THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

HEINRICH STILLING,

LATE
AULIC COUNSELLOR TO THE GRAND-DUKE OF BADEN,
&c. &c. &c.

SECOND EDITION.

Translated from the German, by S. Jackson.

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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 leniency 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 situated, 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 magicity, 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 townsmen 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 valleys 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 beech-trees, and no opening is visible, except where a boy may be frequently seen driving an ox, and gathering firewood on his half-trodgen 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 Stahler, 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 humming 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 surprised 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. "If 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, Ecolompadius, Bucer, and others, in whose praise our late pastor, Mr. Winterbergh, has so often talked to me, and said that, next to the Apostles, they were the most pious 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 worse 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 and carried off a pullet in spite of the watchful chantecler—and continued: "Ebert, thou hast much confidence in thy children; but I think thou wilt change thy tune when I tell thee all that I know."
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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; what shall I ever 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 shall be no occasion for thee to 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 still preferred her heart to it. She 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 lose one 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 upon 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. It is no misfortune had 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 when he kept a school, and made clothes at the same time) there is now 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; nor do I think the damsels 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 has provided for my Doris, as well as for the birds of the air."

"What? Even if the female, 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 damsels home. Wilhelm! I think that thou art doing; it is no trifling matter. The God of thy Father, God 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 gimper through as to make it evident when it was time to rise. This window was still open; he therefore slept 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 carry all the good thou hast done me to some 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
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"I too, papa," was her answer: "but Wilhelm pleases me best of all. 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, and have nothing," said the innocent girl, "but a little wheaten bread and butter; and who knows whether Wilhelm will bring something with it?"

"Yes," rejoined Wilhelm, "eating a piece of dry bread with you, is pleasant than thick milk with white bread and pancakes." Mr. Moritz meanwhile put on his worn-out brown coat, with button-holes, took his old jappanned cane, and, saying, "I shall 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.

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 disturb me," said Doris, "for I never attend to what thou sayest or does."

"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 there fore 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 have done worse than shoot his father!" Doris gave 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 Doris 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 supplicantly for mercy, and Doris for a horse; but the squire and his men were little afraid. He had worn-out Drag, and he 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. Frederica, who 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 squire, who was blind, took was a glass of gin, with which the landlord was coming out of the cellar, and carrying very a 2
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 candelabrum, and the servants threatencd, and held him, first in one place and then another; 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 anything to any one of them. 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 held it to the ground, and thus he brought him out of the door. Johann Stilling, meantime, had followed 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 looking on with surprise; 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 was to have taken place upon the morrow, and their friends 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 things for his estate, and to assist against this heavy expense, the wedding, as well as for various other expenses. 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 the church, where the bride, with her train, had already arrived. The marriage ceremony was performed without any gauziness; after

which they all proceeded to Tiefenbach, to the marriage feast. Two long boards had been hdd close together on blocks of wood, in the room, instead of tables, and on all the women covered 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 polished. 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. He found his guests at ease, 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 earthy 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 making things vane.

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 plunged yourseh 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; and this which, I love, you will not ever find it. To say no more, 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 Helvetins, at the Hague, has written a little book, called 'The Golden Cofy,' 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, if he had never given you wood, you would have had: 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. 'Have you never eaten a banana?'""风气 asked 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 me, my friend—you sing very well, and write beautifully; be schoolmaster here in this
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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."

Stillmg.—“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 something of astronomy?"

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

Stillmg.—“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."

Stillmg.—“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."

Stillmg.—“Oh, how wonderful God is!"Margaret Stilling, hearing this conversation, came and sat down by her husband. “O Elert!" 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 estate, of which I will say more in the following chapter. But Stillmg'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 see;
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 aloft in the juniper tree—
A beautiful bird of paradise gay;
I threw my ring at it in a great,
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! if him they would refuse
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 soon the fire had died from her breast,
For she, of all the suitor-herd,
The knight of the black steed most prefer'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,
Her beauty came at the dead of night,
And went when day had raised 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 cast to full 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 came to a little angry.
There in the cold ground she sleeps.
At the midnight hour, she wanders about
In the castle and the house and the street aloud:
She walks in a robe as white as snow,
And mourns to the forest of all her vow.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!"

"The noble brother hasten'd near
The edge of the s'reng, so pure and clear.
And saw that it was his sister fair.
Well, let it be so, my sister dear,
That thus thou dost sigh and so dolore app'
'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 there 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 Stillmg observed at his table. At the upper end of the room, there was a bench made of an oak board, nailed along the wall, which extended behind the stove; 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 a single plank, at which father Stillmg himself had faithfully and manfully laboured. At the front of this table sat Eberhard Stillmg, up by the wall, to which it was fastened by the board. He had placed upon 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 seat between the table and the stove, partly because she was easily chatted, 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 not always occupied by them, therefore, after due consideration, destined for the young married couple.

Johann Stillmg 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 but a young man, 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 then the surveyors were at work. But he was now really become an able land-measurer, and was employed by the noble and ignoble
HEINRICH

STILLING.

in the division of their estates. Great artists generally possess the virtue which always prompts their inventive spirit to seek something new, and they have already become acquainted with, and are acquainted with, is much too tedious to refine upon still further. Johann Stilling was therefore poor; for what he was competent to be 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 labored at their accustomed business and left him 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. Johann, however, who 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 penny-cask, cut it with his bread-knife, then sawed a piece of board exactly four-square, and made a blade for the four-cornered board. The four-cornered board must necessarily be exactly the same size as the circumference of the penny-cask. Eberhard skipped about upon one foot laughing 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 did not consider Johann's father for anything certain 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 proved that 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.

And the penny-cask was a legend. Even the farmer knew, if the learning of his son, and his immediate 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. This was to be expected after her father's death; 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 went 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."

The next day, Moritz, as he and Doris had promised, 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, after which he exclaimed, "Childr'n," 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." Moritz smiled; "Children," he continued, "I have always easily led us to destruction. Of how much use might I have been in the world, if I had not been an alchemist! 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. And I hope you will do the same also."

This conversation was long afterwards repeated; but it only served to shew Moritz to his daughter, and follow it. Whosoever 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 a long time, and now 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 decided to continue all his life so. "What, father," said Doris, "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 Stillings'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 theory.

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
STILLING'S

CHILDHOOD.

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 Florenbach church. But father Stilling, in order to make the day more solemn, prepared a new ceremony, and saw that the Rev. Mr. Stollheim. 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 wrestling dog sprang forth. Johann Seizing 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." Johann then went back to his room, carrying 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 resolutely thrown a box on the cap 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. Stollheim 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 but a poor child, therefore you have injured me;" he 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-known expression of doubt that any 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." "A pharisee. How many of peasants!" "No one dines here," answered father Stilling.

Maria.—"What is that? Your father a clergyman!" (drowning her tones.

Woman.—"O yes, certainly!—he is a clergyman; a very rich and learned man."
Father Stilling.—"Of what place is he the clergy- 
man?

Woman.—"Of Goldingen, in the province of 
Barching. Yes, indeed;—ain, 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 Septen-
trioy.

Maria.—"Ah, young gentleman! I know of no 
place near there, called Schleidrian.

What didn't thou say?"

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

Woman.—"I was then a bonny hussie, and had 
many a fine opportunity to marry, (Maria looked 
at her husband but one 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 after-
wards; only let the woman speak now. They 
are magnificently called.

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 Miller 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? 
Or 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 
middle of her story. 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 
doubious. 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 
immer 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 himself.

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. 
"Himm!" said he; "everything that the woman 
has related seems to me suspicious. She said 
at the beginning, that her father was a clergyman 
at—"
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, and Doris sat down—and there has been a long time particularly melancholy. To say the truth, thou maketh 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 were destitute of anything. Thou shalt be and wilt be melancholy also. Hast thou any thing on thy heart, love, that tormenteth 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 sister; 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 blossom, or a flower that begins to blow, and I feel so comfortable I cannot tell thee why 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 unsatisfactory."

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 Hübbner, 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:

"The castle of Haus-Hollau 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 Hübbner. He wore armour, and was a most beautiful 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 Hübbner saw, with his one eye, whatever he pleased, and whenever he perceived a horseman, he called out 'Halla! there goes a horseman on a very fine horse,—Halla!' 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 Hübbner'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 Hübbner. The prince himself lay behind in the Giller, which town seest yonder, and kept himself concealed there with his horsemen; and whenever the peasants brought him bread, butter, and cheese. Hann Flick did not know Johann Hübbner; 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 Hübbner of Geisenberg?' The man answered, 'Johann Hübbner 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.' Hann Flick did not fully believe him, and continued at the smithy and watchet the man who lay upon the wheel. The man whispered to the smith to sho his horse the wrong way, so that the fore-part of the shoe was placed behind. The smith did so, and Johann Hübbner 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 cowards.' 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 Hübbner rode up and down, across and athwart, so that Hanns Flick soon lost track. He was bewildered, 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 moonlight, told, 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 Hübbner struck one another upon the iron helmets and shields, and, as it appears, that they rang again, till at length Johann Hübbner was slain, and the prince took possession of the castle. They buried Johann Hübbner 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 was astonished 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 Hübbner, 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.—"And thence to the end, 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 shine over a regal home. In fame, and in the name."

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 thedale?"

"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.— Oh, father, where is it?"

My heart within me is pained with fear; And glare the heavens so red! Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"There sitteth a horseman in bloody array, Into their chamber fair; O horseman so bloody, we earnestly pray The outlaws depart from thee!"

Star, shining, portentous of woe!"
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, and laid his head to his breast with him. He often dreamed he was walking with Doris in the Geisein 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 him more wretched; 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 Geisein 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 again spot straight before him, “Ehert,” 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,” said he, “such an old man, smiling, “what dost thou think I could say to him? 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 anything were to take away all that thou loves the best 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; but they are not thine, whose possession they are.’ Wouldst 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 small. There is a point of honor, a want of reverence, and effect nothing more than make Wilhelm hate me and 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. Then all wept, chiefly because their father wept.

Under these circumstances, Wilhelm was not in a situation to take care of his child, or do any thing useful. Margaret therefore took the entire charge of her grandson, fed, and clothed him in her old clothes, and had him taught by a nun. 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

“Mein little hen’s name is Gember.”

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
wero, 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, on his part, had 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 sublime joy before he represented himself to herself. He knew 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 idea but of a 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 after a short time he was released and had travelled for a long time with a certain nobleman. In order to live freely and peaceably, he had taken himself amongst these people; and as he understood nothing of their manufacture, 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 Stillings'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 Stillning began to divest himself of his gloomiest sorrow, he found an opportunity of speaking to him. This conversation was so interesting to him, that he thenceforth subjoin it, as Nicolas himself related it to me.

After Nicolas had seated himself, he began—

"How is it with you now, Master Stillning?—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 Stillning, 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." (I Cor. vii. 29.) We may love them cordially; but still how useful it is, to excercise ourselves in mortifying even this pleasure, and deny 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, if practiced, 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—pleasure which, in his mind, is to render him, which ever 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 inborn love of 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 show 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, we may 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 all 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 mortality, and of a superintended 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, and the moon 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. Thus in the mean time, do not let 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 Initiation 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 very instructive indeed.

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. 

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 quicken his child's mind and sympathies by 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 to Wilhelm's frieze and there, in this manner, many years with his boy. 

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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, and in such a manner as to make the boy copiously cry 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 Melusine," and the like. Wilhelm never permitted the boy to play with other children; but kept him so secluded, that he never knew the presence 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 complained of, when he had read or heard of any one, was his reference to his sentiments towards God and Christ. Hence, when he had once obtained Gottfried 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 led him walk in the orchard and the Geisenberg forest: he had appointed these times because he greatly valued the 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 appeared in it, which seemed at a distance, Wilhelm aloud, 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. These were the objects 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 Marcelilla, dwelt; and on another spot the instance of the children 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 poetical 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, and 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 with false notions; and 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 grow more and more 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 amatable 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 willful." "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 abeyance. He now governed 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 bold.

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 these he could clearly, refined, and commended, 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 Stabler once came thither, because he wanted Wilhelm to make him a great-coat; however, his child was with him, who 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. So Stabler looked at him, and said, "Heinrich, what art thou doing there?"

"I am reading," replied Stabler. "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 proper emphasis, and due distinction. Stabler was amazed, and said, "The devil 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! I stepped up to Stabler, and said, "Art thou ever seen Satan?" "No," answered Stabler. "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 robe and cap. 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?"

"I do not know the whole of it," said 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 own, which pleased Wilhelm so well that he could not conceal it from his son.

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; he thought of his father, and showed it to Wilhelm. 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 in Curhaus 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 cry any longer; he felt that he belonged to his heart 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 treat with respect 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 a little. This is one of the holy spots; you 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 seen him grow so quick, so tall, so strong, so capable, 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 a journeyman. But this is not for the present. 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 moment Heinrich's 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 beameth 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 everything 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 did not find 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 pleasant ear.

Heinrich now, 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 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 under keen consideration; the sensations produced by the church music were also still too powerful in his heart.

Old Stilling, who was treated with the greatest respect and affection by his son Wilhelm was comforted. 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 much pleasure. Father Stillings 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 Stillings burnt charcoal was three leagues from the Giller. Heinrich profited by this opportunity to walk through the wood. Heinrich, who idealized every thing he saw, found nothing but a paradise the whole of the way. Everything 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 Stillings's attention; he crept into it, saw the mossy couch and the fireplace between two rough stones, and was highly delighted. During his work, he went about in the wood, and contemplated all the beauties of the scenery around, and
of nature; every thing was new and unspokingly 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 book that the heroes were able to reckon so far back who were their forefathers, I wish that I also knew who were our forefathers. Who knows whether we are not likewise descended from some honest and 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 Stillmg smiled, and replied, "It would be hard to prove that we were descended from a prince, but there is the saying in the books that as a man sows, so shall he reap. Who knows whether we are not likewise descended from some 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 not without good and honest names to their posterity. 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 many forefathers in heaven." Yes, replied his grandfather, "that thou hast left; and may he that sows the seed and flourishes; Heinrich, remember this evening, that thou hast truly lived. 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 was very pious at heart, and asked permission of his grandfather, "I will be religious, and rejoice that my name is Stillmg. But tell me what you know of our forefathers." Father Stillmg narrated as follows:—

"My great-grandfather's father's name was Ulli Stillmg. He was born about the year 1500. I know, from ancient letters, that he came to Tiefenber, where, in 1534, he married the daughter of Hans Stahler. He came from Switzerland, and was acquainted with Zwinglius. He was a very pious man; and so strong, that he at once recovered his four cows from five robbers, who had stolen them from him. In the year 1536 he had a son, who was called Heinrich Stillmg; this was my great-grandfather. He was a very active man, and 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 Stillmg, 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 rates on the road, so that the carriers took their protection with them. In the evening, they loaded 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 Stillmg prayed to God very earnestly. On this they kept watch and guard over the horses during the night, when 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 Stillmg 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 quietly, five 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. Stillmg, as soon as he heard the noise, began to call to the other carriers; the whole company 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 Stillmg, '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. Stillmg drove first, and all the rest after him. He then called to the others, 'Take the 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 came up to him, and cried, 'What would you do, 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.' Stillmg 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.' Stillmg accepted them, and agreed with the Count in the offer of the escort. Heinrich 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 Stillmg; 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 Flensburg with his forefathers." Heinrich Stillmg 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 all. The light of your life is over, and you 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 while writing this. Whither are ye fled, ye happy hours! Why does the remembrance of you alone remain to me? Why is not the sweet, inscrutable spirit of youth enjoyed? 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 school-master," said he, "at Florenburg; send him there. He will do a 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-pieceed 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 on this?" 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, thou wilt cause no trouble to him. 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 anything 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 woolen-weaver, and was unacquainted with Latin; yet the people say he was a worthy man, although I never knew him, nor both of him. Here 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 love, both here and hereafter." Stollbein. "How so? He may, notwithstanding, go to hell."
Wilhelm, Maria, and Heinrich, constituted the whole family. Eberhard now also determined to give up burning charcoal, and attend merely to his studies.

The mastership of the village-school at Tiefenbacher became vacant, and all the peasants 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, and even at first, full of 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 to meet, and 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 the same kind of trepidation. 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 the village, and was not noticed by 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 subsequently acquired, and formed into a collection 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 Tiefenbacher, 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, he sat down with a friend to refresh himself, and then passed the night in reading. He knew the history of ancient literature, and was 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; but the Rev. Mr. Stollenstiel, 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.

"Heinrich—Art thou diligent in learning?"

"Yes, your reverence."  

Stollenstiel—"How many verba anomala are there?"

"I do not know."  

Stollenstiel—"What, dost thou not know that thou clown? I had almost given thee a box on the ear. Samn, per impossible, to me again that I have not learned that."

"Ho! Madamelle!—call the schoolmaster."

The schoolmaster came.

"Stollenstiel—What do you teach the boy?"

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

"Stollenstiel—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, "Noli et molos, ventispinis et verbis, quos mecum trahsit hic homo."

"Heinrich—They are verba anomala."

Schoolmaster—"Et verba et voce, what are they?"

"Heinrich—Verba anomala."

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

Stollenstiel 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 the village, and forced him with him whenever 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, Celsolepadius 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 last, 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 there was a large pond, in which he 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 desert before him, in which he would gladly have become a St. Anthony; soon after, he declared, that he was entirely worn out, 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:—

1. "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-enchanteress. In the day-time she walked about 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.

2. Now there was once a maiden, whose name was Jorinde, and she looked too near her mothers; 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 confidentially together, they took a walk into the wood. 'Beware,' said Joringel, "there lives here in the forest an old woman, who has 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 comforted her; 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 pale as death. Jorinde sang:

1. My little bird with the ring so red,
Sing lida, lida, lida.
The turtle-dove mourns before it is dead,
Sing lida, lida,—Ziekute! Ziekute! Ziekute!"

3. "Joringel looked at Jorinde. Jorinde was changed into a nightingale, which sang; Ziekute! Ziekute! An owl, with glaring eyes, flew three times round them, and cried three times, 'Shoo-hoo,—shoo-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 melancholy, and formed herself into a dew-drop, in 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 she 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 married another, and in a strange village he 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 he went out 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, where he had left his Jorinde. 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 enchanteess 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 threats, and asked her: 'What are these 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 looked at the cage. 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.

4. 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 shivered in their seats, but not Jorinde. Jorinde, 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.

5. "On leaving you to go into the wood, I saw at a distance before me, a light, just as the sun rises in the morning, and situated at the foot of a heavy cloud. '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, as if the sun itself shone on them. 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. All at once I awoke; 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 me." 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 the roofs of the cottages belonging to them. Heinrich 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 had to provide for his own 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 put an end to his inclinations. 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 he was to be taught for the things of this world, and the new roof was a pleasant job. They could not hurry with this; a week sometimes passed over, before it occurred to him to perform this last part of his labor.

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 edge. As old Heinrich valued his life too highly to 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 anywhere, 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 Liehthausen, 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 besought 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 con-
science, 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 con-
queror never attained. The whole of Stilling's
unnarrated life is significant to the family, and
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
dughter were amazed at this proposal, for he
had not been with his tree for the last two
years.
"Now then," said Margaret, "for this time thou
must exalt thyself, let it cost what it will." Eber-
hard 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 branches. I must try
whether my legs are still sound, and, if so, I shall
get 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 bawed 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 im-
pression on his mind.
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 next moment, he heard a sigh, which weighed
the weight of the ladders, his hands folded upon
his breast, his eyes fixed, his teeth shacking, 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
meaning and lamentation. Scurrely 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
wild, 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 possible, that he was left by his family.
Maria shed many tears upon his face, and moaned con-
tinually, "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
loved. Heinrich was carried to his 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 cer-
tainly ensue within three days, there being a com-
plete 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. Their parents, both, in a manner 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
now it also; she took a chair and sat near the
wall to the left hand of her husband's body, and was silent also.
Thus they all sat till nine o'clock in the evening.
Catherine then first observed that his father ceased to breathe. She called out
pitiably; "Oh! my father is dying!" All fell towards
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 under-
lip, which projected forward a little at each sigh.
Margaret Stilling, with all her grief, had not yet
wept; but as soon as she heard Catherine's exclama-
tion, she rose up, went to the bed, and looked
her dying husband in the face. Some tears now
dropped down her cheeks, and she began, after
some little time, to sob gently, and wept with
her head sunk upon her knees, and sighed away
from the bed; and all the time, her husband's
breath came slowly, deeply, and slowly. The
sleeping Margaret lay 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
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from the bed; and all the time, her husband's
breath came slowly, deeply, and slowly. The
sleeping Margaret lay near the wall in the dark; all looked down and
were silent. Heinrich sat at his grandfather's feet,
Monday on the bier, and was then taken to Floren-
burgh to be interred.

The Reverend Mr. Stollhein 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
g rave, he wept big tears; and in the pulpit, in
the midst of continual weeping, the words were
spoken, "I am grieved for thee, 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,
the churchyard, at the highest part of the
church-yard, lies father Stilling, on the ascent.
No sumptuous tomestone covers his grave; but in
the spring, a thousand of doves come and careen
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 social. On entering the house-
door, the individual felt himself at home. But
now, every thing was still and deserted, the void
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 her brother. He
imagined heaven to himself as a glorious country,
filled with 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, "I will be travelling
to Orion, to Sirius, to Charles's Wain, and the
Pleades, and take a good view of every thing; he
will then consider the chances of his trade, and make
his last home, where he 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 re-
quested her son-in-law Simon, with his wife Eliza-
beth, 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; im-
mediately 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 to 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 given
reason to weep for an old oaken board!" Hein-
rich 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 roar of the 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 landmea-
surer; 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 appurte-
nances of his trade, for as soon as he came from
the school he laboured at his needle. In the morn-
ing early, Heinrich took his satchel, in which, be-
sides the necessary schoolbooks, there was a sand-
wich 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 out-
side 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 school-
master 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 true 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 therefore can not tell whether 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 before he had finished his 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-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 throne, 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 Stillinger, however, did not laugh: he stood still, and looked down; the tale penetrated through him, even to his immost soul; at length he began:—'I believe 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 pulled the house down; but this I will not say. I am a clergyman, 'stand up, ye children!' said one of the tallest of these boys to him; 'that would have been a little too bad of thy grandfather.' "Then act 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 worse if he chose to have kept the dragon at my sight, 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 persuadcd 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 inscrutable 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 fancy and imagination, he was told the world was a sphere, and sometimes 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 masquerade, seated 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 astounded 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. Stolbein 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, whenever he began to preach;—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. Stolbein continued:—

"I believe thou intendest to act the preacher." Heinrich.—"I have no money to study." Stolbein.—"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.'"

