacher there. The celebrated Doctor Olbers became Stilling's friend; and at his house he also became acquainted with that great astronomer, alderman Schröder. He also concluded a fraternal alliance with Wienholt;—he and his consort belong to the class of the best of mankind.

Bremen possesses very many pious and christian inhabitants; and the character of the people, generally speaking, is more polished and moral than in other large commercial cities. This is particularly to be ascribed to the excellent preachers which the city has always enjoyed, and still possesses.

After a very pleasing abode of three weeks and a few days, Stilling and Eliza set off again from Bremen on the 21st of October. The Lord had blessed his hand; and the wealthy patients had also made him such rich presents, that not only the expensive journey was paid for, but something also remained, which was a timely supply for the great and oppressive expenses of his household.

The Bremen relatives accompanied their travelling friends to the Asseler Damm, where they took a weeping leave, and returned. The road to Hoya was terrible; however, they arrived safely, though late in the evening, at the above-mentioned place. In Hanover they again called upon their friend Falk, who received them with true christian brotherly love. They then continued their journey, and arrived in due time, well and happy, at Marburg, where they also met the whole family in health and comfort.

The journey to Bremen had procured Stilling

several additional friends and acquaintances; but had, at the same time, considerably increased his correspondence, and with it his labors. Consultations on diseases of the eye and letters of a religious nature came every post-day in abundance; to this was added also, the daily concourse of ophthalmic patients of every kind, so that it was almost impossible to accomplish all that was required. However, Stilling neglected nothing relating to his office, but exerted his utmost powers to fulfil all these duties.

Under such circumstances, he commenced the year 1799. On the 22nd of February, Eliza was safely delivered of her youngest child, a girl; the Countess Waldeck wished to stand sponsor for it, which was naturally accepted with many thanks. The little girl was named Christina from her; she is still living, and with the rest of the children, is a source of joy to her parents.

After Lavater's visit to Marburg, Stilling had entered into a much closer connection with him. In certain points, they had both been of different sentiments; this, therefore, caused an animated correspondence, by which however the most cordial brotherly love was not disturbed. Both lived and labored for the Lord and his kingdom: their great object was likewise their bond of love. At that time also, the celebrated physician Dr. Hotze, was in Frankfort, with his excellent son-in-law, Doctor de Neufville. Stilling had been already acquainted with Hotze for some years, and had concluded a fraternal alliance with him for eternity. Passavant was also in Frankfort; both were Lavater's and Stilling's fraternal friends, and closely united with each other. Lavater therefore sent his letters to Stilling open to these two friends, Hotze and Passavant, and the latter sent likewise his replies unsealed to them, which gave rise to a very pleasing and instructive correspondence. The subjects which were discussed, were the most important articles of faith; such as the doctrine of the atonement, answers to prayer, wonder-working faith, &c. In this year, 1799, this correspondence terminated; for Lavater was taken prisoner and sent to Bäsle, and Hotze no longer resided in Frankfort.

I take notice of all this, for the sake of a remarkable circumstance which occurred to Stilling on Saturday the 13th of July.

Before his journey to Bremen, a friend had communicated to him, in confidence, that a certain celebrated and very worthy man had fallen into extremely necessitous circumstances. Stilling related this in Bremen to a few friends; Doctor Wienholt undertook a collection for him, and sent Stilling, in the winter, about three hundred and fifty guilders, in old louis-d'ors; but on Stilling's inquiring more minutely in what manner the money could be safely sent to the hands of the worthy man, he learnt that his necessities were not now so urgent, and that this mode of help would be very painful to him. This induced Stilling to retain the money, and to inquire in Bremen, whether it might be applied to the English Missionary Society, or else to the inhabitants of Underwald in Switzerland, who had lately suffered so severely. The latter was assented to; and Stilling consequently entered into correspondence upon the subject with the pious and celebrated Antistes Hess of Zurich; he, as well as many other of the inhabitants of Zurich, having seriously undertaken the cause of these unfortunate people.

Stilling wrote on this business to Hess, on the 13th of July above-mentioned, during which something singular occurred to him. In the midst of writing, just as he was reflecting upon the state in which Switzerland then was, he felt in his mind, all at once, a deep impression, with the conviction that *Lavater would die a bloody death,—that of a martyr.* These last words, "*a martyr's death,*" was the expression which he peculiarly felt. Something was also connected with it, *which cannot yet be disclosed.* It is natural that Stilling was much astonished at it; and during this astonishment he felt also convinced that he ought to mention the matter in this letter to Hess; he did so, and requested him, at the same time, to take an opportunity of telling it to Lavater. Hess soon replied, testifying his astonishment, and promising to disclose it to Lavater, but that he should have to wait for a suitable opportunity. As far as I remember, it was really mentioned to Lavater.

My estimable friend Hess will very well remember all this. Stilling had this presentiment on the 13th of July; and ten weeks and some days afterwards, namely, on the 26th of September, Lavater received the mortal wound, the result of which was a continual martyrdom for fifteen months, which terminated in his death.

The pious and truth-loving reader is kindly requested not to estimate such phenomena and incidents higher than they deserve; and rather to pass no judgment upon them. A time will come when this presentiment will be again forcibly called to mind.

In the autumnal vacation Stilling took his wife and children to the village of Münster, near Butzbach in the Wetterau, to which place Schwarz had been removed from Echzell. Stilling then travelled to Frankfort and Hanau, where ophthalmic patients again awaited him; but Eliza continued at Münster.

Among the remarkable individuals with whom Stilling formed a personal or a more intimate acquaintance on this journey was the reigning Landgrave of Homburg. He had already become acquainted with this real Christian at Prince Frederick's in Marburg, and now waited upon him a few times at Frankfort. Next, the reigning prince, Wolfgang Ernest of Isenburg-Birstein, and his excellent consort, both also true Christians; the reigning Count of Isenburg-Budingen, Ernest Cassimir, his consort, and her sister, Countess Caroline of Bentheim Steinfurth, all three truly evangelical-minded and very worthy individuals. With the Countess Caroline, Stilling already carried on an edifying correspondence;—her sister Polyxene, a very devout woman, lived in Siegen; with her also Stilling had long carried on a religious correspondence; but she had entered into her rest some time before this period.

If in this history I frequently make mention of persons of high rank who held Stilling worthy of their confidence, I beg that this may not be looked upon as done with an intent to boast of it. I have no other object in view than to shew the world that in the higher classes true christianity has its adherents, as well as in the lower. I hold it my duty to say this very emphatically and frequently; for within the last twenty or thirty years it is become the order of the day to degrade both rulers and nobility as much as possible. Certainly, in the present day, it is no very special recommendation to pronounce any one a true Christian, in the ancient evangelical sense of the term; but it is still less a recommendation to describe a person as not a Christian, or even an anti-Christian. The spirit of our times is very inconsistent.

Stilling found also in Büdingen three valuable individuals, the Inspector Keller, the government-advocate Hedebrand, and the young court-chaplain Meister, a son of his Bremen friend, from whom he heard a masterly and genuine christian discourse.

After a very pleasant residence of three days in

Budingen, Stilling set out for Butzbach, with a young Mr. Von Grafenmeyer, who intended proceeding to the university of Göttingen. The road led through a fenny and watery country, which was reported, at that time, to be unsafe. Much was related of a tinman, or coppersmith, who was said to be the captain of a band of robbers, and to be at home in those parts. This, therefore, furnished abundant matter for conversation between the coachman and the servant on the box. Midnight assaults, tales of robbery, murder, and executions, of various kinds, were related very seriously and solemnly, and probably also embellished a little with inventive fire. This continued until they reached the Florstadt forest.

All at once the coachman looked at the servant very significantly, and said, "There he is, to a certainty!" Stilling looked out of the coach, and saw a strong-made, tall, and grave-looking man, in a blue coat with brass buttons, and large lappets, a three-cornered hat on one ear, and a knotty stick in his hand, walking forward towards the wood; the coachman turned about, and timidly and significantly whispered into the coach, "There he is!"

"Who?"

"Why, the Tinman to be sure!"

"So!"

This was certainly not pleasant; but Stilling is not apprehensive in such cases. On entering the wood, he alighted on account of the bad roads, and went before on foot, for he feared the roads more than all the world of tinmen and coppersmiths. The forest was full of woodmen, nor did a single robber suffer himself to be seen or heard.

On arriving in the evening at Butzbach, Stilling found his good and faithful son-in-law Schwarz; both passed the night with the head-forester Beck, whose father-in-law Stilling freed the next morning from the cataract; they then went together to Münster, where they met with Eliza and the rest of the family, and found them well, according to circumstances.

After a quiet and refreshing residence of six days, Stilling with his family commenced their journey homewards. Schwarz accompanied them to Butzbach, on Monday the 14th of October. Here a little delay took place; they breakfasted with the foresters, and Schwarz went out to provide something. All at once he came running back, just as Stilling was getting into the coach, and exclaimed, "Dear father, Lavater has been shot at, and severely wounded!" This news penetrated like lightning and a thunderbolt through Stilling's whole being; he uttered a loud cry, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. But with all his pain and sympathy, he still felt a profound serenity and submission to the will of God; and the remarkable circumstance of his presentiment having been fulfilled, gave him an uncommonly strong confidence that the Lord had salutary objects in view in it. They now proceeded on their journey, and arrived in the evening at Marburg in safety.

The last year of the eighteenth century revolved, with respect to Stilling, loftily and heavily in its sphere, although nothing particularly remarkable occurred to him in it. During the Easter vacation, he had again to travel to Frankfort, Offenbach, and Hanau. Eliza could not accompany him this time. Stilling operated upon several blind people in all three places. At Hanau he resided three out of four days with the government-councillor Riess, a brother of his Marburg friend. He and his lady are among Stilling and Eliza's most intimate friends.

He formed at this time a new acquaintance at the Frankfort fair, — the celebrated merchant Wirsching of Nürenberg. This old and venerable man had travelled, as it were for pleasure, with his children to the fair, and he was much delighted to find Stilling there, whose biography and other writings he had read with satisfaction and benefit. Wirsching had been once a poor orphan-boy, whose parents had left him nothing. By diligence, blameless piety, confidence in God, and by his eminent mercantile abilities, and his long journies, he had acquired a large property; and with praise and thankfulness towards his heavenly Guide, he showed his friend Stilling the two large magazines which were now his property, filled with Nürenburg ware. Wirsching, by his humility, modesty, and thorough knowledge of religion, made a deep impression upon Stilling, and they formed a fraternal alliance with each other. After completing his affairs, Stilling set off again for Marburg.

Lavater was not immediately mortally wounded by the shot he had received; but still, in such a manner that the wound in time necessarily became mortal. His sufferings affected all his friends most deeply; tender sympathy impelled them to mutual prayer for their friend, and brought them nearer together. Stilling corresponded on his account, and respecting him, with Passavant in Frankfort, the reformed preacher Achelis in Göttingen, and also with a certain lady called Julia. This pious and Christian female, who had been exercised by many painful sufferings, had been deeply and inwardly affected and edified in particular by Lavater's writings. This induced her to enter into correspondence with Lavater; but as she had well-grounded reasons for remaining concealed, she never discovered herself to him. He consequently corresponded long with a certain Julia in the north of Germany, without even having the least knowledge who she was. He sent her many tokens of remembrance and friendship, as his manner was; but all this took place through Passavant, who was acquainted with her secret and knew her. It was during Lavater's painful sufferings that Stilling first heard anything of Julia; he wrote, therefore, to Passavant, to reveal to him, if possible, who this Julia was, and after some time the disclosure was made.

Julia is the daughter of the late worthy and upright Burgomaster Eicke, of Hanoverian Minden. She was married to the well-known and pious divine Richerz, who was first university preacher in Göttingen, and at length superintendant at Giffhorn in Hanover. He became celebrated by several good theological works, and died also as a true Christian, after a tedious illness in consumption. Julia had likewise been always very weakly and sickly; she suffered extremely in her own body, and was obliged also to attend her sick husband: so that had not her cheerful spirit, and her calm resignation to the will of God, and in general, her religious sentiments, supported her, she would have been unable to bear all that affection laid upon her. She had no children, and lived as a widow in Minden, her native town; her father being now very old and infirm, she regarded it as her duty to wait upon and nurse him, and consequently lived in the same house with him.

From this time, Stilling corresponded very frequently with Julia; and the subject of their letters was Lavater's sufferings, and then, the only thing needful, which ought to be the chief object of every Christian.

O, if all might be told that the Lord does to his people, even the infidel would be astonished, and yet not believe!

Lavater maintained a lively correspondence with Stilling, even on his sick-bed. They no longer discussed controversially, but unanimously and frater-

nally, the most important religious truths. A fortnight before his death, he wrote for the last time to his friend in Marburg; and on the 2nd of January 1801, two days after the commencement of the nineteenth century, this great and remarkable man expired;—he died as a great witness for the truth of Jesus Christ.

Shortly afterwards, Stilling composed the well-known poem entitled "Lavater's Glorification," which was first printed separately, and afterwards inserted at the end of the first volume of the third edition of the "Scenes in the Invisible World." Some critics would not allow that Stilling was correct in terming Lavater a witness for the truth unto blood, and others maintained that his gun-shot wound was not the cause of his death; but the thing speaks for itself.

Lavater's sanctified heart perfectly forgave his murderer; he even said *he would subsequently seek him out, whether in heaven or in hell, and thank him for the wound which had been such an instructive school to him;* and he gave orders, very earnestly, that no inquiry should be set on foot regarding the unfortunate man, but that he should be left to the Divine mercy. His bereaved family obey him punctually in this; but I may be allowed to state what follows, in confirmation of my assertion.

The soldier who mortally wounded Lavater, was a Swiss, from the French part of the canton of Bern (Pays de Vaud). He and one of his comrades made a disturbance at a house adjoining Lavater's parsonage. Lavater heard them ask for something to drink; he accordingly took a bottle of wine and some bread, in order to carry it to the two soldiers. The grenadier, who afterwards shot him, was particularly friendly towards him; he thanked him for what they had consumed, and called him *a dear fellow* (Bruder Herz), for he spoke German as well as his native French tongue. Lavater then went into his house again; but the grenadier continued speaking with some Zurich people, who stood near. Soon after, Lavater came again, in order to request this friendly soldier to protect him from another; but the man was now in a rage at him, and shot him.

In what way can this horrible change in the mind of this unhappy young man be accounted for, except in the following manner? He was a well-educated man, and was acquainted with Lavater's writings; for every Swiss, who was able to read, had read them. He was at the same time of revolutionary principles, as were very many of the Pays de Vaud people; consequently, not only of entirely opposite sentiments, but also outrageously incensed against him on account of his energy in reference to religion and his country; for not long before, his letters to the French Director Reubel, and to the Directory itself, had appeared in print, and been much read. When Lavater brought him the bread and wine, he did not know who he was; but after he was gone away, he spoke with the bystanders, and learned that this friendly and benevolent man was the Rev. Mr. Lavater. On this he fell into a rage, which was increased by his having drunk a little too much; just at this time, the good man unfortunately came to him, and was shot. Every thing is thus easily comprehended and explained. In this persuasion, I assert that Lavater is a witness for the truth unto blood; for he was mortally wounded on account of his religious and political sentiments and testimony.

Lavater's death was like the signal to the great and glorious development of Stilling's fate, which still continued hidden in the impenetrable obscurity of the future. In order to place the whole affair most clearly in the light of truth, I must circumstantially detail his whole situation; the christian reader will find that it is worth the while.

The members of Stilling's household, whom he had to provide for, were the following individuals:—

1. Father Wilhelm Stilling: who was now in such a state that a young girl like Maria could no longer wait upon him, but

2. An old woman was taken into service, who tended him, and kept him and his bed clean. Stilling's eldest step-sister, Maria's mother, a truly worthy woman, came also occasionally to assist; but having to keep house herself, was soon obliged to return to her husband and children.

3. Stilling himself; and 4, his Eliza.

5. Maria Coing; she had been residing with her brother, who the previous autumn had been appointed minister at Braach, near Rotenburg in Lower Hessia, for the purpose of superintending his household; but as she was weakly and unaccustomed to a country life, she returned the autumn following.

6. Amalia Coing, Jacob's betrothed; these two sisters were Eliza's faithful helpmates in the housekeeping. The children of the Coings had entrusted their property to their brother-in-law, for which they boarded and lodged with him.

7. Jacob himself. After long waiting, he had at length become government-advocate and attorney in Marburg; a profession, however, which brought in little to a man of his character. Though he lodged out of his father's house, yet he ate at his table.

8. Caroline, who was now growing up, and whom it was necessary to have instructed in every thing that becomes a well-educated female.

9, 10, and 11. The three little children, Frederick, Amalia, and Christina.

12. Maria, who served faithfully, sometimes as child's maid, sometimes as kitchen-servant, sometimes as housemaid, and who could not be dispensed with.

13. An elderly widow of the name of Boppin; her husband had died early, and left her with three little boys; she had subsisted for a long time upon daily labor, until Eliza took her into service. Her real childlike simplicity, incorruptible integrity, pure deportment, and undissembled piety, made her of such value that she was sent for on every occasion when help was necessary. Her three sons had now each learnt a trade, and were abroad; she herself obtained a place in the St. James's Almshouses at Marburg, so that she is now provided for; but she was the greater part of the time in Stilling's house, where there was always enough for her to do. She could not be employed to wait upon father Wilhelm, because she had an excessive repugnance to anything of the kind. Lastly, there was also

14. A regular servant-woman, who is naturally indispensable in such a household.

Every rational reader, who knows the arrangement of a household in town, where every thing is purchased for ready-money, and where propriety of station must be observed, and reflects also how Stilling was circumstanced with respect to the poor blind people, will easily comprehend that at such dear times he could not pay off any of his debts; the interest, however, was regularly paid, and no new debts contracted.

With this domestic situation, let the reader also consider Stilling's accumulated occupations in his sphere of action:—

1. A constant conflux of applications, both by letter and in person, from ophthalmic patients of every kind, from far and near; so that this vocation alone was sufficient to employ a man, but which, with the exception of the journies, brought in next to nothing in his practice at home. But

the journies he undertook only when he was sent for, and during the holidays.

2. An immense religious correspondence, the importance and utility of which, in a variety of ways, can only be judged of by him who has seen the letters; and then the entreaties, from all sides, to write religious works, and labor alone for the Lord and his kingdom; from which again he derived nothing, since the sale of the copyrights by no means sufficed to pay the numerous postages. Stilling had therefore two extremely important species of vocation, both which were extensively and beneficially useful, and to which, particularly to the religious sphere of action, he now felt himself fully called and destined. But having at the same time such a numerous and expensive household, and then these two vocations from whence pay was not to be thought of nor expected, how could these be made to harmonize?—and besides all this, a burdensome debt of from sixteen to seventeen hundred guilders; how was this amount to be liquidated? Add to these,

3 Stilling's professorship, which, from reasons already mentioned, became more and more unproductive, and his lecture-room more and more empty. Neither his acknowledged animated delivery, nor his perspicuity, which had been formerly so much admired, nor his fluent eloquence, any longer availed. In short, the study of finance began to go out of fashion in Marburg, and the number of students, from well-known causes, decreased in every faculty; and it was this unproductive, ever-retrograding vocation, for which Stilling was kept in pay, and without which he could not possibly live.

In addition to all this, there was also the painful, conscientious feeling, *that a man of integrity, even if not a true Christian, must resign his office and salary into the hands of his prince, as soon as he is unable to administer it consistently with duty; and though this may not be his fault, yet he is still bound to do so.* This requirement, which no sophist can demonstrate out of Stilling's conscience, rendered him anxious and apprehensive, and yet he could not yield obedience to it; he was bound, as it were, both hand and foot.

I now ask every sensible reader, what possible means of escape or deliverance could be thought of? In the present state of his household he required above two thousand guilders annually, without being able to pay off any of his debts.

This sum must either be given him by the Elector of Hesse, along with his dismission from his professorship, or—a foreign prince must give Stilling an appointment as oculist and religious author, with a salary of two thousand guilders.

These were the only methods to be thought of, for his deliverance from this situation.

He that is only in some measure acquainted with the Hessian constitution knows that the first-mentioned plan was morally impossible; besides which, an event occurred in the winter of 1803 which made it likewise morally impossible on the part of Stilling; as I will subsequently relate in its proper place.

To hold forth the possibility, or at least the practicability of the second way of deliverance as the object of his hope, would have been enthusiastic vanity;—and even if this object *were* attained, Stilling could not remove from Marburg; for father Wilhelm was in such circumstances that he could not be removed even a single league; and to leave him behind, amongst strangers, did not lie in Stilling and Eliza's sphere of possibility. Besides which, Jacob was also not yet provided for; and to support him from a distance, take his Amalia with them and separate her from him, was considered on all sides too hard. In a word in this case, there were also insuperable difficulties.

Such were Stilling's circumstances. His manifold occupations and his oppressive situation rendered his life painful to him; to which was also joined his wonted inward melancholy, so that he needed every possible experience derivable from suffering and a continual walk in the presence of God, with uninterrupted watching and prayer, in order not to sink under the burden. Under such circumstances, travelling was beneficial to him, and another journey now occurred.

The "Nostalgia," and the "History of the Triumph," had procured him a great number of friends and correspondents of all ranks, learned and unlearned, male and female, of every province in Germany, but especially in Würtemberg, and still more so in Switzerland. In St. Gall, Schaffhausen, Winterthur, Zürich, Bern, Bäsle, and up and down the country, there were many friends of Stilling and readers of his works. Besides this, young Kirchhofer, an excellent youth, the only son of the worthy co-rector Kirchhofer of Schaffhausen, had studied divinity about the year 1795 in Marburg, and was treated in Stilling's house as it he had been at home. He was now preacher at Schlatt, in his native canton. Through this connection an intimate bond of friendship had been formed between the families of the Kirchhofers and the Stillings;—the four religiously-disposed and accomplished sisters of young Kirchhofer, who possess an extensive acquaintance with the Lord's true worshippers through the whole of Switzerland, and correspond diligently with them, now commenced a correspondence with Stilling, and procured him a still greater and very interesting circle of acquaintances. All this prepared the way for the journey which was by far the most important and considerable in Stilling's life hitherto.

In March of the year 1801, he received, very unexpectedly, a letter from his dear friend the Rev. Mr. Sulzer of Winterthur, who was a nephew of the celebrated and learned Sulzer of Berlin, in which he was asked whether he could come that spring to Winterthur, to perform the operation on a very venerable matron who was blind of the cataract; for she wished, with the Divine assistance, to receive her sight again from Stilling, whom she esteemed and loved;—for the expences of the journey, and the time it would occupy, he would be duly remunerated. This proposition filled Stilling's soul with joy; and the children, particularly Jacob, foreboded a happy result from the journey. Notwithstanding all this, Stilling thought that prudence was necessary in undertaking so great and expensive a journey. He therefore wrote again to Sulzer, stating that he would willingly come, but that Eliza must accompany him, and as the diligence travelled during the night she could not avail herself of it, on account of weakness, but must travel post, and this would be rather expensive. Sulzer only briefly answered, that every thing would be adjusted, and they had nothing to do but to come.

Stilling now applied to the Elector for permission; and he and his Eliza made preparations for this extremely interesting and desirable journey. And in order to be the more at ease, it was agreed that Jacob, Amalia, Caroline, and the three little ones, should be taken to brother Coing and sister Maria at Braach, pass some time there, then leave little Amalia and Frederick with them, and return with the elder Amalia, Caroline, and Christina, who was now two years old, by way of Bergheim, to visit the Countess of Waldeck, who had removed from Marburg. During the time of their absence, the good Maria and the rest of the

household were to nurse the old grandfather, and attend to the housekeeping. This plan was carried into execution minutely.

Stilling and Eliza commenced their first Swiss journey on the 27th of March 1801, at five o'clock in the morning. At Butzbach they met their children and grandchildren Schwarz, who wished them a happy journey; and in the evening they were received with joy by the amiable family of the Hausknechts at Frankfort. The next day they purchased a variety of necessaries for the journey; Stilling bought, in particular, a light travelling-carriage, which he required for such a long journey; and on the 29th of March, took post-horses to Heidelberg.

I must not forget to observe that Stilling, on the first day of his journey, was attacked by tormenting spasms in the stomach in all their violence; for some time previous, they had entirely left him. This embittered, it is true, all the pleasure; but he afterwards found how good it was that the Lord had given him to taste this bitter on the way; for without it, he would certainly have been in danger of soaring too high, and of suffering a dreadful fall, by reason of all the commendations and marks of respect he received.

Our travellers pleased themselves much with the expectation of reaching Heidelberg, partly in the hope of seeing their friends the Miegs, but still more so Lisette, who was now fifteen years old, and whom they had not seen since 1791, consequently for ten years. This young girl had won the hearts of all who knew her, by her distinguished and very peculiarly amiable disposition. Every one that came from Heidelberg, and had been at Mieg's house, could not say enough in praise of Lisette; her whole character was piety, and a tranquil and peaceful cheerfulness; her whole being, apart from all noisy recreations, lived only in a higher sphere, and her praying soul adhered with her whole heart to her Redeemer. To press such a daughter once more to the parental breast, was pure and sublime delight.

Lisette had also expected her parents so ardently, that it was necessary, in the evening, to refresh her with a little wine, as it was somewhat late before they arrived. At half-past eight they stopped at Mieg's door; the welcome was indescribable. They spent the Monday at Heidelberg, and rode on Tuesday to Heilbronn; on Wednesday they continued their journey, and arrived towards noon at Ludwigsburg. At the Orphan-house there, they met with Stuttgard friends, who were come to meet them; namely, the minister Von Seckendorf, with whom Stilling has stood in a religious and friendly connection for many years; Doctor Reus, the physician to the court, and Walther, councillor of state, if I mistake not, from Gaildorf; a French army-surgeon named Oberlin, a son of that dear man of God, Oberlin of Steinthal in Alsace, and perhaps some others, whom I no longer recollect. Stilling rejoiced particularly to see his old friend again, Israel Hartmann, the orphan schoolmaster, of whom Lavater said, "If Christ were now living amongst us, he would choose him for an apostle." The whole company dined together at the Orphan-house, and every one felt happy;—there is something great in a company of purely good men. Eliza sat next to the worthy old Hartmann; she was never weary with looking at him, and listening to him; especially as she found a resemblance between him and her late father Coing. An intimate bond of friendship, for time and eternity, was formed between Doctor Reus, his lady, Stilling, and Eliza. In the afternoon, they all rode to Stuttgard, where Stilling and Eliza took up their residence in the house of Mr. Von Seckendorf.