Stolbein.—"Hold thy tongue thou ass!—doest 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. Stolbein 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 Beulet, and Bion's mathematical work-school:—nothing, 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 dice, 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 whole would sometimes, as the room 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 
tribe to him, yet it had also its difficulties; for as the reverend gentleman had always an eye upon 
him, he continually discovered something that dis 
pleased 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 uncom-
monly loved humility in other people. Once, he 
attacked him, and said,—

"Why not to the foremost?"

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

Stollbein,—"What, thou clown?—knovest 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 dost thou translate 
medium tenere beat!"

Heinrich,—"That means, the saints have kept 
the middle way; yet it seems to me, it might also 
be said, plerque medium tenentes sunt damnati. (The 
most of those are damned, who keep the middle 
way, and who do not get to the right.)" 

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 said to him, when he stood foremost, 
"In this place, let there be no go to his place. He 
answered, "He that humbleth him-
self 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 confer thee, with some 
others, who are older than thou, for the reception 
of the holy sacrament, and the ordination of thee; 
canst thou be of thee?" 

Stilling's heart leapt for joy; he thanked the 
clergyman, and promised to do everything he wished 
im. 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 imme-
diately 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 Stil-
ling 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 
woods and beech-trees planted in a straight line to-
wards the east, like a Prussian regiment on the 
parade, seem to prop the sky; in the same direc-
tion, 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. An-
thony'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 
marcellar farm, which is occupied by farmers. To 
the north-east, the plain terminates in a beautiful 
meadow, at a foot of two hills. Next 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 ar-
rives at the village of Zellberg; it lies 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 last 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 
the entrance upon the heights of the Zilligen in the 
daytime, and the descent in the evening. When he 
lay there illuminated by the sun, he looked upon 
the valley, and saw the sun rising in the di-
stance 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 Mamathim. When he 
thus stood dissolved in feelings of delight, he 
turned about, and saw Tiefenbach lying below in 
nighturnal vapour. To the left, a large hill de-
scedned from the Giller, called der hützige 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 himself and his sister, 
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, 
the Taunus, or Feldberg, 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 im-
portant destinies. 

This was the place where Heinrich could linger 
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, at 
which he might build a town on this plain. It was 
imped, in his imagination. His own resi-
dence 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 Hein-
richsburg; 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 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 Stillings, and therefore he lent his children also. It gave joy to the soul of this man to see young Stillings as schoolmaster in his village. He therefore resolved to take him into his house. Heinrich was very 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. He read a little, he 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 was determined to be the first of all his pupils to be 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; but what he was, it was only the Trojans throughout: yet he severely designed 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 is he!" 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 deep sentiment and love for Homer, which had overthrown his 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 loveliest 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 with hills. 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 Stillings 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 formed in many old traditional 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. And your grandfather once burnt charcoal here, above thirty years ago, and there 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 to recite the grass, in this summer, 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 tree sat there. It was in the last summer, 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 afterwards, and how they spent their money, and what good they did, when they caused silver bells to be made, and when they played, they struck at these bells with silver bats;—then they baked large cakes of wheaten flour, as big as coach-wheels, made holes in the middle, and put axle-tree 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 Fünfjungfern, and a daughter; she 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; In many a foot and inch, some long and large, Wave in the cool breeze so free."

"Close to this linden-tree there stands a stone both broad and high;""The cloister and monastery of Saul grey hue, And the storm and the rain doth defy."

"There sleeps a maiden the doleful sleep, Who true to her knight is 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 long elapsed; The count return'd not again; She sat herself down by the linden-tree, And mourn'd from heartfelt pain."

"There arrived a knight to the place where she lay, Upon a jet-black steed; He spoke to the maiden in friendly guise, And friendly his words did feed."

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

"The linden-tree was still young and tall:— The knight sought the country round For a withered one, equally high and large, To set a strong foundation."

"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 demand'd her heart again.

"The maiden replied, in deep distress, 'I am unable thee to love; The knightly knight struck her dead to the ground, When the count of years did move.

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

"And there he made a grave profound His love's sad resting-place; And sought for a loan from 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.""

Stillling 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 reëchoing litter 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 way, with their backs, and rejoiced at the approach of repose.

Heinrich Stillling'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 religious doctrine, 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 recite one, 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 Stillling's scholastic duties was much too tedious for him. On the Sunday morning, the school-chillen assembled themselves about 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 Stillling; 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 Paracelsus (for so he pronounced the word Paracelsus); he had an old German translation of his writings, and as he was a scholar of no small attainments, 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. Stillling himself had a relish for them, not merely on account of the philosopher's stone, but because he thought he found therein sublime and glorious inscriptions; in particular he believed that he 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 unconverted monk in his parish; he professed to be a scholar, and his sermons, sermons, and expository, were 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 Stillling 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 himself, but 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 Stillling 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, Stillling 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你的 slips in the school?" Stilling then instructed the children in arith-
HIEINRICH STILLING.

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?"

Hieinhew knew not what he should say; he looked into 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! re-joined 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 peacants!"—and with that he went out of the door.

Stilling immediately ordered all the slates to be taken away, and put 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 spoken to the schoolmaster, and will have him correct 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 churchwarden took the school master 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 Zellbergs 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 to the village of 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 re-}

pair his old sun-dias, and relate to his grandmother the excellencies of Homer, who seemed pleased with all she heard, and even relished it—not from a love of poetry, but because she remembered that her dear Hierhard had been a great admirer of such things.

Hieinhew 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 laboured 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 go and see it so!"

Stollbein rode on, and Simon continued his way home. He immediately related to Wilhelm what the clergyman had said. Hieinhew heard it with the most heartfelt pain; but took courage again, when he saw how his father threw his work aside with a rage, and said passionately, "And I'll have him home again, and to school soon!"

"That may have been done," replied Wilhelm; "but then I should have made him always my enemy, and have lived uncomfortably. Suffering is better than starving." "For my part," continued Simon, "I do not care a straw whether he only once come too near me!" Wilhelm was silent, and thought it 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 Dorlenau, 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 board and lodging, light and fire; he was also willing to give 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 Hieinhew, 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 doubtful 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 John should try to make his way in the world; if she had to continue the same, Wilhelm at length concluded, without saying why, that if Hieinhew 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-
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 dismissed the servants and himself hurried after the post-chaise, 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 noticed how he looked around 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. Steffmann examined him from head to foot, and pronounced that he was a schoolmaster. 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 Zollberg 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 not turning in the contrary direction. He found he was astonished 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 desert country around, appeared to him, for this reason, gloomy and terrific.

Paying his respects to the possessor of such wealth, land, oxen, kine, sheep, goats and swine; and besides these, a steel-foundry, 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 very 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 the schoolmaster. Stilling comprehended his patron's conversation. They were therefore both silent when together.

The following Monday morning, the school commenced. Steffmann'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 in use in the country; he taught them to 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 beaten himself with thrashing the stout shoulders of any of the scholars, they laughed aloud, whilst the schoolmaster wept. Now this was Mr. Steffmann'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 Bible, the wooden cuts of which he stuck in the chimney, and none of them. But 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 make the schoolmaster 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 threshing-floor an adjourned to the kitchen, and from thence there were steps up into the smoke-room. Six day-laborers were just then engaged in thresholding. Heirich ran up the steps, and opened the door; smoke burst forth; he left the door open, made a spring towards the wood, and caught hold of a few
HEINRICH STILLING.

pieces. Meanwhile, one of the thrashers slashed the door on the outside; poor Stilling fell into an agony. The sun, which 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, and lay stretched out, stunned and home-sick. On coming again to himself, he found himself surrounded by the thrashers, who with Mr. Steffmann were laughing aloud. "It was enough to make the d— laugh," said Steffmann. This went through Stilling's soul. "Yes," answered he, "he laughs in reality at half a 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, but not with sorrow; he had been dead now fourteen years, and his severe mystic mood 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 during this time Stilling, 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 Steffmann acquainted with the matter, requested some money, and travelled back to his school. Stilling was more cheerful fully 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 by 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 wouldst 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 part 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 about him; and only remembered it 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 pleasant 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 sunk 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, particular in his countenance, his kind face, with which his 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, and of the love he had been 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— to 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 have one's good in their heart, thou must continue thy time." Nor was Stilligg much opposed to this, but set off again the next morning for Dorlingen. His scholars however did not return; spring approached, and every one took 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, Steffmann's servant-men resolved to make him very drunk, so that they might make themselves merry at his expense. On coming out of church, on the Sunday, they said to one another, "Let us warm ourselves at the stove, before we set out"—for it was cold, and they had a league to walk. Now Stilligg 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 one cup, he rejected it ceremoniously, and kept it 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 Stilligg, 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. Steffmann, 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 after his departure the postman 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, and if he had lost any limbs, and added, "I will only give him a box or two on the ear." But the old peasant laid hold of him, and said to Stilligg, "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."

Monday, Stilligg took his levee 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 Home. In those days if any thing which in his estimation was very desirable, he bought 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 have you there 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 Stilligg'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 Stilligg's great happiness. It was 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 under the weight; his palings 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 rejoice when he could sometimes sit at his needle on a rainy day, and refresh his weary limbs; he sighed beneath his toils, and walked alone, wept the bitterer 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 wept with horror and vexation; yet was some summer. The inhabitants of Leindorf, where Wilhelm dwelt, appointed him their schoolmaster at Michaelmas 1756. Stilligg accepted this vocation with joy; he was now happy, and entered upon his office with his seventeenth year. He dined with his paucity 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 believed to be 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 to see him left alone, his clothes soiled, his bread nor clothes, and for all that could maintain thee thou art unfit. Stilligg 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. Dallheim also, to whose parish Leindorf belonged, a man who was an honored to his office, was fond of him. Stilligg was astonished, and often asked about this, and said, "I have 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 Stilligg's manner, and said, "Greta, do not hinder him."

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HEINRICH

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 Stillng very kindly, character and example, and with 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 kindly character, I shall conjecture, if 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 against this villany, when a band of old women, directly 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 clergy, and this was not without a consequence. The prince was at church, and sent to invite him to dinner; he came, and he launceted 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, and asked her to accompany him 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.

Stillng, with all his good nature, could not prevent some people from thinking he read too many books in the school; there was a murmure 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 eyes, and reflected in the sunshine through various 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, he was already through his eighteenth year, he received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Goldmann, who offered him a good school, attached to a chapel at Freisingen. This village lies two leagues southwards of Leindorf, in a charming broad valley. Stillng was so delighted at this letter, that he could scarcely contain himself; and his father and mother also rejoiced beyond measure. Stillng 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 Stillng. This reason, as well as the reputation of his remarkable gifts, had induced the worthy clergyman to propose him to the congregation at Freisingen. 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, where the plain lay the village of Freisingen, 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 Freisingen. 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 Ann, 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. Stillng, 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 fatigue 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 up schoolmistressship, he completely 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 of him, but he felt himself to be a stranger in their school; he was beloved by 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 possibly there were 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 sometimes beheld him with the eyes of an approver, and his schoolmistress called him heartily; but 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 within, and lost themselves in contemplation. 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 everywhere. 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 be, and I believe I have prepared them easily away, and retired to rest; he often felt his heart beat, but he needed 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 Wolfl'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 he could carry it. Within forty days he had painted 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, "Coei enarrant gloriam Dei;"—(The heavens declare the glory of God.) Before the window, a round mirror was fixed, across which a yellow line was painted, to show to which point in the sky he had directed his eye. In about four months 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 sous-liev, 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 Banize."

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 of 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 de- 
lined in the unknown land, his imagination, caught by a paragraph of the narrative, 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 page with an "If I had it in my power," as it 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 Variska; and this book likewise pleased him exceedingly; he read it in a whirr, and yet he thought he had only 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.

But it is 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 handsome. Meanwhile, the head- dress of the women and virgins stood attahw, the broader the better. People now laugh at that. What a laugh, said he, to think of this, and to see a master-piece of anti- quity.

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 magnani-
mously resolved blindly and implicitly to follow the clue which a wise Providence might put into his hand. He little thought that he felt already the impulse to be truly noble in all his actions—just as the heroes are depicted in the above-men
tioned 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 pious Fathers," his "History of the Church, and History of the Holy Life," and similar works. 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 he thought, and all irony and satire, was an abomination to him; all other weak-
nesses 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 some small traits in him so much pleased her, in fact, little; she said sometimes in jest, "The school-
master 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 some snuff, sir, and then we shall live to see some-
ting 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 hersel 

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Stilling's Youthful Years.

37
dear boy! but thou lovest me not. Wait! then shalt have a little nossey—such a nossey of flowers as grow on the rocks, and such a nossey 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 stony stone, But found no pasture sweet; And mimicked the lambkin thence, 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 the 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, and said 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 hearty and at home you are, 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, and entered the room, and mimicked 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—a door. There stood a friendly fire of a boy at the fire, and warned 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, and came and stood bent over the fire; and Stilling—on 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!"—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 in the face; the tears started in his eyes.―"Come!" said she, "I will however wipe these away!"

She took her white pocket-handkerchief, and dried them away, and sat down again quietly in her place. All were silent and melancholy. They thought she had gone mad.

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 was in a great snarl, which required 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 woe the not unmixed. 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 will not let her harm and wretchedness continue."

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 arm. On arriving at the heath above-mentioned, 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.

"The shepherd, God in age, About his flocks did go,
And when the sun at noontide glowed,
His steps were faint and slow.

O sun, look back once more!
He had a daughter, young and fair,
An only daughter she;
And the shepherd's son did love:
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 Indured 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 moulded
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 sat
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
That there was lamentation and woe
Did through the wood resound.

O sun, look back once more!
"The father, still and weak with age, ran slowly to the place;  
He found only just alive,  
And horror clothed his face.  
O sun, look back once more!  
"The young man now returns 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 bow'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!" For 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 I have 'set to music'- they would then probably feel them doubly; hence, 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!" she said, "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?"

"Annu-" Here is a withered nosegay for thee, my Pharamond!—but thou weepest!"

Stilling—"I weep for Lora."

"Lora is a good girl. Hast thou ever seen 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:

"O my Father!"

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. All 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 dirty 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 began to hate her heartily 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 means in the house, except the man-servant, who 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 round his character, on which 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 mistrees; the barking often did not suffice; but she was obliged to bite one or other of them some time or other. Maria 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 service. 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. How ever, not a word of this 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 enmity was developed.

Stilling was one of those characters who are indifferent to nothing. He was not permitted 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 flattering flattery, and his abilities as ostentation. The latter were implacably opposed to him, and the more he sought the good of his pupils, the more they endeavored 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 Freisingen 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 next playing 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. Still-ing had occasionally seen cards played, and taken his game from thence; although he understood nothing of gaining, yet such was the construction put upon it, that 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 Still-ing, and his imprudence grieved him beyond measure; he sent for the schoolmaster, and took him to task on the subject. Still-ing frankly stated every thing to him, showed 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 are not to give our children the kind of instruction which 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 generated Still-ing through and through; he grew pale, and the tears stood in his eyes. He had represented the matter to himself as it might be from a parental point of view; but never, 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; but Still-ing, he was not hindered from attaining their object. Madam 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, and not now do his 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 Madam Schmoll wept. Still-ing staggered like one intoxicated; they prevailed with him to visit them oftener, which he promised to do, and reeked again

northwards up the hill—from its summit, he looked once more towards his beloved Preisingen, as 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 if please God to make me constant, as I have always planned, and make my sole intention is to act uprightly and virtuously!" He now recommenced 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 cast down her head, 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 not."

He then reproached him with his constant idleness, and hast childlish projects, therefore something was conceded there. At Dorlingen thou wast a scoundrel, so little power and energy there is in thee; here at Leindorf thou vexest the people with trifles, which were of no use either to thyself or others; and at Preisingen, thou wouldst not make thy wish obtain by credit. What wilt thou now do here? Thou must apply thyself regularly to thy trade and to farming, or else I cannot employ thee." Still-ing 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 has pleased to me."

"'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 Amon 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 Still-ing, 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 inexplicable 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 year, Sunday afternoon: the following are extracts from it:

"Yellow is the mourning dress
Of the expiring season;
And in the sunny ray
That shines obliquely from the south,
Reposing wearily
Along the field and on the hill!"
When his father was more kindly disposed, so that he might venture to disburden himself to his friends a little, he sometimes complained to himself of his inward melancholy feelings. Wilhelm then smiled, and said, "That is something with which we Stillingers are acquainted, 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 need 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 raised his eyes 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 the stillness and the silent wish of the calm 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 bridgroom 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 pure 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 abilities to raise within 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 1789, 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 were silenced whilst his friendly 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 Kleinlofen. 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 my friend; and then I would designate the class to which Graser belonged, as the splenetic. The best of these 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 frigid Graser greatly: he had 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 to his friend. He convinced 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 an answer 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 voca

I can assure the reader, that Stilling's inclination to alchemy 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 develop 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 alchemy seemed to him the way to satisfy 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 alchemy; 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. Stillling said to him, "What are you making there, colleague?"

Graser.—"I am engraving a seal."

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

Graser.—"It belongs to Mr. Von N. — Hear me, friend Stillling: 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."

Stillling 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."

Stillling sat and reflected upon the matter;—the other gave him not a moment to consider 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 discovered 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 Graser, and placed him in the intention of arrest- ing 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 captured.

Stillling 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; the very parish there was not, his affairs had said anything to his eternal punishment. 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 the three; 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 crack. Thus sat the two gentlemen as the parties entered, whilst the secretary, seated behind a long table, looked over a heap of papers. Stillling 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 Stillling.

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

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

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

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

The men laughed sneeringly at him. Stillling 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, whom justice rightly 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 Stillling, "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. The jury has appeared—N.—N., churchwarden of Kleefeld, and N.—N., inhabitant of the same, contra, their schoolmaster Stillling. Plain- tiffs refer to the former protocol. The school-master desired extractum protocollon, but which we, for sufficient reasons, have refused."

The Inspector repeated 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 their consciences themselves differently, from one and the same cause made raging, 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 same day, in the presence of all 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, "All the way we can announce ourselves;" and thus the whole company marched upstairs, and went directly into the Inspector's room. The latter was sitting in his armchair; 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.—"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 of all; 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 his post, and Stilling did his utmost.

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, conceal your differences."

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 ante-room 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 the efforts are made to render my situation unpleasant to me; I therefore request, from love to peace, my honorable discretion."

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

"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
STILLING'S YOUTHFUL YEARS.

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 for the good of his country? 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, school-master, 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, "We are here for our imperial one; 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 sacreda means."

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, and added "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 to make 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 may 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 constitutions, against the choice of the former schoolmaster, and desire that this choice be annulled."

"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 good of his country? 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 not far from it. 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 would 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 his soul, that he was led on in his journey, continually offered up thanks and ardent ejaculations to God, although he was well 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 I would not have tendered the privilege of my table. You 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 will at once repair it. I do not feel so comfortable, though I am an orphan; 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 expectations in your mind, with 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 elliptically, "No!—in pursuing romances, I did marly; 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 wish would be fulfilled."

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

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 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 be deceived, but be sincere. Are you firmly resolved to be so?

"Thank you!" 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 vanity, and He knows of 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 man of God, and the man who knows of God's secret and hidden purposes, will be looked upon as having been, and now are, the guiding spirit of events; but the man of the world becomes the victim of vanity; 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."

"Yes," he continued, 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 mischievous, 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. Scheneberg 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. Scheneberg 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 like success."

"The princesses have in the neighbourhood a productive mine, with a smelt-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' interests 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 the second, 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. I will now begin to speak of your being received 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. I shall therefore expect the answer to this of your testimonials of reference. 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 Scheneberg; "but such a circumstance makes the individual, when often repeated, still bolder, and he becomes accustomed to it; the first year, he is twenty pounds, the second, thirty, 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 three 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. Scheneberg, English style!" said he, "that would do; however, it is more difficult than you think."

* The value of a guelder 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 little imposing as possible. Then, and only then, do 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 story returned to Mr. Goldmann, at the hagen, and gets some little honorable post. O how difficult is it 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. But, my friend, in one word, you 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; behold a number of fine books standing in a room by themselves; various beautiful mathematical demonstrations, 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, as to speak, concluded; and Stilling returned to himself so easily, that he was almost intoxicated with joy. He related the whole affair to Mr. Goldmann. 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 your own way; but, alas, we cannot act in such a manner, nor do men tempt the clergy so easily as other people. It is easy for them to talk! I 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 Schneeburg:—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 motto for you, cousin Stilling; and now I beg you to give Mr. Steward of the mines his honorable dismissal, 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.

Stilling, he added, in a moment of exaltation, 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? 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 speak, 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 to speaking, as he felt he was 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:—

“Holmich, I have heard everything 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 thy work. Thou wilt also see the course of events 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 case, and applied himself to his needle. The latter took place a fortnight after Michaelmas 1710, after he had entered his twenty-first year.

If he had no 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 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 to procure another to. 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 he consented to Stilling's 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 a 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 he would not stay away from him for ten times as 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 neighbor's field, 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. He did not bear the look which he sought to bear 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 violence, nor yet with horror; let your eyes fall, let your hands sink round his loose, sprang to the window, and explained.) I could cry out, till the earth shook upon its axis, and the stars trembled." He then stepped 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 thee go at present;" and he went also. Stilling could not but weep, 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 parents. He found her and her goods in the same state as before. 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, "thut 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 travelling woman; with much pain, thou wilt bring forth that which thou art to become. Thy father is not fond of thee, but—" Stilling could not 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 not fail in 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 infamous 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 not a politician. 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 how 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!"
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 leaving her door, he reviewed the old romantic scenery around him. The antumnal 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 which 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; everything was changed, 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 up, to the southward, 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 Leinförd meadows in their autumnal glory, 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 then ordered Almuty 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, ye feather'd throng,
To your lovers' mournful song;
Shrubs and trees of every size,
Hear the language of my sighs;
With'er'd flowers, once so gay,
Listen to my parting lay!"

"Mother anglia! dost thou not
Hear o'er this verdant plot?
Or, whilst shines the moon's pale ray,
Radiant, near these grassy seats, stay;
When thy heart so oft o'er'er
Whist thy blood within me daw'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 sooth me press'd,
Whose heart's thoughts with tears are bless'd?
When, my heart with wo'e distress'd,
I a silent kiss have felt?
Then I drank, with heavenly rest,
Rapture from my mother's breast."