Stilling formed here also numerous and remarkable personal acquaintance with pious and learned natives of Würtemberg, amongst whom his heart adhered particularly to Storr, Rieger the court-chaplain, Dann, and others. He found here also unexpectedly his friend Matthison, who was residing with his former inmate, the worthy aulic counsellor Hartmann.

The next day, being Holy Thursday, they rode to Tubingen; on Good Friday to Tuttlingen; and the Saturday before Easter to Schaffhausen, where they were received with loud expressions of joy by the family of the Kirchhofers.

On the way from Tuttlingen to Schaffhausen, in riding over the hill, there is a place from which a prospect presents itself, which to a German who has never been in Switzerland, and has a feeling for anything of the kind, is astonishing. From Tuttlingen, the road leads gradually up an ascent, and over it to the summit, from whence the following view is seen:—on the left, towards the south-east, about the distance of a league, stands the Riesenfels (Giant Rock), with its ruined fortress, Hohen-Twiel; and towards the south-west, on the right, at about the same distance, its brother, an equally strong and lofty giant, with its likewise ruined fortress, Hohenstaufen, bids us defiance. Between these two side-posts, the following prospect shews itself; to the left, along the Hohentwiel, about three German miles broad, the Bodensee glitters far and wide, like liquid silver; on the south side of it, we overlook the paradisiacal Thurgau, and beyond it, the Graubundtner Alps. More to the right, the canton Appenzell with its snow-clad mountains, the canton Glarus with its giant hills, and particularly the Glarnitsch soaring high above the rest; the lofty Sentis and the seven-toothed Kuhfirsten, lie more eastward. Thus the prospect extends over the whole range of the snowy mountains, as far as into the canton of Bern, and a great part of Switzerland. This was an exhilarating feast for Stilling's eyes. When one looks at the whole Alpine range, as it lies along the horizon, it appears like a great saw, with which planets might be cut asunder.

Stilling continued at Schaffhausen till Easter Tuesday. He performed several successful ophthalmic operations; amongst which one was particularly remarkable, on a youth of fifteen years of age, who was born blind, a son of the pious Professor Altorfer, and who underwent the operation on Easter Monday morning, in the presence of many persons. When the first ray of light beamed into his right eye, on being freed from the cataract, he rose up and exclaimed, "I see the majesty of God!" This expression affected all present, even to tears; the operation was then performed on the other eye. A slight inflammation afterwards hindered the attainment of perfect vision; however, he has a partial power of sight, and Stilling hopes, by a second operation, to restore to him the perfect use of his eyes.

I must also mention another pretty thought of the good youth's. His parents had caused a gold ring to be made, in which a beautiful lock of hair from every member of the family was inclosed, and heavily embossed with golden fruits. Eliza had this ring presented to her after the operation; and the dear patient had had the idea of having the following device engraved upon it, "*Written in faith, presented in sight;*" but the space was not sufficient.

The same day, in the afternoon, Stilling and Eliza, accompanied by the Kirchhofer family, went to the Rhinefall on foot; but his spasmodic attacks were so violent that he was often obliged to remain behind, and had not the expected enjoyment of this

sublime spectacle of nature. Stilling and Eliza went along the wooden balustrade, so near the waterfall that they could have washed in it. This striking natural phenomenon is utterly indescribable ;—it must be seen and heard, in order to form a correct idea of it. The continual thunder, the trembling of the ground on which one stands, and the immense mass of water, which hurls itself with irresistible force about eighty feet down the rocks, foaming with milky whiteness, and precipitating itself roaring into the wide and boiling gulf below, to the extent of a couple of hundred feet—all this together presents a spectacle in which proud man becomes a worm in the dust. Generally speaking, the scenery of Switzerland is of such a character that it shews its proud sister Art its superiority, and humbles her under its mighty hand.

The day following, that is, on Easter Tuesday, in the afternoon, our travellers rode to Winterthur. Half-way, at the romantic town of Andolfingen-under-Thur, they found their venerable friend the Rev. Mr. Sulzer, with a few of the family of the matron who had sent for Stilling. They had come to meet them, and received them most tenderly and cordially. They then proceeded on their journey to Winterthur, where they arrived in the twilight of evening.

The patient who had sent for Stilling was the widow Frey, who resided at the sign of the Harp. She had two sons with her in the house, who were married, and with whose assistance she carries on a considerable business. Stilling and his Eliza were received and treated—if I dare so express myself—as angels of God.

Dear reader, pardon me for here giving vent to a very just effusion of my heart, which I find it impossible to restrain.

I cannot possibly express in words what Stilling and Eliza enjoyed in the family of the Freys—that outer-court of heaven! They will both one day thank every dearly-beloved member of that family before the heavenly hosts, and proclaim aloud the benefits they have received from them, which tongue and pen are too feeble to express; and the Lord will reward them, both here and hereafter. Eliza formed a permanent and intimate sisterly alliance with the daughters-in-law of Madame Frey.

Stilling performed the operation on the worthy lady, the next day, with perfect success. An inflammation afterwards took place in the right eye ; but with the left she is able, thank God! to see very well.

Stilling was completely occupied with business during his residence at Winterthur. He daily performed several operations, and hundreds of sufferers came to consult him ; and to this was joined intolerably tormenting spasmodic attacks, by which every enjoyment was grievously embittered. However, on Friday the 10th of April, he received a visit which for a short time counterbalanced the spasms. Lavater's pious brother, Senator Diethelm Lavater, a very able physician ; the devoutly cheerful Gessner, Lavater's son-in-law; and Louisa, the unwearied nurse and attendant of her glorified father; and then another noble sufferer, a widow Fuessli, of Zurich, who now already mingles with the harpers on the glassy sea in their hallelujahs—these four dear people entered Stilling's apartment. Thus will it one day be, when *we* have overcome, and reach the plains of light in the kingdom of God. The blessed spirits of former times, our dear predecessors, and all the eminent saints whom we have so much wished to know here below, will hasten to our embrace ; and then to see *the Lord Himself*—with his radiant wounds!—the pen falls from my hands.

These dear friends stayed to dine, and then travelled back again to Zurich.

On Monday the 13th of April, Stilling set out for Zurich, accompanied by Sulzer, the young Kirchhofer of Schaffhausen, and the above-mentioned Madame Fuessli, to visit the friends there, as also to inspect a cataract patient, who awaited him ;—this was the celebrated manufacturer and merchant Esslinger, whose pious and benevolent sentiments are universally known, and who is already receiving their reward in the kingdom of light above. Esslinger resolved upon the operation with the following words: "I had committed the matter to the Lord, and expected help from him ; He now sends it into my house, I will therefore receive it thankfully."

Stilling now saw likewise the venerable widow of his glorified brother Lavater—a woman who was worthy of such a man—the image of the most exalted Christian virtues. Truly Lavater's widow and children belong to the best class of mankind! In the evening, Stilling, accompanied by Sulzer, travelled back to Winterthur.

Stilling there received a letter from the magistrates of Schaffhausen, in which they thanked him very kindly and obligingly for the benefits he had bestowed upon some unfortunate people in their town. But on the day of his departure for Zurich, another peculiar honor was done him. Whilst at dinner at Madame Frey's, Doctor Steiner, an excellent young man, who was a member of the magistracy, came and presented Stilling with an address in the name of the town of Winterthur, accompanied by a very handsome massive silver medal, in a neat cover which a lady of Winterthur had embroidered. On the outside of this cover stand the words :—

'The gift divine bestow'd on thee,
To cause the darken'd eye to see,
Restoring heaven's reviving light,
Where all was dull and cheerless night—
Impels full many a heart to praise
The God of mercy and of grace."

On one side of the medal, the following inscription is cut, in the lapidary style :—

"Presented to the Christian philanthropist, Heinrich Stilling, Aulic Counsellor and Professor at Marburg, by the elders of the church at Winterthur, as a trifling memorial of his beneficent residence in that town in April of the year 1801, and as a testimony of the respect and grateful love of its inhabitants."

On the other side stands, engraved in the same manner :—

"Unweariedly active in affording consolation to suffering humanity, he sows excellent seed for the great day of recompence."

My readers may easily think with what emotion and deep humiliation before God he received this honorable testimonial, and how he replied to it.

On this solemn day, Thursday the 16th of April, Stilling and Eliza took their departure from Winterthur for Zurich, amidst the regrets of all their friends. They there took up their abode with Gessner, who, with his excellent spouse—a daughter of Lavater, who was with him in Copenhagen —received them with the arms of friendship.

The first work which Stilling performed in Zurich, was an operation on Esslinger. It succeeded very well ; he received his sight, but soon after gutta serena ensued, and he continued incurably blind till his death.

This family also Stilling can only sufficiently thank in eternity ;—it is impossible here.

In Zurich he was oppressed and tormented outwardly by an indescribable concourse of ophthalmic patients, and inwardly by the most painful spasmodic attacks. Occasionally, his patience forsook

him, so that he treated the people harshly, and complained of the multitude that came to him. Several Zurich people took this so much amiss, that he afterwards found it advisable to circulate a written document in that town, in which he begged pardon of all and every one whom he had offended. It is impossible to mention here by name the numerous remarkable and excellent individuals of both sexes, with whom Stilling became personally acquainted in Switzerland generally, and particularly in Zurich, and who deemed him worthy of their friendship. Hess, the Doctors Hirzel, father and son, professor Meyer, the celebrated engraver and painter Lips, who took Stilling's likeness, and engraved it, and several other respectable individuals, distinguished themselves, next to Lavater's family, relatives and friends, by marks of friendship.

On Tuesday the 26th of April, Stilling and his Eliza, after taking a very affecting leave, set off from Zurich. Doctor Steiner of Winterthur, who presented him the medal, and his young friend the Rev. Mr. Kirchhofer of Schlatt, accompanied them.

It must not be forgotten that the magistrates of Zurich also thanked Stilling in an official letter.

They pursued their journey from Zurich by way of Baden and Lenzburg to Zofingen, in the canton of Bern, where Stilling was to perform the operation on Bailiff Senn; (at the word bailiff, the reader must not imagine to himself a German village-bailiff.) It was on this account that Doctor Steiner accompanied them, for he was a relative of Senn; and as Stilling could not prolong his stay, Steiner intended to remain in Zofingen a few days, to perfect the cure. Senn is a venerable man; and placid, modest, christian virtue is the chief trait in his and his family's character.

On Wednesday morning the 22nd of April, Stilling performed the operation on Bailiff Senn, and also on a poor girl; and then travelled with his Eliza down the beautiful valley, along the Aar, through Aarburgh and Olten, and up the Hauenstein. This hill would be looked upon in Germany as a lofty mountain, but here it is considered of no account. On the top, the road is hewn through a rock; and when past the summit, there is a prospect of Germany; in the north-west, the Vogesen mountains are indistinctly seen, and in the north the beginning of the Black Forest is perceptible; on the other hand, the whole Alpine chain appears in the southern horizon.

After they had ridden for some distance on this side, they reached a solitary inn, out of which a well-dressed pretty woman came running, who inquired, in a very friendly manner, whether Stilling was in the carriage. On hearing the answer in the affirmative, her whole heart and eyes overflowed with expressions of love and friendship. She brought them out a breakfast; her husband and children also joined them, and a quarter-of-an hour's very cordial and christian conversation ensued; the travellers then took their leave, and proceeded further down the valley. The place is called L ufelfingen; and the landlord's name is Fluhebacher. Stilling has since carried on an edifying correspondence with Madame Fluhebacher.

At six in the morning the travellers arrived at Bäsle, where they were received in the most friendly manner by Senator Daniel Schorndorff, his consort, and children. In this dear and religiously-disposed family they spent several happy days.

There was here also much to do. Stilling again formed important acquaintances; particularly with the divines, &c. of the "German Society for the promotion of true Godliness," as also with the pious preachers, Huber, La Roche, &c.

After a four days' residence, Stilling took an affecting leave of his friends here also, and set out from Bäsle with his Eliza on Monday the 27th of April, early in the morning.

Now, my dear readers, he that hath ears to hear let him hear; and he that has a heart to feel, let him feel!

Stilling was indebted to the amount of one thousand six hundred and fifty guilders;—*amongst the seventy-two individuals, blind of the cataract, whom he couched in Switzerland, there was one, who knew not a word of his debts,—or at least, could not remotely suppose the amount of them,—and simply from an inward impulse to place Stilling in more easy circumstances for the future, paid him exactly one thousand six hundred-and fifty guilders for couching the cataract, and the consequent cure.* When Stilling and Eliza went up to their bedchamber in the evening, they found the money, partly in cash, and the remainder in bills, upon their bed, exactly the amount of their debts, of which this instrument in the hand of God knew not a word!

What were the feelings of the good couple! With an unparalleled emotion they both sank down at the bed-side upon their knees, and rendered ardent thanks to Him who had so very visibly given this unspeakably important testimony of his most special providence and guidance.

Eliza said, "This may properly be called 'giving to his beloved sleeping;' from this time I will never distrust Him again."

Still more!—the worthy individual who a few years before sent the three hundred guilders, when Stilling was at Cassel, and Eliza in needy circumstances, was also visited, in order to return her due thanks. Her husband underwent the operation; and when Stilling protested against any further payment, the worthy man said, very pathetically, "That is my business!" and then sent six hundred guilders to Stilling at his lodgings; with this, the expences of the journey were likewise paid.

Still more!—Stilling's heavenly Guide knew that in a few years he would require a handsome sum; but Stilling had no presentiment of such a necessity. This was provided for by the sums paid him by several wealthy patients, with many thanks. Besides this, so many presents and memorials of affection in jewellery were added, that Stilling and Eliza returned from Switzerland like two bees from a journey amongst the flowers.

Dear readers, God the Omniscient knows that all this is pure and unembellished truth. But if this is pure and sacred truth, what results from it? At the close of this volume we shall discover.

Our travellers now took their way through the Breisgau down to Carlsruhe. From Bäsle to this place, or rather to Rastadt, Stilling was martyred by a dreadful feeling of anxiety. It seemed to him as if he were going to meet certain death. The occasion of this was a warning, which was secretly and seriously given him at Bäsle, on no account to return through Strasburg, from which place also this warning emanated, a friend having written to Bäsle expressly respecting it.

Besides this, there was another circumstance:—a certain dangerous man threatened Stilling, when at Bäsle, whose enmity was excited only by his writings, which contain much that is intolerable to a revolutionary freethinker. I know to a certainty, that there are people who gnash their teeth with rage if only Stilling's name is mentioned. Strange!—Stilling gnashes his teeth at no one's name. Friends, on which side is the truth? Verily, verily, not on the side of those who thus act.

With all this, it is still something singular that Stilling, at certain times, and often on still inferior

occasions, is seized with such an indescribable terror; while in other and far greater dangers he is often not at all dismayed. I believe that it proceeds from the influence of some invisible evil being, some angel of Satan, to which God, for wise reasons, sometimes gives permission. Physical predisposition may give occasion to such a fiery trial, but the whole of the temptation is founded neither in the body nor the soul; but this can be proved by nothing but individual experience. The Holy Scriptures testify that there are such siftings of Satan.

Stilling's anxiety was at its height at Freiburg, in the Breisgau, at Offenburg, and at Appenweyer. At Rastadt it became tolerable; but his spasmodic attacks then began to rage violently. On Monday the 29th of April, they set off in the morning with a drowsy postilion and two wearied horses, for Carlsruhe; on the way, the spasms in the stomach were almost intolerable, and Stilling longed for repose. At first, he was unwilling to visit the Elector, but wished rather to rest himself; however, he still thought that as that great, wise, and pious prince had read the "Nostalgia" with so much approbation, and had written to him a few times in consequence of it, it was his duty at least to make the attempt, and ascertain whether he would be admitted to an audience. He went therefore to the palace, announced himself, was immediately introduced, and urged to return in the evening for an hour, at five o'clock. I say not a word more respecting this visit, except that it laid the remote foundation for the final solution of Stilling's destiny, without his having any presentiment of it at the time.

On Thursday the 30th of April, they travelled from Carlsruhe to Heidelberg. Lisette had prayed during the whole time that her parents might have a prosperous journey. The next morning, Friday the first of May, they journeyed further. Mieg and Lisette accompanied them to Heppenheim, where, before the door of the inn, they saw their Lisette for the last time in this life. Mieg went back with her to Heidelberg, and Stilling and Eliza continued their way to Frankfort, where they arrived safe and well the following day.

From Frankfort, they made an excursion to the Schlangenbad, in order to perform the operation on the old and venerable Burggrave Rullmann and some poor people. There, in pleasing solitude, they had time to recapitulate the whole journey; and after accomplishing all that was desired, they proceeded on their return to Marburg, where they arrived on the 15th of May, and found the whole family in good health.

The first thing Stilling now undertook was the liquidation of his debts. The greater part of the principal sum which had been advanced him at Schönenthal, immediately after his return from Strasburg, on the security of his father-in-law, was still owing, nor was the security removed; but now it was done at once. He now did not owe any one a farthing, to the best of his recollection. He had formerly removed from Heidelberg in order that he might liquidate his debts by means of his large salary;—this was his and Selma's plan, but not the Lord's; for the chief amount was not paid by the salary, but by the funds provided by Providence. The Lord's intention in removing him to Marburg was no other than to preserve him from the misery and terrors of war, by bringing him to a place of safety, and then to crown, in a striking manner, his thirty years' unshaken stedfastness in confiding in His aid, even in the darkest times, and in a country which had been the most exhausted by war; so that every one must confess and say, "This is the Lord's doing."

Should any object to my saying that it was the Lord's plan to preserve Stilling from the horrors of war, since there have been much better men who have been obliged to endure them, the following may be to such a serviceable reply:—*That a good shepherd marks the weakest of his sheep; and such as can endure the least are the chief and primary objects of his care, that he may protect them from the storm and tempest.*

When Providence intends to accomplish anything, it does not do it by halves, but entirely. Stilling was indebted, when he studied at Strasburg, between forty and fifty guilders, to a friend there; the latter did not urge the payment, and Stilling had so much to do with his other burdensome debts, that he was happy when a creditor let him alone. This went on till the French revolution, when every thing was turned up-side-down in Strasburg, as well as elsewhere. The war afterwards broke out, by which the communication between Germany and France was rendered extremely difficult; and as Stilling had more heavy and urgent debts, he thought no more of this amount. But his heavenly Guide, who is thoroughly and perfectly just, by no means forgot it; for immediately after Stilling's journey to Switzerland, a friend came to the brother of the Strasburg creditor, who had died long before, and paid him not only the small sum owing, but also the interest for thirty years, so that his payment amounted to nearly a hundred guilders. Stilling therefore received from an unknown hand the acknowledgment for this amount; but he has never learnt who the friend was that so nobly performed this act of kindness. But he will eventually find thee, thou noble-minded individual, where every thing is made manifest, and he will then be able to thank thee as thou deservest!

This was therefore, indeed, a blessed, debt-liquidating journey! A mighty difficulty was now gloriously surmounted. *After being obliged to incur a load of debt to the amount of four thousand five hundred guilders, and then to be enabled to pay the whole, without any property, merely by faith, uprightly and honestly, with the interest, to the very last farthing,* did not fail to call forth his fervent hallelujahs.

A few weeks after Stilling's return from Switzerland, something remarkable occurred to him. He was sitting one forenoon at his desk, when some one knocked at his door. On calling out, "Come in!" a young man of from twenty-seven to thirty years of age entered the room. He appeared restless and uneasy, looked timidly about him, and often cast a shy glance at Lavater's portrait. "You have been in Zurich," said he; "I was there also;—I must be gone;" he walked about in a state of agitation, looked at Lavater's picture, and said hastily, "I cannot remain in Germany—I am every where unsafe; I might be caught; O sir! help me in making my escape!" Stilling felt embarrassed, and asked him if he were a Swiss? "O yes," answered he, "I am a Swiss; but I have no rest,—I wish to go to America; assist me in getting thither!" He said other things besides, and continued rapidly to pace the room, looking at Lavater's picture, which excited a suspicion in Stilling's mind that he was Lavater's murderer. He therefore advised him to go to Hamburg, where he would always find opportunity to go to America; but told him to hasten, lest he should fall into the hands of the police. The poor man then suddenly ran out of the door, and disappeared.

After Stilling had thus honestly thrown off the burden of his debts, which he had so long carried, another affair was undertaken. On Stilling and Eliza's return from Switzerland, they had passed the night at Munster, with their children the

Schwarzes; and after they had informed them of what the Lord had done for them, and how he had blessed them, Schwarz and Hannah proposed that the parents should now crown Jacob and Amalia's long-tried love, and let them be united, since in reality, circumstances would be neither changed nor rendered more irksome by it. The parents found nothing to object to this; and in order to surprise the young couple and cause them still greater joy, it was resolved to keep all the preparations secret, invite friend Schlarbaum with his family to tea, and that the latter should at once step forth and marry them. The accomplishment of this plan succeeded only in part, for the thing did not remain entirely secret; the wedding took place on the 12th of July in that year—1801. Jacob now removed to his parents' house again; and he and his consort continued to board with them on the same economical footing as before.

The previous summer, Eliza had used the baths at Hofgeissmar, but her neck had become rather worse than better; she was now advised to try the Schlangen baths, where she stayed six weeks, but this was also of little avail.

This summer, Stilling wrote the second volume of the "Scenes in the Invisible World." On this occasion, I must mention something pleasing and remarkable;—every one is at liberty to make of it what he pleases. I have already observed that Stilling, the winter before, soon after Lavater's death, had published a poem under the title of "Lavater's Glorification." In this poem, Felix Hess and Pfenninger, two of Lavater's friends, who died before him, are represented as coming in the form of two angels to fetch the weary warrior after his death and conduct him to the New Jerusalem. About half-a-year after the publication of this poem, Stilling's pious and faithful friend Breidenstein, the reformed preacher at Marburg, came to visit him; both conversed upon a variety of subjects, and amongst other things, upon the poem. "It is surprising," said Breidenstein, "how beautifully you have made use of the late Felix Hess's promise." "How so?" inquired Stilling; "what promise?" Breidenstein replied, "Upwards of twenty years ago, Lavater stood by the side of Felix Hess's dying-bed, weeping, and said, 'Now thou wilt not stand at my bed-side, when I die!' Hess answered, 'But I will come and fetch thee!'" Stilling rejoined, "Really, I never heard a word of it; it is however something strange;—where is it? I must read it for myself!" "That you shall," said Breidenstein; "it is indeed very strange!" The next day, he sent Lavater's miscellaneous works, in which there is a short biography of Felix Hess; and this conversation is inserted, just as Breidenstein related it.

I can with the greatest truth assert that this circumstance had either never come to Stilling's knowledge, or at least that he had not thought of it for many years, even though he might have read it,—which latter, however, I do not believe. Therefore, if this singular affair be chance, it is one of the strangest that ever occurred; for first, Hess says to Lavater immediately before his death, nearly thirty years since, "I will come and fetch thee, when thou diest!" Many years after, Lavater dies; Stilling resolves to make a poem on his death; decides upon forming the plan of it, so that two of his friends are to fetch him, and makes choice of the very man who had promised him to do so thirty years before.

One thing more;—when Stilling was in Zurich, he was told that Lavater had had a friend with whom he had lived on a still more confidential footing than with Felix Hess, and was asked why he had not made use of him in the poem, for the purpose of fetching Lavater? Stilling inquired who this friend was, and was told it was Heinrich Hess. This occasioned Stilling to introduce this friend in the "Scenes in the Invisible World," in the following manner;—the glorified Heinrich Hess is represented as bringing Lavater to the Virgin Mary, because she was desirous of seeing this faithful follower of her Son. Mary then relates to Lavater the Lord's character, as exemplified in his earthly life, &c. This is brought forward precisely in this manner in the second volume of the Scenes. Long after the work was printed, Stilling was once accidentally reading in Lavater's "Jesus Messias," the 26th chapter of the first volume, which relates the quiet concealment of Jesus, and found again, to his astonishment, that Lavater consoles himself with the hope that *the Virgin Mary would eventually relate to him, in the blissful regions, the character her Son bore in his earthly life, &c.* It may be believed, on my word, that Stilling had never read this before.

Another journey was also undertaken in the autumn of the year 1801. In a place in the north of Germany there was a very pious person, who had the cataract; she was too poor to come to Marburg, or to send for Stilling. The latter conferred with Eliza on the subject; and they resolved that as the Lord had so greatly blessed their Swiss journey, and showed them so many favors, they would, from gratitude, undertake the journey to their worthy patient at their own expense, and with the Divine assistance restore her to sight; they therefore prepared for the journey, and Stilling wrote to the person that he would come. The latter was extremely pleased, as may easily be supposed, and made Stilling's intention known in the neighbourhood; and as he would have to pass through Brunswick, he was kindly invited to lodge in the house of Mr. Stobwasser, an eminent tradesman, who has a considerable manufactory of japan-ware, and is a member of the Moravian church. Stilling thankfully accepted the offer; and as their way led them through Minden, they determined to pay a visit to Julia, in order to become acquainted with that worthy woman; and on her inviting them to stay at her house, they joyfully assented.

Stilling and Eliza commenced this journey on the 18th of September; they took Caroline with them as far as Cassel, where she was to remain until her parents returned; for as by her good conduct and cordial affection to her parents she caused them joy, they sought, when occasion offered, to return it to her. They lodged at Cassel with privy-counsellor Von Kunckel, whose lady is a near relative of Eliza. Mr. Von Kunckel had always been Stilling's faithful, tried, and intimate friend, and will remain so as long as they shall both continue to exist. Von Kunckel has served in every gradation, and by his faithful activity is become what he is.

In the afternoon of the next day, they rode to Minden, where they remained till after the Sunday Julia received them with all the fulness of christian affection; she and the worthy reformed minister, Klugkist, together with his excellent lady, manifested all possible friendship to our two travellers. Julia and Eliza formed an indissoluble sisterly alliance with each other, and bound themselves to walk in the path which our adorable Redeemer has himself marked out and trodden. Julia has also two excellent sisters, who were likewise there, and helped to increase the religious and friendly circle.

At Göttingen, they found the faithful Achelis just on the point of departing;—he had received a call as preacher to a place in the neighbourhood of Bremen; his lady, with her sister, had already

gone before to Bovenden, where she expected him. Achelis now accompanied Stilling and Eliza, and from Bovenden they travelled together to Nordheim, where they separated, amidst the expression of a thousand blessings.

At Nordheim, Stilling was attacked by an indescribable apprehension;—it began before taking leave of Achelis; but whether the good man observed it or not, I know not. It was in reality an apprehension of bad roads, and of the overturning of the coach, but it was so horrible that it could scarcely be endured; it lasted during the whole journey, and was sometimes stronger and at others weaker.

On Tuesday, the 22nd of September, in the afternoon, they arrived safely at Mr. Stobwasser's house in Brunswick; he himself with his consort was at Berlin, where he has also a considerable manufactory; but his household showed the travellers all possible affection and friendship, and Stilling and Eliza felt truly happy amongst these good people.

From this place Stilling rode to the person on whose account he had undertaken the journey; and happily she received her sight. In Brunswick itself, he performed the operation on twelve individuals; and four leagues from thence, at Ampleben, the manorial residence of Mr. Von Bötticher, to which a church-town is annexed, on Madame Von Bode, who, with her husband, belongs also to the true followers of the Redeemer. Stilling and Eliza rode thither, and remained there some days; Madame Von Bode regained her sight, and they returned to Brunswick.

Eliza having been seriously advised to consult the celebrated and learned physician Beyreis, aulic counsellor at Helmstadt, on account of the convulsive affection in her neck, the journey thither was also undertaken. The great man took all conceivable pains to afford the travellers pleasure; he also wrote directions for the use of Eliza, which, however, she was unable to follow, because they affected her too violently.

During his residence in Brunswick, Stilling formed several interesting personal acquaintances, with Campe, Von Zimmerman, Eschenburg, Pokels, and others. The Duke showed himself extremely gracious; he sent twice for Stilling, and conversed with him a long time, on a variety of subjects, and amongst others, on religion, respecting which he expressed himself in a satisfactory and edifying manner. He then also said to Stilling, "*All that you have done here, I look upon as done to myself;*" and the following day he sent sixty louis-d'ors to his lodgings. With this the travelling expenses were not only paid, but something even remained over. It was therefore the will of Providence that the Swiss money should be reserved for another very different object.

Whilst Stilling continued at Brunswick, the consort of the hereditary Count of Stollberg-Wernigerode, born Princess of Schönberg, was safely delivered of a young countess; the parents had chosen Stilling as sponsor for the child; and this still more confirmed the intention, already formed in Marburg, of making a little circuit to Wernigerode. Accordingly, they set off from Brunswick on Friday the ninth of October, and arrived in the evening at the place above-mentioned, at the lofty castle which has belonged to the count's piously-disposed family from ancient times.

Stilling and Eliza felt here as in the precincts of heaven. He also visited his old friends, superintendent Schmid, aulic counsellor Fritsche, advocate Benzler, Blum, government-advocate, and Secretary Closse, who has excellently set to music his song in the "Nostalgia,"—"A wanderer" &c.

They remained Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, with the noble family of Wernigerode. A gentleman from Saxony, who had business there, and sat next to Stilling at the table, said to him with emotion, "Really a person ought from time to time to travel hither, in order to recreate and revive himself;" and certainly he was in the right;—religion, decorum, politeness, cheerfulness, dignity, and completely unassuming manners, distinguish the character of every member of this noble family.

Notwithstanding all this, Stilling's melancholy did not leave him here;—it could scarcely be endured.

On Tuesday the 13th of October, the travellers took an affecting and grateful leave of the family of Wernigerode; the count sent his own coachman with two horses with them to Leesen, from whence Stilling travelled post to Gandersheim, where the Countess Frederica of Ortenburg, who has been many years his friend, is canoness; she had requested him to visit her, because there were ophthalmic patients there who expected him.

The Countess Frederica was highly rejoiced at Stilling's visit; and, generally speaking, much honor was shown to both the travellers in that place. They supped in the evening with the Princess of Coburg, who took the place of the princess her mother, during her absence. Stilling was of service to several patients there, and performed the operation on a poor old woman. The evening before their departure, his melancholy rose to a tormenting agony; but towards midnight, he applied himself very seriously to God in prayer, so that it could not fail to be heard, and then slept quietly till morning, when he continued his journey home with his Eliza; they arrived late in the evening at Minden, where Julia, Klugkist, and his lady, vied with each other in manifesting their friendship.

It was now obvious that Julia's aged father was drawing near his end; Stilling and Eliza requested her therefore, when her father had entered into his rest, to visit them at Marburg, for it would serve to cheer and refresh her; which she promised to do.

Stilling found much to do at Cassel; so that he was obliged, from morning till evening, to write prescriptions and give his advice; he also operated on several persons for the cataract.

My readers will remember that brother Coing had been appointed preacher at Braach, near Rothenburg on the Fulda, eleven leagues from Cassel, and that Maria Coing, with the two children, Frederick and Amalia, were also there. It was Stilling and Eliza's intention to fetch these two children from thence, as well as their sister Maria, if she wished it; but especially to visit their good and dear brother again, particularly as they were now in the neighbourhood. In order to fulfil this intention, they set out on Thursday the 22nd of October, from Cassel;—on driving through the Leipzic gate, he said to his wife, "O, my dear, what would I not give if I could now travel to Marburg!" Eliza answered, "Well, let us do so." Stilling however refused, for he thought if a misfortune awaited him, it might happen to him anywhere; they therefore rode on, the brother came on horseback to meet them, and in the morning they arrived safely at Braach.

Their stay at this pleasant place was fixed for a week, during which time Stilling felt like some poor criminal, who is to be executed in a few days. However, he performed the operation on a lady in Rothenburg, and attended several patients. Maria, who had become weakly at Braach, was to return with them to Marburg, together with the two children, and their departure was fixed for

Thursday the 29th of October. For this purpose, brother Coing sent to the posting-house at Morschen, and ordered the horses.

On Wednesday evening, the day before their departure, Stilling's melancholy rose to such a height that he said to Eliza, "If the torment of the lost in hell is not greater than mine, it is still great enough!"

The next morning, the postilion came at the time appointed; he had driven the diligence to Rothenburg, and consequently brought four horses, which, however, contrary to all posting regulations, were very brisk and lively. He put the horses to the carriage, and drove empty through the Fulda; Stilling, Eliza, Maria, the children, and the brother, were transported across, about a gun-shot higher up, in a boat; meanwhile, the postilion drove up the meadow on the other side, and waited on the opposite shore.

They got in;—Stilling sat behind, to the right; next to him Eliza, with Amalia in her lap; opposite her sat Maria, and Frederick opposite Stilling. Brother Coing now took leave, and went back again; the postilion suddenly smacked his whip, the four spirited horses went off in full trot, and the driver turning short round, the fore-wheels got entangled, and threw the carriage to the ground with such violence that the body of the vehicle burst in two in the midst. Being only a chaise, and open in the front, Eliza, Maria, and the two children, were thrown out upon the meadow; but Stilling, who was sitting in the corner on the falling side, continued in the carriage, and was seriously hurt. Fortunately the wheels came off, so that the coach was not dragged along; there it lay, therefore, and Stilling was so fast squeezed in that he could not move. It is extremely remarkable that all his melancholy vanished in a moment. Notwithstanding the violent pain,—for his whole body was as if it had been broken on the wheel,—he felt an inward tranquillity and cheerfulness, such as he had hardly before experienced; and although he was still utterly unconscious what the consequences might be, he was so inwardly resigned to the Divine will, that he was unaffected by the smallest fear of death. Much as the postilion deserved a severe reproof and after that a considerable punishment, Stilling said nothing further to him than, in a kind manner, "Friend, you have turned too short."

Eliza, Maria, and the children, had not suffered in the smallest degree; brother Coing came also running to them; but when they saw the man to whom they were so much attached, lying bloody and disfigured beneath the coach, they all began to lament bitterly; the carriage was lifted up again, and Stilling, wounded and disabled, halted on Eliza's arm back again to Braach; the postilion dragged the equally wounded and disabled vehicle thither also, and it was with difficulty he escaped being soundly beaten by the peasantry of that place. However, they were active in another way; one of them mounted a horse and rode full gallop to Rothenburg to fetch medical assistance, and the others sent refreshments, such as they had, and as well as they understood what was necessary; but all was naturally received as if it were the most precious and suitable of its kind.

Stilling was in a miserable condition as regards the body;—the whole of the right breast was hugely swollen, and when one pressed the hand over it a noise was heard; one of his ribs was fractured;—behind, under the right shoulder-blade, he felt violent pains; he had a wound on the right temple, which bled profusely, and was only the breadth of a straw distant from the artery; and in the right groin and hip he felt great pain, as often as he moved his thigh. In short, every motion was painful.

The physicians of Rothenburg, Meiss and Freyss, two very able men, soon made their appearance, and by their faithful care and the Divine blessing, Stilling in a few days recovered so far as to be able to travel to Marburg. But the coach, with all their learning and ability, they were unable to cure; however, they provided for its reparation, which was committed to the court-saddler, who restored it so ably that it was firmer than before.

On Monday the 2nd of November the journey to Marburg was commenced; Stilling rode slowly on horseback, because he did not choose to trust driving in such dreadful roads; and it was well he did so; for the ladies and children were overturned once more, yet without injury. Coing accompanied his brother-in-law on horseback to Mabern, where Caroline expected them; the next day, they rode all together to Marburg, because from thence there is a regular chaussée, but Coing returned to Braach. Stilling had to struggle for a season with the consequences of this fall; in particular, a giddiness remained for a long time, which however at length disappeared.

Stilling's state of mind during this journey to Brunswick, may be best understood by a simile.—A solitary traveller on foot enters a wood in the evening;—he must pass through this, before he arrives at the inn. It grows dark; the moon shines in the first quarter, consequently only faintly; a very suspicious and terrible man now joins him, never leaves him, and continually makes as if he would attack him and murder him; at length, all at once he seizes him and wounds him; suddenly some of the traveller's best friends make their appearance, the enemy flies, the wounded man recognizes his friends, who carry him to the inn, and nurse him till he is well again. Dear readers, take this simile as you will, but do not abuse it.

The commencement of the year 1802 proved a grievous one for Stilling and Eliza. On Sunday the 3rd of January, he received a letter from his friend Mieg of Heidelberg, in which he informed him that Lisette was ill, but that he did not believe it was of serious consequence, for the physicians still gave hopes. On reading this letter, Stilling felt a deep impression on his mind that she was really dead. There is something in his soul, which causes him always to feel pleasure when he knows that a child, or any truly pious person, is dead, for he is conscious that another soul is in safety; this conviction makes him feel the death of any one belonging to him less than is customary; but as he possesses a sympathizing heart, it always causes him a severe struggle with respect to his physical nature. Such was also now the case;—he suffered much for some hours; then offered up his Lisette to the Lord again who had given her to him; and on the 6th of January, when he received from Mieg the news of her decease, he was strong, and was able himself effectually to comfort the deeply mourning foster-parents; but Eliza suffered severely.

Their friends, the Miegs, buried Lisette in a very honorable manner. Mieg published a little book, containing an account of her life, character, death, and burial, together with some little pieces and poems which this event occasioned.

The grief which these foster-parents felt at the departure of this dear girl, can be scarcely conceived. They had brought her up and educated her excellently, and God will reward them for having trained her up in His fear, and in religious sentiments.

It is remarkable that the old mother Wilhelmi followed her favorite some weeks after, even as her daughter Mieg had long before apprehended.

About this time died also Burgomaster Eicke of Minden, Julia's father. Stilling and Eliza therefore repeated their invitation to Julia, to come as soon as her affairs were arranged; she accepted it, and arrived in Marburg about the middle of January, where she was so much pleased with Stilling's domestic circle and christian society, that she at length expressed a wish to live in the family. Stilling and Eliza rejoiced at this declaration, and the matter was soon arranged;—Julia pays a sufficient sum for her board, and occupies herself with the education of the little girls, Amalia and Christina. Eliza, indeed, protested seriously against being paid for her board; but Julia maintained that she would not come to live with them on any other terms. These nearly-allied souls were therefore at length unanimous. In March, Julia travelled to Erfurth to visit a friend, and returned the August following. From that time, she has been incorporated into Stilling's domestic circle, in which she is a real blessing from God, by her piety, cheerfulness, suffering experience, and particularly in the governance and education of the two children.

This spring, another journey was undertaken; Stilling was sent for from Fulda, whither Eliza accompanied him. On returning, they passed through Hanau and Frankfort, and visited also Prince Frederic of Anhalt and the Countess Louisa, who, the preceding autumn, had removed from Marburg to Homburg-vor-der-Höhe. On this occasion they became acquainted with the widow of Prince Victor of Anhalt; she is a worthy sister of the Princess Christina of Lippe, a true Christian, and humility personified. After an absence of about four weeks, they returned to Marburg, soon after which, Amalia was safely delivered of a daughter.

The important period also approached, in which Caroline was to be confirmed, previous to receiving the sacrament,—she was now fourteen years and-a-half old, and tall and strong of her age; she had received very excellent religious instruction for two years, from the two reformed preachers, Schlarbaum and Breidenstein, Stilling's worthy friends, and it had operated beneficially upon her. She possesses a mind disposed to piety and religion; and it is a great joy and consolation to her father, that his three eldest children are on the way to become true Christians. Julia wrote to Caroline from Erfurth, and commissioned Aunt Duising to present her with the letter on the day of her confirmation: it is worth the while to insert it here:—

"My dear and ever-beloved Caroline:

"On the most solemn day of thy life, on which all thy dear friends press thee with new affection to their heart, my prayers will also mingle with theirs;—probably in the very hour in which thou wilt make the solemn vow of eternal love and fidelity to *Him* who ought always to fill our whole soul, I shall also be asking of Him faith, fidelity, and love, for thee.

"My best and dearest Caroline, I earnestly intreat thee duly to consider and keep that which thou promisest on this day, so important for thee in time and eternity;—love the Lord, so as thou lovest no one else! Thou canst not do anything *greater*, better, or more important; do not suffer thyself to be deprived of that crown which thy faith this day views in the Lord's hand for thee, either by flattery, or by the contempt of the world; but continue faithful to Him until death," &c.

The confirmation took place at Whitsuntide, with prayer and much emotion on all sides.

Stilling's situation, meanwhile, became more and more oppressive. On the one hand, his religious sphere of action became greater, more profitable, and considerable:—the directors of the "London Tract Society," which, in the space of a couple of years, had disseminated edifying and useful publications amongst the common people in England to the amount of a million of guilders, wrote him a heart-cheering letter, and encouraged him to set on foot a similar society in Germany. At the same time, also, his religious correspondence increased, as well as his practice as an oculist; whilst, on the other hand, his peculiar academical vacation become more and more unproductive;—the German indemnification had transferred the provinces, which generally furnished the university with students, to other rulers, who had themselves universities, whither their young people were obliged to resort and study; the number of students diminished, therefore, visibly; and those that continued to resort to Marburg applied themselves to such studies as might procure them a maintenance, to which the financial department does not belong; and finally, a decrease in the desire to study was observable in all the universities, the cause of which need not be discussed here. Be that as it may, Stilling's auditory diminished to such a degree that he had often only two or three hearers. This state of things was intolerable to him. To have so large a stipend, and to be able to do so little for it, did not consist with his conscience; and yet he was nailed, as it were, to his post;—he could not do otherwise, and was obliged to persevere; for without this income he could not live. Besides all this, his great end and motive, to work and live for the Lord and his kingdom alone, filled his whole soul; he saw and heard, every day, how extensively beneficial his religious sphere of action was, and this he was obliged to make a secondary consideration for the sake of a very barren maintenance.

Finally, another important consideration was added to all this. The Elector of Hesse is sincerely desirous of supporting religion; but he has also a maxim, which, abstractedly considered, is perfectly correct—that *every servant of the state ought to give himself up entirely to the department to which he has once devoted himself. He is not at all pleased, when a person enters upon another vocation.* But Stilling was now so circumstanced, that he was obliged to act in opposition to both parts of this maxim; which also caused him many a mournful hour. His conflict was painful; but at this very time Providence began to make distant arrangements for the accomplishment of its plans. It is worth while that I relate every thing here with the greatest minuteness.

On the 5th of July 1802, Stilling received a letter from a poor mechanic, in a place at a great distance from Marburg, who neither knew nor could know one word of Stilling's situation, because he revealed it to no one, in which the man stated that he had had a remarkable dream, in which he had seen him traversing and occupied in a large field, in which much treasure lay scattered about in small heaps; and that he had been commissioned to write to him, and tell him, *that he ought now to gather all this treasure into one heap, then sit down quietly, and attend to this single treasure alone.*

Stilling, during the whole of his life, had seen, heard, and felt so many effects of the developed faculty of presentiment, and also so many—without the theory of the faculty of presentiment—incomprehensible predictions of hysterica and hypochondriacal persons, that he is well aware to what such things generally belong, and under

what head they ought to be classed. But the contents of this letter harmonized so much with what passed in his own mind, that he could not possibly regard it as a matter of chance. He wrote therefore to the man, saying, that though he was well aware that the uniting of that which was manifold with that which was simple, would be good for him, yet he was obliged to live by his professorship; he therefore wished for a further explanation of his meaning. The answer was, that he must resign himself to the Lord's guidance, who would duly arrange every thing. This event produced in Stilling's mind the first foreboding of an approaching change, and of the development of the Lord's intentions respecting him; and gave him, from that period, the proper direction, by fixing his eye on the hitherto scarcely perceptible aim, so that he might not lose any time in preparing himself for it.

About the same time, or somewhat later, he received a letter also from the Rev. Mr. König of Burgdorf, in Emmenthal in the canton of Bern, requesting him to go thither; adding that the expences of the journey were provided for. This Mr. König was blind of the cataract, and had already corresponded with Stilling on that account; the latter had also promised him to come, as soon as he should be informed that the travelling expences would be repaid. Stilling and Eliza, therefore, now began to prepare for their second journey to Switzerland.

During all these occurrences, father Wilhelm's state of health, which had been hitherto so very firm and durable, took quite a different direction. With respect to his mental powers, he had become so completely a child that he had no longer any understanding or judgment; but his body now began to neglect the functions necessary to life; at the same time, his continual lying position produced painful sores, so that his condition was extremely pitiable. The surgeon was obliged to come daily, with a couple of assistants, to bind his wounded back and other parts; during which operation the poor man moaned so dreadfully that the whole neighbourhood prayed for his dissolution.

Stilling could not endure the misery; he generally went out when the time for binding up arrived; but even in the interval, Wilhelm often moaned piteously. The day of his deliverance at length arrived;—on the 6th of September, at half-past ten in the morning, he passed over into the blissful habitations of his forefathers. Stilling had him interred with the solemnities customary to persons in affluent circumstances.

Wilhelm Stilling is now therefore no longer here below; his serene walk, unobserved by the great of this world, was nevertheless seed for a fruitful futurity. He is not always a great man who is celebrated far and wide; nor is he always great who does much; but that individual is so, in a peculiar sense, who sows here, to reap a thousandfold in the world to come. Wilhelm Stilling was one who sowed in tears; he went forth weeping and bearing precious seed; now he is doubtless reaping with joy. His children, Heinrich and Eliza, rejoice in the prospect of his welcome;—they rejoice in the thought that he will be satisfied with them.

A week after father Wilhelm Stilling's death, Stilling and Eliza commenced their second Swiss journey. They left Marburg on Monday the 13th of September, 1802. At Frankfort, Stilling found ophthalmic patients, who detained him a few days. On Thursday the 16th, they arrived early in the afternoon at Heidelberg, where the welcome from Madame Mieg was deeply affecting to both. Mieg was engaged by business in the country, and did not arrive till towards evening; he had dined in company with a person of eminence, who had expressed the idea that *some great man ought to keep Stilling in pay, solely that he might carry on his benevolent practice as an oculist, without impediment.* This again excited Stilling's attention, together with all that had preceded it. The dream of the mechanic; father Wilhelm's death; and this speech, which in itself was of no importance, but made an impression just at this time; and finally, another Swiss journey—all this together produced in Stilling's mind a feeling of exalted expectation.

The following day, Friday the 17th of September, the two travellers pursued their way to Carlsruhe.

I must here go back a little in my narrative, in order to bring every thing into a proper point of view.

Jacob, as I have already observed, had become a father, the previous spring. Notwithstanding his ability and integrity, and notwithstanding all the favorable testimonials of the Marburg magistracy, not the smallest thing could be accomplished for him at Cassel. With his mode of thinking, it was impossible to live by the practice of jurisprudence; his father was therefore obliged to assist him considerably, and besides this, he now saw an increasing family before him. All this together pressed much upon the worthy young man; he therefore urgently entreated his father to recommend him to the Elector, on his journey through Carlsruhe; for as he was born in the palatinate, he could lay claim to being provided for there.

It is contrary to Stilling's whole character to ask anything of the kind of a prince with whom he is in particular favor, or recommend any one to an office. Hence, however necessary it was that his son should be provided for, it seemed to him equally difficult, and almost impossible, to make application on his behalf to the Elector.

I must also mention, that the Countess of Waldeck, in order to gratify Jacob on his wedding-day, had requested the reigning Count of Wernigerode to give him the title of "Counsellor of Justice;"—he did so, and the Elector of Hesse also permitted him to make use of this title. I now return to the continuation of the narrative.

Stilling and Eliza arrived at Carlsruhe in the evening of Friday the 17th of September. On Saturday morning, the 18th, Stilling looked into the well-known Moravian watch-word book, which contains two passages from the Bible and two verses of a hymn for every day in the year. The first passage is called the watch-word, and the second, the doctrinal text. Stilling always takes this book with him, when travelling, in order to have daily a religious subject on which he may employ both his head and his heart. He found with astonishment, that the words for that day were, "And now, O Lord God, establish the word that thou hast spoken concerning thy servant and concerning his house, for ever, and do as thou hast said;"—2 Samuel vii. 25; and the verse of the hymn was,

"His faithfulness O let us praise,
And to Him consecrate our days;
His promises He will fulfil,
To those that know and do his will.
Hallelujah."

He then sought out also the doctrinal text for the day, and found the beautiful words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

This remarkable circumstance completed the pleasing foreboding, and the confidence he had, that it would come to some kind of elucidation respecting him during the day. Soon after, a

court-page entered the room, presenting the Elector's compliments, and requesting him to come to him at nine o'clock, and to stay to dinner with him.

In consequence of this command, and thus prepared, Stilling went at nine o'clock to the palace, where he was instantly admitted and very graciously received. After exchanging a few words, Stilling felt himself at liberty to recommend his son; he began by premising, that nothing was more difficult for him than to make application of the kind to princes who showed him favor; however, his circumstances and situation pressed him so much, that he was now constrained to make an exception to his rule. He then gave a true account of his son, and offered to procure the most valid written proofs, namely, the testimonials of the Marburg magistracy; and finally besought the Elector to let him serve in the lowest station, and then promote him as he might deserve. If he only earned so much as to enable him to live, with due economy, he would look upon it as a great favor. He then concluded with the words, "Your Highness will not take this first and last recommendation ungraciously of me." The Elector expressed himself very favorably; and said he would see if he could not provide for him in the organization of the palatinate. "Speak also," added the excellent prince, "with the ministers and privy-counsellors, in order that they may know of the matter when it is brought forward." It follows of course that Stilling promised to do so, and also kept his promise.

This introduction gave occasion to speak of Stilling's own situation. The urbanity of the Elector imparted such a confidence to Stilling that he expressed himself exactly as he inwardly felt; on which this great and noble-minded prince rejoined, "*I hope God will give me the opportunity of bringing you out of this painful situation, and of placing you so that you may be enabled to attend solely to your religious authorship, and to your oculistic practice;—you must be set entirely at liberty from all other earthly occupations and connections.*"

It is impossible to describe how Stilling felt at that moment, in which the great development of his destiny beamed so gloriously upon him from afar. "Are you in haste with respect to the accomplishment of this affair?" continued the Elector. Stilling replied, "No, most gracious Sire!—and I most humbly beg you by all means to wait until Providence opens a door somewhere, in order that no one may suffer by it, or be neglected." The prince rejoined, "You can, therefore, wait half-a-year, or a year?" Stilling replied, "I will wait as long as God pleases, and until your Highness has found the way which Providence marks out."

I pass over the remainder of this remarkable day in Stilling's history, only observing that he also paid his respects to the Margravine, who was still inconsolable for the death of her late consort.

He that is acquainted with the Elector of Baden knows that this ruler never retracts his princely word, but always performs more than he promises. Every feeling christian heart can sympathise with Stilling, as he then felt. Blessed be the Lord! his ways are holy!—happy he who resigns himself to Him without reserve; he that places his confidence in Him, shall never be confounded!

On Sunday morning, Stilling performed the operation on a poor old peasant, whom the Elector himself had sent for; he then continued his journey to Switzerland with his Eliza. The nearer they approached the frontiers, the more fearful grew the reports, that the whole of Switzerland was under arms and in a state of insurrection. This was certainly not pleasant; but Stilling knew that he was travelling in his benevolent vocation, and therefore, with Eliza, put firm confidence in the Divine protection; nor was this confidence unavailing.