"Now on Luna's gentle ray,
Grave and calm, thou soar'st'way
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
Curts 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 respite.
Binding 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
Ray on ray, recalled on his bow."

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-ordered 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 stories, without the intervention 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 Germany.

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 with questions 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 disolute 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 this, the 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 the Lord goes forth to the beholder, in a similar manner to the Ursin and Theuninck 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 erect, like a consumptive lying upon a bed of garlands drooping at her feet. 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 the same. She was of middle age, and dressed in old-fashioned garments 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 felt something brighter than 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.

This 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 offence, which the spirit, at the same time, had the best will in the world to prevent, but could not. It was her part to 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 yet outshine 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-trumpet! Woe to the legislators, who—but I must restrain myself; I shall not meddle the matter, but may make it worse. Still and ever thus. Stilling,—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. Stollhein had meanwhile discovered Stilling at Florenibough, and sent for him, the last week he was with his master. He went, Stilling 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 feet." 

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. Broichen. I have heard how it has fared with you since. Now that you have so long flattered 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."

Stollhein.—"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 not consent that you should stay till you had all 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 have continued, and would have been 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 to oppose me. That was why I sent you to study underneath 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. Sarcely had he been a few days at Leindorf, when a respectable citizen of Florenibough, bailiff Keilhof, entered the room. A rose bloomed in Stilling's heart; he forebode a happy change of circumstances.

Keilhof was Stollbein's greatest enemy; he had perceived the 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 enjoined 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 Florenibough 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 so well. Yet he dared not mention it to his master. He has therefore the first vote at the choice of every schoolmaster.

Wilhelm and his son 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. Stollstein secretly sent him word to come to him on the farm, and Stilling went. He therefore went one evening in the twilight. The clergyman was heartily glad that the matter had taken such a turn. "Observer," 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 they will let you alone." 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 over to have 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 likely to have the same in his own case. 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 one of that nature, he was able to please and do it well. 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 not of a particular nature, 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 LImiga, 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 Tartars; and a war was very likely to break out. 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 mainataining that Adam had ears like themselves. Therefore it was necessary for every 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 virtue, as of his repute of being a remarkable brute. He had ears standing up aloft, and was called "Kap'bapt Caspar."—Both kings met peaceably, gave each other the hand, and called each other brother! They immediately deposed the king with the hermaphrodite cars, 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 act upon a very serious point of the affair. 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 despatchation, on Saturday, 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 school-master for our school, and we are now come to inform you of it."

Stollstein.—"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." Stollstein.—"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."

Stollstein.—"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."

Stollstein.—"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 Stollstein 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!"

Stollstein.—"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.

But 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 the greatest ingratitude, without scruple, 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.

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 did not think to account for his salary, said he was sent 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 merit, which so often misled him to act forsoothily, was that he respected a 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 could. Sometimes he gave so much, 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 Salem; 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, showed that uprightness and goodness of heart never suffer their punishment.

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 Florenburghers. Mr. Stollbein, as 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 it is not fair to detain us; but I have in my heart 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 he could not restrain his tears. 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 my prey in my youth."

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 in the following manner?"

"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 enjoys love and a forgiving spirit. He will repay your obstinacy on your own head!"

Mr. Stollbein had got into a kind of formed speech 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 afterward, 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 reviewed his circumstances over in his mind— the idea of returning to his father was dreadful to him, for agricultura labour would at length have entirely worn out his constitution, 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-
sith on his schoolmaster's pay; he therefore dared not think of clothes, although those 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 the manner in which he had been accustomed. The personal clothing was now no longer provided for him, and he felt himself profoundly tranquilled, 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 that they 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 Heinrich, with which thou must provide 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?"

"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 like brothers 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 what I have written—then—when thou art gone, Stillings' 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 Stillings' 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.

Stillings 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, and 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 Stillings' 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 himself. He procured a pair of old stockings, a night-cap, with his scissors and thimble, in a port-hole cutter, and put on his clothes, which consisted of a pair of old-fashioned 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 leads 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. Stillings 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 commenced 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, and the fog was so heavy, he could not lead 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 Geisenburg 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 took once more To wonder 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, more into the church-yard."

"I feel, as when in pleasing dreams, The purest zephyr breathes around; As though I roved by Eden's streams, And the first Adam near I 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"
HEINRICH STILLING.

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 lietherto 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 wild places, and brought him in the evening, after sunset, to a miserable village, lying in the fens, in a narrow valley, amidst the bouses; 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 only 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-kraut, 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."
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 converse with him. They conversed intimately, 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 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 myself to mercantile business, and as I was not of a learned turn of mind; 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 manufacture. I was, fortunately, 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 uncloseness, 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 not long, however, before the heavens closed in upon her. She had sold her mother 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 worthy 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 woolen cloth, and deprived me of all my coal-scuttle, 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 everything 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 the place where I was obliged to revert to it in the sequel of my story.

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 there 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 might address himself, he considered it his duty to go there. 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 nothing of 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 the 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 harness. As the man's appearance pleased him, Stillig asked him whether he was leaving town that evening. The man said, "Yes; I am the Schauberg carrier, and shall set off immediately." Stillig 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 neighborhood, dressed much gaudier than the carrier, with the carriage, to which the latter unwillingly assented. Schauberg lies three leagues to the south-west of Schönenthal.

Stillig 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 Stillig'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.

When 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 to himself for employment, he was there, 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-maidsister with Stillig, and he was joyfully received and accepted.

In the evening, when he went to bed, he reflect-ed upon his change of circumstances, and the faithful providence of his heavenly Father. Without any solicitation, he went to bed, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

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; Stillig 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 of the town of Schauberg, under the government of the Duchesses of Parma, the Duke of Alba, the great Commeter, &c., together with the wonderful adventures of Prince Maurice of Nassau. Stillig acted, at the same time, the part of a professor, who reads lectures; he explained, he related circumstances, between whiles, and looking towards the 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 other good friends, of his present circumstances, in order to set the minds of his family at ease; for he must be told 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, Stillig felt confident that during the singing and in 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 in the preludes and interludes 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 a harmonious vocal piece, which was either tender or melancholy, and in which the flute-stop with the trumpets and the organ were used—ever so much more attractive 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 tailor.

When he came to Mr. Nagel, particularly respectable people, merchants, men in office, or even learned men, who had any orders to give regarding clothing, they entered into conversation with Stillig 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 the more, because he wanted to avoid it; and this was peculiarly Stillig'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.
town; and as it is situated on an eminence scarcely
to five leagues from the Rhine, the promenade was
individual to the height of this particular.
Towards west, this magnificent street was
considerable distance in the rays of
the evening sun, hastening majestically to the Nether-
lands; round about lay a thousand bushy hills,
where either flourishing farms, or the sumptuous
residences of merchants, peeped forth from between
the trees, so that Mr. Nagel's eminence
Stilling's conversation was cordial and intimate;
young and return to each other, and
Stilling went to bed as well pleased as he had
in the middle of June, he was passing one Sunday after-
noon through a street in the town of Schlauberg;
there was a large and spacious house, partly
covered with light clouds; he was neither med-
tating 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
tell whether the sensation was a light or a
thing that, at 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 all,
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 an elevation of soul, an assurance of
their 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 satisfy 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
estimated to have been done with
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 school-
master 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
have been sent for; I have received a letter to-day from a wealthy merchant, who lives
half-a-league beyond Holtzheim, in which he re-
quires a master to his house.
I do 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
hours spent in this house, and the assurance was
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 especially 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
elegance 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 destina-
tion. However, he now felt something within him
which continually opposed such an engagement;
this "unknown something" convinced him in his
own heart that it was wrong, and that he must
renounce his plans and run away 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, he felt so well inclined to this event
that he freely yielded to it, 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
deceived by the preachings of the preachers; the
epichondrial 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 ser-
pent knew how to object to this by replying, "These
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 went at his
departure; but he left them with joy. On arriving
at Holtzheim, they went to old Drauer, who had
related his history to Stilling on his first passing
through the valley; he told them his tale,
removed the old fortune; but the latter did not, as it
seemed, particularly rejoice at it; however, he
did, "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, and at the foot of a full 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 splendidly dressed, and a
lad)' of uncommon beauty. She saluted Stilling
in a friendly manner, and told him to go into the parlour.
He went in, and found an exceptionally
furnished and beautifully-stained apartment.
Three 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
forward and respectfully saluted him, a thing
had never before happened to Stilling in his
whole life; he knew neither how to act nor what
HEINRICH

Stilling.

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

Stilling was satisfied with it, although it seemed to him rather too little; but he was forced to accept it. "I shall be able to decide 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. 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. 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 with him; the rest spoke always upon such subjects as were entirely indifferent to his mind.

Thus passed some weeks very pleasantly, without Stilling's having anything 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 Schauburg. But when they saw, at length, that he had really brought all he had to lend; he had it immediately thrown out of him, and to mistrust them; 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. This 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 by 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 not long go to the door, much less to church. If he had continued at Schauburg, 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 Stillig. The most extreme poverty, a continual incarcuration or imprisonment, and th irdly, 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 have spoken; no stump, not even in the commonest hour, 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 mind became so exercises by the idea of himself and 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 was free of his immediate care, and as he flowed, 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 a 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 was able to turn over every thing he had, as well as he could. Poverty is the mother of invention; and he covered his deficiencies 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 drawn by sorrow, and his eyes 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 the utmost repulsion.

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 him, and, seizing him by the arm, set him to the church, 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 Stillig 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 peace and true happiness were to be obtained; and then he asked him to 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 Stillig like a cool dew. But this invitation obliged him to return to his imprisonment, 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 commencement of his tranquillity. In the 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 stomach become suddenly void of 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 resolved to remove the same as soon as possible, 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, and left his stick behind him. This bundle he walked onwards for almost an hour through waste places, he lit 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 a quarter of an hour after, arrived at the gates. He there asked the name of the town, and was told it was Wallstadt, which he had sometimes heard mentioned. He went in at one gate, directly through the town, and out of the other. There he crossed two roads, which, in this case, closely trodden; he knew 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, in his pocket, a purse, and some money, and 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 trust myself to Him, who works these things out in His love, who has 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. Why then, should I not, upon the same 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 bovvels 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 scissors and thimble with him, without knowing it. He returned therefore, and went in at the same street to the same door, where 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. He saw he found a pale, thin, but civil 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, he entered the house; his wife told him what she had knitted and purchasers of various quires 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 baiiff, which every where, 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 omniscient power, which every where takes 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 his family were much struck, who went, and said, "This man, they know not what the matter was 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 Wallstadt;—after so much suffering and imprisonment, peace and liberty tasted doubly sweet. He was appointed to a situation which he chose, and in which he chose to seek his happiness; and the care of his concerns, the care of a poor father, he transferred to God; he was as patient as a child, whilst his father's distress was his own distress; he was not grieved; 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 him, he immediately made up some beautiful violet-coloured cloth for a coat, a fine new hat, black cloth for a waistcoat, stuff for an under-waistcoat and trousers, 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. He showed the tailor one of his walking-sticks to 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, thou seer and prophet! 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 tremendous, 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 unexhausted; but, however, it rested under the ashes—he had no longer a passion for them, and he left 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 house of a tradesman, whom he had visited 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 they had taught him such a tender, pietistic, 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 month of May,—I believe it was near Whit-Sunday,—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: therefore, they passed 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 paradisical; 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 everywhere 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, went, sometimes with a song, and sometimes 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 Glockner, 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, the evening, Glockner related a very remarkable tale regarding his brother-in-law Freymuth, which was to the following effect:— Madame Freymuth was Glockner'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 was a most active companion. His time 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, Pietist devil! knowest thou not that I will not have thee read any more books?" He took 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 foot, and said to her, "No, woman! thou art 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 irretrievably 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, as if they were her neighbors. A good 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-humouredly, " 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 person who had called them. The next day he therefore commanded his wife, with threats, to tell him who they were that had committed the outrage, for she he had seen and recognized them.

"Yes, dear husband," she said, "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 best me called me Judas Iscariot."

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, and wishing to revenge myself on people who are better than I. Yes, madam, I think I was running about six miles a day, and was bitterly wretched 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 had asked him in prayer, that he might obtain favour with God, to return in time.

On the morning of the fourth day, he rose with his mind at ease, prayed 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 some excitement to develop his real strength, 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 arranged to visit him. Freymuth and his wife came immediately, and welcomed Isaac and Stillings. 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, edited 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 Stillings, 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 Stillings, 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 ironfoundry, 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. Hoehberg's house, where Stillings had formerly resided. He possessed, besides, a great many extensive 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 Stillings 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, with a sort of桌上, and had been filled for him alone. He turned himself slowly about, looked Stillings in the face, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Tutor."

Stillings blushed deeply, and knew not what to say; however, he soon recovered himself, and said, "Your servant, Mr. Spanier." The latter remained silent for a moment, and continued to drink his coffee. But Stillings 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 Stillings, looked at him awhile, and said:

"You succeed as well in that, Stillings, as if you had been born to be a tailor; but that you are not.""How so?" asked Stillings.

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

Mr. Isaac looked at Stillings, and smiled.

"No, Mr. Spanier!" replied Stillings; "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 elevated 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 Stillings entreated his master to let him go home the same evening, in order to escape Mr. Spanier's cares. However, Mr. Isaac would not permit it; Stillings, 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 Stillings as follows:

"If I, Mr. Stillings, 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 Stillings; "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 them, 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, 'After 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, in the meantime, 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 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 business, 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!" he 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 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 intention 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, that this money was fitted into 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 was but 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 at the time, all 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 that 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 I 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 lovely hill;
Then downwards on my path I gaze,
And my appointed course fulfil;
For ever from my breast expands
The foul tormenting fond 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 deth did fall.

I hear a dreadful ocean roar,
And waves terrific lash the shore.

Like some pale ghost, which feeably roams
Through halls and mansions lone and drear,
Or sadly lifting o'er the tombs,
Filled the night-wanderer with fear,
Whilst laboring hard a word to say,
Which might its suffering state cure—

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 dragon grew'd,
Whilst high above black thunders rold.

I went, and saw, with sad dismay,
Angels of death around me wait;
Whilst forked lightnings mark'd the way;
Until I splitt a little gate—

I found at sight the heart seared,
In peace of foes, and found the end of all my woes.

Onwards I crept, in silent shade;
It still was twilight all around;
I fell powers and senses fade,
And went in weakness towards the ground.

Painting I felt my eyelids close,
And sank, unconscious of my woes.
HEINRICH STILLING.

"I sank, - as when on friendship's breast:
Some death-wound'd warrior falls,
Whilst surge aid, with influence blest,
(To save him as the days of his life recede.)
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;
To God's brown forms of praise,
Be 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 there.

He arrived at Dornfeld at the same 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 broad black sash; he wore a beard, with caps 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 large, and his chin, which 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, with the boys, and permitted his hands to become so covered with flaps as to prevent the air from reaching them; he was obliged to suffer the same inconvenience for some time; 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 Gruzer also; for he never told any one what he thought of him, and whenever he did, 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 them appear when it 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 language, and only made Heesfeld write Latin verses with him, which were incomparably bad. He understood drawing, dancing, physic, and chemistry 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, and examined at once, 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 connected with the art of war, and proposed to give him a commission in the army. 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 brothers, who were all living, were unknown to 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 desiring the rank of a virtuous 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 you go out to walk with Stilling, they conversed together upon the arts and sciences. Their path always led them into the widest 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 you rise, they ascend towards heaven." Sometimes he gave a person from the age of fourteen years to twenty, 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 French language.

Stilling therefore determined to take leave of Mr. Heesfeld, and to remove to his new patron. Both went 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
SILLING'S WANDERINGS.

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seen; but the individual drinks till at her clear brooks." Silling 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.

Silling 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 Silling return so soon. He immediately treated him as a friend; and Silling 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 taken 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 Silling on a variety of subjects. At the same time, Mr. Spanier gave his family-preceptor time enough to read also for himself. The lesson on the following day was three times a week, but was so conveniently and amusing, that it could not be tedious or burdensome to any one.

Mr. Spanier, however, had designed that Silling 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, and he communicated to him, in the evening of 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 Silling'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, in his very essence, had communicated to him the estates which lay a league and a-half from his house, not far from the residence of Mr. Hocheberg. Silling 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, the day before; three times a week, whether 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.

The pleasing intercourse which Silling 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 Silling often used to say, "Mr. Spanier's house was my academy, where I had an opportunity of studying farming, agriculture, and commerce.

Silling'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 improved his pupils, during this period, in the Latin and French languages, by which he attained to still greater exactness 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; but he read Paradise Lost, Young's Night Thoughts, and afterwards Klopstock's Messiah—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. Hocheberg'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 Wolff's German Systems, as also Gottsched's Compendium of Philosophy; and besides, he had 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 stirred every childish feeling of the heart towards God. They may be a series of truths; but we do not possess the true philosophical chain, to which all things are appended. Silling 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 Silling by preference, particularly because he was known there. After he had been a year with his father, he returned, and, after two years and a-half 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 Silling's, and thirteen to his father's. This journey he purposed accomplishing in one day. He therefore set off early in the morning, at six o'clock, and he arrived there 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 carried on his business, and arrived in the course of an hour at his uncle's at Lichtenhain. 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 Silling, came also: she had been married since his departure, and had removed to Lichtenhain; she fell upon his neck, and kissed him repeatedly.

He remained that night with his uncle; the next morning, he proceeded to Leidnitz to his father's. How the worthy man jumped up, on seeing him come so unexpectedly!—but he sank back again, whilst Silling 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.

Silling now related to his parents all that had happened to him, and how comfortably situated he was at present. Meanwhile, the report of Silling'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 rheumatic 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 hützige Stein, the Giller, and the village itself! His sensations were inexpressible; and he was startled and disturbed, and he 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 across the threshold of some 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 she was stiff and distort; she said nothing but a word or two, and had tears in her 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 over her, held her hand, and whispered in her ears, 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 no reflection with thee. "Why should I know 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; but thy 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 left her. His heart pained him, for he knew that she 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 comforted him; and said, "It is 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 could only give a very small part of the performance required of his occupation. This, however, and the very consciousness 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 evening 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, who left his native language and embarked in a profound and solitary study of the Greek, and 'the first 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 Eiiklinia— it seemed to Stilling, as if a word was spoken, and a voice inaudible, in his sleep. The word Eiiklinia 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 reflected that he had, with his teacher, mentioned so much 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 a letter of introduction, and 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 to study the Divine teaching. 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 then 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, became so expert in it, that the learned had no reason to be 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. Seeburg did his best to assist him.

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 came upon 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 his 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 saw, that he could have received no better 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 plant 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 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 Kruger'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 he 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 converse with 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 Lichtenhousen. This worthy man, immediately after welcoming him, began to dispute with him respecting his new plan. The whole question was: Where was it, that he could best 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 man, a gentleman, who was a very able occultist, 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 intent was 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 to be a plan of the whole country. 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 Lichtenhousen. 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-
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 portman-
teat, and on the morning of the 25th, he rose bet-
time 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 apoplectic fit, and that no will had been found. God, therefore, gave his portman-teau, 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 house been kept so closely guarded.

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 prac-
tice, so that he had much to do; and towards autumn, the fame of his cures extended itself four leagues round, even as far as Schöneuthal.

Mr. Isaac, the tailor of Waldstatt, saw his friend's progress and success, and rejoiced heartily over him; nay, he swam in pleasure, in anticipa-
tion of eventually visiting Doctor Stilling, and deli-
vering himself with him. But God, however, struck 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 — Isac raised himself up, took him by the hand, and said, "Friend Stilling, I shall die, and so are you. But I do not fear death, for it is 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, "I will do so; but 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 father. 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 con-
venient 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 year, he
would 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 this work, would enable him to enable himself
and hands 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 Friedenberg, a lady 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' journey, he arrived 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
the order, cleanliness, and neatness without mag-
nificent, prevailed everywhere, he was
much pleased, and felt that he could live there. But
on entering the parlour, and seeing Mr. Friedenberg
himself, with his cousin, and nine handsome
made children, who presented themselves, one
after the other, in neat and elegant, but not
expensive clothing, every face beaming with truth,
integrity, and cheerful ness—he was quite in ecstasy,
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
and his friend were so delighted 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. Frieden-
berg and Stilling, united firmly together, and be-
came 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 was very real in that part, and
even in Schönenthal itself, where she lay in his
sick; 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. Frieden-
berg'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;
the account also pleased 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 three months old. A young lady had loved quietness and retirement from her youth, and she was therefore reserved
for all strangers, particularly when they were better
treated than she was accustomed to. Al-
though this circumstance, as it regarded Stilling,
was not an obstacle, yet she avoided him as much
as possible. But as 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, and she was not conscious of a rivalry. 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
as well as her family doubted of her recovery. Now when Stilling came to
Rasenheim, he inquired after her, as the daugh-
ter 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 in-
valid'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. 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 show 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 do not understand; neither I can express it a moment of 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. She was in the chamber near 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 joyous nor more sorrowful—just as if nothing particular had happened. But Stilling was like one intoxicated; he knew not what to do: he was waking or dreaming—he could neither think nor resolve, and was in a state of hourly change. 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 grace 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 feared that Mr. Spärier, as soon as he was made acquainted with the news 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, 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 great uneasiness; but 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 seaside, 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. Spärier 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 even from his tears, and in words that were passing in it; nay, what was still more, he was 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 breathe.

Never had he found a journey more laborious than his customary one to Rosenheim, 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 beat, and he could scarcely breathe: his eyes were fixed upon the several objects of his affaire. 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 up, 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?' I laid it down again, and my mother 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 then followed, 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 was much displeased. However, as 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 does not espouse me, nor marry me to Stilling, for I cannot assert that I am free to marry as I please. 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 uprighr 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, and to make me your brother, and to bestow all the grace of God, rather than to leave me in 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 anything against it; besides, I know you, and am well aware that you are too honorable to have such unmeaning intentions; but this I must candidly add, that I am not at all in a situation to bear the expense 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 help me for it.'

Mr. Friedenberg now rose up, embraced Stilling, kissed him, and went 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 engraved on his soul, that he could not for a moment entertain the idea of asking for money.

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 misjudgments 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 passed in this way. Stilling was one day in a conversation with Mr. Schönenthal. He related to him the state of affairs, and his desire of going to Schönenthal's in the spring. Mr. Schönenthal was overjoyed at Stilling's reception; and desired him to let him 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. The next morning his friend 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, tall, 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 his, 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 proposed to Mr. Troost:

"That he 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 mother, who lived in the vicinage of Solen, his further and singular guidance; they were terrified and astonish ed; 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 granted himself, and all of him; and perhaps he must 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 cooperation; 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; Christiana swam in tears, and occasionally fainted away, and the whole house was troubled.