At Frieburg, in the Breisgau, they learned the severe trial which the city of Zurich was compelled to endure on the 13th of September, but likewise that it had powerfully experienced the Lord's protection. In the evening of Tuesday the 21st of September, they arrived safe and well at Basle, at the house of the worthy Mr. Schorndorf; but as there were still disturbances in the neighbourhood of Burgdorf, Stilling wrote to the Rev. Mr. Konig, stating that he was at Basle, and expected intelligence from him when he could come with safety. Until this intelligence arrived, they continued quietly and contentedly at Basle; where he attended some ophthalmic patients, and operated upon two blind people.

On the following day, Wednesday the 22nd of September, Stilling had a great pleasure afforded him. There lives in Basle a very able painter, of the name of Marquard Wocher, a man of the noblest heart and christian sentiments;—on Stilling's first Swiss journey, he had conducted him to a Mr. Reber, a respectable gentleman there, who possessed a very elegant collection of pictures; amongst which an "Ecce Homo" drew Stilling's particular attention. After contemplating for some time this representation of the suffering Saviour, tears came into his eyes; Wocher observed it, and asked him if the picture pleased him. Stilling answered, "Extremely! Ah, if I had only a faithful copy of it!—but I cannot afford it." "You shall have it," rejoined Wocher; "I will make you a present of it."

On the day above-mentioned, Wocher brought this beautiful painting as a welcome;—every connoisseur admires it.

This is also the place where I must mention one of the extraordinary favors of God. Who can recount them all?—but one and another, which stand in connection with this history, must not be omitted.

My readers will remember Mr. Isaac of Waldstadt, and how kindly he received Stilling in the greatest depth of his misery, and clothed him from head to foot. Stilling, it is true, whilst he was with Mr. Spanier, had repaid him for the money he had laid out; but it grieved him often that he could not in any way recompense to the worthy family of this noble-minded individual his kindness to him. This recompense was now to be made in a very striking manner, a manner worthy of God.

Mr. Isaac's eldest son had also learnt the trade of a tailor, and in the course of his travels had been at Basle, where he resided some years; and being also a sincere lover of religion, he had become acquainted with the true worshippers of Christ in that place. He had afterwards settled at Waldstadt—Rade Vorm Wald, in the duchy of Berg, his native place, taken his brothers and sisters to him, and kept house with them; but as he could not bear the sitting-posture, he began a little shop; a worthy merchant gave him credit, and thus he maintained himself and the family honestly and uprightly. This summer, on the 23rd of August, a fire broke out;—in a few hours the whole town was laid in ashes, and the good children of the pious Isaac not only lost that which belonged to them, but also the whole of the stock bought on credit. Friend Becker, for such is the real family-name, did not communicate this misfortune to Stilling, for he was too delicate in his sentiments to do so; but another friend wrote to him, and reminded him of his obligations to this family. Stilling felt himself in a dilemma;—what he could give the family even at

the utmost, was only a trifle for them, and yet, situated as he was, it would be oppressively felt by himself; he therefore sent what he could, and as, just before his journey, he wrote No. 12 of the "Grey Man," he annexed to it an account of this calamity, and besought compassionate aid. While remaining in Basle, Stilling, at the request of the members of the German Society, gave a religious address, at which several hundred persons were present; at the close of the discourse, Stilling reminded them of his former friend, and related his misfortune to them; and his address operated so effectually that the same evening nearly a hundred guilders were collected and brought to Stilling. This was the handsome commencement of a considerable assistance; for the memorial in No. 12 of the "Grey Man," produced about a thousand guilders for Becker's children, and about five hundred for the town of Rade-Vorm Wald, all which money was transmitted to Stilling.

I relate this, merely to prove that the Lord provides so completely for those who suffer themselves to be guided entirely and unconditionally by Him, that they are enabled to repay all debts whatever, and even testimonies of Christian affection.

In a few days, the news arrived from Burgdorf that every thing was quiet there; in consequence of which, Stilling and Eliza set out on the 29th of September. He performed the operation on an individual at Liestall;—at Leufelfingen, they dined with their friend Madame Flühebacher;—at Olten they found friends from Aarau, with whom they drank tea;—and at Aarburg they were fetched by the worthy bailiff Senn, of Zofingen, with whom they were to pass the night. As they drove down the magnificent vale of Aar in the evening, and whilst the declining sun irradiated the whole landscape, Stilling saw, all at once, in the south-west, above the horizon, a purple-coloured meteor, which presented a brilliant appearance; he soon discovered that it was a snowy mountain, probably the Jungfrau, or the Jungferhorn. He that has never seen anything of the kind can have no conception of it;—it is just as if the individual beheld a celestial landscape in the regions of light; but the view is all that is pleasing, for to climb up thither, and to dwell in the eternal ice and snow, would not be very agreeable. Friend Senn, who drove before in his cabriolet, turned about and exclaimed, "What divine majesty! I have seen the snow-hills illuminated many hundred times, and yet the sight always affects me."

After being very kindly entertained at Mr. Senn's house at Zofingen, they rode the next morning to Burgdorf, where they arrived at six o'clock in the evening, and took up their quarters at the parsonage. The town of Burgdorf lies on a hill, which resembles a saddle; on the summit towards the west, stands the church, with the parsonage; and on the eastern summit lies the castle; on the saddle between these two summits, lies the town itself, which hangs down on both sides like a party-coloured saddle-cloth;—on the northern side, the Emme, a roaring woodland torrent, rushes past. There is a beautiful prospect from both summits;—towards the north-west are the Jura, there called the Blue Mountains, and in the south the magnificent Alpine range appears again, from the Mutterhorn and Schreckhorn, to a considerable distance beyond the Jungfrau.

Stilling operated upon several blind persons here; the worthy Mr. König regained the perfect sight of one eye; besides these, he also attended upon many ophthalmic patients. I must mention one operation, in particular, during which something occurred which throws light upon the character of the Swiss peasantry. Two strong and handsome men, dressed as peasants, but in a very decent and cleanly manner—for cleanliness is a prominent feature in the character of the Swiss—came to the parsonage, with an aged and venerable grey-headed man, and inquired for the strange doctor: Stilling came, and one of them said to him, "We have brought our father to you;—he is blind; can you help him?" Stilling looked at his eyes, and replied, "Yes, dear friends! With God's help, your father shall return home seeing." The men were silent, but the big tears rolled like pearls down their cheeks; the lips of the old man trembled, and his sightless eyes were wet.

During the operation, one of the sons placed himself on one side of his father, and the other on the other side; in this position they looked on. When all was over, and the father saw again, the tears flowed afresh, but no one said a word, till the eldest said, "Doctor, what do we owe you?" Stilling answered, "I am not an oculist for money; but as I am on a journey, and am at much expence, I will take something, if you can give me anything; but it must not be burdensome to you in the least." The eldest son replied, pathetically, "Nothing is burdensome to us that regards our father;" and the younger added, "Our left hand does not take back what our right hand has given;" which is as much as to say, "What we give, we give willingly." Stilling pressed their hands, with tears, and said, "Excellent!—you are worthy people; God will bless you."

Stilling and Eliza made many friends in Burgdorf. They were loaded with kindnesses and testimonies of affection; and the excellent Madame König made them ashamed by her superabundant faithful attention and hospitality. Here also they became acquainted with the celebrated Pestalozzi and his institution for education, which now excites so much attention every where. Pestalozzi's prominent feature is love to man, and particularly to children; hence he has long devoted himself to the subject of education; he is consequently an estimable and noble-minded man. That which is taught is not, strictly speaking, the object that excites so much attention; but it is his *plan* of tuition, the instruction of children, which is astonishing, and no one would believe it till he had seen and heard it; but it is peculiarly only the intuitive perceptions that are developed by it, which have reference to time and space; in this his pupils attain, in a short time, to a high degree of perfection. But how it will result with respect to the development of abstract ideas, and of the moral and religious powers, and, generally, what influence the Pestalozzian method will have upon practical life in future, time must reveal. It is however necessary to be careful, and first of all to see what will become of the boys that are educated in this manner. It is really a hazardous thing, to drive on at such a rapid rate in matters of education, before one is sure of a good result.

On Monday the 4th of October, in the afternoon, Stilling and Eliza travelled four leagues further to Bern, where they lodged with Steward Niehans, a pious and faithful friend of God and man. Their four days' residence in this extremely beautiful town was completely taken up by business;—cataract operations, ministering to many ophthalmic patients, and paying and receiving visits, rapidly succeeded each other. The two travellers here also added greatly to their stock of friends; and Stilling became intimate more particularly with the three pious preachers Wyttenbach, Müesslin, and Lorsa. Nor must the estimable brothers Studer be forgotten; one of whom presented him with a beautifully coloured copper-plate, representing the prospect from Bern to the snowy mountains, drawn and engraved by himself.

On the 10th of October, Stilling and Eliza set off again from Bern. On the way, they saw at Hindelbank the celebrated monument of the Rev. Mr. Langhans's lady, a performance of the great Hessian artist Nahl.

At Burgdorf, Stilling operated upon some blind people, and then both set out again by way of Zofingen to Zurich, Winterthur, and St. Gall, where they lodged with the pious and learned Antistes Stahelin, and again formed a friendly alliance with many estimable individuals. He there couched only one person, but attended several who were diseased in the eye.

On Wednesday the 27th of October, they travelled through the paradisiacal Thurgau, along the Bodensee, to Schaffhausen. On the road thither, a man was freed from the cataract at Arbon. At Schaffhausen, they again resided with the dear family of the Kirchhofers. There was here also much to do, but at the same time mental uneasiness and sorrow; for on Sunday the 31st of October, in the afternoon, the French again entered the place.

On Monday the 1st of November, they left beloved Switzerland; but as a blind merchant of Ebingen had sent an express to Schaffhausen, they were obliged to make a considerable circuit by way of Mösskirch and the Swabian Alp; from Ebingen they were sent for to Balingen, where there was also much to do; and from thence they rode to Stuttgard, where they enjoyed a blissful abode in the house of Mr. Von Seckendorf, and where Stilling was also enabled to be of service to many afflicted people.

Here he found, to his great joy, the Moravian Unity-elder Goldmann, with whom he entered into a warm and fraternal connexion.

From Stuttgard they were again obliged to make a large and tedious circuit through the Black Forest to Calw, where Stilling found the pious and Rev. Mr. Havlin of New Bulach, with his excellent spouse and daughter, who were all three already known to him by letter. Here also a circle of worthy people collected about the travellers, in the house of the pious book-keeper Schille. From thence they travelled, on Tuesday the 9th of November, to Carlsruhe. It was at the desire of the Margravine that Stilling made this circuit, because there were several blind persons there, who required his aid. The Elector repeated his promise; and on Friday the 12th of November they commenced their journey home, by way of Manheim and Frankfort;—in the latter place and at Vilbel, three blind persons were couched; and on Tuesday the 16th of November, they again arrived well and happy in Marburg.

The first Swiss journey solved the first problem in Stilling's life—the payment of his debts; and the second solved the second—Stilling's future sphere of action.

What the exalted Governor of the world begins He accomplishes, in small things as well as in great,—in the cottage of the peasant as in the court of the monarch. He forgets the ant as little as the greatest potentate. Nothing proves unsuccessful with Him, and nothing stops short with Him. Providence proceeds uninterrupted on its exalted path.

Brother Coing married, in the spring of 1802, an excellent lady, who is worthy of him. Stilling, Eliza, sister Maria, and Jacob, set out in order to be present at the marriage, which was to be celebrated at Homberg in Lower Hessia, in the house of the worthy widow of the Metropolitan Wiskemann, the mother of the bride. Now there lives in Cassel a noble-minded, piously-disposed, and affluent individual, Counsellor Enyeim, who was a widower, and whose two amiable children were married; he therefore lived alone, with a footman and a cook; and was again in want of a pious and faithful spouse, who might accompany him in his pilgrimage through life.

A brother of this worthy man is preacher at Homburg, and likewise a very amiable character; and having seen and observed sister Maria, considered that she would make his brother in Cassel happy. After the observance of the due precautionary measures and rules of decorum, the match was concluded; and Maria, the noble, gentle, good, and pious soul, has obtained a husband such as suits her exactly;—she is as happy as a person can be here below.

Thus the blessing of the elder Coings rests upon these four children; they are all happily and blissfully married; for brother Coing has obtained a consort such as the Lord gives to the man whom he loves; Amalia also lives happily with Stilling's virtuous son. Eliza treads the most painful and hardest path, at Stilling's side; however, besides father Coing's blessing, her father Wilhelm will also supplicate peculiar grace for her from the Lord.

The year 1802 was terminated by an agreeable visit; Stilling's next relative, and the intimate friend of his youth from the cradle, the chief surveyor of the mines at Dillenburg, paid him a visit of some days. He is Johann Stilling's second son, and a man of integrity and ability. Both renewed their fraternal bond, and parted with regret.

In the beginning of the year 1803, a circumstance occurred that had an important influence upon Stilling's fate. An edict from Cassel arrived at the Marburg University, to the effect *that no author should send his compositions to the press, until they had been examined by the pro-rector and dean of the faculty to whose department the treatise belonged.*

This limitation of the liberty of the press, which had no reference to the whole country, or to all the schools of learning, or the learned in Hessia generally, but solely to Marburg, uncommonly grieved all the professors there, who were not in the least conscious of anything wrong; for in fact, none but professors, who are acquainted with the difficult collegiate relations, can have an idea how greatly an honest man is exposed to all possible raillery when two of his colleagues possess the right to examine his works.

Stilling reflected awhile, and probably every Marburg professor did the same, upon what could possibly have occasioned this severe ordinance. There was now nothing published by a Marburg author, except the usual academical writings, programmes, dissertations, &c., but the "Grey Man," by Stilling, and the Theological Annals by Wacheler; one of these two, therefore, must probably have become suspected. Stilling reflected over the last number of the "Grey Man," and found nothing that was in the least objectionable; he could not, therefore, possibly imagine that such an orthodox work, which has for its object piety, the general tranquillity and safety, and the maintaining of obedience and the affection of the subjects towards their rulers, had given rise to a law so grievous to the University. In order, however, to obtain a certainty in the matter, he wrote a very polite and cordial letter to a certain gentleman in Cassel, whom he had never injured in the slightest degree, and modestly inquired the cause of the severe edict concerning the censorship. But how was he alarmed on receiving, in a rather satirical and ungracious reply, the news that the "Grey Man" had caused the censor-edict. By degrees this became generally known; and any one may easily imagine how Stilling must have felt when he reflected that he had given occasion for the imposition of so heavy a burden upon the

University. He had now at once finished with Marburg and Hesse; and the time seemed tedious to him, till the Lord should completely decide his fate. I scarcely need mention that the Landgrave of Hesse was entirely innocent of this edict; for how can a ruler read and examine every work?—he must commit these and many other things to be decided by men of experience in such matters. I appeal to all the readers of the "Grey Man;" and if a single passage can be shown which is opposed to the imperial law of censorship, I will confess I have been in error.

Ought not a hint to have been given Stilling to cease publishing the "Grey Man"? But instead of this, to make him a stumbling-block to all his colleagues and the whole University, was very hard for a man who had served his prince and the state with all fidelity for sixteen years.

In fact, Stilling could now remain no longer in Hessia; and how fortunate it was, that shortly before a pleasing prospect had been unfolded to him at Carlsruhe. He openly declared, as well as in his protest, which at his request was annexed to the memorial of the University to the Elector, that if his Highness would relieve the University from the censorial edict, he alone would submit himself to it; but this proved of no avail,—the law, once given, continued in force.

The Elector had otherwise always shown Stilling much favor, for which he will thank him in eternity; and his respectful attachment to this prince, who may be called great in so many respects, will never be extinguished.

During these Easter holidays, another important and remarkable journey was undertaken. At Herrnhut, in Upper Lusatia, and the neighbourhood, there were many blind people, and such as were diseased in the eye, who desired Stilling's aid. His dear and faithful correspondent Erxleben, therefore wrote to him to come, and that the expenses of the journey were already provided for. Stilling and Eliza consequently prepared themselves for another long journey; for Herrnhut is fifty-nine German miles distant from Marburg.

On Friday the 25th of March, they set out from Marburg. On account of the badness of the roads in Thuringia, they resolved to go by way of Eisenach. Stilling here saw, for the first time, a gentleman who had been many years his friend, the treasury-director, Von Göchhausen; this worthy man was then ill, but he soon began to amend. They did not stop on the way; but travelled through Gotha, Erfurth, Weimar, Naumburg, Weissenfels, Leipzig, and Wurzen, where they spent a few hours very agreeably with their christian friend Justiciary Richter, with whom, and his daughter Augusta, Stilling carries on an edifying correspondence; and then proceeded to Meissen and Dresden. They passed the night there at the Golden Angel, and found their friend Von Cuningham likewise ill. Stilling paid a visit the same evening to the venerable minister Von Burgsdorf, and was received like a christian friend.

On Friday the 1st of April, they travelled into Lusatia, and arrived in the afternoon at Kleinwelke, a beautiful Moravian settlement. They found their friend the Rev. Mr. Nietschke in profound grief; he had lost his excellent consort a fortnight before, for this life. Stilling wept with him; for this is the best consolation which can be afforded to one who, like Nietschke, can have recourse to every source of consolation. Nature demands her rights; the outward man mourns, whilst the inward is resigned to God.

They were present, in the evening, at the singing, or the commencement of the celebration of the passion-week. They formed several agreeable acquaintances in this place, and Stilling looked at a few blind people, on whom he intended to operate on his return.

On Saturday the 2nd of April, they travelled in the morning from Kleinwelke, through Budissin and Lobau to Herrnhut. This place lies on an elevated level between two hills, the one to the north, the other towards the south; the former is called the Gutberg, and the latter the Heinrichsberg, on each of which stands a pavilion, from whence the prospect is extremely beautiful. At about five leagues distance towards the east, the majestic Silesian Giant Hills are seen, and towards the south is a distant prospect of Bohemia.

It is impossible to describe how cordially and lovingly Stilling and Eliza were received at this extremely beautiful and agreeable place, and how much enjoyment they experienced there. I am equally unable to recount the history of their ten days' residence, for it would increase the size of this volume too much; besides which, Stilling was seriously requested by the Elders *not to say or write much to the praise of the Moravian church, since it prospered better under oppression, contempt, and oblivion, than when it was commended.*

Erxleben and Goldmann were particularly glad of their arrival, the first as correspondent, and the second from personal acquaintance at Stuttgard. No one will take it amiss that I do not on this occasion mention the names of any other friends;—how could I name them all? and if I did not do that, it might pain him who was omitted.

Were I even only to mention the many persons of rank and nobility with whom Stilling and Eliza entered into a fraternal alliance here, it would again grieve a number of excellent souls of the middle class, and that justly; for in the connection existing at Herrnhut all are nearly allied in the Lord Jesus Christ; rank is no longer of any value, but the new creature, which is born of water and the Spirit. He, however, who wishes to know more of Herrnhut and its religious and political constitution, has only to read the Rev. Mr. Frohberger's letters on Herrnhut, where he will find every thing minutely described.

The celebration of the passion-week is heart-cheering and heavenly in all the Moravian settlements, but especially at Herrnhut. Stilling and Eliza diligently and devoutly attended all the services that are devoted to it. The venerable bishops and elders allowed them also to communicate with the church on the evening of Holy Thursday. This communion is what it properly ought to be:—a solemn uniting with Christ the Head, and with all his members of every religious denomination. What a piously-disposed heart experiences on this occasion, cannot be described,—it must be experienced. Stilling felt at that time as if he were consecrated to his new and future occupation; and for such a consecration, certainly no place was better fitted than that in which Jesus Christ and his religion are confessed and taught, perhaps the most clearly and purely in the whole world—than that place where, in proportion to the population generally, certainly the greatest number of true Christians dwell.

I must however notice, in particular, two individuals at Herrnhut, the lord of the manor, Baron Watteville, and his consort, born Countess of Zinzendorff;—this worthy lady much resembles her late father, and overflows in a similar manner with love to God and man; her husband is also a worthy and religious man; and both of them showed Stilling and Eliza much friendship.

Stilling operated upon several persons at Herrn-

hut, and administered help and advice to some hundreds, for the concourse of people requiring assistance was extremely great.

On Easter Tuesday the 12th of April, they set out from Herrnhut to Kleinwelke, amidst the blessings of many worthy people. Here a few more were couched; and the next day they rode to Dresden, where they continued till Saturday, and then returned by way of Waldheim, Coldiz, Grimma, and Wurzen, to Leipzig. The reason of this circuitous route was, because there were some blind people in the poor-house at Waldheim, whom the kind father of the poor, the minister Von Burgsdorf, desired to see restored to sight; they had also a friendly invitation from his children, the Von Hopfgartens in Coldiz. Stilling there performed the last cataract-operation on this journey. I regret that I cannot, and dare not, loudly and publicly thank all the dear and excellent people, who manifested such unspeakable kindness to Stilling and Eliza, and with whom they united themselves for time and eternity. Every one however will see that this cannot be done, for many important reasons; we will leave it for the next world.

In the afternoon of Thursday the 21st, they set off from Leipzig, and passed the night at Weissenfels; the following day they travelled to Weimar, and as they had a commission from the settlement of Herrnhut to Neu-Dietendorf, they made a little circuit thither from Erfurth, spent the Sunday there, and then travelled on Monday, by way of Gotha, to Eisenach. In Gotha, Stilling waited upon the Duke, with whom he had a short and interesting conference.

At Eisenach they found their dear friend Von Göchhausen better again;—with him, his brother and sister, and the worthy Doctor Müller, they spent a pleasant evening, and then travelled, on Tuesday the 26th of April, to Cassel. Here they rested till Monday, the 2nd of May. Brother Coing came also thither with his lady, and the brothers and sisters spent the few days very pleasantly together. Brother Coing then returned home with his Julia; and Stilling and Eliza, on the day above-mentioned, to Marburg.

It is a matter of notoriety that the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel accepted the Electoral dignity this spring, for which purpose great solemnities were prepared. In the meantime, early in the morning of Friday the 20th of May, Stilling received a letter by a courier from Cassel, in which he was requested to take post immediately and go thither, for Prince Charles of Hesse was there from Denmark; he had unexpectedly surprised his brother, and wished now to speak with Stilling also. The latter immediately ordered post-horses, Eliza also got ready, and at half-past five they were both seated in their carriage;—at nine o'clock in the evening they arrived at their brother and sister Enyeim's in Cassel. In the course of the two following days Stilling spent some extremely pleasant hours with the prince; affairs of the greatest importance concerning the kingdom of God, were discussed. Prince Charles is a true Christian; he cleaves with the highest degree of affection and adoration to the Redeemer; he lives and dies for him; at the same time he possesses singular and extraordinary knowledge and acquirements, which are by no means for every one, and which can in no wise be mentioned here. After taking a christian and affectionate leave of this great and enlightened prince, Stilling and Eliza set off again from Cassel on Monday the 23rd of May, and arrived in the evening at Marburg.

Stilling's lectures were very ill-attended this summer. Had it not been for the new prospect afforded him the previous autumn at Carlsruhe, he would have been inconsolable. The Whitsuntide vacation now approached. Stilling and Eliza had long purposed visiting their friends at Wittgenstein during these holidays; and as Stilling's birth-place is only five leagues distant from that place, they intended to make a pilgrimage together to Tiefenbach and Florenburg, and visit all the places which *Stilling's childhood and youthful years* had rendered remarkable—at least to them. Stilling rejoiced much in the expectation of once more visiting these places, arm-in-arm with his dear Eliza, which he had not seen for thirty-seven or thirty-eight years. A thrilling sensation pervaded him when these ideas presented themselves to his mind.

For the accomplishment of this purpose, they both set off for Wittgenstein, which is seven leagues distant from Marburg, on Saturday the 28th of May, the day before Whitsunday, accompanied by their son Frederick, now eight years old, to whom they intended to shew his father's birth-place. The chancery-director, Hombergk of Vach, is a native of Marburg, and not only a near relative of Eliza, but he and his consort are also Stilling and Eliza's intimate friends, and are excellent characters. Their abode with these good people was very beneficial; and all the friends in Wittgenstein did their best to refresh and gratify the two visitors.

Tuesday in Whitsuntide was the day on which the journey to Stilling's birth-place was to have been undertaken; and Hombergk with his lady wished to accompany them. Stilling, however, was seized with an inexplicable terror, which increased as the day approached, and rendered the accomplishment of his purpose impracticable. In proportion as he had previously rejoiced at the idea of visiting the scene of his youthful days, so much did he now shudder at it;—he felt just as if great dangers awaited him there. God alone knows the cause and reason of this very singular phenomenon; it was not such an anxiety as that which he felt on the Brunswick journey, but it was perhaps the warning of his guardian angel, which struggled with his longing to see his native-place, and this struggle caused suffering. The former was like Job's, the latter like Jacob's conflict. The journey was therefore not undertaken; his dear friends respected his terror, and gave way.

Whilst at Wittgenstein, the remarkable period at length arrived in which Stilling, in the sixty-third year of his age, learnt the decision of his fate. He received a letter from his son at Marburg, in which the latter communicated to him the joyful intelligence that the Elector of Baden had appointed him Counsellor of Justice to the supreme Electoral court at Manheim, with a regular income in money and perquisites; this was a vocation which exceeded the expectations of both; there was also annexed a question to Stilling in particular, *whether for the present, and until his income could be increased, he would come for twelve hundred guilders yearly?*

Joy at the provision for the long-tried Jacob, and the near and certain prospect of escaping from a situation which had now become intolerable, filled Stilling and Eliza with delight and profound serenity; they offered thanks to God with tears, and hastened home, because Jacob had at the same time received orders to come as soon as possible, and enter upon his office. They therefore left Wittgenstein on Friday the 3rd of June, and arrived in the afternoon at Marburg.

All hands were now put into activity to accelerate Jacob and Amalia's removal to Manheim. But a violent conflict between faith and reason now arose in Stilling's soul.