The last evening, Mr. Friedenberg and Stilling sat together, and the former studied with great anxiety to weep. 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 hear of the want of one of my friends, I would 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, according to the usual custom; but in 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 house. 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 sorrow fully, 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 Ellerfeld 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; they were therefore (as it appeared) to leave their money entirely, and to provide themselves with provisions. They then went to a merchant in 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, Mr. Liebmann 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 pro-
sent." Stilling answered, "One rix-dollar—and that is all." "So I" 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 everywhere. 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 freed himself from his old friendship from Lucerne, from Mr. Friedrichsberg and Christopher. 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, and his misfortunes, with 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 his manuscript, and had 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-apropos, 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 the convenient apartment for them both. This he found also according to his expectations; for in the most convenient place for them, dwelt a rich and respectable merchant, of the name of ——, 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 was, however, inquired about the lectures, and attended as many of them as he could. 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 to learn from 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 "Goethe."

There were two 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 from the beginning, that student was engaged in conversation with him. He was a student of divinity of the name of Lorse, one of the most excellent of men; he was Goethe's favorite, and this partiality he justly merited; for his children were excellent, and the man himself 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 Goethe; I will say nothing more of him, than that he was a good daw in peacock's feathers.

A valuable 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 panoragize 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. Goethe 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 the Goethe 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 and heavenly was his deportment, 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, pleased and heroically; he was in his element; he eagerly attended to every thing he heard; but he never 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 thing. He, however, thought it a duty to visit 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, he could not think of refusing, so Mr. Troost paid him six louis-d'ors. "Who is 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 velveten trousers; he had, however, rather wished for a white coat, which he turned away and put on 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. Walderberg 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, Goethe, 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 Goethe interrupted him and added, "Why? Try a man first, before you judge. It is sufficient, after all, to make a jest of a worthy man, who has offended no one!" From that time, Goethe 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 people 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 he was 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 entered down as 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 Stilling entered his apartment, and found it empty—for Mr. Troost had gone to attend a lecture—and 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 been there. He began to fear a total failure; he broke out into a perspiration with anxiety, and his whole face was wet with tears. He felt no more confidence 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, Courage! and then 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 are you pressed for money?" Mr. R— answered, "Mr. R— he is like Habbaakuk, 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 Habbaakuk brought him his food; he was overpowered by his feelings, and was scarcely aware of Mr. R—'s returning 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—He who so wonderfully and visibly, wrought his wonderful acts—He who is 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. —— was gone, Stilling fell on the floor, wept to the heart, wept to His paternal arms, after which he went to the college, and paid as well as the best.

Whilst this was passing in Strasbourg, Mr. Liebmann of Schöntenal paid a visit, on one occasion, to Mr. Friedenberg at Rassenheim, for they were very good friends. Liebmann knew nothing of Stilling's alliance with Christian, although he was well aware that Friedenberg was his cordial friend.

Whilst they were sitting together, the conversation turned upon their friend at Strasbourg. Liebmann was never weary in relating how Mr. Troost commended Stilling's industry, genius, and good success in his studies; and had received with him, 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."

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 thees, 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 Strasbourg was so remarkable, that the whole university spoke of him. Philosophy had been, from childhood upwards, his chief study, and 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 already exercised 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 of his own established 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.

Goethe 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 Strasbourg, 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 Strasbourg. Stilling was made acquainted with him by Goethe and Troost, and never in his life admired any one so much as this man, of whom he 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 that because he harmonised with this excellent genius, with respect to natural disposition, more than with Goethe.

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 Strasbourg, and besides this, he hoped in the course of a year to find himself again. He consequently determined to carry with him; and as Mr. Troost had discovered that he was betrothed, Stilling besought him to go to Rassenheim, 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 Whitsundite 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 thereby on his return 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 whichpowerfully 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: —

"Rassenheim, 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 I cannot write more 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 Christian, according to human appearance—he firm, my dearest friend!—has not many days to spend long before his departure. For, as I wrote, 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 Christian would gladly see you once more in this world; but what shall I say, or advise you? I can write no further, for the tears flow down my face. I am so moved, that I 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 despairs of his salvation;—at length he recollected himself so far as to throw off his morning-gown, put on his clothes, and walk to the window. He was the only one, 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 the poor lad, accompanied him. Some young ladies, 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 Præsch, that would sail at noon for Mayence, the captain of which readily took him and the lad with him. 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; and Göethe, who says, "I trust 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 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; but the boatman cut short this ceremony; 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 board, and who would enter her eternal rest! this 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. On this, the latter told him, that this youth was the son of a rich widow in II,—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, was arrested at Mayence, and 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 bailing 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 bailing, and with his companion, had enough to do to keep the boat empty. Meanwhile, it grew dark; they approached the mouth of a storm; but the boat 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 immerced 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. Two boatmen had already entered into the 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 boatsmen perceived it. The sloop held the lantern to them, and began to exclaim, "Ha, ha! are you the wicked races that drowned two travellers down yonder, a few weeks ago? Only wait till we get 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 Coblenz, 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 all was quiet. 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 strewn 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 latter was a tall man, with a large head, dressed in frock, shirt, and trousers. His mien was grave, and he had his head bent down, as though he was thinking 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 drarn-glass. Behind, in the corner of the room, there was a watchman who made some remark about his head, and threw his soldier's coat over him, and was snoring aloud. 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 mannerly things 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 natural aspect; he stepped up to Stilling, and said, "Whence come you, so early?" Stilling replied 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, sir, that 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." "My business is first to fly from my father and afterwards to return, and to say, "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 shame-facedly, gave some person on one side 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 of the table, drew a coffee-pot towards him, and began to pour out the beverage. He was very cordial, 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 Morning Star, the Bingen lady began it, and related every thing, without concealing anything, as the circumstances demanded; 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 often interrupted with Questions. On my part, I had made some good friends, that we betrothed ourselves 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, and the soldier 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 the bad name of 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 house. A musket was 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. In consequence of this, 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, 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 been so for three years.

Thus delighted the company. The lieutenant, as well as Stillings, would now gladly have learned the unknown gentleman's circumstances, but he smiled, and said, "Excuse me at present, gentlemen. I dare not."

Though the day passed away in the most agreeable manner, at the end of it we retired to rest, on the approach of 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 sent to Strasburg, and had run away from his parents. He soon made acquaintance with the youth who was passenger with them. Stillings warned the young gentleman, not to play his part, as to shovel the bill of expenses; but it was of no avail. He afterwards heard that the boy had lost all his money, and the Strasbuerger 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 Stillings to have the best. Stillings 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 always accompanied him, and had no reason to suspect him, he laid aside 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 were, and came to him with all secrecy. He did not visit him, but a quantity of jewels 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 Stillings, to which he readily assented.

In the morning, Stillings 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." Stillings once more expressed his desire to know with whom he had travelled. The stranger smiled, and added, "I came here under a strange pretence, when you arrive at home, and when you find the name of * * * remember me."

Stillings 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 unknown 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, Stillings arrived at Rasenheim; he was received with a thousand demonstrations of joy. But Christina was not mistress of herself; when Stillings 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 ran towards the room, and told her that Stillings 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 Stillings, in the extremity of grief, awaited the marriage blight which betried itself for 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.

Stillings' alliance with Christina was now generally known. Their best friends advised Friedenberg to act immediately, and had 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 presence of mind. He discovered a method of curing the disorder, and the marriage was speedily arranged; and the union took place on the 19th of the same month. Stillings, who had been besides avaluable to the world, this worthy man had heard part of Stillings' history from his friend Troost. Stillings 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 Stillings' marriage; and on this occasion, they both proposed to him to settle at Schönenthal, particularly because a physician had just died there. Stillings again awaited the Divine direction, and therefore said he would think upon it. His two friends, however, gave themselves strung up in the hope that he would adopt the offer; and they succeeded in doing so, even before Stillings 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 everything was arranged, Stillings prepared to depart again for Strasbourg. 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 last she passed into a deep sleep. When he waked he beheld her lying beside him; it was 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 new's that Christian had become tranquil.

This encouraged Stilling; he felt much relieved, and did not doubt but that he would again meet his dear and faithful Christian in good health. He commanded 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?" ex-claimed 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 belonged to that science. The following autumn, Göethe dissected 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 disputatian 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, 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 above-mentioned, at Rasenheim. His Christiana 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 you without delay!"

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."

HEINRICH STILLING'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

On the 1st of May 1772, in the afternoon, Stilling proceeded with his Christina on foot to Schönental, 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 battle of a larger expanse is bare, and the hills are covered with dark eminences. 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 house-furnishings and 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 Raseheim. The young married couple then stood and looked at each other with tearful eyes. Their whole stock of furniture was only enough to provide a 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 storey 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 wife turned to sleep with the assurance 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 only a difference in the behaviour of his future fellow-citizens and neighbours. His picturesque 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 that matter, 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 as, otherwise so worthy and excellent! I willingly confess that some of the most upright people, and the best 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 manifestation of religion is an availing, and that the individual must lend 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 polite- ness, as a person 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, cried out, without 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 inconceivable. But now, he saw himself all at once placed in a vast, splendid, low-bottomed, and unmeantile world, with which he did not harmonize in everything. That which he 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 shining, much less of warming himself. Stilling therefore determined to feel more bold.

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 Schönental. On entering the room, she exclaimed, "Oh, there is the gentleman we have been looking for! He is here, and..." and a child 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 fellow-countryman!"

"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 the case; 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 any effect. At last, the nurse concluded her copious account with expressely raising 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?" he thought. "There is no doubt that all possible means have been used (for the people were weak that white race); therefore, for heaven's sake, let me have a chance to do something!" 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; there had been a convulsion, but he was hurrying 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 blessed him, but he could order that might be useful; at length he 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 he had no store with him, 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 medicine, when he had awakened his eyes, 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, 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 Dr. 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 everything for granted, although without assenting vain glory; therefore 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, the Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, are neglected by the student, and are 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 notions, which makes the ears of the experienced practitioner to tremble; 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 of this means neglected, in which a beneficial effect might have been produced!—and besides all this, the individual often thinks he can do 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!—it is only under the direction of a great and learned man.

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 answer the expectations; Stilling, therefore, gave up 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 Stilling had no 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; but Stilling had done nothing toward it. His friends often before 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 to how to ascend that step.

Scarcely had Stilling spent a few weeks in such occupations, when all at once the fever of the Alsatians fell upon the rind, 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
Heinrich, however, she herself; he was in 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. Still ing looked upon her as perfectly hectic, for she had really all the symptoms of a consumption; she now began to desire, 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 the house was very dear, and the manner of living expensive. Every word may mean sufficient, for 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 labour of poverty, and seemed to keep the peace, 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.

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 placed himself in great difficulties, which frequently 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 Still ing 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 did not see anything 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 Still ing thought he should lose her at once. 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 showed itself in her face, her respiration ceased, she was convulsed, and Still ing 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 Still ing was about to call for help, she came again to herself, her anxious face, her inarticulate words, and evidently relieved. Still ing had not yet by any means sufficient medical experience to know all the parts which this dreadful hysterical evil is wont to act in such a weakly and irritable frame; hence it was, that he was at least half an hour before he could bring his wife 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 message from a place which was five hours distant from Schönenthal, 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, three years older than herself, was called to go with her. They promised to take a walk; and it was nine o'clock before she came home. Still ing 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, Still ing began, in a genteel and serious tone, to admonish her, and remind her of her duty; the girl, in reply, reproached him with his censure as an over-wrought 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 Still ing himself grew cold through his whole frame, whilst his sick wife shrieked out with terror. Meanwhile, Still ing 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.

Still ing felt exasperated; he seized the girl by her 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 deliriums. At the same instant, she heard still louder,-louder, the Lord Christ Jesus 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 writing convulsively in the straw beneath; all recollection was fled, she gnashed her teeth, and the convulsions drew her head backwards to her heels; they waved her the waves, in a couple of hours in the same melancholy condition. She then became quiet; her bed was made, and
STILLING'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

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 public estimation and respect, and keep him in unwarmed 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 plants and 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 depressed 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, and which is, where is the boy, the youth, or the man, in whom religion and reason have so much the ascendency 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, in the place an ex-, but 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 plant, humble, resigned, patient, and unceasingly operative; it struggles through doing and suffering; and overcomes every thing; no adversary can destroy its soul; and it renders 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 1773, 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 very upright man, was so affected with 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 spy that they were desirous of becoming acquainted with him. Both understood him, and he them; their hearts overflowed into each other, and a conversation arose, such as is not understood by every one.

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 exertions required of Stilling, to support his family, 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 hours 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 him, despised it with him, and his circumstances, either despised him, or were indifferent to him. If he occasionally went to Rassenheim, 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 sorrows, and act for his own existence.

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 lower class, where there were 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, was not without the constitution of the 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 charlatantry, 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 convulsive diseases were to be met with, 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.

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 neighborhood, 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 that 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.
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 of rank, and even rich and reputable people, as being 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 reviled in their society, and was able to show himself in his true colours.

Friedrich Vollkraft, for so was the chamberlain called, asked him, at his first visit, if he had written anything. Stilling answered that he had; for he had just commenced a book, which he imparted 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 it gave them the greatest delight. "There was 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 Rieselstein, who imparted to him, by his correspondence, many useful receipts of living. This cure, however, made him still more hated by his fellow-townsmen, and particularly by the Pietists; for in Schönhenthal, a rigid adherence to systems of religion universally prevails, and he that varies from them in the smallest degree, as was the ease with the brothers Vollkraft, was regarded as Anathema and Maranatha; so that if a person was only a little 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 Schönhenthal 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 him the hatred.

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: This is the custom in Schönhenthal, 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 closed as they are in debt; the reason of which was as follows: It is the custom in Schönhenthal, 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 closed as they are in debt; the reason of which was as follows:

Stilling 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 visible, and even intelligible. 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 Schönhenthal, coal is 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, 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 bring them to the door of his neighbour. Christina wept, while he prayed ardentely 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 courteously said that he had done all that was possible. He therefore said, he would be patient a short time, and then they were about to go away. But, as the custom in the case of a coalman, was not to make out the account, and 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, with no guilder. When 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; "saying, he went and fetched the book, made out the account, and received ten rick-dollar.

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 1775, 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, Hysteria, 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 neighbour's, the horse, at the distance of a league and-a-half from Schönhenthal, 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 empresse 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 sup-
port 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 you not understand it, Doc-
tor?"

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!"

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—perform the opera-
tion upon me."

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 judg-
ment, if you do not help me."

Stilling was seized with a fit of trembling; 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 there-
fore made no further reply, but rode off; he strug-
gled with himself on the way, but the result was
the same,—a resolution not to perform the opera-
tion. 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, a philosopher, a theologian, and the head
of all the members of his church; the prudent, gen-
rous, unweariedly active servant of God, without being
a priest; in short, he was a disciple of Jesus in
the full sense of the word. His Master soon called
him away, assiduously to make him ruler over much.
Lavater sang his death, the poor wept over him,
and the sick lamented him. Blessed be thy re-
main, 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 distress and suffer-
sequences 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 as-
sist him. This encouraged him in some measure,
and he proceeded to Strasburg with the neces-
sary instruments for it; for it was his intention, at that time, to unite this excellent
and beneficial method of healing to his other ophthal-
mic 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 conse-
quently bestrove himself to entirely abandon the
cure of the disease, and this was one of the prin-
cipal 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 a considerable fortune.

Stilling wrote therefore to Müller, that he would
come on a certain day, with Doctor Dinkler, to
perform the operation on the poor woman. Ac-
cordingly, 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 sur-
geon, 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 aperture. This was the first time that he
removed 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 scissors, and penetrated into the
wound with the one blade, and then regularly cut
the several parts before him, as carefully as pos-
sible. Thereupon, he took the scissors, and, clos-
ing closely, he found that he had also cut the cor-
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!" Stilling 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
confidence; this was also healed, and the woman
was perfectly restored to sight, and the sight of
all other people came, upon whom he suc-
cessfully 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 upon them gra-
fuitously; and it was seldom that any one came
who was not prepared to pay anything; but one or
other of the cases 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, pro-
posed to call in the assistance of Stilling, who was
therefore sent for. Stilling, greatly surprised to
convince 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 heartfel-
t 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 was numbered among the friends. But the 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. Stillinger stood as if thunder-struck, 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 Volkraft, his worthy lady, who is equalled only by few, and his excellent sisters; and he needed his best abilities to save him from the charge. 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 Stillinger; "but I have cured several of the cataract." "This is not true," said the man, insolently; "you may falsely." "No!" rejoined Stillinger, with fire in his eyes, and burning cheeks. "I do not speak falsely; I can bring witnesses to prove it incontrovertibly; 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 exoneration of his superiors; and the member of the medical board laughed in his face, and said, "Is it doing your duty, to destroy children?"

Dimness now obscured Stillinger'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 despair increased. He might have sunk 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 Volkrafts, 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. Volkraft 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 everything, 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!" Stillinger, 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 cautious 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.

Heinrich and his friends were exulting at these vexatious circumstances, Stillinger 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, Stillinger 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 Marbachberg, in order to bring the whole affair before the medical board there. At the time of his departure, which at that time, was the venerable Leidenfrost. 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 Stillinger's enemies took occasion from it to calumniate him.

Stillinger's success in curing the cataract had however caused much sensation; and a certain friend even inserted an account of it in the Frankfurt newspaper. Now there was at the university of Marburg, a very famous 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 Stillinger, and to place himself under his care. The name of that man was now known. In 1774, with his lady and two daughters, and Stillinger successfully performed it 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 fever, every thing went on favorably.

There was still one thing which lay at Stillinger'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 the event; so he frequently invited the worthy man, and Wilhelm had often promised to come, yet he always postponed his visit. Stillinger 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 Stillinger 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 the man 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 Raseenheim, 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 at home, to express 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 Raseenheim to Schönenthal with such heartfelt delight as on the present occasion; and Wilhelm likewise rejoiced in his God.

On the same day, 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 ushered into a peculiarly stately chamber. 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, Goethe 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 Goethe to an eminence himself, 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 know, having no acquaintance with his 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 Goethe, 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 Goethe 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 Goethe 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 Goethe's was the following:—Lavater had been visiting the baths at Ems, from whence he travelled to Mülheim on the Rhine, to visit a friend there. Goethe 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 Mülheim. Goethe there 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 Mülheim at a certain time, and accompany him back again. However, during Goethe's absence, Lavater was under the necessity of likewise proceeding to Rüsselstein, and from thence to Schönenthal; but of this, Goethe 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, and have the pleasure of their company. Lavater came driving up the street, accompanied by the two Vollkrafts, the celebrated Hasenkamp of Duisburg, and the very remarkable, pious, and learned Doctor Colleenbusch. 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, Goethe, 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 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 his sect, and his mind more or less embittered by his having made the avarice of his company; very friendly; grave; of a softened 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 balance 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 then 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, everything 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 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 slowly enunciated with a captivating 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 constantly matched 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 smallpox, but so slightly as only to be gradually discovered; yet it gave the firm opinion, that he was 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 short, pointed, striking phrases. His face 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 Stillings, full of religion without piety, and glowing with a hunger after truth,—a man who has few that are like him.

Now followed Stillings; 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. One, a也不是, danced about the table, made faces, and showed 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 Stillings 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, compassionate eye, and he would confound them with a full and piercing look.

This scene lasted, rather tumultuously, scarcely half-an-hour; when Lavater, Hasenkamp, Collenbusch, the young merchant, and Stillings, rose up, and wandered forth in the clear evening sunshine, up the lovely valley, in order to visit the excellent Theodore Müller above-mentioned. Stillings 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, Stillings returned to Schönenthal with his friend; in the mean time, Goethe and Juvenal had set off for Rüsselstein.

Lavater came next morning to visit Stillings, 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 Stillings's life circumstantially; for although it made no alteration in his situation, yet it laid the foundation of certain changes in his future course of life. One thing more I have forgotten to observe;—Goethe took with him the manuscript of Stillings'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 Goethe'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 Stillings would be able to cure him. Stillings 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. Stillings saw clearly that the beginning of the cataract was not at all the important thing; therefore he did not mention 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. Stillings 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 inconsiderable, and Stillings found he did not cure his patient. 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. Stillings 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 Stillings 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 Stillings's friend, and sought to divest him of his suspicions, yet there were others, who visited the patient, who were convinced that Stillings was poor, or the ignorance of him, or 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 Frankfurt patrician, Mr. Von Lesner, 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 Lesner consequently had his eyes inspected by several physicians, and as all of them agreed that the cataracts 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 Frankfurt; because, being old, blind, and infirm, he did not think himself able to undertake such a journey. Lesner 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 Christianity, however intolerable her husband’s absence might seem to her, advised him, very seriously, not to neglect this tempting project. He returned, accordingly, to the Friedberg 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. Lesner has much real time not to 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 Frankfurt, and accordingly promised Mr. Von Lesner 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, besides the payment of his debts. But if he still residing at Frankfurt, would ruin the whole affair again; for as soon as he heard that Von Lesner 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 Lesner 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 Lesner against misfortune was not ignoble.

Goethe, who was still residing at Frankfurt with his parents, received the pleasant 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. Goethe 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 daylight, to Marburg, where he spent the night. He then returned the same day and 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 him, 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 Christian to write from Leindorf, where his father lived; for his way led him directly through his native province. He knew that Christiana would expect letters on the day appointed, and there was no opportunity of sending these. From the situation in which 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 mountainous country where he expected to lay the lofty Kindsberg, south-westward before him; eastward, at its foot, he saw the smoke of the chimneys 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 him; all 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 this—a painted sword hangs by a silken thread over my head; it only needs that thing to become 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 alarmed Stilling incessantly 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, and he trusted happily and joyfully to 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 front door was open; the door was 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 unpeasably 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 beings of every age and sex 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 a diligent schoolmaster. There was a 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 the world should expect such astonishing men? There were 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 Schöntal.

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 formed with 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 found him with many joyful tears. Father Stilling's daughters came 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 other side. He then began to weep aloud; all his feelings were thrown forth in floods of tears, and gave vent to his heart. Pleading 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 intended 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 inexperienced 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 to travel. He was proud of the 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 had left his estate, which was not unprovided for. He 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 wayling did not. Now he arrived at Bach, and Friedberg, to Frankfort, where he arrived in the evening, and took up his abode with Goethe's family, who received him in the most friendly manner.