If Stilling's situation at this time is considered on

rational and economical grounds, it was certainly a matter for hesitation, to exchange a place producing twelve hundred dollars in gold, for one of twelve hundred guilders currency, particularly as nothing remained over from the large salary first-mentioned; there were even reasons which might have removed Stilling's difficulties, and decided him to remain at Marburg, and retain his place; for he could proceed quietly as before, travel during the vacations, and in the interval faithfully discharge the duties of his office:—if he had few hearers, or none at all, it was not his fault; and with respect to the impulse he felt to be active in the cause of religion, he might act as he had hitherto done, and if he could not force every thing to be as he wished, God does not require of us more than we are able to perform; the stone is left lying which cannot be lifted, &c.

But Stilling's conscience, which has been rectified by many trials of faith and much experience in suffering, and purified from all sophistry by being exercised for many years in the school of grace, judged very differently. According to his inmost conviction, it was imperative upon him to resign his office and return his salary into the hands of his prince, when he found he could no longer earn it to the satisfaction of his own conscience. This position admits of no limitation, and he that thinks otherwise thinks incorrectly. Stilling could now do this boldly, since a way was shewn him by which he could attain his object as soon as he entered upon it. He had learnt in the last few years, that the Lord has means enough of helping him out of his distresses without the Marburg stipend; for his debts were liquidated, not by this, but with Swiss money, and it was with the latter, and not with the former, that the expences of the removal and the new arrangements would be covered. It is, further, the unconditional duty of the true Christian, as soon as the choice is left him of various vocations, to choose that which is the most useful to mankind, and which operates the most beneficially, without any reference to a smaller income, or even none at all; for as soon as the individual follows this maxim he enters into the immediate service of the Father and Ruler of all men, and it follows of course that He rewards his servants, and gives them what they need. Stilling therefore felt himself under weighty obligations to accept the call; for that he was of infinitely greater service by his oculistic practice, and especially by his writings, than by his professorship, was beyond a doubt, and those very occupations constituted his whole vocation in the event of his accepting the Baden appointment. It was therefore by all means his duty to accept the call, particularly as in process of time an increase of stipend was promised by a prince who faithfully performs what he promises.

There came to his mind, in addition to all these motives, the whole of Stilling's guidance, from the very cradle. He must be very blind, who cannot perceive that this had systematically pointed out the way to the door which the Elector of Baden now opened. If Stilling had purposed waiting for some other opportunity, in which more salary would be promised him, it would have been, in his situation, and with the trials of faith which he had experienced, a highly culpable mistrust; and as Providence had undoubtedly prepared and provided the vocation, it would have been also a heinous sin of disobedience if he had not accepted it. And then, this appointment was so strange and so singular in its kind, that another such could not possibly be expected; and finally, the true and enlightened Christian easily perceives that Stilling's great Leader had no other object in it than to retain him and his Eliza continually in the exercise of faith, and to place them in such a situation that their eyes must ever be directed to his gracious hand, and wait upon Him. All these convictions decided both to accept the call in reliance on Divine direction; but in order to do every thing that could be done to keep himself free from blame, Stilling wrote to the Elector of Baden, requesting an addition, if possible, in the way of residence, &c., on which the vocation came, and in it this addition was promised him as soon as anything of the kind should be vacant.

It was now, dear readers, that the great question respecting Stilling's real and final destiny was decided, and the second great problem of his wonderful guidance solved. It can no longer be said, that his faith and confidence in Jesus Christ and in his government of the world, was enthusiasm or superstition; on the contrary, the Redeemer has gloriously and obviously justified himself and the faith of his servant; and as a proof that Stilling's decision was well-pleasing to Him, He gave him the following distinguished sign of his gracious approbation.

More than fifty German miles from Marburg there lives a lady, who was utterly ignorant of Stilling's present situation and necessities, but to whom he was known by his writings. This person felt herself inwardly impelled to send Stilling twenty louis-d'ors. She followed this impulse in simplicity and faith; packed up the twenty louis-d'ors, and wrote him at the same time, *that she felt herself impelled to send him the money; he would know well enough how to apply it, and for what purpose.* By these hundred-and-eighty guilders, what still remained over from the Swiss journey was increased, and thus the removal from Marburg and the establishment of a new household in a strange place was facilitated. I imagine, however, that something yet awaits Stilling, which will develope the reason why this money was sent him.

What a manifest guidance of God, when clear-sightedly and impartially considered! If one of all the drawings of Providence hitherto described had been wanting, it would not have been possible to have accepted this appointment;—if Stilling had obtained in Switzerland only the amount of his debts and his travelling expences, it would have been a glorious and visible favor from God; but then he must have continued in Marburg, because the means would have been wanting for his removal and establishment in a strange place; for he retained no surplus of all his income at Marburg.

The Lord's name be praised! He is still the same God as He has revealed himself in the Bible. Yes, He is justly termed, *I am, and was, and shall be, ever the same. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.*

On the 25th of June, Jacob and Amalia took their departure, amidst the tears of all their friends and with the heartiest blessings of their parents, for Manheim; and Stilling and Eliza now prepared for their removal to Heidelberg, which place the Elector had recommended to them for their future residence; for though they are at liberty to reside in any part of the Baden territories they please, because Stilling has no official situation, but devotes himself solely to the great and primary impulse which has labored to attain its development in him from his youth up—that is, to be active as a witness of the truth for Jesus Christ and his kingdom, and to serve his neighbour by his beneficial ophthalmic cures; notwithstanding all this, he was under the greatest obligation to regard the advice of the Elector as a command; which was also easily obeyed, because Stilling knew no place more convenient or agreeable, and because he was already known there, having lived in that city before.

He now applied to the Elector of Hesse for his

dismission, and obtained it. At his departure, Stilling wrote once more to him, and thanked him for all the favors and benefits he had hitherto enjoyed, and entreated the continuance of his kind favor; of which the Elector also assured him in a gracious letter from his own hand.

It cannot be described what a melancholy sensation Stilling's departure caused throughout the Hessian dominions, but especially at Marburg; all its inhabitants mourned, and on his leaving, on Saturday the 10th of September, in the morning, the whole neighbourhood wept. But not a word more of these affecting scenes.—Stilling and Eliza's hearts were deeply wounded, particularly on passing the church-yard where so many dear friends and relatives repose.

It follows of course, that their friend Julia removed with them. They travelled the first day to their children, the Schwarzes, at Münster; there they spent Sunday and Monday, which latter was Stilling's birth-day, and was celebrated on this occasion in an extremely striking manner. Schwarz and Julia had formed the plan of it, which was admirably executed. I have omitted recounting any of the birth-day solemnities since 1791; they contained too much that is flattering and panegyrical, and to describe all this would be disgusting.

On Tuesday the 13th of September, they took leave of their children, the Schwarzes, and travelled to Frankfort; there they spent Wednesday and Thursday;—on Friday they rode to Heppenheim, and on Saturday the 17th of September they entered Heidelberg. The watchword for the day was striking; it stands in Exodus xv. 17:—"Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established." I suppose I need not observe that the mountain of the inheritance of Jehovah, and his sanctuary, must not be applied to Heidelberg; but Stilling's idea of the mountain of Jehovah's inheritance, his dwelling, and his sanctuary, was, the spiritual Zion and the mystic temple of God, in which he was now to be placed as a servant, and in which he was to labor.

Friend Mieg had provided a handsome dwelling; and his lady and a friend of hers, had made other requisite preparations. There dwells Stilling, with his Eliza, Julia, and Caroline; and with the three children, Frederick, Amalia, and Christina; together with the dear, good, and faithful Maria, and a maid-servant; and now waits further upon the Lord and his gracious guidance.

How gladly would I here have openly and publicly thanked certain families and intimate and cordial friends at Marburg, for their love and friendship! But tell me, my beloved friends, how could I do so, without grieving some one or other, whom I do not or cannot name? The whole dear, cordial city of Marburg is my friend, and I am its friend;—in this relation we will continue towards each other until our glorification,—and beyond it as long as our existence lasts. You all know us, and we you; the Lord our God knows all of us. Be He your great reward! Amen!

RETROSPECT OF STILLING'S LIFE.

First of all, I very heartily request all my readers to peruse, and carefully examine these few remaining pages, with a calm and impartial mind; for they develope the real point of view from whence Stilling's whole life, as displayed throughout this work, must be estimated.

That I, Johann Heinrich Jung, Aulic Counsellor, the author of this work, am myself Heinrich Stilling, and that it is therefore my own history, every one knows; my incognito is therefore no longer of any use; I lay it aside, and speak no longer in Stilling's, but in my own person.

The first and principal question is, whether my whole history, as I have related it in "Heinrich Stilling's Childhood, Youth, Wanderings, Domestic Life, and Years of Tuition," be really and actually true? To this I can with a good conscience answer in the affirmative. In the history of my "Childhood," the persons, characters, and the narrative itself, are written and described according to truth; a variety of embellishments, it is true, are introduced, because they were requisite for my object at the time; but these embellishments decrease in such a manner that few appear in the "Youthful Years," still fewer in the "Wanderings," and none at all in the "Domestic Life;" only the persons and places, for reasons which I could not avoid, were concealed under fabulous names. In the last part, however, "Stilling's Years of Tuition," with the exception of Raschmann, and a certain student, I have called every place and person by their proper names, for this very important reason—that every one may be enabled to examine and ascertain whether I relate the pure and unadorned truth. It is fully worth the while for the reader to convince himself of this; for if my history be true in its whole extent, results arise from it which perhaps few of my readers would suppose, and of which the majority cannot have even a remote presentiment. It is, therefore, an indispensable duty for me to develope and place before them these results and consequences conscientiously, and with rational and logical correctness. I therefore earnestly beg of all my readers to examine most minutely and strictly all that follows.

The events of an individual's life, from his birth to his death, all of them in their turn, arise either,

1. From blind chance; or

2. From a divine and wisely-formed plan, in the accomplishment of which men cöoperate, either as beings really free, or else mechanically, like physical nature, yet in such a manner as seems to them that they acted freely. This latter dreadful idea, that men *seem* only free to act, whilst in reality they act only mechanically, is what is called *Fatalism*. This is not the place to refute this awful absurdity; but should it be required, I can do it, thank God! incontrovertibly.

I take it therefore for granted, that God governs the world with infinite wisdom; yet in such a manner that mankind cöoperate, as free agents; for this reason;—because fatalism has no influence on my present object.

It is evident from the meaning of the expression "blind chance," that this nonentity cannot remotely prepare, from premeditated plans, with vast wisdom, the means for their accomplishment, and afterwards powerfully execute them; consequently, when all this is supremely evident, as in the history of my life, it would be folly to think of ascribing it to blind chance; as, in tht events of each individual's life, and therefore in mine also, an immense number of other individuals cöoperate; and it is impossible that all these cöoperating beings can be under the direction of a blind chance. I therefore

establish the principle, that *nothing happens, or can happen, by mere chance.*

That a person, generally speaking, is in part master of his own fate, and has usually to ascribe his happiness for the most part to himself, none of my readers will doubt, unless he be a fatalist; but with such a one I do not come into collision here. *But whether I have cöoperated as to the manner of my guidance, and whether I have in the smallest degree, intentionally, contributed to any one of the decisive events of my life, is the question on which every thing here depends;* for if I can prove that this is not the case, results arise from it of a very comprehensive nature, and which are of the utmost importance for our contemporaries.

There are persons who, from their youth up, experience within them a certain impulse; this they apprehend and keep in view till their death, and they apply all their understanding and all their powers to attain the object to which this impulse excites them. For instance, one man has an invincible inclination and a primary impulse to mechanical labors. He wrestles, strives, labors, and invents, until he produces works of art which astonish the beholder. Now this is the case in every vocation, and with all the arts and sciences; for such aspiring individuals are found in each particular department. They are called great men, people of great minds, great geniuses, &c. But many, notwithstanding all the power and strength of their impulse, and all their pains and labor, do not prove successful, because it does not comport with the mighty plan of the world's government; whilst others, who are also men of great talents, and are the cause of horrible evils in the world, succeed in attaining their object, because their actions, with the consequences arising from them, can be applied to good purposes. It is therefore evident, and indeed very certain, that such men have themselves formed and executed the plan of their lives, at least for the most part, and that their impulse was natural to them. Let the reader reflect upon the lives of many great and eminent good and wicked men, and then he will no longer be able to doubt of the truth of my assertion.

The great and principal question, therefore, now really is, Am I such a man? Do I belong to the above-mentioned class of remarkable individuals, who have for the most part been the authors of their own destinies?

Let us examine and reply to this question most strictly and impartially;—and first of all, whether I really possessed such a powerful impulse. Most certainly! I possessed it, and have it still;—it is to *labor extensively* and *comprehensively for Jesus Christ, his religion, and his kingdom;* but it must be well observed, that this impulse did not at all lie in my natural character; for its chief feature was, on the contrary, *an extensive and highly frivolous delight in physical and mental sensible pleasures;*—I beg that this fundamental part of my character be on no account lost sight of. I received the first-mentioned impulse entirely from without, and that in the following manner.

The early decease of my mother laid the foundation of it. My heavenly Guide began with this, in the second year of my age. If she had continued alive, my father would have become a farmer, and I should early have been obliged to accompany him to the field; I should have learnt to read and write, and that would have been all; my head and my heart would then have been filled with the commonest things, and what would have become of my moral character, God only knows. But my mother dying early, my father's religious character was stretched to the utmost, and took its direction from intercourse with the Mystics. He withdrew with me into solitude, for which his trade of tailor was well adapted; and in accordance with his principles, I was brought up entirely separate from the world. My head and heart, therefore, had no other objects to hear, see, and feel, but religious ones; I was constantly obliged to read the histories and biographies of great, pious, and holy men, and such as were eminent in the kingdom of God, to which was also added the repeated perusal and reperusal of the Holy Scriptures. In a word, I saw and heard nothing but religion and christianity, and men who thence became pious and holy, who lived and labored for the Lord and his kingdom, and had even offered up their blood and lives for Him. Now it is well known that the first impressions upon a mind still entirely void, particularly when they are unmingled, strong, and of many years' duration, become, as it were, indelibly engraved upon the whole being of the individual; and this was also the case with me. The impulse to act extensively for Jesus Christ, his religion, and his kingdom, was so deeply impressed upon my whole being, that no sufferings nor circumstances, during the course of so many years, were able to weaken it; it became, on the contrary, more and more powerful and invincible; and though the view of it might occasionally be obscured by gloomy prospects for a shorter or longer period, yet it presented itself to my sight so much the more clearly afterwards That I sought and cherished this impulse, when a child, no one will suppose; and it is ridiculous to imagine that this was my father's object. He sought to make me, first of all, a pious and religious man, and next, an able schoolmaster; and as this vocation, in my country, cannot support a man with a family, he wished me to learn his trade besides, in order to be able to pass through the world honestly. He gave me histories of the kind abovementioned to read, because children must have something to entertain them, and also that they might excite a desire in me to become a true Christian. But that the fundamental impulse above alluded to arose from it, was the purpose, not of a blind chance, not of my father, nor my own mind, but of the great Ruler of the world, who intended eventually to make use of me.

I therefore take it as a settled point, that it was not by natural predisposition, but by God's own wise guidance and government alone, that He imparted to my spirit the impulse to live and labor on a large scale for Jesus Christ and his kingdom, and made it my peculiar vocation.

But as my natural impulse—the highly frivolous and copious enjoyment of physical and mental pleasures—operated in a manner entirely opposed to the other engrafted impulse, my Heavenly Guide began early to combat this dangerous foe. The instrument for this purpose was also my father, but again, without his having a remote presentiment of it; for he was entirely unacquainted with my natural impulse, or he would most certainly have avoided rocks on which I should have inevitably suffered shipwreck if the paternal hand of God had not easily led me past them. My father had no idea of all this; but merely from the mystic principle of mortifying the flesh, I was almost daily whipped with the rod. I know for a certainty, that he has frequently chastised me merely to crucify and mortify his affection for me. This kind of correction would have had a highly injurious effect on any one else; but, let it be believed on my word, it was an indispensably requisite mode of tuition for me, for my thoughtless temperament went to incredible lengths in unguarded moments; no one, but God and myself, knows what horrible thoughts, wishes, and desires, were awakened in my soul; it seemed as if some mighty hostile power had ex-

cited innocent people, who intended no evil, to cast me into the most baneful and dreadful temptations and dangers, with respect to my moral character;—but it never succeeded; it was not my religious impulse, nor my principles, (for whence does a child derive principles?) but my father's severe corrections and God's gracious preservation, which were the sole causes that I was not thrown a hundred and a thousand times into the pit of perdition.

This very innate corruption, which was so entirely opposed to my religious impulse, is the reason why my Heavenly Guide was obliged to exercise me, for sixty years together, in the school of affliction, before He could make use of me; and in the sequel it will be found that all my sufferings had a tendency to mortify frivolity and worldly-mindedness, and to tear them up by the roots.

It is therefore now necessary to examine, whether I am really a great man, a man of great mind, or a great genius;—that is, *whether, by means of my own powers and faculties, I have, through my own efforts, placed myself in such a situation that I can now yield obedience to the impulses granted to me by God, to labor extensively and comprehensively for Christ, his religion, and his kingdom?*

What my father intended to make of me, was a good schoolmaster, and besides that, a tailor; and he so far attained his object that I became a schoolmaster and a tailor; but I had no higher wish than to become a preacher. This latter effect was therefore produced by my religious impulse;—I wished to study theology; and this would have afforded my father pleasure, but it was utterly impossible; for his whole property was not sufficient to support me at the University even for two years. I was therefore obliged to continue a schoolmaster and tailor; and my impulse now contented itself with insatiable reading and research, in every department of science; as my mind had attained a relish for intellectual ideas and sciences, or a classical feeling, it now pursued its course unrestrained, and only sought opportunities for reading and brooding over books. The progress I have made in the departments of scientific knowledge, may certainly be ascribed to my diligence and activity; and so much is true, that the Lord has made use of it, in a secondary point of view, as a preparatory means, but it has not directly aided the development of my real destiny.

To be always sitting at the needle, and making clothes for people, was highly repugnant to me; and to be everlastingly instructing boys and girls in A. B. C., in spelling, reading, and writing, was equally wearisome; by degrees, I considered the being doomed to be a schoolmaster and tailor as something very melancholy; and with this commenced my inward sufferings, for I saw no possibility of becoming a preacher, or anything else.

My father's severe discipline still continued; for though I was no longer beaten every day, I was never happy near him. His inexorable severity at every trifling fault awakened in me the irresistible impulse to get away from him as often and as long as possible: and this also because I was obliged to sit at the needle with him from early in the morning till late at night; so that I accepted every call to be schoolmaster with the greatest joy. As I did not instruct children with pleasure, but merely from a sense of duty, and out of school-hours brooded over books, whilst my heart never thought of earning anything in addition by working as a tailor; and besides this, as my easy-minded thoughtlessness deprived me of the trifling pay I received as schoolmaster, my father was continually obliged to clothe and support me. He saw, to his great grief, that I should never make a good schoolmaster, which naturally rendered him more severe and unfriendly towards me; and after he had married a worldly-minded, unfeeling woman, who required her stepson to go to the field with the rest, and perform all kinds of agricultural labor, even the most difficult, such as hoeing, mowing, threshing, &c., my misery rose to its height; for my limbs being unaccustomed to hard labour from my youth, I suffered dreadfully. By using the rough implements of husbandry, my hands were always full of blisters, and the skin remained sticking to the shaft of the hoe; and when I used the scythe or the flail, my ribs and hips cracked with the exertion; so that days and weeks seemed an eternity to me. At the same time my future prospects were gloomy; I saw no way of escape from this situation, nor was I any longer employed as schoolmaster; consequently nothing remained for me, except to work up and down in the country as a journeyman tailor. Opportunities for doing so occurred; but with all this, my clothes and linen grew so shabby that I was looked upon as a good-for-nothing and lost man. My religious impulses shone upon me from afar;—when I reflected on Spener, Franke, or pious preachers in general, and then imagined to myself what bliss it would be for me to become such a one, and that it was impossible in my situation, my heart broke within me.

The reasons why Providence led me into this terribly painful situation, were two-fold;—first, to subdue my worldly-mindedness, which exceeded all description, and my ungovernable frivolity; this intention I plainly perceived: and then to take me from my native province, because it could not execute its plan with respect to me, in it; but I was not at all aware of this object. I was so fond of my own country, that extreme necessity alone could banish me from it, and this soon occurred;—I left it.

Let it be well observed here, that this first step to my future destiny was taken by no means with, but against, my will. It was necessary that I should be *driven out* by the power of Providence; and it is of the utmost importance to my object, that the reader should convince himself most clearly, that I have contributed nothing to the plan of my guidance.

My first intention was to travel to Holland, and seek employment from the merchants there; but what I heard at Solingen, in the Duchy of Berg, caused me to change my purpose. I continued there, and worked at my trade. This kind of employment was extremely repugnant to me; for my sensuality always required diverting variety. The reading of novels, or other entertaining stories, was peculiarly that to which my worldly turn of mind was directed. My imagination and fancy were incessantly occupied with the most romantic imagery, in an indescribably vivid manner, and my levity soared above every scruple. Eternal Love had compassion upon me, in such a manner, that by an unspeakably inward drawing to introversion, which penetrated deep into my heart and pervaded my whole being, it irrevocably decided me to devote myself and the whole of my future life to the Lord. This attraction has always hitherto continued, and will continue till I stand before the throne; but my natural corruption was far from being eradicated by it. Jesus Christ, by his great and glorious redemption, and by his Spirit, had to combat and subdue it through the medium of wearisome and painful, but gracious trials; this great business is not yet completed, nor will it be until my soul is delivered from the body of sin and death.

Notwithstanding my spirit had now taken its direction to the great object for which mankind is destined, yet there were an infinite number of bye-paths, and I soon hit upon one of them. My

disinclination to the trade of a tailor caused me to seize with avidity the offer of a situation as private tutor in a merchant's house, and my thoughtlessness did not make a single enquiry! My wretchedness there rose to its height; such melancholy, such hellish torments, such a privation of all that can afford consolation, no one can form an idea of, who has not experienced the like. Sensuality and frivolity were there attacked at the root. At length, I could no longer endure it; I ran off, and wandered about in the wilderness; then recollecting myself, I went back to Rade vorm Wald, where the late Johann Jacob Becker (Mr. Isaac) exercised towards me that glorious master-piece of Christian philanthropy recorded in my life. I was now so thoroughly cured of my disgust at the tailor's trade, that subsequently, Mr. Spanier and my master, Becker, could scarcely persuade me to accept the situation of domestic tutor with the former; and I am even now so far from feeling a repugnance to it, that if needs be, I could immediately place myself again upon the shop-board.

During my residence with Mr. Spanier, every thing seemed as though I should become a merchant. I was daily employed in mercantile affairs, every thing succeeded with me, and although I had naturally no inclination to commerce, yet I believed it was the guidance of God; particularly as I was secretly assured that the rich, handsome, young, and virtuous daughter of a merchant was destined for me, that her father would bestow her upon me, and then take me into partnership. Although I felt no particular pleasure at all this, yet I believed it was the course of Providence, which I must necessarily follow, and regard the whole affair as a piece of peculiar good fortune.

In the midst of these ideas and expectations I received, most assuredly without my own cöoperation, the particular impression mentioned in my history, that I must study medicine. To this I had no objection, nor had those that intended to overrule my future life; for they said it was, after all, something uncommon for the head of a respectable family to give his daughter to a man who a short time before had been a tailor's apprentice; but that if I had studied and taken my degrees, all this might be done with propriety; I should be then Doctor and Merchant at the same time. This was man's plan, and mine likewise, but not the plan of my heavenly Guide. Soon afterwards, the remarkable circumstance occurred to me with the Rev. Mr. Molitor of Attendorn, who presented me with his ophthalmic arcana, and then laid himself down and died. God knows, that in my whole life I had never thought of becoming an oculist, and that neither I, nor any one of my family, had given the remotest occasion to this bequest. And now let every one who has read my history, reflect, what my ophthalmic practice has hitherto been, is still, and may yet be! He that does not here recognize the all-ruling hand of an omniscient and omnipotent Deity, has neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear; nothing will do him any good.

I made use of the remedies I had obtained for diseases of the eye, and became by this means acquainted with the worthy family of my late father-in-law, Peter Heyders, of Ronsdorf in the duchy of Berg; and contrary to all expectation, contrary to all my plans and purposes, I was obliged to betroth myself to a consumptive and weakly female on a sick-bed, an act in which my worldly interests were really not consulted; I did it merely from obedience towards God, because I believed it was his will; there was no idea on my side of falling in love, or any thing of the kind. I engaged myself to Christina, although I knew that her father could not support me in the least, and that assistance from the quarter whence I had previously received it was entirely at an end. I then went with half a French dollar to the University of Strasburg; how wonderfully the Lord there assisted me my history shows.

I now ask again, was it my plan to marry Christina, and was it my doing that I studied medicine at Strasburg?

I returned, and fixed myself at Elberfeld as practical physician and oculist, entirely without salary. I now expected extraordinary results from my practice, for I regarded myself as one whom the Lord had particularly fitted for that vocation. I then thought also, with my religious impulse in connection with this, to work for the Lord and his kingdom; and believed that I should be a very beneficial instrument in His hand at the couch of the sick, and be able to serve them both as it respects body and soul. I intended also to write religious books, and thus to satisfy my inward impulse. But all these expectations ended in nothing at all;—my practice was nothing extraordinary, but very ordinary, very common, except that my ophthalmic cures excited much attention; my cataract operations were in particular extremely successful; but for these, likewise, I am not at all indebted to my own abilities; I learnt the practice indeed at Strasburg, because it belongs to the study of surgery; but I had such a horror and repugnance to the practice of it, that I still well remember how I felt, when the poor woman at Wichlinghausen, together with the late Rev. Mr. Müller, Doctor Dinckler, and my friend Troost at Elberfeld compelled me, as it were, to hazard the operation on the above-mentioned poor woman; I performed it with fear and trembling, miserably ill, and yet the woman recovered her sight admirably. I then gained more courage; but even now, after having operated upon upwards of fifteen hundred blind people, a trepidation always comes over me when I have to perform the operation.

I therefore testify again, by all that is true, that I did not contribute in the least degree towards my becoming an oculist, nor to the extraordinary blessing which has attended my practice as an oculist. This is entirely the Lord's guidance.

It cannot be described into what profound melancholy I sank, when I clearly saw that the art of medicine was not my department; and in addition to this painful conviction, there was the oppressive load of debt, which considerably increased every year, without my being able to alter or prevent it. This was in reality medicine against sensuality and frivolity; and both were also, God be thanked! entirely eradicated. I now saw no way of escape whatever;—I had a wife and children, an increasing debt, and a continually decreasing income. I was not deficient in learning and knowledge; I crept through every ancient and modern cranny of medicinal literature, and found in this unstable science nothing but obscurity. I was now heartily weary of medicine; but wherewith was I to support myself, and how was I to pay my debts? I was consequently obliged to surrender myself to Providence at discretion; this I did most sincerely, both for time and eternity, and this surrender is not only not annulled, but it has become more and more effectual and unconditional.

Religious books!—Yes, I wrote them, but with little perceptible result. "The Sling of a Shepherd's Boy," "The Great Panacea for the Disease of Scepticism," and "The Theodice of the Shepherd's Boy," produced little effect;—on the contrary, "Stilling's Childhood," a piece which I wrote without any intention of publication, but merely to read to a company of young people, and which Goethe sent to the press entirely without my knowledge and will, made an unexpected and in-

credible sensation; so that I was urged to continue it, and therefore wrote, whilst in Elberfeld, "Stilling's Youthful Years, and Wanderings," one after the other. I can boldly affirm, that very few books have gained their authors so large, so noble-minded, and so benevolent a class of readers, as this; and even now, after the lapse of twenty-eight years, after so many changes, so much progress and regress in culture and literature, Stilling still continues to be fashionable; he is still read with pleasure and the same edification as at first. And what a blessing this book has produced with reference to religion and true christianity, God the Omniscient knows; and I also in part, for I can shew a multitude of written testimonies to the truth of that assertion. The history of Stilling's life, therefore, laid the first and considerable foundation for my real destiny, and the following-up of my religious impulse.

I now again beg that it may be carefully observed, that I did not give the smallest occasion to this extraordinary and important part of my history, which proved the basis of that to which I was eventually and really called; that is, the following of my religious impulse; but that it was simply the free arrangement of Providence.

If it be asked why my heavenly Guide did not at that time place me at my true post, I answer, that there was still very much in me to smooth away; nor was I yet firm enough in my principles. I still struggled with fatalism; and besides this, the period was not then arrived in which it was proper for me to act.

At length, in the hour of extremity, and when I saw no way of escape, I was delivered in a manner of which I had not the remotest idea, and of which I had never dreamt. In consequence of a treatise on the scientific improvement of the common forests in the principality of Nassau Siegen, my native province, by which I sought to afford pleasure to a certain friend, I was appointed public teacher of Agriculture, Technology, Commerce, and the Veterinary Art, at the newly-established Financial Academy at Kaisers-Lautern in the Palatinate, with a fixed income of six hundred guilders;—and at my departure, the most urgent debts, to the amount of eight hundred guilders, were liquidated in a manner as unexpected as that in which the principal sum was liquidated in Switzerland, two years and a-half ago.

I therefore removed with my family to Lautern.

That this again was no preconcerted plan of mine, and not my own guidance, but solely and completely the plan and execution of my heavenly Guide, every one must feel, who is in any degree capable of reflection.

I now believed to a certainty, that the study of political economy was the vocation for which Providence had guided and prepared me from my youth up; for I had ample opportunity of learning practically all the sciences I taught. I had studied medicine, because the auxiliary sciences belonging to it were indispensable in my present vocation. My religious impulse was not extinguished; on the contrary, I intended to unite it with this calling. In this conviction, I continued perfectly quiet five-and-twenty years, and labored with all fidelity in my vocation; this is proved by my eleven manuals, and the great multitude of treatises which I wrote during that period. My heart no longer contemplated any more changes, particularly in my old age, until at length the "Nostalgia" became the mighty means of placing me in my peculiar station.

My readers are already aware, how unintentionally I wrote the "Nostalgia;"—the preparatives to it, which consisted of the collection of many sentences, the reading of humorous writings, &c., were by no means systematic as regarded myself though systematic with God; and the determination to publish the "Nostalgia" was so unpremeditated, that I only decided upon it when Krieger besought me to compose something of a classical nature for him; and when I began, it was by no means my object to write a work of such an extent as it became under my hands, and as it afterwards proved in its effects, which were great, and still are so, since it operates like a ferment in every quarter of the globe;—*this I can prove*. I now received requisitions from every quarter, to devote myself entirely to religious authorship, stating that I was designed for it by God, &c. "The Grey Man," "The Scenes in the Invisible World," and "The History of the Triumph," increased and strengthened this requisition of my class of readers, which consisted of many thousand good men. But how could I listen to these calls? A multitude of domestic hindrances stood in the way; my debts were not yet liquidated; and where was the prince who would pension me for such a very uncommon object? The answer to these questions is this:—the Lord cleared the hindrances out of the way in a glorious and divine manner; in a similar manner I was enabled to pay my debts; and the "Nostalgia" had so prepared the good, great, and pious Elector of Baden, that he immediately resolved to place me in my true station, as soon as opportunity was afforded him.

See, my dear readers!—it is in this indescribably wise and gracious manner that the Lord has at length led me to the attainment of that aim, the impulse for which He caused to be engrafted in me in my earliest infantine years. My present occupation therefore is,—

1. The continuance of my ophthalmic practice; for this vocation has been legitimated and assigned me by the Lord's direction;

2. The continuance of my religious authorship, as my heavenly Guide directs; and

3. The distributing and editing of little edifying tracts for the lower classes, for which purpose contributions in money are sent me by kind and piously-disposed friends, in order to enable me to disseminate such tracts gratuitously among the lower orders. Whether the Lord has anything further in view with me, I know not;—I am his servant, let him employ me as He pleases; but I shall take no step without first endeavouring clearly to ascertain his will.

All my readers will now probably be convinced that I am not a great man, a man of great mind, or a great genius; for I have contributed nothing whatever to any part of the manner in which I have been led; it was even necessary, first of all, painfully to prepare my natural disposition, by much labor and tedious sufferings. I was merely a passive mass in the forming hand of the Artist—clay in the hand of the Potter. He, therefore, that regards me as a man of great talents, and great virtues, or even estimates me as a great saint, does me much wrong; he acts just as improperly as a person would do, who praised an old, oaken, rude, and coarsely-made chest, as a great specimen of art and a master-piece, because some great man lays up valuable treasures in it for daily use. But, whoever is inclined to wonder and rejoice at me, let him wonder at the way in which I have been led, adore the Father of men, and thank him that He still does not leave himself without a witness; that He also prepares witnesses to tread his sacred paths, and still sends laborers into his vineyard, even at the eleventh hour.

I now earnestly intreat my readers to give God and the truth the glory, and minutely examine the following positions.

1. Does not the whole history of my life incontestably show that, not human wisdom and prudence, but He who knows how to govern the hearts, actions, and fates of men, yet without controlling their free will, has really guided, formed, and brought me forward, from beginning to end, according to a premeditated plan?

2. Does not my history likewise incontrovertibly show that, on my part, not the smallest thing was done, either with respect to the project, or the accomplishment of the plan of my life? Neither enthusiasm nor error had any part in that plan or its execution; for whenever I was enthusiastic or mistaken, I was always taught better by the result.

3. Therefore, if the all-wise, all-kind, and all-powerful Governor of the world has himself guided and prepared me, without either myself or any other individual having part in his plan, can his work have been fruitless? Can He so lead and guide a fanatic, an enthusiast, and a deceiver, as He has led me, in order to mislead men? He may permit a fanatic and a seducer to labor through difficulties, and obtain, through their own efforts, a number of adherents; for He leaves free agents at liberty to work, so long as it can consist with his high counsels. But let any one make it appear that during my whole life, I have at any time labored through difficulties of the kind, or have sought to form for myself a party in a religious respect.

4. Does it not follow from all this, that my religious system of doctrine, which is no other than that which Christ and his apostles, and subsequently all the orthodox fathers of every century, have taught, is *true*, and has again legitimated itself in my guidance? I may have ideas, I may have minor conceptions, which are not altogether pure, and which are not yet sufficiently rectified; but in the main object of christianity, it is as certain that I do not mistake, as that I am sure that God has led me during my whole life, and has Himself formed me to be a witness of the truth. However, I can affirm before God, with the most perfect sincerity, that none of my religious ideas have arisen through wearisome reflection, or are the result of any deductions of mere reason, but all of them have unfolded themselves to my mind during the consideration of difficult passages of Scripture. The principal points of the Christian religion, according to my conviction, are contained in the following fundamental positions.

1. The Holy Scriptures, as we at present possess them, contain, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the prophet Malachi, and from the first chapter of the Gospel of Matthew to the last chapter of the Apocalypse, the history of the revelation of God to man; and are therefore the only credible source of all those super-sensible truths which are needful for man in the attainment of that to which he is destined.

2. Man was first created by God in a state of perfection; but he sinned by disobedience against God, and by this means, lost the equilibrium between the sensual and moral impulses; the sensual became more and more predominant; and therefore, with respect to all his posterity, the thoughts and imaginations of the heart of man are evil from his youth up, and that continually.

3. Previous to this, a class of higher and more spiritual beings had fallen away from God, and become evil; the prince of these beings had seduced the first man to disobedience; these evil spirits can *then* work upon the spiritual part of man, when he gives them the opportunity for so doing. But there are also good spirits, which are about a man, and likewise influence him, when circumstances require it. Evil spirits, together with Satan their prince, his angels, and all evil men, I call the kingdom of darkness.

4. God has from eternity begotten a being, of the same nature with himself, and which stands in the same connection with him as a son to his father; hence he is also called in the Bible, the Son of God, Logos, the God-word. This Son of God undertook the guidance and redemption of the fallen human race. In the Old Testament, he revealed himself under the name of Jehovah; and in the New, as a real man, under the name of Jesus Christ. He is God and man in one person.

5. This God-man, Jesus Christ, redeemed fallen human nature, by his bloody sacrificial death, from sin, death, and the punishment of sin. In this bloody sacrificial death lies the foundation for reconciliation with God, the forgiveness of sins, and consequently, also of salvation. The moral precepts of Christ—which are contained likewise in all their points in the Old Testament, and have been taught almost perfectly by heathens,—merely serve to enable a man to examine *whether*, and *in how far*, the bleeding sacrifice of Christ has had its effect on him. They are the natural consequences of the work of redemption; but without this, as little possible to be practised in a manner *acceptable to God*, as that a sick man should be able to perform the business of one in health.

6. Jesus Christ rose from the dead, and thus became the procuring cause of the resurrection of mankind; He then ascended to heaven, and undertook the government of the world. He is now, therefore, that God who governs all things, guides all the destinies of mankind, and leads every thing, in great things as well as in small, collectively as well as individually, to the great end of human redemption, which He finally accomplishes. For this purpose, He stands opposed, with all his true servants and worshippers, together with the holy angels, as the kingdom of light, to the kingdom of darkness; both fight against each other, until the latter is entirely overcome, and thus the work of redemption is completed; the Son then gives up the kingdom to his Father, who again becomes all in all.

7. God will and must be worshipped in Jesus Christ, in his name; that is, in his person. God, out of Christ, is a metaphysical nonentity, which daring reason has abstracted from the idea of a supremely perfect man. To worship this nonentity, which never existed any where but in the head of a philosopher, is pure idolatry. In Christ alone, the Father of men is to be found; there alone, He will and can be worshipped.

8. The Holy Spirit, the Spirit of the Father and Son, is in reality a being of an equally divine nature with the Father and the Son. He is a moral divine love-power proceeding from both, even as light and warmth emanate from the sun. Since the day of Pentecost until now, He is continually operative; every one who believes in his heart in Christ, receives his saving doctrines, heartily repents of his sin and misery, and inwardly longs to be free from sin, and to become a true child of God, puts on, according to the measure of his faith and the degree of his longing, the Holy Spirit; so that his moral powers become gradually stronger, and his sensual bias in the same degree weaker.

This is my true and invariable system of faith, doctrine, and life, which has stood the test of many trials and much experience and purification; which I have gleaned and collected singly, by degrees, like rare grains of gold, on my wearisome pilgrimage:—not by speculation, or the effort of my reasoning powers; but whilst striving, for many years, after light and truth, from heartfelt pressure and necessity, and then formed into a rational

whole. It is the pure dogma of the Holy Scriptures, untroubled by any sophistry or fashionable commentary, on the truth and certainty of which I am willing to live and die.

The modern "march of intellect" (as it is termed) stands directly opposed to these ancient christian doctrines of faith and salvation. Many worthy, upright, and well-meaning men prefer the former to the latter, because they conceive that the doctrines of religion, modified by enlightened reason, are better adapted to the human understanding, than this ancient christian system. They have therefore invented an exposition, a Bible commentary, which suits their philosophy. But these good men either perceive or do not perceive, that the tendency of this new enlightening is directed to the establishment of a natural religion, whose dogmas are merely moral, and which, in the end, makes the sending of Christ quite unnecessary, and the Bible no longer needful. But as neither classical feeling nor the beauty of virtue can restore the moral powers lost in Adam's fall, immorality incessantly increases under the sway of this enlightened reason, corruption grows with rapidity, mankind sinks back into the most senseless barbarism; and the divine judgments exercise severe and righteous vengeance upon a people that despise every means of moral improvement and amendment.

On the other hand, the experience of every age proves, in the cases of millions of individuals, that the ancient christian doctrine of faith transforms its adherents into good and holy citizens, husbands, wives, friends, parents and children. The new enlightening may, here and there, produce an honest man and an example of civil virtue, but only for public approval;—such a man may at times perform a brilliant action; but to shew kindness in secret, entirely unknown, from real love to God and man, even to enemies, is utterly impossible, except where the spirit of Christ prevails.

But now the very important question arises, whence comes it that such worthy and well-meaning men, notwithstanding all these undoubted facts, still continue attached to their new-enlightened system? To this it is answered, there are two premises, two foundations for all religious demonstration;—if these premises are false, every mathematically-correct demonstration becomes also false and incorrect, and that is just the case here.

The whole of the christian doctrine of faith is founded upon the following fundamental position. God created the first man as a free agent, with the tendency to continually-increasing moral perfection, and with it an equally progressive enjoyment of the Supreme Good; but he suffered himself to be deceived by an unknown evil being, so that he applied this bias to a continually-increasing sensual perfection, and with it an equally progressive enjoyment of earthly good. The Holy Scriptures teach us this fundamental position; and the experience of almost six thousand years teaches us that it is undoubtedly true. Hence it follows immediately, that,—

If man had continued in his natural state, it would have been natural to him to obey the dictates of morality; his head would have dictated them, and his heart would have followed them; natural religion would then have been the only true one. But in our present fallen state, where the senses rule supremely, and the moral powers are maimed, we cannot require of the weaker part to overcome the stronger; there is consequently no way of redemption in nature, and the Creator was therefore again obliged to interfere, in order that men might be saved.

Now he that founds a correct logical demonstration on these premises, finds the whole christian system of salvation very rational, and the enlightening of the present day very irrational.

The fundamental position of the new-enlightened system is the following:—"The entire creation is a connected whole, on which the Creator has bestowed intellectual and physical powers, and has given them their eternal and unchangeable laws, according to which they work unhindered; so that there is now no further need of divine cöoperation, or influence; consequently, every thing in the whole creation takes its necessary and unalterable course, which has for its object the general good of every being. The human race is a part of this whole; and the eternal laws of nature operate so that the free will of every man, in every action, is so guided that he does what he does. Moral philosophy contains the laws according to which the free will must be governed." This position is in reality fatalism; and however much it may be concealed and guarded, it is with all, even the most moderate rationalist, more or less openly or concealed, the universal fundamental idea.

But how may reason have arrived at this idea? I answer, In a very natural manner. It seeks to convince itself of the existence of a Supreme Being, and afterwards to search out his nature and qualities; and as it knows no other rational being but itself in the whole sensible creation, it removes every limitation from the human soul, and then finds an infinitely rational, almighty, omniscient, all-gracious, omnipotent human soul, which it calls God. Now even as a human artist makes a work of art—for instance, a watch; and as this watch would be very imperfect, if the artist were continually under the necessity of turning, moving, and helping in various ways, first one little wheel, and then another,—the supremely perfect Artist has made a machine, which, because its Maker is supremely perfect, must also be supremely perfect, and therefore no where requires any after-assistance or cöoperation of the artist.

But that this horrible position is *not true*, our own free feelings tell us, and likewise our very reason; for if it were true, every act of man, whichever way it may be turned and twisted, as it is performed, is determined by the Creator. The most abominable deeds which any individual may commit, and the most dreadful sufferings which men may cause each other, all the oppressions of widows and orphans, all the horrors of war, &c.; all this, the God of the modern enlightening has purposed; for he has formed the plan of nature in such a manner that all this must necessarily take place.

No one will deny that every man who is only in some measure rational, must shrink back from this inference, which is certainly logically correct; consequently, reason here stands in contradiction to itself; and when that is the case, its jurisdiction ceases, it has reached its limit. Nothing more dreadful can be imagined than that human reason —particularly in our times, when the most unbounded luxury vies with the most ungovernable immorality—should be led in such paths, and that this should even be called the Christian religion! O the monstrous blasphemy!

My dear friends, be either entirely Christians, according to the real, ancient evangelical system, or entirely rationalists, and we shall then know how to act towards you. *Remember Laodicea.* The midway is a snare, which Satan has placed for man.

Dear brethren and sisters, let us faithfully cleave to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to Jesus Christ and his Spirit; and let us receive the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as we have them, and as our sound human understanding comprehends them, as our only

source of faith and knowledge. He will come quickly, and will then graciously regard our fidelity. Amen.

THOU who upon th' eternal throne
Dost weigh the fates of all below,
And ever wear'st the radiant crown
Of worlds unnumber'd, on thy brow:—
Surrounded by seraphic flames,
And throned in light of sevenfold ray,
Amidst thy servants' loud acclaims,
Disdain not, Lord! my humble lay.

Hear, O ye heavens!—thou earth, attend!
Let roaring thunders silent be!
That ye the song may comprehend
Which, Lord, I now will sing to Thee.
Ye saints, who in his courts reside,
Lend me your melody divine,
That I may praise my heavenly Guide,
And He his gracious ear incline.

Thou Love unspeakable and kind,
The element in which I move,
Behold with what a flame refined
My heart burns in thy precious love!
A nothing in the dust was I;
Yet thou, my All! madest choice of me;
My growing faith thou long didst try,
And my desires laid hold of Thee.

Chosen thy guidance to display,
A witness of thy truth to be,
My heart and all my powers now say,
"My God, I live and die for thee!"
Thee will I faithfully confess;—
O grant me courage, strength, and power!
And neither suffering nor distress
Shall part us in the trying hour.

Giver of every perfect gift!
Thou found'st me in the lowly cot,
And kindly from the dust didst lift
And raise me to a happier lot.
For thou didst hear a father's cry;
A mother's prayers touch'd thy heart;
And power and spirit from on high
To me didst graciously impart.

Upon the golden scales of fate,
My sufferings thou didst nicely weigh;
Appoint my days their final date
When I must thy last call obey;
Didst form, e'en then, the plan sublime
Of what my future course should be;
The path didst show which I must climb
To reach my final destiny.

An angel at the Saviour's throne
Commission now received from thee;
He laid aside his pearly crown,
And came enwrapp'd in gloom to me.
Of mercy he unconscious seem'd;
No pity did his eye betray;
Perhaps by Thee, once fittest deem'd
T' announce the awful judgment-day.

With all fidelity he led
Me through youth's wild and varied way;
I followed him with secret dread,
And did each gentle hint obey.
Amidst the howlings of the blast,
My feet by the rude brambles rent,
Through rocky clefts I toiling pass'd,—
Thus painfully each day was spent.

A dubious glimmer often seem'd
To terminate my arduous way;
I hasten'd on to what I deem'd
Would all my weary steps repay;
When, all at once, my guide severe
Would tear me from the path I sought,
And lead again, through caverns drear,
And rugged rocks with horrors fraught.

A most oppressive load of debt
Weigh'd on me wheresoe'er I went;
Whilst gloomy sadness ever met
Me with her breath so pestilent.
No cool and gentle eastern breeze,
Which brings refreshment as it blows,—
No flowery fields, nor shady trees,
Yielded the traveller sweet repose.

Thus did I journey on my way,
Through many a winding up and down,
When, suddenly, a cheering ray
Beam'd on my path,—my load was gone
My leader, with a powerful arm,
The burden from my shoulder took,
And with a look that grief might charm,
He plunged it in the flowing brook.

Following the footsteps of my guide,
I walk'd more easy on my way,
Until, at length, a brilliant light
Announced the near approach of day.
It came,—the golden morning came,—
And all my anxious cares were fled;
I now have reach'd my blissful aim,
And loudly shall my thanks be paid.

Ye heavenly choirs around the throne,
Your part in my thanksgivings bear,
Till I, at length, the victor's crown
At the great marriage-feast shall wear.
Then, of my golden harp possess'd,
With you Jehovah's name I'll praise,
And HE shall clasp me to his breast,
Who led me all my earthly days.

Till then, let power divine protect,
And heavenly peace my spirit cheer
My footsteps, here below, direct,
Till I before thy face appear.
The present seed I now shall sow
To ripen for eternity—
O let it to perfection grow,
Then take thy pilgrim home to thee!

STILLING'S OLD AGE.

CHAPTER XX.

WITH the prospect of soon arriving at the end of my pilgrimage—at the commencement of my seventy-seventh year—and after having struggled through a year of bodily suffering occasioned by spasmodic affections and debility, a feeling of sacred awe, as it were, thrills through me. The long series of the years of my previous life pass before my soul like shadows on the wall; and the present appears to me like a great and solemn picture, covered with a veil, which I shall draw aside only when my earthly tabernacle reposes in the grave, and ripens for the resurrection. Grace, and mercy, and salvation, through the atoning love of my heavenly Guide, will then shine through my whole being from this picture. Hallelujah!

The aspect of things around me is now very different to that which it presented when I described Heinrich Stilling's youth. My old age and my youth are two very different points of view. I no longer sit between sun-dials, at the oaken table, in the dark little room, working at a doublet for neighbour Jacob, or sowing buttons upon shoemaker Peter's Sunday coat. Eberhard Stilling no longer walks about, in his linen frock, with powerful step; and Margaret no longer comes busily to fetch salt for the soup from the party-colored box behind the stove. The wheels of my blooming aunt no longer whirl about the lamp, and the voice of her song has long been mute.

Uncle Johann Stilling no longer comes to relate to his wondering auditory his new discoveries in electricity, mechanics, optics, mathematics, and the like. No! the aspect of things around me is now totally changed.

I now sit in my convenient easy-chair, before my much-used desk, and on the walls around me hang pledges to remind me of near and distant friends. My sorely-tried and long and heavily afflicted Eliza totters about me, and cares for the present and the future; whilst my youngest daughter, Christina, attends upon her and executes her commands. She is the only one of my children who is still with me, and who often cheers and

revives me by her performance on the harpsichord. My daughter Hannah lives happily at Heidelberg with her beloved Schwarz, and ten children. Her eldest daughter is married to Professor Vömel in Hanau, and has presented me with a great-grandson, whose godfather I am. Her eldest son Wilhelm was head-master of the school at Weinheim on the Berg-road, and also assistant preacher there; but he is now here as governor and tutor of the only son of Mr. Von Berckheim, our worthy minister of state. The university of Heidelberg gave him the diploma of doctor of philosophy, on account of his diligence, knowledge, and good conduct; he also visits me almost daily. My son lives in Rastadt with his wife and six children, in the enjoyment of the divine blessing. The Lord leads him through painful paths, but he passes through them as becomes a Christian. His eldest daughter Augusta is also with me, for the purpose of being trained, in Madame Von Grainberg's seminary, to become a modest, pious, and accomplished young female. She likewise contributes to cheer my old and gloomy age.

The worthy lady who founded the institution above-mentioned, Madame Von Grainberg, having undertaken the education of the two grand-ducal princesses, and taken my third daughter Amalia, with her to the palace, in the character of an assistant, my eldest daughter Caroline has now entered upon the management of the seminary. Her desirable sphere of action cheers the evening of my life; and both the daughters visit us, their parents, almost daily. Lastly, my second son Frederick also spent the last half-year with us, before commencing his career in Russia, as financier and agriculturist; his guitar and his fine manly song dispel many of my gloomy hours. But it just occurs to me, that grandfathers and grandmothers grow very loquacious when the conversation turns upon their family. In order therefore not to fall into the commission of this fault, I will now return to the subject, and take up the thread of the history of my life from "Stilling's Years of Tuition."

On my arrival at Heidelberg, in September 1803, I learnt that the Grand-duke, at that time still Elector of Baden, was at Manheim. I therefore rode thither the next day, in order to announce my arrival to him in person, and to pay my respects to him. He received me very graciously, and said, "I rejoice at having you in my territories. From my youth up I have had the desire to devote all my powers to religion and christianity; but God having confided to me the office of ruler, I am obliged to yield myself up to it entirely. You are the man whom God has prepared for this object. I therefore free you from all earthly obligations, and commission you by your correspondence and authorship to promote religion and practical christianity in my place; for this I call you, and take you into my pay."

This was therefore my *political* and legal calling to my future vocation, which wanted nothing but a written confirmation, which, however, I did not deem necessary, well knowing that no one would have any claim upon me on that account.