The following morning, he visited Mr. von Leesser, 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 acquaintance; he visited the old gold-digger, 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. I have heard, and I have not the smallest doubt 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 was 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 anything 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 by friendly and injurious means. 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 converse of strangers and people would be found; that there he would be considered as a man who 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 eye!"

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 Leesen'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. If both of them 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 quarter next? Will you take care to visit us to-morrow, or 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; for 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, showed 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 call it after-treatment; the 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 the Jew exclaimed, "I believe the gentleman has done the job! O heaven! I see!—I see everything! 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
Heinrich Stillings.

Jew regained his sight perfectly; and on taking his departure, he ran through the streets, with his arms stretched out, and over the Saxonhäuser him exclaiming incessantly, "Oh 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!" Stillings 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 Htin, who richly rewarded him for his trouble.

But now began all at once the most dreadful period of Stillings'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.

Stillings thought it impossible to survive this; he wrestled with God for help, but all in vain; every friendly countenance vanished, all drew back, and Stillings stood alone in his sorrow only. A friend Goethe 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 impossible. He now applied himself to God, and 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 trusted no one, and feared the 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." Stillings personally received the thousand guilders; he soon regained his former health, and after 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 Stillings was desirous of setting himself above all this, yet it aided in preventing any more resort to him. The families especially attended, had, during his absence, provided themselves with other physicians, and no one seemed inclined to return to him. In a word, Stillings'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 one night, he was surprised by an exclamation 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. Stillings had not the smallest prospect of this; for his host, who was a man of high character, that he, who gave him his child whilst he was still with 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 sufficient, for without this uncommon strength, she must, as one of the weaker x, have succumbed under her trials.

Notwithstanding the desperate situation of his affairs, however, what was needful never failed him;—Stillings had never any thing beforehand; but when it was required, it was there. This strengthened the faith in both. So 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, Stillings saw her lying in a state of profound sleep;—she was terrified, and asked her what was the matter. She said, "My dear husband, I do not know 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 breast, and wept, and said, "You 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, Stillings received a letter from his friend Doctor Hofmann of Frankfurt, in which it was mentioned in confidence, that Mr. Von Leesner was very much on the stage, 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. Stillings felt the nobleness of the plan, if it could be accomplished; even Christina advised him to undertake the journey, but no one besides; everyone 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 Frankfurt, where he again took up his residence with Goethe.

Mr. Von Leesner was extremely affected by this unlooked-for visit, and gave still the desired effect. Several individuals also, who were saved from the cataract, presented themselves, on all of whom Stillings 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, Stillings committed an impropriety of which he often repented, and which caused him much suffering. He found at a friend's house, "The Life and Opinions of Magister Sebal- dus Nothanner." 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 admit 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 Stillings ventured to take was not hasty. He wrote from the impulse of the moment "The Slings of a Shepherd's Boy against the scornful Philistine, the author of Sebalthus Nothanner;" and without even once going through the manuscript cooly again, he gave it, glowing hot, to Dr. Eichenberg the publisher. His friend Kraft strongly advised him not to print it; but it was on no account.—it was published.

Scarcely had he returned to Schoenthal, 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 might regard it as stupidly orthodox. He therefore wrote a little tract under the title of "The great Panacea for the disease of Invidiosity," which was also printed by the same publisher. In the mean time a defender of Sebalthus Nothanner appeared; for a certain merchant in the Netherlands wrote agreeable to the principle of his opponent the Netherlands merchant, avoiding at the same time all bitterness, as much as was possible, with the exception of a little innocent raillyery: with this the whole affair terminated.

About this time, two institutions were established in Frankfort, in which Stillings 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 subscrip- tions, 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.

Stillings, 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 Stillings 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 Schoenthal. Dinkler, Troost, and Stillings, 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 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, Stillings was under the necessity of removing to another habita- tion, because his landlord wished to occupy his house himself. Mr. Troost therefore sought out an old acquaintance 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. Stillings rented it, and made prepa- rations for removing into it. But here he had a dreadful trial to sustain; he had hitherto been able to pay his debts 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; the case was appealed to the bench, and the matter was adjourned. Stillings 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; they do not take so much as a farthing, and the graving won 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 Stillings' 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. Stillings, 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 graving now remained.

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 super-
scription was in Göthe's hand, and under the
address was written, "Enclosing one hundred and
fifty ducats for the plan of the world,
letter with astonishment, read it, and found that
his friend Göthe, without his knowledge, had
caused the commencement of his history to be pub-
lished, 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, Göthe had received his
call to Weimar, and had there procured the pub-
lication of Stilling's history.

It cannot be expressed what a powerful effect
this visible interference of Divine providence pro-
duced 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
the picture of life was right before them, and that
He intended by such trials to pre-
pare 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 philoso-
phers, when they assert, "that God does not
trouble himself with the detail, but merely with
the result," and then proceed to explain that
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
proportionate of his fidelity and himself.

What avail sophistical cobwebs of correct
and logical inferences, where one experience fol-
 lows the footsteps of another? In the sequel of
this history, still more striking proofs of a direct
providence will appear.

Stilling's friendship with Göthe, 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 ac-
cording to the plan and arrangement of Eternal
Love, to try its pupil, to complete the work of its fidelity,
and to prepare for its service. 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 sepa-
rate himself from men except on account of sin;
let him not join any particular society, which pro-
fesses for its object to serve God better than others;
for in the consciousness of this better serving Him
they gradually become proud, mean-spirited, hypo-
critical 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 right path? Dis-
tinguish among 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 con-

He will assuredly lead thee to the desired aim.

About this time, Counsellor Eisenhart of Man-
heim, 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 associ-
ated themselves together for the purpose of pro-
moting agriculture, manufactures, and trade, and
by this means, rendering both princes and people
prosperous. The Elector had also patronized and
sanctioned this excellent institution, and had pro-
vided it with certain revenues, that it might be
able to proceed the more effectually. Now this
society had commenced a manufactary 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 it, and consider him a spy, and his assistance
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, where
he could not be of service to the institu-
tion by means of his political science, and
obtained some practical experience in the science of political
economy. Eisenhart soon replied to him, and
assured him that such treaties would be very wel-
come. 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 Rit-
tersburg.

Stilling's labors met with very unexpected appro-
ation; and he was soon honored with a patent as
foreign member of the Electoral Palatine Society of
Political Economy. This pleased him uncom-
monly; for although the whole connection, together
with the rank of a prince, and the emolument, yet he experienced a real joy in occu-
pations 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 in-
creased. 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 fantas-
tial 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 his suspicion, he wrote "The Life of Mr. Von Morgenhau." But this availed little or
nothing; he continued to be despised, and a con-
stant object of calumny, which in the autumn of the
year 1777 reached the highest summit of wicked-
ness. Stilling began all at once to perceive that
as he passed along the street, people regarded him

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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!" etc. This conduct from every quarter was incomprehensible to him, and pierced him through and through. He remained possessed of 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 if they 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 Schonenthal, that last Saturday, in the evening, you became all at once insane; and although it is not seen outwardly, yet there is something secret but fixed. Have you foreseen 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 inward senses; he 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, combined with a more impetuous heart; for, if 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 his state felt; the atmosphere of Schonenthal 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, or Stilling was not of sufficient importance;—he was, however, chatlant, 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 to 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, as his only occupation 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 art upon the sick, without the slightest attempt and the 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 caravan of cataracts 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 unanimous in a void character. This, with, 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 lamint 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 look at the long and hopeless noble one, and at the prospects, of his poor property, which was of the smallest value; yet, by his last two years' expenses, it was reduced to little more than a tradesman. Christina, on the contrary, was extremely sparing; she turned every farthing over
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and over before she laid it out; yet she did not exercise a judicious oversight over the whole of his 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; furthermore, 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 appear 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, and to make him form and 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; and 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 deeply requested by Eisenhart, in which he disclosed to him his distress; the stipend was six hundred gulder, 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 distress, and he, Eisenhart, assured him, that he resolved to spare him, 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 distress, and Eisenhart, assured him, that he resolved to spare him, which he was unable to pay: "I shall be disgraced, even there," said he to himself.
ever able to fill a civil office, and yet endured 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 exclaims when he was alone; "but it were 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 Stillings before God, and faltered out unbreakable words when he was alone; 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 unfold. 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 assured that the creditity 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 at first refused; but Eisenhart consoled him by the assurance, that he had the means of being able in time to satisfy them. Stillings, 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 the correctness of the message.

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 Stillings was to be made Professor. Now nothing appeared more laughable to the people of Schönenthal than this;—"Stillings a Professor! how can he do anything? He does not understand anything! It is mere rhodomantade; 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 Stillings as regular and public Professor of Agriculture, Technology, Commerce, and Mechanics, and recommended 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.

Stillings now gradually withdrew himself from the medical profession. With the exception of a few weeks, who of another station, with 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 beneficent 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 stopped 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 Stillings'; however, he could not alter it.

His condition was now perfectly despicable. 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 stupified. 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 murmnr, 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 ever before. But all these new feelings, 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 plant and perfectly resigned in their wills, before He advances further with them. Therefore, at his return, he was convinced firmly that he ought not to allow 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. Stillings had hastened towards his aim with eagerness and anxiety;—false, various, and impure 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 plant and perfectly resigned in their wills, before He advances further with them. Therefore, at his return, he was convinced firmly that he ought not to allow himself entirely to the will of God, and was tranquil.

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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 very pale, his eyes were dark, and imbedded 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 calm, 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 military 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. Through the whole of the case, he 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, beheld, 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 the medical man. 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 upon the arm.

Stroo 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 perfectly 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 required the patient to use the 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 arm be six inches 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 sleeve, 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 arm immediately amputated. The operation was remarkable. Mr. Troost slacked the screw a little, in order to see whether the vein would spring or not; but it did not 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 know that Stilling was the cause of Stoi's death." 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 remuneration, and only serve by way of sacrifice his Heavenly Father, by serving his fellow-men.

The period now approached when he was to leave Schönenthal and remove to Rittersberg. 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; "the money shall be paid to the most faithful. I propose 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 knife, and abandon the school of my heavenly Father. "It is all very well," an answer returned that day, "but you are unable to pay; and if you are arrested, and your furniture seized, what will you then do?" "I will 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 to secure money for selling the rest by auction. Everything 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, on even day, 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 the idea that they had caused the sight of God, and men, that in the midst of so much meanness, 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, without reverence or affection 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 ad- mirer of religion must work and be silent, except when there is a case of conscience. 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 man, and his heart was filled with an endearing 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 unconceiving 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."

"Of course," coughed 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
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manager, so that he thought a fixed income would avail him just as little as his practice in Schönenthal; and since he became 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 to his broken heart, and 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 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, while he, on the contrary, constantly spent every penny. Her own mother, a gentle 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. Far more than where he is, that in this world may meet you all again before the throne of God!"

So saying, she kissed one after the other in their turn, and fastened 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 religion 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, with a few hundred guilders, had placed in his hands, and he then returned. From Rüsselstein he took a conveyance to Cologne, and another from thence to Frankfort. At Coblenz 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 shown 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, he said, was one of the most instructive in the Catholic religion; it had, with, had excited a prejudice of piety; 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. In the region of Saxony, where he had tried his powers, 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 there is 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. He saw nothing without a sigh; the backwardness of the region strongly of his native province. He felt at ease, and soon saw at a distance the wood-crowned Rittersburg, with all its ancient towers; its 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." Stilling's heart strongly, all his old friends and colleagues, where he must lodge; Stilling 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, 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 Cunz 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, fanny 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 became accustomed to every thing, and thus, in the interval between the old and new situation, and were heartily satisfied with it.

Stillling 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 excellencies of his new residence. Johann and Wilhelm Stillling 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 being nominated professor; in fact, fame and honor did not affect him.

As the system of Political Economy which Stillling had formed to himself lay much on his heart, he was not satisfied with the attempt to give 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 Stillling 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 around him approved of the way in which he treated them and his Christina beyond measure; all calamity 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, Stillting 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 compendium upon all the sciences he was acquainted with, and made preparations for commencing the work.

Stillling 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, this is true, 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 Stillling came to Rittersburg, and found himself 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 Stillling; 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 some fields, 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 wrote therefore to the country, and 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. Stillling 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 his 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 sun he should realise from it, to be able to buy much which he could not obtain from the tenants, 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 course of 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! was it not, after what 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 that phrase, and the Franciscans filled the clerical office, and had the care of the souls of the inhabitants; it was therefore of importance to these divines that sagacity 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 lived 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 was looked upon by the grave as a spy, but, in a private secret, he was the eye 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 resided surely of the stamps of the parochian 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 worse than evil example to all the others, he, who formerly knew him exactly as I have described 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, henceforth forgive me 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 Stillings obtained the Veterinary department along with the rest, he was therefore in his way. There was also something in addition to this;—the society was a very generous one, and we had a week for a lecture, from six till eight o'clock in the evening. Stillings 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 Stillings to make an alteration in the matter; after he had repeated it all, it was not to be said that Stillings had been unable to respond to this 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 with it came:

"It is probable he intended his Professor Stillings 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 people in there dooti and devores.

Spässel."

Stillings 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 Stillings, and made use of such malicious and offensive expressions, that the latter could not bear the sight of it. This, however, did not prevent 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 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 talent, learned, and, on the whole, a genius, in the real sense of the word. The motive of all his actions was ungodly 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 nothing more than such a person, wished to be called 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 of 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 Stillings, who had the providing of lodgings and quarters for the students committed to him, to give him all he wished; and Tom, at the same time describing the man to him, and stating what kind of a lodging it must be. Stillings..."
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"We in this for taken credit so lips, every forehead, 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 everywhere 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 an exchange of compliments, during which Tom seemed to wish to penetrate deeply with his feelings 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 inn, his wife met him. "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 my servant 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 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 that the Captain is the person 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 describing little event and circumstance, I will only observe in short, that Spassel and Tom united together, and formed a plan to overthrow Stilline, 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 hymns, or singing with his harpsichord and singing to them, in the Christian Church, of which he so long spread abroad; it was said he had family-worship prayer-meetings, and the like; and thus the public were gradually prepared. This intelligence Spassel 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 Seigebach 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 on a certain occasion the last time they came to his house, the girls' consort—one of them 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 daughter. Here he found four or five females sitting round his Christina in the summerhouse; 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 circumcision; 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 Spassel, at that very time, was standing behind the hedge, and listening to the whole thing? So Struensee had not 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. Holding a garden-meeting on a Sunday, had not been mentioned, he would never have dreamt how this vicious venemum 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 to his popular opinion.

In Rittersburg itself, the thing created disturbance. The chief-magistrate threatened imprison-ment, 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, consolèd them, and promised them protection; for they knew they were good and worthy people, "cherished moral principles which were contrary to religion. Mr. W— even preached the following Sunday, upon prudence and duty with respect to family-worship;
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 and post; he lived entirely on 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 a 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 he lived entirely on his 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 for the breach of a covenant. And thus, he 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 "Florentino Von Fahlendorn, and "Theodore Von der Linde," and sought, with what he received for them, to stem the torrent; but it was like a drop in a bucket. He endeavored to assist, and several of his 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 re-freshment to his parched tongue.

Every thing therefore was in vain, and it con-
tinued to thunder and lightens incessantly from Schénenthal.

During this dreadful period, the Almighty prepared a 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 thunder-struck; weak and worn 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 anticipated Christina's decease with certainty. At length, he recollected his position, and felt his situation in the world, 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, I see my parents and sisters again in this world, I commit them into thy hand. I 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 outburst; all the 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 him. Hence, she was his only, his only delight. 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 meetful, 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, I beseech thee. My 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 prayed in prayer for days and nights together; a corner of his study was rendered smooth by kneading, 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 Schénenthal. 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 connection he sat down, and trusted in 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, and lifted 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; he comforted and calmed,—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; she promised him that she would mark every minute; 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 forrunners of death—towards eleven o'clock, he lay down, completely weary, in an anteroom, 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." The following verses were then addressed to her:

"Amongst the lilies thou shalt feed, With Joy supremely blest; Thither, 0 soul, thy pinions speed, Like as the beams of their need; 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 sepulchrous choir on high, In adoration lost—
With blissful flight, tier on tier, Round the throne Of Jesus, and the great Three-One!

Dear Brother of my soul! unmourn My vessel from the strand, Give me to reach the peaceful shore, The safe, the heaven-ly land—
Where, there thy sheep securely feed, Afror 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 deshly 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 to toil, 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 woes shall pass away.

Thou Prince of life, with purest flame My soul shall sing thy praises, 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 up, my dear, and dream myself into eternity, farewell!" She said more, and pressed the hand 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 hast now endured to the end!" 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 to 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 collected 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, stood with him during the time, allotted 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 fettered 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 more intense 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 at him; 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 an interrupted and short life. This 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 supplications; 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
might be to me; for though I have no children, yet
I have no inclination to go out, and I have no
reason to quarrel with Stilling. Now I have a request
made to you; I have heard, with regret, that your
lady is dead, and that you are solitary and melan-
choly—how would it suit you, supposing you per-
mitted me and my wife to lodge with you, and dine
at the same table? We should then have the bene-
fit of your company. You have had a long life, and
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 reviled 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 begin to talk of remedying ar. He there-
fore went with Mr. Kühlcnbach 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 a regular and cheer-
ful manner. As it was true, it 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 make a considerable and 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. Kühlcnbach
therefore went to talk of remedy again; and Stilling’s
anxiety, for he was apprehensive that his
horrible melancholy would again return; he there-
fore 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 remove his greatest care, and 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 powers, and was there-
fore 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 un-
successful attempt made him timid, and he resolved
upon acting more cautiously.

About this time, a light entered his mind regard-
ing 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
pains of his carriage was not, you would have
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 him-
self, 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 he
had frequently, in the course of his life, regarded
the matter as a great 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 fulfillment of her wishes; and thus
religion and affection mingled in her hysterical
attacks. Neither her parents nor Stilling knew any-
thing of all this; they looked upon it as Divine inspira-
tion and influence, and were obedient to it. The
impropriety and impudence of the thing showed itself
too late, in the painful consequences. Chris-
tina had no property, Stilling was equally destitute;
he was compelled to study with other people’s
money, and afterwards was unable to economise
his labors, to support himself nor pay his debts. Christina, on the con-
trary, 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 impres-
sively 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;
and he, having passed this 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 everything, and
that he himself would have never married. I shall
therefore 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 rec-
novized, 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,
what was good in him, that Stilling was determined
to marry again.

His first attempt to find a consort being unsuccess-
ful, Stilling’s inmate, Kühlcnbach, 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. He must, however, observe, that every one
now advised him to take a rich wife; for they con-
cluded 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. Kühlcnbach left him at Easter; and at
Whitsundite 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 set a full stop to these endeavours;
it was all congenial to him, to receive referrals;
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 direc-
tion:—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 tranquilize 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 inti-

mate friendship, he had told her nothing of his intentions.

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 have been with me; for it is here a generally well-

known affair, that Stilling has made several un-

successful 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 beautiful, of an excellent figure; she has been

learned, 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 admirable Christian. 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 guineas, please inform me. I will then

mention her to you, and tell you what you have
to do," &c.

The 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 pos-

sesses exactly all the qualities which he desired.

The thought certainly occurred to him: "But she

has no property; will not my temperament therefore

continue?" However, he dared not reason any

more about his situation. This letter 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

wording of which letter is as follows:—

"When I was in S—, I was informed that the lady

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, men-

tioned 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. He arrived there on the 1st of June. 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 be wholly fruit-

less; however, he hoped she would make her ap-

pearance, and that God would further direct his

way. As it was still very early, he went to an inti-

mate friend, to whom he communicated his inten-

tions; and although this friend had another plan

for him, yet he confessed that Selma was all that

he desired. The man to whom he spoke to was

told, that she was very worthy of higher praise, if

possible, but with all this, not rich. Stilling rejoiced

in his heart at this testimony, and replied, "Al-

though she is not rich, if she be only a good house-

keeper, 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 to talk, but to think: I had resolved to go to S—, to visit her brother, the advocate. Her company was very agreeable to me; she was young, and consequently rich. I therefore resolved to go 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

advocate, who ordered her to wait for me; and so, I went 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 expressively kind look, "Ha, Madame! Madame! Madame!—do you remember me?" Stilling, who was in the middle of a sentence, said, "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 tranquil-

lized his heart.

Madame Von la Roche now made arrangements for a meeting. Mr. Von St. Florentin's colleague, the office of which he occupied, thought it was 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
louse, 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 Still ing, to take him thither.

All this accordingly took place; advocate P.—s lady went to fetch Selma and her brother, and Mr. P.—proceeded to meet Stilling himself.

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.

Selma was in the summer-house, when Mr. P.—approached her in an orange-coloured silk 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 have produced an effect much more than the advocated expected. "My dear sir," he said, "if I have stepped out of the way, I shall not profess to be 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 in 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 makeyou 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, investigator, examined, and exposed to various questions; her eyes down, and did not say a word. Stilling shewed himself unvarnished, just as he was, and did not dissimulate. 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 subject. 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 beauteous 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 vouchsafed 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 you to boldly 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 Creutzach, 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 free 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 influenced by the stern dictates of conscience.

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 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 remove so far from her 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 ofmuch taste and knowledge. Though Stilling had nothing to do with Schmerz, 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.

This 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 everything, 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-trees, was illuminated with yellow 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 a symphony of the sweetest harmonies, the melody of the wood, the harmonious union of an organ, of the fragrant, soothing 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 lightenet between. Stilling sobbed and wept; the scene was too powerful for his soul, and was dressed, 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 peaceful, lazy brook, in a moonlight 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 tell you of this affair so far as to 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 unwarried in my labors. With regularity in housekeeping, they will be liquidated in a few years; and if I should die, one of my relatives will make away with you. You 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 expenses, and the residue I will apply to the payment of my debts. However, dear and valued friend, I now leave you to determine if it is possible for me to live 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 everything, 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, councillor to many imperial cities, and a man of eminence. Amongst 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 councillor 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. In one of his letters he showed that he was a 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 merchant, in the city of Rothingen, in the principality of U—; the eldest son is advocate in S—; the second son, councillor 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 1778, 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 made an impression on her.

She had formerly a very rich and distant relation, who in her fifteenth 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 in the true sense 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 Logarp, where the station was in Frankfort just at the time when Stilling passed through it with his wife and children, on removing from Schönenthal to Ritterenburg.

After a long and tedious journey, she at length arrived at the mansion of her godmother, a genuine widow, who having been over to America, where he died. He was soon persuaded 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, without his help again from Selma, and the affair came to nothing.