I returned with great inward peace of mind to Heidelberg; for the great and radical impulse, which I had felt within me from the cradle, was now satisfied. A material point, however, still disturbed my repose, notwithstanding my unshaken confidence in my heavenly Guide; I found every thing quite different in Heidelberg to what I had left it ten years and a-half previous. Every thing was dear, and by no means cheaper than at Marburg; many things, indeed, were even dearer. Our friends had written to us, advising us to sell our household furniture, for we could replace it in a superior manner at Heidelberg; but we found it just the reverse. Our handsome furniture was sold in Marburg at a low price, and we were obliged to procure in its stead inferior articles at a higher rate. In short, the removal from Marburg to Heidelberg, with the whole arrangements at the latter place, cost me nearly a thousand guilders. I was able to meet this heavy expence from what remained over from my journies; but there was nothing left as a resource for any future occasion.

In Marburg, my yearly income was about two thousand five-hundred guilders, of which nothing remained over, notwithstanding the strictest economy. Circumstances, which I cannot disclose or explain to the public, considerably increased my expenditure. These circumstances continued almost entirely the same; and to meet them, I had scarcely half the amount of my Marburg income to receive. When, at the close of the year 1803, my wife and I gradually discovered and experienced this, and found that we could not keep house in Heidelberg by any means for less than in Marburg, gloomy melancholy lay like a mountain on my soul;—my reason spoke very lively and loudly: "Thou hast never before taken a step towards arbitrarily removing thyself out of the situation in which Providence had placed thee; therefore thy Heavenly Guide helped thee powerfully through. But is this now the case? Hast thou neither directly nor indirectly contributed to the call which the Elector of Baden has given thee to come hither? Was thy impulse to work for the Lord and his kingdom pure? Did not the vain desire also lie hidden in the bottom of thy soul, to shine as a great light in the church of God, and by thy writings to become famous throughout the world? And finally, are there any duties superior to that of taking care that thy wife and children do not fall into poverty? And canst thou answer for exchanging the means which Providence had given into thy hands for this purpose, for a situation which, with all thy good intentions, and good will, is still enveloped in the obscurity of the future?" &c. All these questions stood like reproving judges before my soul, and I could not bring forward a single word in my defence. What were my feelings! I now found no other way of escape than that of the severest, strictest, and most impartial self-examination, how it stood with me in reference to all these points.

In the course of this examination, I found—what all the children of Adam find in similar circumstances—that whatever men undertake, and in whatever they cöoperate, sin is intermingled; but in the material part of my guidance I found nothing with which I could reproach myself; for all the circumstances which decided my sphere of action, and my connexion and situation in Marburg, unanimously gave me the hint to withdraw from that station. But that which completely impressed the seal of divine vocation upon this hint, was, that there was a prince who was just in want of a man whose predominating impulse was to be active for the Lord and his kingdom, and that this prince knew and loved this man,—a case which is probably singular in its kind.

Even the summer before, when the Elector wrote to me that he was then able to offer me twelve hundred guilders, that I might come, and that he would by degrees improve my circumstances, I informed him that I could not support myself and my family upon it. But as nothing further transpired, I reconsidered every point minutely, and felt that it was my duty to obey

the call; for I was convinced that it was the only one I could expect during the remainder of my life.

On examining whether my impulse to work for the Lord was pure, or whether the vain desire did not secretly mingle with it to become celebrated by my writings, I found that all our best works cannot stand the test in the divine light; but I found, likewise, that if vanity had been my motive, I certainly should not have chosen that particular vocation which is the most exposed to the contempt and opposition of the great men of the present age. After all this had become clear to me, providing for my family was no longer a question with me; for I was convinced that I had followed the will of my Heavenly Guide, and therefore that troubled me no longer. How gloriously the Lord legitimated my confidence, will be shewn in the sequel.

I employed the close of the year 1803 in arranging my library, and with the complete regulation of my escrutoire and my study; but this occupation was almost daily interrupted by a multitude of letters and visits, as well as by ophthalmic patients. Thus I concluded the year 1803, which had been such an important one for me, and began the next by continuing the history of my life, under the title of "Heinrich Stilling's Years of Tuition." This work, together with the preparation of the fifteenth number of the "Grey Man," and a couple of tales in Aschenberg's Annual, occupied me during the winter, which was, on the whole, a very painful one for me and my family; for our Caroline fell dangerously ill, and our youngest daughter, Christina, suffered from an abscess in the left arm, which gave reason to fear a caries in the bone, which might induce lameness, and even death itself. Caroline at length recovered; but Christina, who was then in her fifth year, seemed gradually to waste away, and become consumptive. My stock of money, besides, began also to decline, and assistance was therefore requisite from a higher quarter. Nor was this assistance delayed; for towards the end of the month of March, I received a letter from a very estimable lady in Upper Lusatia, in which she called upon me to go thither, since there were many poor blind people and such as suffered in their eyes, who required my presence; the travelling expences would be repaid, and I should find on the way, two hundred dollars (three hundred and sixty guilders) for my expences.

We thanked the Lord for this continuance of his gracious guidance, and began to prepare for this long journey; for Herrnhut, or rather, Gorlitz, whither I was invited, is eighty German miles, or one hundred and sixty leagues distant from Heidelberg.

The first duty incumbent upon me was to inform the Elector of my intended journey. I therefore rode to Carlsruhe, where I spent some agreeable days in his society. On this occasion he commissioned me to speak with the members of the Moravian Conference at Bertholsdorf, for he was very desirous of having a settlement of the brethren in his territories. I then took leave of him, and returned to Heidelberg.

Although our friend Julia Richerz undertook, with true maternal fidelity, the care of our two little girls, yet it was painful to us both, and particularly to my wife, to leave the little sufferer, Christina, for so many weeks. However, it could not be avoided; for on account of my age and my frequent spasmodic attacks, I could not travel alone.

We commenced our journey on the 3rd of April 1804, in our own carriage with post-horses. The weather was extremely agreeable; at Heidelberg, and along the Berg-road, the almond and peach-trees were arrayed in the richest bloom; all nature seemed to smile upon us, and announce a pleasant journey. But we were deceived; for in the afternoon, when we came within view of the distant Feldberg, between Darmstadt and Frankfort, I saw it was still covered half-way down with snow and that the Wetterau mountains were also enveloped in this wintry garb; I consequently began to be apprehensive, for I was acquainted with the road to Herrnhut, having travelled thither before. We arrived in the evening at Frankfort.

It must be a matter of great indifference to the reader of the evening of my life, what befell us at each posting-house from one day to another. In short, it was a wearisome journey; spasms in the stomach within, and continual danger from the weather and bad roads from without, were the order of the day. There were occasionally, however, days of cheering and vernal weather; seldom, indeed, but so much the more agreeable and invigorating. It follows of course, that the two hundred dollars were waiting for us in the way.

During this journey, we spent a few days at Cassel, one at Eisenach, and one and a-half at Erfurth; and at length we arrived, in the evening of the 19th of April, at Kleinwelke, a Moravian settlement, near Bautzen in Upper Lusatia.

The sphere of operation to which I was called by this journey, commenced here; a crowd of blind people, and such as were diseased in the eye, came about me, and I attended to them, in weakness, as much and as well as I was able.

On the 23rd we left Kleinwelke for Herrnhut, where we fixed our quarters at the congregational lodging-house, and were immediately visited by various dear friends. At Herrnhut, we enjoyed the fruits of brotherly love in all their plenitude, and the Lord also gave me the opportunity of effecting much, and of being of service to many sufferers.

I also laid before the Moravian conference at Bertholsdorf the wish of the Elector of Baden, to have a Moravian settlement in his dominions; but as they were just on the point of establishing a settlement at Konigsfeld in the Black Forest, in Würtemberg, near the borders of Baden, the Elector's wish could not be granted, for two reasons;—first, because the establishment of such a settlement is very expensive; and secondly, because Konigsfeld being situated near the borders of Baden, a second station in the vicinity would be superfluous. It is, however, pleasing to notice, that some years afterwards, by an exchange of territory, Konigsfeld came under the dominion of Baden, and thus Charles Frederick's pious wish was eventually fulfilled.

We remained at Herrnhut till the 9th of May, and then rode five leagues further to Gorlitz, whither I was called by various ophthalmic patients.

Gorlitz is an extremely agreeable and very flourishing town. It lies on a beautiful and fertile plain, which is terminated towards the east by a rocky declivity, adjoining the little river Neisse. On this rock stands the sumptuous church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which is celebrated for its large and astonishing organ, its great bell, and its subterranean crypt. It is a glorious sight to see the sun rising over the giant mountains, from this place. Towards the south-west, at some little distance, stands the hill called Landskrone, quite isolated. From this point of view it does not appear very high, although it is visible from every part of Lusatia, from any eminence. The reason is, because the whole land is high in this part.

Gorlitz was also interesting to me on another account. The celebrated Jacob Bohme was a master-shoemaker and citizen of this place; and it was extremely affecting to me, to find his memory still so much cherished, and its influence so beneficial. The inhabitants of Gorlitz esteem it an honour that Bohme was a townsman of theirs, although it is now two hundred years ago since he lived there, and was undeservedly and basely ill-treated by the clergy of those times, especially by Gregorius Richter, one of the chief preachers. Bohme inculcates nothing in his writings contrary to the Augsburg Confession; he went diligently to church, and frequently received the sacrament. In his manner of life he was blameless; a faithful subject, an exemplary husband and father, and a kind neighbour; this was well known in Gorlitz, and yet the proud priesthood treated him as an arch-heretic One morning, Bohme went on some errand to the Rev. Mr. Richter; but scarcely had he entered the door, when Richter seized a slipper, and threw it at the head of the good shoemaker; the latter quietly picked it up, and laid it again at the clergyman's feet. On Bohme's decease in 1624, the clergy would not suffer him to be buried in the churchyard. The case was referred to the high consistory court at Dresden, and the corpse was obliged to be kept until the decision returned, which ordered that Bohme's corpse should be interred with all the honors due to a good Christian, and that the whole of the clergy should attend the funeral. This was done; but the clergy accompanied the procession only as far as the gate of the town, when their worships turned back again. The churchyard lies on the north side of the town. I had Bohme's grave pointed out to me;—it is covered with a small square hewn stone, on which is inscribed the year in which Bohme was born, his name, and the year in which he died. A private teacher of respectability in Gorlitz, related to me, that taking a walk one day, he had seen two Englishmen at this tomb, emptying their snuff-boxes, and filling them with earth from Bohme's grave. This had induced him to lay a new stone upon it, in place of the old one, of which scarcely anything remained.

We enjoyed much friendship in this agreeable town, and I had opportunity enough of rendering service to the afflicted. After a six days' residence, we left Gorlitz for Niesky, a considerable Moravian settlement, in which is the seminary where young people are prepared and formed for the ministry. Here I became acquainted with several excellent and learned men, and also with other interesting members of the Moravian church, who shewed us much affection and friendship.

The day following, I rode a few leagues into the country, to perform the operation for the cataract on a blind person of rank. I saw at a distance before me the mountain called the Schneekuppe, the highest peak of the Giant range. I think, however, that the Blauen, at the upper end of the Black Forest, is still higher than either the Brocken or the Schneekuppe; and yet these mountains are but hills compared with the Alps of Switzerland.

In the afternoon I returned to Niesky, where we lodged at the congregational hotel, as is customary in all the Moravian settlements. I am unwilling to detain the reader with all the visits paid and received, and with all the operations and ophthalmic cures performed here; it would only be a reiteration of what occurred at every place I came to; I shall insert only one remark. Lusatia has a very peculiar constitution. It consists entirely of large manorial estates, which are called state properties, and their noble possessors statesmen. Bertholsdorf is a manor of this kind; but it now belongs to the Moravian community, which chooses its states-man out of its own members, amongst whom there are always several noblemen. There are six towns which belong to Lusatia, the principal of which are Bautzen and Gorlitz; and these six towns have also their peculiar liberties and privileges.

The subjects of these manors are all of them Wends; that is, descendants from the ancient Vandals, who acted such a conspicuous part at the migration of the northern tribes. They all profess the christian religion, but still retain their original language, although they almost all speak and understand German. There are still also churches in which the Wend language is used in preaching. Vassalage prevails throughout the country.

The day following, we received an invitation from the lord and lady of a neighbouring manor, to spend a few days with them, in order that I might operate upon an old blind woman in their own house. We therefore rode in the afternoon to this delightful mansion. In the evening, the countess took me by the arm, and led me through hilly nurseries, at the end of the village, into a little, mean, but cleanly and well-kept peasant's cottage, where we found an old blind woman sitting upon a chair in the darkened room.

"Good evening, aged mother," said the countess; "God has here sent you a friend, through whom He will restore you to sight."

The woman started up from her chair, strove to come towards us, stretched out her hands, and exclaimed, with tears, "Where are you, divine angel?" The countess kissed her cheek, and said, "Sit down, good mother! I have brought you something you must take to-morrow, and the day after I will bring you this friend, who will open your eyes." I also spoke some friendly and consoling words to the old woman, and then we returned home. On the morning of the day appointed, I again went thither with the countess, and performed the operation on the woman. I then presented her, with her eyes rëopened, to the countess,—but such scenes are altogether indescribable. It was a faint image of that interview I shall soon experience, when I shall appear before HIM, as a poor sinner, naked and bare, and shall then behold Him, with open face, as He is. The countess embraced the delighted woman with tears of joy, after which we again set off for Niesky. It may easily be supposed that the patient enjoyed all due attention. But the good countess had now another affair at heart, which was, how she could put into my hands, in a tender and feeling manner, the two hundred dollars she had destined for me as a reward for the operation; and this also she accomplished in a masterly manner.

Blessed art thou now, thou sorely-tried and glorified friend, who wast perfected through suffering! Rest sweetly in the arms of thy Redeemer, till we again see each other.

It is a very correct remark, that subjects can never be happier than when they are vassals of such excellent masters.

We continued nine days at Niesky; and when my business was ended, we travelled back to Kleinwelke, where we arrived in the evening of the 24th of May.

I again found much to do there, so that I was obliged to remain until the 19th. On that day we returned to Herrnhut, in order to be present at the conference of the preachers, to which I had been invited.

It was just fifty years since Bishop Reichel had instituted this meeting; and the venerable old man was still living, so that he was also able to join in the celebration of the jubilee of this preachers'

conference. On the 30th of May, a great number of preachers, belonging to both the Protestant confessions from all the neighbouring provinces, assembled at Herrnhut. On this occasion, there were about seventy of them. No preacher is rejected, and it is of no importance whether he is in connexion with the Moravian church or not. Persons of other ranks are not admitted unless by particular favor, except the states-men; for it is necessary that the latter be acquainted with what their preachers undertake or conclude upon, in order, if needful, to render them their advice or assistance. Admission is also granted to a few students of divinity. They assemble at eight o'clock in the morning, open the sitting with singing and prayer, and then consult together, not so much upon scientific subjects as upon their official duties, the life and walk of the preachers and members of the church, and especially upon the maintaining of the pure doctrine of practical christianity.

Letters are received at this conference of preachers, not only from every province in Europe, but also from all parts of the world. It being impossible to read all these in one day, the most important of them are selected, read aloud, consulted upon, and afterwards answered. The transactions of the day are committed to paper, and these minutes are then communicated to the foreign members and friends of the Moravian church.

The jubilee rendered the conference that year particularly interesting. The two bishops, Reichel and Rissler, who had labored many years with Zingendorf, and had travelled in Asia, Africa, and America, in the service of the Lord, were present. The first, as the peculiar founder of the institution, and the Rev. Mr. Baumeister of Herrnhut, opened the sitting with brief addresses full of unction. It is necessary to have heard such men, in order to pronounce a judgment upon religious eloquence.

At noon, the whole company is decorously, moderately, but abundantly entertained at the congregational hotel, at the expence of the community; and the next morning, all the gentlemen take their departure.

We also left Herrnhut on the same day, and travelled by way of Kleinwelke, Ponnewitz, Königsbrück, and Herrnsdorf, to Dresden, in consequence of having been very kindly invited by the lords of the manor at those places. We passed a night at each of them, and arrived at Dresden on the 4th of June, at nine o'clock in the morning. There we spent the day, visited our friends, and continued our route the next morning. I was detained in Wurzen and Leipzig, by cataract and ophthalmic patients; which was likewise the case in Erfurth and Cassel. There I learnt, with astonishment, that the Elector had given a vocation to my son-in-law Schwarz, to become Professor of Divinity at Heidelberg, and that he had accepted the call. To this I had not contributed in the smallest degree; for I had made it a most inviolable law never to make use of the influence I might have in my present connexion with the Elector, to recommend any one, and least of all my own children and relatives. However, it was to me a subject of infinite importance and adoration, that a gracious Providence should conduct my two eldest married children, with their families, into my immediate vicinity, and provide for them so reputably.

At Marburg, where I was likewise obliged to remain a few days, I was visited by Schwarz, in order to relate to me the circumstances of his nomination, on which occasion we conversed with great earnestness upon his important vocation. From this place we continued our journey, without stopping, till we reached Heidelberg, where we arrived in the evening of the 4th of July, in health as it respects the body, and blessed in our souls. We were met at Weinheim by our children from Manheim and Heidelberg, where we also found our daughter Christina recovered, and in health. All this incited in us the most lively thanksgivings to our Heavenly Guide.

During the whole of this tedious and dangerous journey, which lasted a quarter of a year, Providence had so graciously guided and preserved us that not the smallest accident had befallen us; and were I fully to relate all the benefits and blessings which we had enjoyed, and could relate all the edifying conversations and the heavenly intercourse with so many favoured children of God of all ranks, it might serve as a matter of edification to many readers; but modesty on my part, and the possibility of pitiful censure on the other, make it my duty to be silent upon the subject. This I can however assert, that this journey was extremely conducive to the instruction and restoration of us both

Our residence at Heidelberg was not at this time of long duration. The Elector, who was still at Schwetzingen, sent for me from time to time, in the court equipage, to dine with him. One day he said, during dinner, "Dear friend, I shall now soon go to Baden; you must accompany me thither for a few weeks, for I gladly have you near me." I replied, "As your Electoral Highness commands." But in reality I was alarmed, for where should I find the money to reside for several weeks at such a much-frequented bathing-place? The journey had certainly produced me a few hundred guilders, but these I required for the time to come, and the following winter. However, I immediately took courage; and my old motto, which has been so often my rod and my staff—"The Lord will provide"—tranquillized my mind. After dinner, the prince took me into his cabinet, and gave me three hundred guilders, with the words, "This is for your residence at Baden."

My occupation now consisted in carrying on my extensive correspondence; in writing "The Grey Man," and "The Christian Philanthropist," as well as in attending to many cataract and ophthalmic patients, who daily came to me for aid.

The 21st of July was the time fixed for my departure for Baden. I therefore took with me our friend Julia, my wife, the little Christina, and my niece Maria to wait upon us; for the baths were very salutary to my wife, to Julia, and the delicate Christina. We fixed our quarters at the lodging and bathing-house, whilst our daughter Caroline continued the housekeeping in Heidelberg, with the two little ones, Frederick and Amalia, and the servants.

Baden is a very ancient place, and was very much frequented even during the time of the Romans, for its baths. It lies in a beautiful valley, and is an extremely agreeable abode. It is seven leagues distant from Karlsruhe, and two from Rastadt. The valley takes its direction from the south-east, and runs towards the north-west; through it flows the little river Ohss, which is of some importance, particularly for floating wood. The horizon is bounded by the lofty indented mountains of the Black Forest, at whose feet, on both sides of the valley, fruitful hills delight the eye, covered from the top to the bottom with fields, vineyards, and gardens. On the southern side of one of these hills, towards the north, the town extends itself; upon its summit stands the castle, which, before the building of Rastadt, was inhabited by the Margrave of Baden.

Through the wide opening of the valley towards

the north-west, the eye surveys the lovely plains of the Grand Duchy of Baden and the luxuriant Alsace, whilst in the blue distance the romantic Vogesen mountains rise to view, and the majestic river Schein winds through this spacious valley, like a broad silver ribbon thrown over a variegated flowery meadow. In the height of summer, when the sun goes down behind the Vogesen, and illumines the valley of Baden as far the lofty mountains in the background, it presents a sight which may be justly deemed one of the greatest beauties of nature. It must be seen, for it is impossible to describe it. In other respects, the air is here so balmy and pure, that many come hither merely to breathe it, without using the baths.

My readers will easily believe me upon my word, that I was not one of the customary visitors of the baths, who only come thither to make themselves merry once a year; for every description of sensual taste finds there opportunity enough to indulge itself.

I occupied myself, just as at home, with writing letters, literary labors, and ophthalmic cures; but did not neglect, when the weather permitted, daily to ramble out in this garden of God, in order to listen to the pervading voice of eternal love which is not obvious to every one. By degrees a circle of good men formed itself, in which we felt at ease, and who shared with us in the pure enjoyment of nature.

I here wrote the first "Pocket-book Annual," for 1805, which contains the totally-unlike portrait of the Elector. The latter mostly resided about two leagues from this place, at the "Favorite," a very pretty country-seat, where I visited him from time to time.

Towards the end of the month of August, there was occasion for another journey. The old blind clergyman Faber, at Gaissburg in the vicinity of Stuttgard, desired me to perform the operation upon him. *

STILLING'S LAST HOURS.

BY HIS GRANDSON, W. H. E. SCHWARZ.

CHAPTER XXI.

The life of Johann Heinrich Jung, surnamed Stilling, private Aulic Counsellor to the Grand Duke of Baden, Doctor of Philosophy and Medicine, and member of many learned societies, which was so abundantly blessed in its manifold labors, has, by his own account of it, been long made known to the public, and is regarded by every believer as a striking instance of the paternal guidance of Divine Providence. In the following pages, we propose giving only the principal features of the last scenes of his life, which terminated on the 2nd of April 1817, in order to give the world a new proof how a Christian may glorify God by his faith, even unto death.

The venerable old man, whose eldest grandson I have the honor to be, and in whose vicinity circumstances had fortunately placed me for a year previous to his death, began, at the commencement of 1816, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, sensibly to feel the diminution of his constitutional powers, which had been previously so strong and healthy.

It was with mournful anxiety that his children, grandchildren, friends, and admirers, observed the increasing debility of their beloved friend and parent; and many a prayer ascended from far and near, to heaven, for the prolongation of his mortal life. God answered them in his wisdom; for He suffered him to remain as a blessing on earth, for a longer season than we could have expected from existing circumstances.

An excursion of pleasure, to visit his children at Heidelberg and the neighbouring places, and later in the summer, a similar one to Baden and his children in Rastadt, appeared to have restored strength to his constitution; and in the course of that summer he was still enabled to restore to sight to seventeen blind persons; but as he was incessantly troubled with painful spasmodic attacks, together with his general debility, and suffered besides this from a pain in the side, which he himself ascribed to a fall he had experienced some time before from a coach, and an organic defect which had been thereby produced, he was under the necessity of keeping his bed during the whole winter of 1816—17. Notwithstanding the most invigorating remedies, which were administered in order to alleviate his sufferings, his strength decayed more and more. From that time, he was no longer able to continue his correspondence; he merely gave instructions for replying to letters of the most importance; but at length, even dictating became too difficult for him in his illness, and no more answers could be given.

Yet this was not the only thing that troubled him, since he was well persuaded of the indulgence of those who addressed him by letter;—he had the pain of seeing his consort, who had suffered for a series of years from jugular contractions, attacked by a violent pectoral disorder and ulcers in the lungs. The venerable couple bore their afflictions with the most cheerful resignation to the will of divine Providence; but whilst the view of their painful sufferings rent the hearts of their children and their friends, their example inspired them at the same time with fortitude.

Father Stilling's vital powers seemed occasionally to recover themselves, and at such times he endeavoured to proceed with his principal labors; but his hand soon succumbed under bodily weakness. It was in these more vigorous hours that he began to write his "Old Age," and was able to prepare it for the press as far as the preceding fragment extends.

His strength did not suffer him to write more, and he forbade the continuation of it. That which he relates in it of his old age, is indeed sufficient to make the reader acquainted with his final outward circumstances, and cause him, at the same time, to admire the strength of mind which continued his constant attendant upon his sick-bed, and bore his soul, even at his last breath, toward heaven. The little which we shall here notice of the remainder of his life, must not be considered as a continuation of his biography, but as a testimony to the truth of the christian faith, and at the same time as a fulfilment of the wishes of many friends, who desire to know the particulars of his last hours.

He said, with joy, at the beginning of the winter, on receiving the last volume of his "Scripture Narratives" and his "Casket" from the press, "I have still been able to complete my 'Scripture History!'" Towards Christmas, our honoured father's weakness and the illness of his dear consort increased to such a degree, that we could no longer entertain hopes of retaining either of them for any length of time. They both now divested themselves of every earthly care which they might still have had upon their hearts, for those they

were about to leave, and were ready for their departure. However, Heaven was still willing to grant us their presence for some months longer; for at the commencement of the year 1817, they again attained more strength, so that they were occasionally able to continue out of bed for a time.

The venerable old man had previously often said to his consort, who was concerned for him even on her dying-bed, "It is all the same to me how it comes, whether I am able to continue my labors or not; I am prepared for every thing." And this entire submission to the will of his heavenly Father he continually manifested; and hence he exclaimed, in a fit of pain occasioned by his violent spasmodic attacks, "*God has guided me from my youth up, by a particular providence; I will not be dissatisfied now, but glorify him also in my sufferings.*"

During the whole period of his confinement to his bed, his thoughts were incessantly directed to subjects connected with the kingdom of God. These were his favorite topics of conversation with his partner, his children, and his friends; and hence he read with indescribable satisfaction Kanne's work, entitled "Lives, and Extracts from the Lives of Awakened Christians," and Schubert's "Antiquities and Novelties of Superior Psychology;" and he observed on one occasion, These men are selected by Providence to be important instruments in the present century." After having finished the perusal of Blumhardt's Magazine of the most recent intelligence of the Protestant Bible and Missionary Societies (Basle, 1817), on our conversing together upon the pleasing progress of the kingdom of God in modern times, he said, "See, my dears; it is a pleasure and recreation to me in my old age, whilst I am lying thus, to hear of the further extension of the Christian religion."

In this kind of occupation, in the perusal of other religious books, and edifying himself from the Holy Scriptures, which always lay near him, and from spiritual poetical compositions, he passed his time, which, as he said, never seemed long to him.