I am silent respecting the true reason of his faithlessness; the great day will develop 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 always blashes 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 she had 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 had from time to time occasioned 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 Selma resided in the neighbour, hood. The idea now occurred to Madame Von la Roche, that Selma would be suitable for Stilling; she therefore made the offer, 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 reject this opportunity, but permitted Stilling to come.—My readers know the rest.

CHAPTER XI

Every thing being at length duly arranged, Stilling set off for Creutzbach, on the 14th of August 1782,
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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 to love him. On the day following the day on which he received his license, 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 Stillings, 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 strewn 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 another, let love, 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 can often impart our sorrows and burdens and let him 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 recall us from the path of error and of stumbling; assists us in prosperous seasons with some useful advice and example. What heart, what soul, could bear a son 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 confiding here at his close, to those who have shared so long a life 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 interest, the feeling youth discovers a guileless, gentle 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 become constantly confided in one another, which is not so often the case as it should be; 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 like him than a brother; for he had loved him, as the sacred historian says, as his soul and flesh. Happy is he who finds in his youth a friend and king, 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 the two offices, and often gives preference to the 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 magnificent 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 envious of each other, and the world never comes to solve 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 father, the son, the friend, his honor, her honor; his property, her property. The guiltless 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; an unchangeable and genial companion in all the vicissitudes which his life thrusts upon him and his partner 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. Weared with the labors of the day, he hastens to the sweet companion of his life; imparts to her the image of his heart; his good and beneficent soul, which weighs so heavily upon him, is at one and the same time so greatly alleviated; seeks to develop every shooting blossom of her mind, and prevent every titm of 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 throng together, to the comfort of the one and the other, and to increase his blessings. Happy is he who first in his heart and thought has consecrated 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 her life, and who has consecrated his heart to her, 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 worth the labor of love and self-denial, 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 devotion of love over children, and insouciance and domesticities, 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 re- sults of well-meant intention disturb him—this is the endeavour of the day, and this the nightly me- ditation of the spouse who loves God and virtue.

"Such a wife is the most valuable gift of heav- en; such a husband, the best blessing wherewith Eternal Love rewards a pious and faithful heart. If He who dwells in heaven blesses such a marriage with all the blessing that the pure delight, what felicity on earth, to see them- selves 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 bush and labor, and care, which we expends on education and attention to the in- heritors 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 doth enjoy the felicity of dwelling eternally united with such a mate! 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 im- poses upon you;—you have practised them; you have thereby become happy; you will become so again; and if the spirits of our friends are still in the place, 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 bush and labor, and care, which we spend on education and attention to the in- heritors 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!"

O God! who hast so blessed me! doth thou bless 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 Selina's hearts and hands were inse- parably united, and the Almighty gave his graci- ous blessing to this union. Schmerz took much interest in this joyful event; he provided the marriage-feast, and entertained the newly-mar- ried couple, with their friends who were present, both to dinner and supper.

Schmerz also wished to celebrate the day follow- ing by an excursion into the Rhine; this was 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 Créutznach to Bingen, from whence they crossed the Rhine, thence to Geisenheim, to view the baronial resi- dence 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 en- chantling; objects everywhere presented them- selves which afforded peculiar food for the eye of a mind susceptible of the beauties of nature and of art; the whole company was consequently ex- tremely 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 to the town with the prospect of descending 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, alone; but meanwhile a storm arose, the waves were high, and it already began to be dark, particularly as the sky was cov- ered 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 opposite shore.

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 crossing away, went down the river! The stream raged, and scarcely half-a-quarter, but a few more minutes, and the ferry-boat was rushing in the Bingen-lock 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 glazed with hope; and they looked poor criminals that had just received their sentence; all Bingen ran together;—it was in an uproar, and some sailors put off in a large boat after the unfortunate people.

Meanwhile, the ferry-boat with the coach con- tinued 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 disannulling.

Stilling stood as before the judgment-seat of the Almighty; he could neither pray, nor think; his eyes gazed fixedly between the lofty mountains to- wards the Bingen-lock; 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 reminded him of his confined 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 Gentili, 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 side the 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,
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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!"

Hopstock'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.

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 Ringelstein, fastened their boat to it, and with a 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 bestow- ing 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 sensuous attachment, which is so extremely opposed to all moral perfection and to activity for the good of mankind. It is true what they say of the two hearts which are one, yet divided; 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 Zweibriicken, 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, which are beneath your attention, must pursue your course without interruption, and henceforward 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 assent ed, 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 poetically-tinged peninsula 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 irregularly paid, and the Rittersburg debts discharged first. This latter was accomplished in less than three years, and money was then sent to Schönbenthal, 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 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 most intimate friends, the Rittersburg creditors, had 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 of the opinion 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 last, however, he was enabled 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 affection 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 comforted him was that he 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 a seat in the Landtag.

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 as its 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 1766, 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, he rose at the side of the chair of the president, in 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 last, Mr. Stilling hear " 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 Obersdorf, thanked him very expressively; after which the grandees of the Palatinate, in their stars and garter, approached and saluted 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 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 this 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 benevolent resolution of placing the University of Marburg in a better condition; and to this end he 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 Leipzig received the appointment, and he proceeded thither, but suffered a fall on the journey, so that he died a week after his arrival in Marburg. No 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 endowed professor of the Economical, Financial, and Statistical sciences, with a fixed income of 1290 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 nobly 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 Father. He was a man who could not fill up and teach his whole system, and in his domestic affairs and manner of life, could also lay 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 to America, and the son to the University; but the son was boarded with a very worthy preacher, in the neighbourhood of Heilbronn. Selma 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 settled in this happy 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 had no fear of 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 minesurveyor 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 redemption 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.

Upon the 6th of the year 1797, on a fine clear afternoon, at a time 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 students.

At the house-door below, Selma had welcomed his 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 his side his son, when his hat was removed by his venerable vissage, time, and a variety of afflications, 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 stepped towards him; he was not about to leave his son, and him he looked him in the eyes, 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 yours, this would not have been the case."

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 impression 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 said:—"She is beautiful."

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; and when he 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 love is directed to cheer him and 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 beneficial and pleasing to her. 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 all good things. Goethe's Götze and the heart 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 so.

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 careful aid, and not have left it to the chance of 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 fulness of the friend of man, for having instructed Stillings as an ascillait, 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 twelvemonth or ever it yields its fruit; for if Providence destineth 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 thou 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 volupvarty, 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 unshapely and unspiritual 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, bear up in thy heart, and 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—he of good courage, God will assist thee; and when thou hast succeeded in a worthy action, thank God fervently in thy closet, and henceforth calmly.

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 the good be told that he does, lest he be deprived of his gracious reward.

However, I am not writing Stillings's whole life and conduct, but the history of Providence in his 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.

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 flashed o'er my devoted head, Sorrows, on every hand, my soul did wound, But still my prayer to Thee admittance found; And thou didst hear—didst answer my distress, And bring my suffering heart from out the 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? Even 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 contain.
Of what avail 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.

But often is the word of princes broke— The Prince of princes does what'ee'er He spoke.
Troubles assaill'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 that was needful.
As soaring thorns a round 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 piercing the purely 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.
God is my strength, my succour, and my song! Ye saints, your hallelujahs loud prolong!
From earth to heaven your glorious anthems raise, While suns and spheres, and stars sound his praise.
The Lord's right hand the victory retains, And, highly lifted up, its power maintains; Jehovah's hand o'ercame; 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 chastens, 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 heard all my weeps with his happy ears! Bless 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 cause.

The stone by men for building thought unfit, Too tender, or too hard, no place would fill; 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 successes, And on my soul thy image deep impress! Bless is the man that comes to praise his name;—Who does thy will shall never 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 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!—whoso o'er the grace review, I pay the thanks which justly are due.

'Hallelujah!'
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 ever become Jan neyman 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 ears to his hoary head; it is a wide extension of his philosophical researches, which have attended Heinrich Stilling’s Domestic Life, and many other little treatises and pamphlets, during which he continued, uninterruptedly, his epistolary 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 untiringly and incessantly. 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 Landgrave 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 he united a friendly meeting 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 shoulders, yet it labors diligently as a port, 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 relationship and benevolence. His character was, like wise devout and pious; both were descended from the French refugees, and the family-name of the professor’s lady was Dausing. 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 Stilliings, 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, after some unimportant 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 entirely excited that he could not avoid weeping on the slightest occasion. Selma persuaded 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 1783. A student from Anspach accompanied him to that place.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon 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 bard of the German literature 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 boldly confesses and courageously defends the religion of Jesus."

The conversation then turned on poets and poetry; and when they separated, Uz took Stilling once more in his arms, and said, "May God bless, strengthen, and preserve you! Never be weary of 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, Crumer, and Klopotz will probably be the Asaph, Ilemen, 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 Kemnathen, a place not
far from Dünkelsbühl. He there drove up to the parsonage-house, lighted at the door of the courtyard, and waited for 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 Holbach and sister Sophia. Their reciprocal brotherly and sisterly affection is immutablc, 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 reposcd, to whom each devoted some example of grief. They did also at Baldingen, at their mother's grave. The brother and his lady rejoiced at the visit.

No sooner had Prince Kraft Ernst 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 doctors dinner, because he wished to spend the evenings in the company of his friends. This prince's territory is one of the most pleasant in Germany; for the Rieas 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 commodious prospect of this garden of God; near at hand is the principal 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. von Schade was well pleased with it. He had several important business transactions with the notorious Weckherlin, author of "The Grey Monster," and "The Hyperborean Letters." He was in prison in a hill-fort in the principality of Wallerstein. He had grossly and in a malicious manner insulted the magistratc of the imperial city of Nordlingen, who sent a requisition to the prince of Wallerstein. 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 regard for him, and that he treated 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 theologians, 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 who abuses his liberty, outweighed Stilling's scruples; he therefore attended Weckherlin's morning dinner, to beg of the prince to set Weckherlin free. 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 farewell word from 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 of the daughter, and the daughter over the father. Both then rode together to Marburg. Selma, accompanied by friends, joined him, and he 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 perfect and complete through the 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 much 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 superintendence;—we will here call him Raschmann. He had studied divinity, and possessed peculiar abilities; he had a penetrating mind, an extraordinary quick perception, a very highly cultivated classical education, and a wonderful mental power. However, he had excellently educated the young Counts, and they still rank amongst the best men. He often visited him, notwithstanding his critical 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 expertise in the knowledge of mankind. In other respects, he loved splendour and a good table; he drank the best wines, and his Stilling's dinner was considered remarkable. In his dealings, he was very precise, captions, and passionate; and his domesticates 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. It is much certain, that Stilling found Raschmann's society agreeable, however much they differed in their religious sentiments; for Raschmann's acquisitions were very extensive and refined, and, in the company of those who were not benefice him, he was very agreeable and 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.
within the Bounds of Reason." At first he thought he perceived probability in both; but on mature reflection, he saw that Kant did not seek the source of super-sensitive truth in the gospel, but in the moral principle. But can this moral feeling, which has made Christianity and the Mexican war, still sacrifices, the North American scalp the innocent captive, the Otaheitan steal, and the Hindoo worship a cow,—can this be the source of super-sensitive truth? Or, supposing it was said,—Not the corrupt, but the pure moral principle, which properly expresses his position, is this source; I mean, that the answer, in the form of 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 beneficial, 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 that to me as a 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 acceptance of the term.

Now, much as Stilling was tranquilized 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 request to him to withdraw the book. It was true;—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 unique and lovely 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; Spiritual 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
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and they she at, 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 1739, the reigning Count of Wernigerode wrote to the Count 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 occultist who 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 examined with agility 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 Österrode 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 still 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. On Sunday, the operation was performed 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; she now felt 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 stupification. This unfortunate occurrence had injured her health no otherwise, than by leaving her perfectly blind of the cataract; she now obtained her sight again.

This 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 and infirm age. With much 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, which was on the 12th of September; 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, with which he, 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. This indeed was left to the arts; 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 on this subject, and now discovered how far he had already deviated; his return, therefore, commenced here.

In Darmstadt also, Stilling dined with 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, with whom he repeated to remember the Lord his 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 journaled to Mayence, where Count Maximilian Von Dusseldorf at that time resided. Both were desirous of travelling together to Neuwied. In the company of this nobleman he visited Mr. Von Dünnewald, celebrated for his peculiar musical instrument; they viewed his pretty garden, and then saw and heard the above-mentioned instrument, on which the proprietor played and sung, with the accompaniment of paupying instruments, very naturally and admiringly. 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 1730, when it was

* 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 Marburg to Strasburg, at that time, without the help of the helmsman. 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 Moravians, in front of 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 eloquence; and I. 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 relationship 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 Machemanser, 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 Hohlbaun had shown her great kindness; but she had been brought very low by a very vexations 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—I there is nothing the matter. The doctor disposed tranquilized 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, watered by many tedious and painful days, and a number of unfortunate avocations. 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 than a mother to you. 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 this 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 foreshadowed 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 embarrassingly around her, and replied, "It is however grievous that you cannot place yourself above all this, in order that I may be happy. You promise me 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 urging her husband to marry Eliza, and to make him promises 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 are with me. This is true: 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 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 a day and night she was 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 still had 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, that it might be granted that she might yet have life; 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 glowed before his eyes. He summoned her, and she looked up at him, and said, “Am i alive?” He could not answer; she whispered through her closely-castened 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 spasmatic 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 observance 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 Helderberg, she had liquidated above two thousand guilders of debt, by every means which could be exhibited to her. By this time, her parents were left without a single thing. But rest were content, and willingly waited. But the chief thing was, that immediately after she had married Stilling, she tranquilized his soul, which had been tormented by the miserable, unfeeling, and mercenary spirit of numerous creditors, in such a manner, that he knew not what to think of it; for he was convinced that 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 a genius, and at the same time capable of understanding and complying with every action, 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;—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 the same courage that sufficed 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 living,—Liistette, Caroline, and the orphan sucking which she had forsaken. Liistette was
for four years and a-half old. Selma herself had not completed her thirtieth year when she died, and yet had accomplished so much. It is shadowy history, she then determined to reside in Marburg. A week after her bridal-days she said to Stilliing, "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." Since Caroline, in general, had been for the last two years in the house of the late Miss Lisette, Stilling could have been persuaded that, in the present circumstances, his house would have been the proper one, and he had done his utmost to get Selma to consent to it, but she 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-counsel 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. Sincerely, therefore, had Selma expired, when Riess was the first to speak, and took the lead for the bereaved ones, 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 about the latter. The child was baptized in Riess's house; who, with Coing, Raschmann, and the Couns, 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.

At Caroline's death, Stilling had indeed, for his consolation, 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 impaled consolation also to his son, who resembles him. He remained with him five weeks, then returned to his last home.

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 there 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 was not unattended with the wish 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, was 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, with no particular 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, Victeous; and her uncle, his four times great-grandmother, Madame Von Hamm,—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’s death was suitably attended by 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 reproached him severely for marrying again so soon.

Eliza's parents had invited several friends to the marriage-supper; and the reformed minister, Schlurbaum, a sure and tried friend of Stilling, performed the ceremony. He and his family were very beneficial companions to Stilling on his path, during all his, life at Eliza’s death.

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 viably hath led thee on, With all a parent’s love.
Father of all created things, In air, or earth, or sky, Thou art the source of all that 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 my griefs, as he command, Consumed away and died.
When suddenly, the gloom of night Obscured my radiant morn, Thy lightnings shone my soul with fright, And left me quite forlorn.
The corpse of Selma sank in dust; Her spirit burst its close: 'Tis said, 'believe and trust;' And then it soar’d to God;—
CHAPTER XVII.

The first weeks after Eliza's marriage were pleasant, and her path was strewn with flowers. Still ing 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 tender on the left cheek; Selina 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 a solution 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 hysterical fits. These attacks, so painfully exciting to every beholder, were particularly terrible to Eliza, and 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 ordination for Still ing. Hannah was seized. 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 on which Hannah displayed anxious and painful suffering. A young student, who was possessed of a certain 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 Still ing for her hand; and added, 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, that he was not worthy of her; but when 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 Still ing's house, when Still ing 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 Co ling, 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 Still ing was obliged to shew him the door. He then ran to the Coings' house, where Madame Coing was lying dying; in an access of passion, he told 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 Stillings's
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 his 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 her sister Caroline loved each other cordially, and it was she who accompanied her to Dexbach, when she took up her abode in 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 sanction of the heavenly Father.

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 sucking which Selma left behind her, of water in the head; and Madame Coing also approached her end. She had been in a weak state for some time, and was in great anxiety also to have her child delivered, 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 observing, she expressed anxiety respecting her child, 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 girls were continually sending and exchanging 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 countenance, 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 in the presence of God. Stilling had celebrated his birth-day about this time, had invited 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 dependence 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 by 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 unrestrainedly referred his own will to the only good will of God, he prays incessantly in his inmost soul. The Spirit of the Lord in his bosom stirs within him a never-satiated 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 had married, and on 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 academic course. He had hitherto been in the boarding-school of the worthy, learned, and renowned Mr. Grillo at Schelhorn, in which 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. Mieg had been absent for some time, and he had brought 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, by being with them to their friend Kraf in Frankfort, and then, on their return from Heidelberg, they take 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 informed Mieg of his arrival. He became 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. Nevertheless, she consented to this arrangement, 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 Frankfurt. Brother Coing accompanied them to bed of a daughter, to which was given the name of Lubecka, customary in the family of the Dueings. After a short stay in Frankfurt, 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 Dueings. With the exception of Stilling's spasmatic 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 hysterics fits, from which, however, she recovered. During these 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 filled with such great respect as at 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 with the Krauth family his son and child, and likewise his father Wilhelm, to be associated in the undertaking. They all came, and Stilling reckons this season as one of the most delightful in his whole life;—to the cross bearer, Wilhelm Stilling, it was, as he himself expressed it, a foretaste of heaven. Schwarz and Hannah were united in Stilling's house, and on this occasion all the blessings of their parents, grandparents, friends, and even the servants, were enjoyed as 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 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 home; and Von Vincke travelled with them. The 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 day after the 2nd of August, she was again able to go out. They determined therefore to go to 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 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 his father-in-law, with downcast eyes, standing in the room opposite. 'Dear father,' began Schwarz, 'what you have so often forebode had 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 young and so lovely; but she was 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 ceremony 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 himself weak and said that 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 now called upon 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 title belonging to it to the highest bidder. The durability of 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 his office, Stilling returned 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 therefore conceived it necessary to return to Marburg.

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 caged for the entartact by Stilling, and that she would gladly pay the expenses of his journey, if he would come and administer his aid. Stilling assented, and wrote his first letter 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 letters 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 breast, like a shock 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 mania of rejection began to assume a new and alarming character, 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 unprecedented 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 captivated against anything sensible 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 national character could never be regarded Europe as the chief school for politeness, good breeding, and elegance! 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, region 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 the sects, and reconcile French and German, by 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 the心愿, which was held sacred, and be by no means infringed upon. This Christo-Belial system was then, par honeur 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 theology of the 18th century.

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 reason, is the idea of a divinity, and one 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 son of perdition, 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 career of disinterested and scientific inquiries, 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 unexampled blend of 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 which they were 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 they 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 them, and that he had scared the French revolution by a series of visions, 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 French revolution would cause so much and so speedy a change 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 when he saw that this was quite different, his feelings were indescribable.

On the one hand, was the approaching fulfillment 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; and so gradually had his mind been weighed, 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. It was neither surprise nor mischief, but it now became terrible and dreadful both to herself and her husband; for on the second day of her alight in Frankfurt, a terrific alarm was spread
that the French were on the march. The magis-
trates assembled on the Römer; water-casks were filled
with the extinguish fire during the bom-
bardment, &c. — in his journal, it is
indescribable. With respect to Eliza, there was
also another consideration: — the University of Mar-
barg forms one of the Hessian states, Stilling was
its pro-rector, and its sovereignty was at war with
France. There was therefore nothing more pro-
bable than that the French, on entering Frank-
toft, 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.
Forty-four wrote Stilling as a hostage to France.
However, he was tenderly loved her husband;
her head now moved continually
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. Stil-
ling, with the greatest part of his family, as
the Jewsess was incurably blind, he travelled
back again with Eliza to Marburg. Every possible
means were attempted to deliver the worthy wo-
man 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
right 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 1st of November last, and followed him very slowly, on account of the bad-
ness 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绅
for political existence; for the general feeling was, at that time, revolu-
tionary, and favourable to France.
However, it was not then known what Custine's
intentions were, and it was necessary to be pre-
pared for every thing. His troops ravaged the Wet-
teru, and at times the thunder of their cannon
was heard with a premonition and with the ex-
ception 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 Octo-
ber, the terrible report was spread in the town,
that the French were preparing for a
about 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 could after approach-
ed, Frankfurt was retaken, and Mayence besieged.

Here I must make two observations, which none
of my readers will take amiss.

1. The beginning upon passages of Scripture, in order to ascertaining the will of God, or even the fu-
ture, is certainly an abuse of the Holy Scriptures,
and not permitted to a Christian. If a person wish-
to do it in order to derive consolation from the
divine word, it ought to be done in complete resign-
tation and submission to the will of God; but he
ought not to be cast down or discouraged, if he
finds his hope in the future, which is not of a consol-
ing 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 exi-
tate, in some, unfavourable ideas of him, as if he
were a man fearful of the divine vengeance. If he has
been 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 con-
sequence of long-endured sufferings; — we fear
them, because we know their pain; and endure them
from confidence, because we are accustomed to
bear them, and are acquainted with their bliss-
ful 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 of whom he
acquainted him, Stilling suffered much on this journey,
from spasms in the stomach; the weather was raw,
and he rode thither on horseback. He also accom-
panied the family above-mentioned to their sum-
tuous manorial residence of Ostenwalde, four
leagues from Osnabruk, and then travelled home
again by way of Detmold.

Stilling was frequently visited with several remark-
able individuals on this journey, with some of
whom he entered into an intimate and friendly
connection; namely, the lately-deceased Princess
Juliana of Dückburg, Kleuker of Osnabruk
(who had however already visited Stilling in Mar-
barg), Möser and his daughter, Madame Von
Weitknecht, Kleuker of Osnabruk, Von Stolz,
the three divines—Ewald, Passavant, and Von
Colin, 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 Superintendent-general Stosch,
with her, the eldest of whom he had visited,
Selma's intimate friend. Stilling visited her, and
was received with afflicting 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 strength and peace of mind.

On Stilling's return from this journey to Mar-
barg, 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 communicat-
ed itself more violently to the upper part of her
body; it was dreadful. His heart bled with sympa-
thy 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 mor-
phine were burnt upon her shoulder, on the bare
skin. She bore this dreadful pain without uttering
a word; hence 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 misfortune, which was really enormous: but with the Divine assistance, she was restored again by the means that were employed. By degrees, the convulsive motion in her neck ameliorated itself so far as to make it, at least, more tolerable.

In the spring of the year 1753, brother Coing entered upon the pastoral office, having been appointed to the Reformed Church at Grandmuy, a town in the principality of Upper Hesse, and 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 peculiarity of the translation. I may place it without boasting, in every quarter of the globe. By their means, the true worshippers of Jesus Christ were again made attentive to the man of whose life had already made an impression upon them; but the “Nostalgia” had still more particular results—it gave the first bias to the readers of these books, and particularly the “Nostalgia,” in the way to be instrumental in determining its 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 readers. I may again say that they were peculiarly instrumental in determining its final vocation; these were, “Scenes in the Invisible World,” in two volumes; and “Nostalgia,”* in four volumes, with the key belonging to it.

The origin of both books is very remarkable, for it proves incontestably 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, wishes are entertained to these books, and particularly the “Nostalgia,” that it may be 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, they were engaged in a conversation 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 imitable master-piece. On a certain occasion, this book again occurred to Stilling; and he wrote for it immediately, without reflection. Some time after, his correspondence invited 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 it by to some portion of thy pulpit? Thou art ashamed of it is not even of use to thee in any part of thy voca
tion, 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 preparation 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 instruction and for the instruction and edification of the returning, and for this instruction, and for this 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 inducements, had pursued 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 volumes were 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. But before he had written, it could be imagined 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 presentation of it.

Soon after the perusal of the books above-mentioned, and it is the summer of 1753, 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 immediately referred to a passage 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. It was Stilling’s opinion that repentance was 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 personal 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 one 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 writing at this work, which consists of four large octavo volumes, is utterly indescribable. His spirit was as if elevated into ethereal regions;
a feeling of serenity and peace pervaded him, and he enjoyed a felicity which words cannot express. When he awoke, the eye of 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 continual state. 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 to imagine himself a divinely inspired character. The people are made to understand 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 soul;—a poet laureate 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's productions were numbered. In every province of 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 seerips were convinced by it, and gained over to true Christianity; in a word, there are few books that have caused such a revolution in the minds of every German, 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 lasting depression on his mind. His whole world was not his real production, 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 the state of men, such a state 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. There 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 the operative cause of his most 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 second 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 opposite to the doctrines which Stilling taught. Hence the number of his hearers continually decreased; and the spirit of the times, the prevailing mode of the German policy, 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 I will therefore place 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 it was, on the other hand, equally obscure. No expeditious could be at that time thought of by which to arrive at it;—for his family was numerically large, and his situation in the world, although not enviable, was such that he could not, in a few years, save the small fortune which he had saved from the salaries he received. 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 his family, and himself.

The year 1794 again strewed many thorns in Stilling's path; for in February, Eliza's eldest daughter, Lubecks, died, from the consequences of the measles, and in the sequel, other bitter sufferings were added.

* Called Schoenenthal 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, with his plans—alive and amiable—he 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 who were too difficult and copious for correspondence. Lavater arrived one Sunday afternoon in Marburg, with his pianos and amiable daughter; how the consort of the Rev. Mr. Gesner, 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 was 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, strengthened and supported in the controversy 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 very trying trial. Stilling was accustomed, during the Whitsuntide holidays, to go with his auditory to Cassel, in order to show 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 in Cassel, and the good thing they had done, 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,eward something to the prejudice of the private cure, respecting the success of his daughter, 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 himself should remain in the house. The 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 besought his parents to send him to the Elector at 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 escape from the tyranny of the Elector, 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 in 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; but Stilling informed 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 engaged; and 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 confined 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 at 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 1793. On the 4th of January, Eliza was happily delivered of a son, who received the name of Friedrich, and in March of the same year, of a daughter, who was given the name of Amalia. 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 celebrated his vows, and entered upon his new duties, is not exactly known. But it is certain, that 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 impressed the hearts of all who were present, once in his church at Fr ankfurt, a Prussian officer entered; 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 immovable; 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 God, and to his country; his love became a faithful follower of Him. He was indescribably calm under every trial and in this, his pious consort was his faithful heirmate; 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 in the world, and polite and hospitable in the highest degree.

In company, Kraft was cheerful, pleasant, jovial, 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, particularly in Germany, to unduly gain influence 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. W. R. Brauns. Stilling was a pious, just, and piety 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 Eisentraeger, who was afterwards stationed at Worms, but soon followed his father's example, and became a clergyman. Kraft's former house was the seat of a 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 Eisentraeger, who was afterwards stationed at Worms, but soon followed his father's example, and became a clergyman.

Kraft's youngest daughter, Mademoiselle Dousing, 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 fled with her servant, Catherine, 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, where they passed 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 was troubled even to the present time, and which occasionally renders her extremely debilitated. Her path much resembles Stilling's; and this makes her husband, who loves her tenderly, often feel his burden 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
arbore is attached, and from which there is a fine
prospect of a well-dressed arbour. However, 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 enigmatic individual might have to
communicate.
After both had sat down, the stranger began by
asking Stilling 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!" (he
pressed 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,
dear master and guide of mine! 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
Sipher, before the times of Canobin, and under the
temple at Jerusalem?"

Stilling:—"I know nothing at all of 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 say! I am astonished 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
common enough in the imagination of many.

The answer in writing was naturally the same as the
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
second instance, the 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 di-
rection of Providence, which purposes leading him
in a distinguished manner.

The description of the eastern mystery is, how-
ever, a most important matter to him, because it
has reference to the kingdom of God. Much,
indeed, remains in obscurity; for Stilling after-
wards 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 personal 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
class and standing, 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 our spiritual guides. Thus, indeed, when 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 for himself; only let us 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 such public calamities. The province
of Hessa 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, bare-
footed, 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;
and which answered all the expectations.
It came to hands, and was 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 es-
timable personages, who were particularly im-
portant 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-Derlenburg-
coy

* 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.—LONG
MAN & CO.
Stilling's Years of Tuition.

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 works. The 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 to arrive there, Wilhelm Stilling went himself 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 medical 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 tendering her parents in their old age, began the work of comforting her father, who was so much filled with the spirit 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 lazaretts;—hers more was done, much more! Thou wilt on no account consent, kind and noble-minded consort, that 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! Do'shia lovers 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 apoplectic fit. Another brother, who was likewise unmarried, and prothonotary at Dortmund 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 Madamoiselle Duising, widow Eissenträger, and the unmarried Miss Kraft, with her worthy old Cathe-

tine. Miss Kraft married, in the following summer, Mr. Burckhardi of Dillingen; and the remaining three members of the estimable circle of the late Mr. Kraft now live in Von Hám's family-
mansion in Marburg, which is the property of aunt Duising.

The worthy Schwartz had also something of a severe nature to suffer with his own, the winter 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 apartment in which he 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. When 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, a character developed itself advantage-

ously; 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; he spoke simply and spontaneously of the manner of his marriage with Doris, and of his youthful years. No sooner, however, was the sub-
ject 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 script-
ure 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 dwelling texts of scripture, and verses of by-laws. The child's mind, over whose 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 desert, in which, solitary and divested of all suscepti-
bility of social life and of their own existence, there are only the only source of 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 invigora-
tion and control of life, and of their own existence, there are only the only source of 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 invigora-

instance of Divine providence. He had certainly a considerable income, but also an equally consider-
able and necessary expenditure; for, at that time, every thing was dear at Marburg. Every house-
keeper will remember seasons in which a variety of circumstance, or circumstances combined, or a fact, or 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 blind-

ness of her husband. Just at this pressing emer-
gency, as Stilling was with the students at Cussel, 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. Stilling's character concurred in his removing, 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 be reared in Christian learning. Stilling, finally, 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 Stilling wrote his "History of the Triumph of the Christian Religion, in an Exposition of the Revelations of John, adapted for general use-

fulness," 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 context of prophecy in the Bible literally. 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 caught in the "The Grey Man," to learn 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 Apocalyptic system of calculation; which even determined the years in the last decennary of the eighteenth century, in which Rome was to be overthrown; and this eighteen years before it really took place. All this drew Stirlling’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 Stirlling’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 interested 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 conterence minutes, which were sent to him, an uncommonly rapid progress in the perfectioning of life and doctrine was evident; and that all their institutions were guided in a most distinguished manner. Paul of Tarsus could have no better model of edifying ; 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. This correspondence increased, and shows no sign of ceasing; and will probably not cease until one of the two shall be called away to the church above.

Stirlling 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 Stirlling 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 the feeling experienced by Stirlling himself, so remarkable, that no true servant of Christ could remain indifferent to it. In Stirlling’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 Stirlling’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 Stirlling, so it was also in the present case.

One Sunday morning in March 1798, Stirlling determined not to go to church, but to work at “The Grey Man.” This decisively settled his 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 to sit 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. Stirlling’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 power. This idea he communicated to his brother, for correction, to Rau, the publisher, at Nuremberg. As soon as Stirlling 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 Stirlling 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 was an evidence, as also of the merciful 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, Stirlling’s melancholy rose to the highest degree. He often reflected upon this circumstance, and employed the 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. Everything 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 else. He had fixed these many years his conviction, 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 he should have preserved himself from this melancholy 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 unlearned men. He was in the first place a useful instrument, 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
Stilling and Eliza, therefore, commenced the jour- ney 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 ducour in order that they might drive slowly, for she could not possibly bear a rapid motion. They travelled by the way of Elberfeld, and Stilling was pleased to observe, 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 there was an, included a fair share 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 Oblers became Stil- ling's friend; and at his house he also became acquainted with that great astronomer, alderman of the city, Asseler, in the company of which Stilling, 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 his 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 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 Brunbaner, of the name of Duing, who had emigrated under the Dutch. Hoya is in the Province of Oldenburg. Two of her cousins, men of great respectability, were still living there, the brothers Meyer, both of whom were doc- tors 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’S YEARS OF TUITION.

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 Waldstein, who 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 Hotze, the Rev. and excellent Dr. Hotze, was living 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. In his letter of the 15th of April, 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 Bäsele, 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.

Upon this occasion, 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 gulden, 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 Anistes Hess of Zurich; he, as well as many other of the inhabitants of that city, 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 in his mind 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 in Lavater’s last letter.

My estimable friend Hess will very well remember all this. Stilling had this presentment 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 presentment 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 traveled 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, Erust Cassimir, his consort, and her sister, Countess Caroline of Bentheim Steinfort, all three truly evangelical-minded and very worthy individuals.

With the Countess Caroline, Stilling already carried on an intimate correspondence; he had already seen her once, 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 hold 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 has become common for 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 so often times is very inconsistent.

Stilling found also in Bädingen three valuable individuals, the Inspector Keller, the government-advocate Hedebräu, 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 Graffemeyer, who intended proceeding the same year to the university of Göttingen. The road led through a Sally and watery country, which was reported, at that time, to be unsafe. Much was related of a timber, or coopersmith, who was said to be the captain of a band of robbers, and to be at home in those parts. This, therefore, further for his safety. When he met 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 a 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 woods, he alighted on one of the bad roads, and went before on foot, for he feared the roads more than all the world of tinmen and coopersmiths. 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, who shortly after 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, "Heavens and earth! this man’s ear is severed!"

"Why, how exactly!"

"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 reverence and submission to the will of God; and the remarkable circumstance of his presentation 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-counsellor Achelis, a brother of his Marburg teacher. 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

Withing of Nuremberg. This old and venerable man had travelled, as it were for pleasure, with his children, and, as he said, and was determined 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 journeys, 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 Nuremberg 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; and the last word, and all that was said 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 inexpressibly affected by the resolutions and 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 of her name; but, after the death 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 superin- tendent of the Hanoverian church, and was 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 real resignation to the will of God, and in general, her religious sentiments, supported her, she would have been unable to bear all that affliction 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, and even an 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 Clarification," 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 caused by the stroke 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 every earnestly, that his 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 grenadier of the 1st battalion of Life-guards of Berne (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 partial to him, but had no share in 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 had a share in what was received by any principle, 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 Renbel, 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. Everything 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 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.

4. Maria Coing; she had been residing with her brother, who the previous autumn had been appointed minister at Brach, near Rotenburg in Lower Hessa, for the purpose of superintending his household; but as she was weakly and unacquainted to a country life, she returned the autumn following.

5. Eliza. Stilling's betrothed; these two women, 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 but 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, and 10. The three little children, Frederick, Maria, and Christina.

12. Maria Stilling 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 Versailles. She was not 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 circumstances 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. He had

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 journeys, brought in next to nothing in his practice at home. But
the journals 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 also other duties to discharge, he could not hold, 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, his profession, 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 weigh on his mind, and the number of students, from well-known causes, decreased in every faculty; and it was this unproductive, ever-retracing 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 consequence of the political circumstances. Admitting, 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; 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, which were insufficient for the support of the number of students, from well-known causes, decreased in every faculty; and it was this unproductive, ever-retracing vocation, for which Stilling was kept in pay, and without which he could not possibly live.

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 1695 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 there, 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 want of inward melancholy, so that he needed every possible experience derivable from suffering and a continual walk in the presence of God, with uninterrupted 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, from the whole of Europe, in Germany, but especially in Württemberg, and still more so in Switzerland. In St. Gall, Schaffhausen, Winterthur, Zürich, Bern, Basle, 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 1785 in Marburg, and was treated in Stilling's house as if 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 Stilling. Stilling could not but feel for these 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 situation in Binterwiler, two miles from Winterthur, and 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 require. He was in Winterthur, and the 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 in Brauch, pass some time there, then leave little Amalia and Frederick with them, and return with the elder Amalin, 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 effect immediately.

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 Hausmeisters at Frankfort. The next day they purchased a variety of necessaries for the journey; Stilling bought, in particular, a light travelling-carryage, 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 succumbing to 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 Mieg's, but still more so Lisette, whom they had never seen, 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 distinguishéd 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, for she had a fixed and perpetual heart to be holy and wholehearted, 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 Lauterbach and Grötzingen, where they met with Stuttgart 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 Galtendorf; a French army-surgeon named Oberlin, a son of that dear man of God, Oberlin of Steinfeld 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 and friendly conversation took place, for they had formed between Doctor Reus, his lady, Stilling, and Eliza. In the afternoon, they all rode to Stuttgart, 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 Württemberg, amongst whom his heart adhered particularly to Storr, Rieger the court-chaplain, Dann, and others. He found here also unexpectedly his friend Matthson, who was residing with his former inmate, the worthy aulic counsellor Hartmann.

The morning before Holy Thursday, they rode to Tubingen; on Good Friday to Tuttingen; and the Saturday before Easter to Schaffhausen, where they were received with loud expressions of joy by the family of the Kirchhofer.

On the way from Tuttingen to Schaffhausen, in riding over the hill, there is a place from which a prospects shews itself, over which Stilling, who has never been in Switzerland, and has a feeling for anything of the kind, is astonishing. From Tuttingen, 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 Riesenkiefs (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, lies a vale about fifteen miles broad, with its low hills, and the Gudensberg. On this side the mountain glistens far and wide, like liquid silver; on the south side of it, we overlook the picturesque Thurgau, and beyond it, the Graubunden Alps. More to the right, the canton Appenzell with its snow-clad mountains, the canton Glarus with its giant hills, and particularly the Glaritsch soaring high above all the other mountains. It is with many such views and teethed Kuhfrusten, 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 at Sturtig, who underwent a cataract 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 operation 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 Kirchhof 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 hurts 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 affects the six senses so delightfully, 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 Andolfiningen-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 was just 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 suppress.

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, because Christ said 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 effort to work was defeated, or at least made hard. 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 Louis, the unw wearied nurse and attendant of her glorified father; and then another noble sufferer, a widow Fouessi, of Zurich, who now already mimiga 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, will lead us where we so much wished to know here below, will hasten to our embrace; and then to see the Lord Himself—

These dear friends stayed to dine, and then traveled back again to Zurich.

On Monday the 13th of April, Stilling set out for Zurich, accompanied by Sulzer, the young Kirchofer of Schaffhausen, and the above-mentioned Madame Fouessi, to visit the friends there, as also to inspect a cataract patient, who awaited him. The journey was with a celebrated manufacturer and merchant Esslinger, and the 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.

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, traveled 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, Stilling was visited by an excellent young man, who was a member of the magistracy, and 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 stands the following

"The gift divine bestow'd on thee,
To cause the dark'ned 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:

"Paid back to the Christian philanthropist, Heinrich Stilling, Aural Counselor and Professor at Marburg, by the elders of the church at Winterthur, as a tripling 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 afforded consolation to suffering humanity, he sows excellent seed for the great day of recompense."

My readers may easily think with what emotion and deep humiliation before God he received this honor, and at the same time, that he never yet before.

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—were received by 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 God for, seeing it impossible to otherwise.

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 improbable that any more remarkable and excellent individuals of both sexes, with whom Stillmg became personally acquainted in Switzerland generally, and particularly in Zur- ich, and who deemed him worthy of their friendship. Hess, the Doctors Hitzel, father and son, professor Meyer, the celebrated engraver and painter, and many other men of Stillmg's likeness, and enumerated 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, Stillmg and his Eliza, after taking a very affecting leave, set off from Zurich. Doctor Steiner of Winterthur, who presented 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 Stillmg in an official letter.

They pursued their journey from Zurich by way of Baden and Luzembourg to Zofingen, in the canton of Bern, where Stillmg was to perform the opera- tion. Here, however, the wayfarer 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 Stillmg 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, and sincere is the chief trait in his and his family's character.

On Wednesday morning the 22nd of April, Stillmg performed the operation on Baliff Senn, and also on a poor girl; and then travelled with his Eliza down the beautiful valley, along the Aar, through Aarburg 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 its grandeur.

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 Stillmg was in the carriage. On hearing the answer in the affirmative, her whole heart and eyes overflowed with expressions of happiness 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 Lufelshingen; and the landlord's name is Fluehebacher. Stillmg's name appears in an edifying correspondence with Madame Fluehebacher.

At six in the morning the travellers arrived at Basle, 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. Stillmg 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, Stillmg took an affecting leave of his friends here also, and set out from Basle 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 hath a heart to feel, let him feel.

Stillmg was indebted to the amount of one thousand six hundred and fifty guilders,—amongst the seventy-two individuals, blind of the cataract, whom he coughed 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 Stillmg in more easy circumstances for the future, paid him exactly one thousand six hundred-and-fifty guilders for coughing the cataract, and the consequent cure. When Stillmg 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, who was properly called 'giving to his beloved sleeping;' from this time I will never distrust Him again.'

Stillmg more!—the worthy individual who a few years before sent the three hundred guilders, when Stillmg was at Cassel, and Eliza in needie circumstances, was also visited, in order to return her due there. The husband paid him exactly one thousand six hundred guilders; and when Stillmg protested against any further payment, the worthy man said, very pathetically, "That is my business!" and then sent six hundred guilders to Stillmg at his lodgings; with this, the expenses of the journey were likewise paid.

Stillmg more!—Stillmg's heavenly Guide knew that in a few years he would require a handsome sum; but Stillmg had no presentiment of such a necessity. This was provided for by the sums paid him by several wealthy patients, with many thans. Besides this, so many presents and memorial affections in jewellery were added, that Stillmg and Eliza returned from Switzerland like two bees from a journey.

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 Dreisligau down to Carlaruh. From Basle to this place, and even to Rastadt, Stillmg 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 Basle, on no account to return through Strasburg, from which place also this warning emanated, a friend having written to Basle expressly respecting it.

Besides this, there was another circumstance:—a certain dangerous man threatened Stillmg, when at Basle, 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, on account of Stillmg's name being mentioned.

Strange!—Stillmg 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 Stillmg, at certain times, and often on still inferior
HEINRICH STILLING.

Should any object to my saying that it was the Lord's plan to preserve Stilling from the horrors of war, since there has been much suffering that has been of the influence of some invisible evil being, some angel of Satan, to which God, for wise reasons, sometimes gives permission. Physical pre-
disposition 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 sittings 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 position and two weared horses, for Carl-
ruehe; 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 been the author of this persecution with approval, and had written to him a few times in conse-
quency 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 intro-
duced, and urged to return in the evening for an honoration. The Elector was not at home; but after ex-
specting 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 Carlruhe to Heidelberg. Lisette had prayed during this whole journey that her journey might be prosperous. 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 opera-
tion on the old and venerable Bugggrave Rullmann and some poor people. There, in pleasing solitude, they had time to recapitulate the whole journey; and Lisette was near tears as they parted. After dinner, 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 Schementhal, 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 bis 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 of unmerited and unmerited suffering. 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."
Schwarze; and after they had informed them of what the Lord had done for them, and how he had blessed them, Schwarze and Hannah proposed that the parents should now crown Jacob and Amalia's long-loved marriage, and let 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 lord it over them on the same economical footing as before.

The previous summer, Eliza had used the baths at Hofgeismar, 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.

Stillig wrote for 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 Stillig, the winter before, soon after Lavater's death, had published a poem under the title of "Hannah's Lovely Life." 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, Stillig's pious and faithful friend Breidenstein, the reformer, began a correspondence with him, and the two 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 Stillig; "what promise?" Breidenstein replied, "Upwards of twenty years ago, Hermann, and a good man—Hess—dying-bed, weeping, and said, 'Now thou wilt not stand at my bedside, when I die!' Hess answered, 'But I will come and fetch thee!'" Stillig 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, and he left the room. 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 Stillig's knowledge. It might be, he thought, that this had been so 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; Stillig 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 Stillig 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 offetching Lavater? Stillig inquired who this friend was, and was told it was Heinrich Hess. This occasioned Stillig to introduce this friend in the "Scenes in the Invisible World," in the following manner;—the poem, Stillig was once again reminded, 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, Stillig was once accidentally reading in Lavater’s "Jesus Messiah," 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 this to him, in the "helpful regions, the character her Son bore in his earthly life, &c.

It may be believed, on my word, that Stillig 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. Stillig wrote to Eliza, 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 Stillig wrote to the person that he would come. The latter was extremely pleased, as may easily be supposed, and made Stillig'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, and they had much conversation, and the conversation being of a practical cast, they introduced the subject of the German tea, which is a member of the Moravian church. Stillig 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 accepted the invitation.