It was only occasionally that his strength permitted him to converse with us; and if friends came at such favorable moments who were desirous of speaking with him, he was able to comply with their wishes. At these times he always conversed in the same cheerful manner as had rendered him at all times so amiable in social life. On such occasions, he was fond of speaking of his youthful life; and frequently spoke to a female friend, with peculiar pleasure, of his relatives in the provinces of the Lower Rhine. But if any one expressed satisfaction at his improving state of health, he would not listen to it; and when a young friend once said to him, she hoped that the more favorable weather in the spring would impart new vital strength to him, he replied, "Oh, do not tell me anything of the kind; for I do not wish my friends to deceive themselves." And he often mentioned to his physician that he felt his end approaching.

His chief recreation was, as it had always been, song and music; and whilst young friends sang in accordance with his feelings, tears of pleasure would escape him. Having been for some weeks unable to lie any longer in the same apartment with his suffering consort, because her disorders required a different temperature, he visited her daily for some time; on which occasions he was led to the bedside of the sufferer, and at last rolled thither in an arm-chair. It was then delightful to listen to their edifying discourse.

Even as from his youth up, by his life and conversation, and his numerous writings, as well as in the astonishing acquaintance and knowledge which he had acquired with so much industry in every department of science, he at all times proved what the Apostle Paul says,—that the knowledge of Jesus Christ surpasses all other knowledge. He confirmed this, as we were speaking with each other upon the effects of his writings, and said to us, "Yes, all knowledge, all ability for writing, all reputation, and the like, is obtained merely through circumstances, according to the will of God; and no man will be either interrogated or judged according to them, when he stands before the throne of God. But it is the application of them, and the little portion of humility and faith which the individual possesses, which the grace of God will regard as acceptable." He likewise said on one occasion to his youngest son, that "He was grieved that he had not devoted more time in his life to drawing and manual occupations;" for in such things he possessed particular ability.

We might have adduced many expressions which had reference to his love of activity and his faith in Jesus Christ, did we not fear being too prolix. It is also universally known that our venerable father Stilling, in his life and writings, praised and glorified the Redeemer alone, and was chosen as a distinguished instrument of divine grace, together with many other able men, to be a great support of the church in the age of a falsely-enlightened infidelity. His company was always cheering, instructive, and edifying, and continued so till the hour of his departure.

However, as the vernal season approached, the illness of the venerable couple increased. But both of them, in their willingness to suffer, and in their confidence in the Lord, sought with great self-denial to hide from their family their sufferings and decay. We perceived, nevertheless, the approach of the mournful period that soon followed. After his faithful companion's ulcerated lungs, in defiance of all the remedies which had been administered, had attained to complete suppuration, and oppression and debility had increased to the highest degree, she gently and blissfully fell asleep in the Lord, on the 22nd of March 1817. Two days previously, the venerable old man, clearly perceiving by his medical knowledge that her end was fast approaching, after having repeated to her some beautiful verses out of Gellert's and Paul Gerhard's hymns, "Unto the Lord commend thy way," &c., took leave of her with the words, "The Lord bless thee, thou suffering angel! The Lord be with thee!" And when he heard of her decease, he calmly folded his hands, lifted up his eyes to heaven, sighed, and ejaculated, "Thank God she has finished her course!" After this, he likewise lived more in the other world, and preferred being left to himself more than before, clearly conscious that the departure of his consort was also for him the first step of transition. Hence he said to us, when we were lamenting her decease in his presence, "This cannot be so painful to me as it is to you; since I hope so soon to see her again." And that was fulfilled for which he prayed many years before, on the 19th November 1790, in the ode he composed on his third nuptials, and which both had foreboded, namely—

> "Father, until our journey's end
> Conduct us hand in hand."

His debility increased, although his spirit always remained animated like that of a young man, as he himself expressed it, and as the lively look of his eye testified, which continued open and bright to his last breath. Hence he was able, only

a few days before his end, to speak a few words of encouragement to the noble daughter of an illustrious female friend, previous to her confirmation, and also to discourse briefly with her illustrious son and noble sister. He also spoke upon several subjects with other acquaintances; and said once to an old friend, and to his second daughter, amongst other things, "Listen; I have something "of importance to tell you, relating to psychology; I have completely the feeling as if I possessed a two-fold personality; one spiritual, the other corporal. The spiritual hovers over the animal. Both are in a state of warfare in man; and it is only by the mortification of all sensual desire that he can attain to their entire separation; not, indeed, by his own power, but by denying himself, with the Divine assistance."

All other discourse but such as had reference to God and his plan of salvation was onerous to him; and therefore he said "that he had not spent a weary moment on his sick-bed, until after the death of his wife; since which, time seemed long to him." For the deceased, by her self-sacrificing love and anxiety for him, as well as by her sympathy even in the smallest things which concerned him, had become indispensable to him as the partner of his life and the friend of his soul. She overflowed with tenderness even towards the children of his former marriage, and was, generally speaking, a pattern of human kindness and gentleness, of self-denial and humility, and was therefore truly invaluable to him. Hence he longed so much the more to reach his home, and to be elevated above all earthly thoughts and cares. His debility daily increased; and having had, for the last half-year, an invincible repugnance to substantial food of every kind, of which the efforts of the most able physicians and all the care of his friends were unable to divest him, and as the water now rose in his chest, it was easy to foresee that the dear man would only continue a few days longer as a living pattern amongst us. In this situation he said to a female friend, "It will soon be over!" And on her replying "Ah, how happy you are, in being able to say this!" he answered, in a friendly tone, "Well, I am glad that you acknowledge it."

When we learned that his end was so near, we took courage in our affliction, and sought to take advantage of every moment of his remaining with us, for our edification and establishment in faith. For if ever his society produced this blissful influence, it was so on his dying-bed, where, with the most astonishing consideration and calmness, he awaited the moment of his departure, which he probably perceived beforehand to the very hour, and in which, by his filial resignation to the Divine disposal, as a true hero of the faith, he glorified God in the mortal conflict, who strengthened him for it, and afterwards beatified him. His end was an obvious proof of the truth of the christian faith; for no mere deist or rationalist, but the Christian alone, is able to resign his breath with that spiritual fortitude and all that consciousness which the departed saint retained with every recollection to his latest breath; and with that seriousnesss with which, although so far advanced in the divine life, he represented to himself his near dismission, with the tranquillity and cheerfulness consequent upon it, which irradiated his dignified countenance.

Hence the honor of his life and sentiments, and the cause of the kingdom of God, calls upon me publicly to state to the world the particulars of his last hours, together with the most important expressions he made use of in the full possession of his consciousness, according to the testimony of all present, as well as that of his estimable physician, in order that all the glory may be given to God.

When he saw that his dissolution was no longer at a distance, he desired that all his children should assemble around him; and the latter were able to arrange their affairs in such a manner as to afford themselves this last pleasure. Yet still the idea troubled him, lest their official duties should be forgotten for his sake; and hence he said to them, on seeing them remain longer with him than usual, "You are staying too long; you are neglecting too much; attend to your incumbent duties;" for however gladly he had them about him, he could not endure it, when it seemed to him that they neglected the business of their vocation. After they had pacified him on this point, he suffered one of his children to be continually with him at his bed-side. He had previously always used a bell in order to call those of his family who were in attendance in the anteroom, since he was fond of being alone. He also spoke with each of his children of things which, on their account, were still at his heart. His frequent inquiries about the time, proves that during the last two days, in the frequent attacks of disease, the time seemed long to him, and that he longed for his heavenly habitation. In the night between Palm-Sunday and the Monday following, he spoke much to his youngest son, who was watching by him, respecting his approaching dissolution, which he had not done before; and believing his end to be near, even at that time, he said to him, towards day-break, "Now go and call the family." However, his strength returned in some measure, and he smoked a pipe, as he did also the day before his decease. But the water in the pleura caused him much uneasiness, after the pain in his side and the spasmodic attacks had for some weeks disappeared; he was therefore obliged to breathe and groan aloud, and with difficulty; and cough frequently; but all this passed away, the day preceding his dissolution. He spoke very little, and only in broken sentences, but always in perfect consciousness; he also slept little, although he frequently closed his eyes; for he immediately opened them when any one moved, or the door was opened.

On that day, and even previously, as well as on the following day, he was probably much occupied in thought, with proofs, objections, counter-proofs, and refutations of the doctrine of immortality and of the Christian faith; this was apparent from his uneasiness in sleeping and waking, and from the broken words and sentences which he uttered on these subjects; for he constantly saw near him in a dream—as is also related of St. Martin—a black man, who harassed him, and occupied and disturbed his active spirit; seemingly as if evil spirits sought still to trouble him upon his dying-bed, and even to cause to him to swerve from the faith; for he said while asleep, "Tell me, my dear children, who is that black man there, who is continually tormenting me? Do not you see him?" He had dreamed some days before, as he told his daughter the day following, that the black man said to him, "Come with me;" but that he had answered, "No, I will not: go away!" But all these temptations were overcome the day before his end, on which his uneasiness was succeeded by a profound tranquillity and solemnity. He also thus expressed himself on this subject to his third daughter: "I believe I have fought the mortal conflict; for I feel as much alone as if I were in a desert, and yet inwardly so comfortable!" But on their expressing their opinion that he would have no farther struggle with death, and on asking him respecting it, he replied, "No, there is many a

little trial to sustain." And that the Christian contemplates the near approach of death neither with levity nor presumption, is evident from what he expressed on the subject to his second daughter;—when she was conversing with him during this period on the subject of death, he said, "Dying is an important affair, and no trifle;" and on another occasion, "Futurity is a wonderful thing." From whence it appears that, even to the man who has labored with all his powers, and in every possible direction, for the honor of the Most High, and to whom futurity was able to present itself in the fairest colors—that even to him, the transition into the life to come, and the account so soon to be rendered, appeared supremely solemn and important. Being wont to speak aloud in his sleep during the whole of his life, it was also now the case; and as he awoke occasionally, he said to his second daughter, "Since the death of my wife, I do not feel at home, and talk nonsense in my sleep." But on her replying, "No—on the contrary, what you say is only edifying;" he said, "Indeed!—that is truly a divine favor!" He frequently expressed his anxiety lest he should say anything improper during his slumbers; for he wished only to speak and suffer for the glory of his Lord. Thus I heard him make use of no other than devotional expressions when asleep, such as, "God has guided me with unspeakable kindness;" "The Lord bless you;" "We must be very cautious in examining into the meaning of a subject, lest we fall into error;" and similar phrases.

When his weakness increased, his frequent talking in his sleep ceased; and when awake, he spoke less by words than by friendly looks. When he observed how every one vied in waiting upon him, he frequently said, "Dear angels, I cause you so much trouble." Thus he said also, "O children, I am so affected by your unexampled love;—however, I could wish, for your sakes, not to die in the paroxysm of my complaint;" for he experienced a frequent repetition of violent attacks of his disorder, which was occasioned by water in the pleura, his disease having terminated in that painful disorder; and hence he said to us more than once, "There is something melancholy in being suffocated, but there is perhaps a necessity for it." Near his bed, which was fixed in his study, from whence so many blessings for the world had emanated, and which, being adorned with sublime paintings, engravings, and memorials, resembled a sanctuary, he had constantly beautiful flowers standing in pots. His looks lingered with particular pleasure upon these, and on Müller's engraving of Raphael's Madonna, which hung upon the wall opposite him.

He said also, whilst conversing with his youngest son, who had the care of his flowers, "See, dear boy, the pretty flowers;" they were hyacinths, narcissuses and violets; and round about them the pretty children's heads. In the night between the last day of March and the first of April, he said many things to me respecting my dear parents, brothers, and sisters, in Heidelberg, as well as upon other topics, and my office as a preacher. He then requested a glass of fresh water, which he drank with particular pleasure, his parched gums languishing more and more for refreshing liquids; and he praised this draught of water the next day to his two youngest daughters, saying, "No one can form an idea of the pleasure I had, last night, when drinking a glass of fresh water. When nature returns to her pure state, and partakes of water and wine, it is the best thing the individual can take, if the spasms will permit it." And hence he said, soon after, "The most simple food is requisite for man in his first and last days; water and milk is the beginning and the end."

Towards day-break, he called to his youngest son, to fill his pipe, which he seemed to relish. The same morning, being the first of April, whilst his children were with him, and another of my brothers was with us, of whom on his arrival the evening before he had enquired after the welfare of the family, he exhorted us as follows: "Dear children, be diligent in the true fear of God! People often think they do enough if they only occasionally attend church and sacrament; but true religion consists in entire resignation to the will of God, and in continual intercourse with Him, and in prayer!"

Hereupon, as his second daughter requested him to intercede in heaven, together with his beatified consort, for his family; he answered, in his simple way, "We must first see what the usage is in yonder world;—we will then pray for you."

He then repeated the following verse from the Halle Hymn-Book.—Hymn xi. v. 22.

> "Those bleeding wounds which Jesus bore,
> My refuge are, my only boast;
> Through these with joy to heaven I'll soar,
> And mingle with the heavenly host."

And on hearing his third daughter ask her sister where these words were to be found, he gave the Halle collection of spiritual songs, which was lying near him, to his second daughter, directed her to search and mark out some of the most beautiful hymns, and enjoined her to let her children in the seminary learn to sing them well in choir, and said, "Learn plenty of texts and verses by heart; they will be found to be of service." At the same time he recommended her always to let the church hymns be sung in the genuine and simple church melodies, without any thing of an artificial nature; for he loved that which was simple and sublime, even in church matters. He afterwards said to her, as the conversation turned upon certain friends, "Write to the dear people, and say that I thought much about them in my last days,—that I loved them, and that we should eventually find sufficient subjects for conversation." He also subsequently said concerning them, "They are beloved of the Lord."

That day, which was Tuesday the 1st of April, many friends still came to see him, and to be witnesses of the cheerfulness and solemnity with which the venerable old man endured his sufferings through the power of faith. And every heart was elevated to heaven at the sight; and the wish eventually to die a similar christian death produced many new and ardent resolves to glorify God upon earth by a life well-pleasing to Him.

And then, when father Stilling saw his friends looking, or coming in through the half-open door, which stood immediately opposite his eye, he testified his love for them by a friendly nod, and if at the moment he felt a little accession of strength, he spoke a few words to one and another of them. At the same time, his cheerfulness, which had been an invariable attraction to every one, never forsook him. On observing a female friend looking through the door, he jocosely said, "Madame Von R— is peeping through the key-hole!" Another female friend came towards noon, and grateful for the acquaintance she had made with him by the grace of God, she spoke of the beautifully pure mind which the Lord had given him, on which he answered, "Oh, you must not praise me!" He afterwards mentioned to the same individual, that whilst reflecting upon the whole period of his life, which, as he himself said, was long, but appeared to him as a dream, "I had once in my youth a little flute, which fell upon the ground, and was broken, on which I wept for two days together; and it cost only sixpence;—but money was scarce in those days;" and then continued, "Tell me,

what have the critics been able to effect against me? Whatever they wrote, availed nothing!" About this time, he sent for me, and inquired whether the jubilee of the Reformation festival would be celebrated that year; on my telling him I was convinced that no solemnity would be neglected as regarded that important festival, he replied, "Yes, I have, in fact, heard something of it," and was satisfied respecting it.

At dinner-time, he wished to be again left alone, and spoke little or nothing; his distressing sensations had also at that time passed away, and cheerful repose glistened in his large and intelligent eyes.

The watches which hung near him he had wound up himself to this time, and had also counted his jewels, &c., in the drawer of the little table which stood near him; for his love of order, which had been of such service to him in his numerous occupations, did not leave him to the last moment; for even then, he was anxious to take the mixtures and medicines, for which he always asked at the precise period, which he frequently refused when presented to him earlier. He also directed the faded flowers to be exchanged for fresh ones, which he was able to call by their proper names, and had them placed on his table. In the afternoon, he again asked for his pipe, and was calm and cheerful. His lips being swollen, he requested a glass pipe to drink out of, and directed where it was to be shortened, in consequence of being found too long. He was well pleased with this mode of drinking, and said jocosely, "When using the glass tube, the douaniers in the neck do not perceive it."

Towards evening he again fell asleep, on which account it was impossible to gratify many of his friends who desired once more to see him whom they so much esteemed, because the frequent moving of the door disturbed him.

Once, on awaking, he said to his daughters who were present, "I always think it is morning. In the next world there will be an eternal day."

On his second daughter's presenting him with a nosegay from her pupils, all of whom he loved inexpressibly, with the words, "Dear father, the children send you these flowers;" he replied in his usual cordial tone, "The dear children! They are also like the tender flowers, which voluntarily unfold themselves to the rays of the sun."

Towards six o'clock, he stated to his friendly physician all his complaints, and even began a conversation with him upon the goodness of the water of the Herrnbrunnen in Baden-Baden. His eldest son from Rastadt soon afterward arrived, in order to see his venerable parent once more. He could not immediately receive him, on account of the paroxysm under which he was suffering; as soon as it was over, he called him to him, and as the former was speaking of the happy exit of his deceased mother, he replied, "Observe, we cannot exactly say how it is with her; she has endured to the end, and I must still either labor on, or suffer on!" Of a friend who had seen him only the day before, he spoke with much respect and affection, and said, "I have had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and have spoken much with him on theosophical subjects, the whole extent of which he had investigated, on which occasions I learnt to know his heart." Subsequently, I said to him, "These May-flowers," which stood upon his table, "are much too beautiful;" on which he replied, in his cheerful way, "Nothing is too beautiful for me!" And on his second daughter's saying to him afterwards, "Yes, dear father, you will soon see much more beautiful things than these!" he rejoined, "That cannot be known, it must be felt." He subsequently said, "I love you all so dearly, and yet it is so easy to part with you." On his eldest son's replying, "The reason is, because you love the Lord so much more;" he answered, "Yes, that is it." He also said afterwards to the former, "Be stedfast in faith; it has never misled me; it will also guide thee faithfully, and by it we will all abide." He then said, "Continue in love, you dear angels!" And on his third daughter's replying, "You are our angel, dear father!" he answered, "We will be so reciprocally!" Meanwhile the night approached, and he frequently laid himself in a sleeping posture, and generally speaking, his whole frame was tranquil. As soon as he awoke, and found occasion and power to speak, he did so. Thus he once said, "If our Redeemer had only had that to drink which I have, it would have done him good; but they gave him vinegar to drink, stretched out their tongues at him, and mocked him, and yet He said, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!' This was the mightiest prayer that ever was uttered." And on this he prayed, "Father, if it be thy holy will that I should longer remain here, give me strength, and I will gladly still labor and suffer." His third daughter afterwards said, "How it grieves me to see you lie there and suffer so much!" To which he replied, "Do not always speak so; our Lord was stretched out in a very different manner." Later, on observing us all about him, and mournful looks fixed upon him, he said, "If you still wish to say any thing to me, do so."

When the watch-light was brought, which he generally sent for about the time of falling asleep, he said, "I do not require it; I travel the whole night." He subsequently continued, "When a person belongs to the christian church, not only must man and wife, but all the children also, agree in one point; and that is dreadfully difficult."

Towards morning, he had the following dream, which he related on awaking, to his eldest son and his third daughter. "I felt myself actively engaged," said he, "with my late consort in domestic affairs;—the 'Grey Man' afterwards appeared to me—but not the one in the Nostalgia—and conducted me into heaven, and said to me that I need not trouble myself in the least about my wife, with whom it went well; he himself had conducted her from one stage of perfection to another; but that I must still wait." He afterwards expressed himself as follows: "Oh, I feel such an indescribable peace of soul, which you cannot perceive in consequence of my bodily wretchedness." Meanwhile his weakness increased, and it was difficult for him to speak in continuance, his voice having already lost its power; hence he made frequent use of broken expressions, such as "A complete resignation to the Lord," &c., and would often have gladly continued, if his weakness had permitted him.

But his serenity and solemnity of feeling rose to a still higher degree, and we could only pray in his presence. It was then, on feeling himself sufficiently strong, that he uttered an intercessory prayer, in which he besought God "to preserve all his children in the faith of Jesus Christ, and to keep them as branches in the vine, that he might find them after thousands of years bound together as in one bundle."

Soon after, towards four o'clock in the morning of the same day, being Ash-Wednesday, the 2nd of April, feeling that his end was approaching, and that he was going to the Father, and in the consciousness that he was sufficiently strong for a last and solemn act, he collected us all around him, inquiring, with his wonted kindness, whether we had any objection to his present intention of partaking of the sacrament with us; and after his eldest son had removed his scruples respecting it, since at that

time of the night the only clergyman of the Reformed Church (there being at that time no evangelical church-union existing), who was also a venerable old man, could not be sent for, and having received our heartfelt consent and our thanks for his patriarchal intention, he made us kneel down, uncovered his head, folded his hands, and prayed with all the power of the spirit and of faith—which even still expressed itself in his voice—to the following effect: "Thou, who didst shed thy blood for us on the cross, and didst overcome death and hell; who didst even there forgive thy enemies; thou divine Mediator, forgive us also now, whilst venturing in our weakness upon this solemn act, which we otherwise would not have undertaken."

He then took the plate, on which he had broken in pieces the bread, held his hands cross-wise over it, pronounced the usual form of benediction, and continued, "And thou, O Lord, bless this element of bread." On which he said, "Take, eat!—this is His body, which was given up to death for our sins."

Inwardly affected by the dignified action of the pious old man, thus celebrating with his family, even on his dying-bed, the bond of love, the sacred supper, we partook of the consecrated food. And after he had expressed the wish that his Heidelberg children had also been with us, he took his ordinary goblet instead of the cup, crossed his hands over it in the same manner, gave thanks, and said, according to the words of the institution, "Drink ye all of it;—this is the cup of the new covenant in His blood, which was shed for you and for many, and in the end for all, for the forgiveness of sins!" And having himself partaken of it the last, he stretched out his hands to bless us, and exclaimed, "The Lord be with you!"

And after having terminated this solemn and exalted act, as a Christian patriarch on his dying-bed, and according to pure evangelical principles, —which he would not have undertaken had there not been a necessity for it, because he honored and followed order, usage, and custom in all things—he laid himself down to sleep, and sublime peace of soul evidenced itself in the already transfigured countenance of the hero in the faith. He might also have doubted, as well as we, whether he should live to see the dawning of the following Wednesday.

His weakness from this time increased more and more, and convulsive feelings manifested themselves, so that we frequently thought the moment of suffocation had arrived. Heart-rending was the sight of the venerable old man, when his breath failed him;—he folded his hands, lifted up his eyes towards heaven, supposing he would never again enjoy the vital air. We had frequently to witness this distressing and, to us, terrific appearance of suffocation; and we could only pray that God would alleviate his passage home. When the severe attacks were repeated, he exclaimed, "Lord, receive me into thy everlasting habitations!" And once, when it was difficult for him to struggle for breath, in consequence of the water in his chest, he stretched out his arms upwards, and exclaimed, "Away, away!" Meanwhile his dry and languishing gums were constantly refreshed by reviving liquids, and his love for cleanliness and order was perceptible even till his end. At another time he exclaimed during the tormenting spasm, "Strength, O thou Conqueror of death!" All this he uttered with a weak but affecting tone of voice, whilst his looks lingered upon the various members of his family who surrounded his bed, and whom his exalted example of patience and fortitude in this continuous mortal conflict could not but incite to prayer. And whenever one or the other of us found himself obliged to leave the room in the course of waiting upon him, and in the anxiety to present their dying parent with every refreshing and strengthening remedy, he looked anxiously after him, and occasionally said, "Let no one go away."

Thus did the venerable old man struggle for several hours with dissolving nature, and it seemed as if distant rays from the kingdom of light encircled his dignified countenance, and imparted to him strength for the conflict. Then when he saw us standing mournfully around him, and perceived our sorrow for him, he said, "Have patience." Later in the forenoon, he saw one of his friends, who was a clergyman, looking in at the door, whom he greeted with a friendly look; and when the latter stepped up to his bed-side, and expressed his thoughts, saying, "He who suffered on the cross enables you to overcome," he replied, "Certainly, I do not doubt of it." And when the former pronounced the following words—

"How shall I feel, O God of grace,
When I ascend to worlds unknown,
And see thee with unveiled face,
And worship at thy glorious throne!"

he assented to them with a "Yea and Amen!"

But the solemn and mournful moment now gradually approached. The far-advanced Christian, like his Redeemer, was to drink the cup of tribulation to the very dregs, as a glorious testimony of faith to the world. And it was the middle of the holy week. He went, with his Saviour, to meet death and victory. On beholding his countenance beaming with affection and dignity, one could have exclaimed, "O Death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! But thanks be unto God, who hath given him the victory, through his Lord Jesus Christ."

He continually sought us out, one after the other, with his benign and solemn look, and once exclaimed, "Continue in prayer;" and we ceased not.

He refreshed his languishing lips a few times more with cooling drinks, until at length he said, "It is enough; no more will go down!" Several times he stammered forth supplicating expressions, when suffering from convulsive attacks, to the great Consummator, such as, "Lord, cut short the thread of life!" and "Father, receive my spirit!" and then we thought we heard him breathe his last. However, his vigorous constitution recovered itself a little; he prepared himself for the approaching mortal blow by stretching himself out at full length, and what he otherwise regarded as necessary: then fixed his eyes on the picture of the infant Jesus, which hung opposite to him; and now his eyes failed, and he closed them with all the power of bodily and mental strength. We stood breathless, and continued in prayer, while convulsion fearfully distorted the features of the sufferer. Once—and a second time—it seemed as if evil spirits sought to discompose his noble mien; but behold! the dignified traits of his sublime countenance returned to their dignity and benignity, and heavenly purity perfectly presented itself to our gazing eyes; and when at noon-tide the sun shone most cheeringly, his breath departed, and the Christian had overcome; in faith was his victory.

There is sorrow on earth for the departed benefactor, counsellor, friend, and incomparable father. Father Stilling is lamented, even in the most distant countries; but in heaven there is joy amongst the blessed, and an unceasing song of praise before God ascends from his beatified spirit!

THE END.

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