Stillig 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 showed them joy, they sought, when occasion offered, to profit by her. They returned to Marburg, and then parted; Eliza remaining with privy-councillor Von Knuckel, whose lady is a near relative of Eliza. Mr. Von Knuckel had always been Stillig's faithful, tried, and intimate friend, and will remain so as long as they shall both continue to exist. Von Knuckel has served in every gradation, and by his faithful activity becomes 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 fullness 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 admirable 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
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, "We are about a person ought from time to time to travel hither, in order not to be separated from him self; 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 Leseen, 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. As a mark of respect, they dined together, in the Princess of Coburgh's house, with 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 he 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 gave his advice also to several persons for the cataract.

My readers will remember that brother Coing had been appointed preacher at Brauch, near Rothenburg on the Fulda, eleven leagues from Cassel, and that Maria Coing, with the two children, Frederick and Amelia, 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 2nd of October, and arrived the following evening at the Leipzig 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 Brauch.

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. On Sunday the 9th, Maria, Frederick, and Amelia, came, at Brauch, 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 melancholy came 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 postillion 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 their hoofs, entangled a wheel, and the carriage overturned, 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 had been contorted in the carriage, and 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 postillion deserves punishment,—because of the terrible consequences of that part of his negligence; 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 smothered in the carriage, by the quantity of that part of the vehicle. 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 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 repairation, which was committed to the court-saddler, who restored it so ably that it was firmer than ever.

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 Maborn, where Caroline expected them; the next day, they rode all together to Marburg, because from thence there is a regular chaussee, 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 is said to depart.

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 susceptible 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 curse 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 a very susceptible and terrible man now joined 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 curse him till he is well again. Dear readers, take this simile as you will, but do not abuse it.

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 exceedingly, 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 Magd had done before apprehended.

About this time died also Durgomaster Ecke 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 taking in a boarder, but her friends and those 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 Erfurt 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 perfect blessing from God, by her plain, cheerful, 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 his returning, they passed through Erfurt and Frankfurt. Prince Frederic of Anhalt and the Countess Louisa, who, the preceding autumn, had removed from Marburg to Homburg-vor-der-Hohe. On this occasion they became acquainted with the widow of Prince Victor of Anhalt; she is a worthy sister of the Princess Christian 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 when a child, she was occupied with the thought that her three eldest children are on the way to become true Christians. Juliana wrote to Caroline from Erfurt, and commissioned Aunt Duing 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 treat thee duly to consider and keep that which thou promisedst on this day, so important for thee in time and eternity;—love the Lord, so as thou lovest none else! Thou canst not do anything greater; but also be 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 Whitsun-
tide, 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 ouleut; whilst, on the other hand, his peculiar academical vacation become more and more unproductive. The absence of nearly aUied preachers, who 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 for it as much the less, as 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 twenty or thirty students. The contemplated reform of the univer-
sity proved 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, and could not be contented. He 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 everything 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, who, having by a 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 hysteries 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 own determination. 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 everything. This event produced in Stillings's mind the first foreboding of an approaching change, and of the development of a mysterious future. He therefore, at the same time, fixed his eye on the hitherto scarcely perceptible sign, 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 Emmental in the canton of Bern, requesting him to go thither; adding that the expenses of the journey were provided for. This Mr. König was blind of the cataract, and had already corresponded with Stillings on that account; the latter had also promised him to come, as soon as he should be informed that the travelling expenses were to be repaid. Stillings, 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 perception of 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 prayer for his dissolution.

Stillings could not endure the misery; he generally went out when the time for binding up arrived; but even in the interval, Wilhelm often moaned pitifully. His departure arrived 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. Stillings had his interred with the solemnities customary to persons in affluent circumstances.

Wilhelm Stillings 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 Stillings 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 Stillings's death, Stillings and Eliza commenced their second Swiss journey. They left Marburg on Monday the 13th of September, 1802. At Frankfort, Stillings 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 Stillings in pay, solely that he might carry on his benevolent practice as an occultist, without impediment. This again excited Stillings'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 no matter of importance, but which together impressed just at this time; and finally, another Swiss journey—all this together produced in Stillings'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 more and more on him; and therefore, 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 Stillings's whole character to ask anything of the kind of a prince with whom he is on no 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 "Counselor 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.

Stillings and Eliza arrived at Carlsruhe in the evening of Friday the 17th, and on Saturday the 18th. On Sunday Stillings 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. Stillings 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 fulfill,
To those that know and love his will.
Heb. xi. 62."

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 conducted to the Elector. At the Elector's request, 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 exertion to his power. The Elector, in return, granted leave to the Elector's 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 merchant-sellers, 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 cordiality 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 vocation, and to your occult 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 your vocation?" inquired the Elector. Stilling replied, "No, most gracious Sir; I am, at present, 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 how that gentleman respects the 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 placés 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 naturally 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 Freiburg, 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 permitted the church, as a condition of 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. König, 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 Marguard 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 especial 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. Synani, 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—Radte 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 could he 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, jumbled together, in 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 Beeker's children, and about five hundred for the town of Rade-Vorm Wald, all of 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 to become rich in the Kingdom of Heaven.

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 Flühlebacher;—at Otten there was a countenance of interest. A stranger came from the hostel and 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 west, ahead of his horse, a bright point of light, 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, far 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.

And they very kindly entertained at Mr. Sen'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 summits, and in the eastern part of the town, between these two summits, lies the town itself, which hangs down on both sides like a party-coloured saddlecloth;—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 magnificently 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 ophthalmical patients; many operations on one operation, in particular, during which something occurred which throws light upon the character of the Swiss piousness. Two strong and hand-some 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 post hospital, in search of a grey-haired 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 pears 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 fresh, 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, "No, no, doctor! We do not think of taking anything; but 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 interest in the minds of all persons of sentiments. The most eminent 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 in what manner all the other acquisitions of life are 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.

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,—catastrophic operations, ministering to many ophthalmical 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 Wytenbach, Müesslin, and Lorsche. Nor must the estimable brothers Studer be forgotten, one of whom presented them 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 Nahle. At Kempten, 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 parochisal 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 Kirchhoffers. 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 had to set out the same day. They stopped on the way of Müssikon 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 Stuttgart, 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 there.

Here he found, to his great joy, the Moravian Unity-elder Goldmann, with whom he entered into a warm and fraternal connexion.

From Stuttgart 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. Haylin of New Baluch, 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 Schilte. From thence they travelled, on Tuesday the 9th of November, to Carlaruche. It was at the desire of the Elector that they should make an intermediate 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 Mannheim and Frankfort—in the latter place and at Vilbel, three blind persons were couched; and on Thursday the 18th & 19th 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 uninterruptedly on its exalted path.

Brother Coing married, in the spring of 1802, an excellent lady, who is worthy of him. Störping, Eliza, sister Maria, and Jacob, set out in order to be present at the marriage, which was to be celebrated at Homburg in Lower Hessa, in the house of the worthy widow of the Metropolitan Wiskemann, the mother of the bride. Now there lives in Cassel, a rare and beautiful individual, Counsellor Eyve, 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 made his amiable and observant 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 Coing 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 tardes 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 the poet, the Rev. Mr. Haylin, at Balingen, the chief super- vior of the mines of 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 affairs. 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 estates. An edict from Cassel arrived at the Hessia generally, but solely to Marburg, uncom- monly 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 ridicule, 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, &c. The whole was written and printed 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 and pious man as 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, how- ever, 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 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
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 establish 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 consider himself as 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 Hesse; 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, is always permanent.

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 neighborhood, 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 to Naumburg, late this same year, from a gentle man 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 traveled through Gotha, Erfurt, 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 Augustia, 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 next evening to the venerable minister Von Burgsdorf, and was received like a Christian friend.

On Friday the 1st of April, they traveled through Lusatia, and arrived in the afternoon at Kleinwelke, a beautiful Moravian settlement. They found their friend the Rev. Mr. Nitschke 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 Nitschke, can have recourse to every source of consolation. Nature demands her rights; the outward man mourns, whilst the inward is resigned to God.

They arrived 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 traveled in the morning from Kleinwelke, through Badissen and Locum, to Herrnhut. The prince, 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 collar of hills, the Giant Hills, are placed; 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 the sight of the first 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 friends,—how could I name them all? and if I did not do that, it might pain him who was omitted.

We were 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 everything minutely described.

The celebration of the passion-week is heart-rending 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 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 futurc vocation; 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 point out, 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 man. Several notices of them showed Stilling and Eliza much friendship.

Stilling operated upon several persons at Herrn-
he would have been incalculable. The Whitsun-tide 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 determined to go 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 Charles, then in his eighteenth year, 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 delightful; and all between them did their best to refresh and gratify the two visitors.

Tuesday in Whitsun-tide 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 journey was approached, and prevented 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 felt itself in Drucken, with a regular rigor, to whom it exceeded 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.

While these preparations were in operation, Whitsun-tide 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? He replied in the affirmative.

Joy at the provision for the long-looked 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...
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 leave 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, it was not to be expected of him that he could not forego 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 immost 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. The same impulse act ed upon him, and he thought, otherwise thinks incorrectly. Stilling could now do this boldly, since a way was shown 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 extinguished; this, but with Swiss money, and it was with the latter, and not with the former, that the expenses 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 his heart to be infected with the spirit of independence, and he accordingly made the call; for that he was of infinitely greater service by his ocularistic 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 way to the door which the Elector of Baden opened, he had no longer been a hypocrite in the sense 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 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 everything that could be done to keep himself free from blame, Stilling wrote to the Elector, requesting an addition, if possible, Marburg not remaining an impediment. In this addition, 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 now be said, that his faith and confidence in a gracious God, 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 thousand guilders for his debts, and thirty thousand guilders for his travelling expenses, and the establishment of a new household in a strange place. It is easily conceived, that something yet awaits Stilling, which will develop the reason why this money was sent him.

What a manifest guidance of God, when clearly 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 expenses, it would have been a glorious and visible favor from God; but then he must have continued in Marburg, because the more splendid provision was made for his future 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, 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 reposè.

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 describe all this would be disgusting.

On Tuesday, the 17th of September, they took leave of their children, the Schwarzes, and travelled to Frankfurt; 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 friend 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, helpful, and kind 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 develop the real point of view from whence Stilling's whole life, as displayed throughout this work, must be estimated.

That I, Johann Heinrich Jung, Auglic Counsellor, the author of this work, am myself Heinrich Stilling, and that it is therefore my own history, everyone knows; but the life is not the subject 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 will be seen 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 develop 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 cooperate, 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. It is not the place to refute this awful absurdity; but should it be required, I can do it, thank God! uncontroversitely.

I take it therefore for granted, that God governs the world with infinite wisdom; yet in such a manner that mankind cooperate, 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 the events of each individual's life, and therefore in mine also, an immense number of other individuals cooperate; and it is impossible that all these cooperating beings can be under the direction of a blind chance. I therefore
establish the principle, that nothing happens, or can happen, by mere chance.

The 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 co-operated 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 labor. 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 the strength of the impulse within them, 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 consequence of these, can only answer the 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 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 reverential repetition 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 exist; and especially by a particularly pure, 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 such a work was within the power of 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, or any one else's; and this I have most honestly. He gave me histories of the kind above-mentioned 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 scale comprehending 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 engraved impulse, my Heavenly Guide began early to combat this dangerous foe. The simplest 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 other child; but it let it be laid to the Lord, 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-
HEINRICH STILLING.

cited innocent people, who intended no evil, to cast me into the most baseless and dreadful temptations and trials, 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 leading to mortify frailty 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 my Heavenly Guide, and to study 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 be both. This result 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 a tailor, and I pursued this, 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, and employed in purely repetitive work; 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 instruct 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, 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 shabbily that I was looked upon as a good-for-nothing and lost man. My religious impulses shone upon me from afar; but other motives led me to become a preacher 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 gratify my religious impulse towards my Heavenly Guide, and my unguerrnable frivolity; and in 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 have induced me to change so much as a single nail in 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 very unsatisfactory; and every occupation, without exception, was very unsatisfactory to me.

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The reading of novels, or other entertaining stories, was peculiarly to 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 into 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 lighted 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 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 thoughts and my resolutions were in action. I left all this behind me, and entered upon a new life, with the determination to make my own future. I intended to support myself, and to make provision for my old age.

During my residence with Mr. Spanier, every thing seemed as though I should become a merchant. I was daily employed in mercantile affairs, and every thing succeeded with me, and although I had naturally no inclination to commerce, I believed that it was the guidance of God. Particularly as I was certainly assured that the rich, handsome, young, and successful doctor of medicine was made over to 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 that it was the course of Providence, which I must necessarily follow, and regard the whole affair as a piece of peculiar good fortune.

The ideas and expectations I received, were most assuredly without my own cooperation. 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 event of the murder of Mr. Molitor of Attendorf, 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 county 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 resisted only by the representations of the medicine 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 Christiana, although I knew that her father could not support me in the least, and that assistance from the quarter where 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, 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 useful instrument in the service 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 catactical 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 remembered the poor woman at Wichlingenhausen, 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 am now in a more comfortable state, and 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 day. I was not sufficient in learning and knowledge; I crept through my apprenticeship to the master’s house, and was made acquainted with the vast crux of medicinal literature, and found in this unstable science nothing but obscurity. I was now hourly 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; and 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 Panacea" 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 im-
credible sensation; so that I was urged to continue it, and therefore wrote, whilst in Elberfeld, "Stilling's Treasured 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 All-bountiful knows; and I also in part, for I can show a multitude of written testimonies to the truth of that assertion. True, Stilling's life was the first and considerable foundation for my real destiny, and the following-up of my religious impulses.

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; my character, through which I 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 have been 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 was therefore removed with my family to Lantern.

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 I 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 was so unpronounced, 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 operated on 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 given me.

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 engraven in me in my earliest infantile years. My present occupation therefore is—

1. The accomplishment 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, odious, rude, and carelessly-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 loose himself without a vassel. He also prepares witnesses to tread his sacred paths, and still sends laborers into his vineyard, even at the eleventh hour.

I now earnestly treat my readers to give God and the truth the glory, and minutely examine the following positions.
RETROSPECT OF STILLING'S LIFE.

1. Does not the whole history of my life incontrovertibly show that, not human wisdom and prudence, but Divine wisdom, to govern the hearts, actions, and fates of men, yet without controlling their free will, has truly 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, 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 propositions, which have been deduced from Scripture:

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 human race at first; and therefore, they 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 powers 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 overcame death, and overtook the government of the world. He is now, therefore, that God who governs all things, guides all the destinies of mankind, and leads everything, 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 to all the 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 reason has nowhere but in the head of a philosopher, is pure idolatry. In Christ alone, the Father of men is to be found; there alone, His 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 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. With which I have professed 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 heart-felt 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 below the level of 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 some case, or to feel, 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 undisputed facts, still continue attached to their new-enlightened system of religion? And how is it that 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, as the Creator, has by two promises, 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.

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, that the fundamental idea of a natural religion is 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-powerful, omnipotent human soul, which is called 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 forms a work of art, which is also infinitely perfect, must also be supremely perfect, and therefore no where requires any after-assistance or cooperation 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 went, was determined by the Creator and so formed, 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.; and all this, the God of the modern enlightening has purposed; for he has, by his natural laws, determined in 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. What is more dreadful can be imagined than that human reason—particularly in our times, when the most unbounded luxury vices 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!
source of faith and knowledge. He will come quickly, and will then graciously regard our fidelity. Amen.

Tov who upon the eternal throne
Dost weigh the fates of all below,
And over vest the radiant crown
Of worlds unnumber'd, on thy brow:—
Surrounded by seraphic flames,
And thrilled in light of sevenfold ray,
Amidst thy servants' loud acclamis,
Disdain not, Lord! my humble lay,
Hear, O ye heavens!—thou earth, attend!
I hear the silent beam thine eye
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 bares in thy precious love!
A nothing in the dust was I;
Yet thou, my All! modest 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!"
Thus will I faithfully confide
O grant me courage, strength, and power!
And neither suffering nor distress
Shall part us in the trying hour.
Given of ever 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 unwrapp'd in gloom to me.
Of mercy he unconscious seem'd;
No pity did his eye betray;
Perhaps by Thee, once fittest deem'd
'Twas 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.
Though rocky clefts I tolling past'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, at all 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 over met
My 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 change,
He plunged it in the flowing brook.

Following the footsteps of my guide,
I walk'd more easy on my way,
Until, a perfect 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 1, at length, the victor's crown
At the great marriage-feast shall wear.
Then, of my golden harp posses'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
Beard'd on my path,—my load was gone.

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 scene of my previous life passed 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 ripes for the resurrection. Grace, and mercy, and salvation, through the atoning love of our merciful God 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 sewing buttons upon shoe-maker Peter's Sunday coat. Eberhard Stilling no longer walks about, in his linen frock, with powerful step; and Margaret no longer comes hastily 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 my father no longer resounded to the hollow of the great cleft.

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 at a convenient easy-chair, before my mahogany 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 tatters about me, and cares for the present and the future; whilst my youngest daughter, Christina, attains 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 Heidel-
berg with her beloved Schwarz, and ten children. 
Her household furniture is furnished to Prinzen-
von Hessen in Hannau, and has presented me with a 
great-grandson, whose godfather I am. Her eldest son 
Wilhelm was head-master of the school at Wein-
heim 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 Berlinck, our worthy minister of state. The university of Hei-
delberg gave him the diploma of doctor of philo-
sophy, 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 accom-
plished 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 kindness and industry, growing every day, 
throughout the history 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 finan-
cier and agriculturist; his guitar and his fine 
manly song dispel many of my gloomy hours. But 
it is not only these parents and grandmothers and 
grandfathers and great-grandmothers and 
uncles and aunts and other relations who 
conferred this blessing upon me, but many another 
kind, who knew me in my childhood, and 
visited me at my father's house. I am 
indebted to all for the happiness which I now 
have. I shall never be able to express the full 
degree of gratitude which I feel towards them all. 

On my arrival at Heidelberg, in September 1803, 
I learnt that the Grand-duke, at that time still 
Elector of Baden, was at Mainz. I therefore 
rushed 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 gave me a number of very kind 
commissions. From my youth up I have had the desire 
to devote all my powers to religion and 
truth; but God having confided to me the office of ruler, 
you are the man whom God has prepared for this 
object. I therefore free you from all earthly 
obligations, and commission you by your corre-
respondence and authorship to promote religion and 
truth in my place; for this I call 
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 
bother about, but knowing that no one would 
make 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. Everything 
was dear, and by no means cheaper than at Marburg; many things, indeed, were even 
more dearer. Our friends had written to us, advising us 
to sell our household furniture, for we could re-
place it in a superior manner at Heidelberg; but 
we found it just the reverse. Our handsome 
furniture was not at all improved, 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 gilders. I was able to meet this 
heavy expense from what remained over from my 
journeys; but there was nothing left as a resource 
for any future occasion.

In Marburg, my yearly income was about two 
thousand five-hundred gilders, of which nothing 
remained over, notwithstanding the strictest 
economy. Circumstances, which I cannot disclose 
the public, considerably increased my expenditure. 
These circumstances were almost entirely the same; and to meet them, I 
ad 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 up a residence at Heidelberg by any means 
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 not. Thou must, therefore, cultivate 
devotion and patience.

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 hide in the bottom of thy 
soul, to shine as a great light in the church of 
Heidelberg? It is known to thee, and it is known 
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 
you 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 cooperate, 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 Mar-
burg, 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 about to return 
to the territorial state, where he was to some 
hint of a title, 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 
minute, 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.

I was 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 shown in the sequel.

I employed the close of the year 1803 in arranging my library, and with the complete regulation of my escritoire and my study; but this occupation was almost daily interrupted by a multitude of letters and visits, as well as by ophthalmic pains. It was during that winter 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 Stillings's Years of Tuition." This work, together with the preparation of the fifteenth number of the "Gray 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 she was so weak and thin that she seemed gradually to waste away, and became 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 friend of mine, at 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 expenses would be repaid, and I should find on the way, two hundred dollars (three hundred and sixty guineers) for my expenses.

I was very much gratified with the continuance of his gracious guidance, and began to prepare for this long journey; for Herrnbut, 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 Carlсruhe, 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 Bertholdsorf, 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 Herrnbut, 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, and afterwards called at Erfurt and Ehrs; 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 discussed 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 Herrnbut, where we fixed our quarters at the congregational lodging-house, and were immediately visited by various dear friends. At Herrnbut, we enjoy the benefits 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 had before the Moravian conference at Bertholdsorf the wish of the Elector of Baden, to have a Moravian settlement in his dominions; but the Electors of adjoining or adjoining states were not disposed to grant me this. However, 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, the Elector feared, that the liberty and 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 Herrnbut till the 9th of May, and then I proceeded, in the same manner, 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, rises a hill called Schmorkreuz, 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.
HEINRICH STILLING.

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 clergyman of the church, in his address on the occasion, said that Bohme was a townsmen 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 Gregorinus Richter, one of the chief preachers. Bohme calculates nothing in his writings contrary to the Augsburg Confession; he went diligently to his task, 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 corpse was left for seven days in a hilly country near 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, which Bohme turned back again. The churchyard Bes 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 mathematics in Gorlitz, 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.

I renewed 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 showed 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 of the Black Forest, and I was told 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 congreagational 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 repetition of what occurred at every place I came to; I shall insert only one remark. Lusatia has a very peculiar constitution. It consists of various separate municipalities, which are called state properties, and their noble possessed statesmen. Bertholdsburg 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 Wendis; 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 a one hundred and seventy-year-old 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 exclaming, "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 to the nobleman's house. After the dinner was over, I was appointed, I again went thither with the countess, and performed the operation on the woman. I then presented her, with her eyes reopened, 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 the Lord, our father, and shall stand before 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, thou poor old man.

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 Kleinwelkow, 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 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 the clock in the morning, opened 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 minute notes communicate the written letters to the congregation.

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 congregation hotel, at the expense 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, Königbrück, and Wurzen, to Dresden. We were conscious 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 Warzen and Leipzig, by cataract and ophthalmic patients; which was likewise the case in Erfurt and Cassel. There I learnt, with astonishment, that the Elector had given a vacation 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 son in the most suitable manner, and make it a most happy occasion 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 Weinsheim by our children from Manheim and Heidelberg, where we also found our daughter Christina recovered, and in health. All this is most lively tokens of 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 painful 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 equippage, to dine with him. One day he said to me, "Dear friend, I shall soon go to Baden; you must accompany me thither for a few weeks, for I gladly have you near." 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 gilders, 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 gilders, 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 cases, and to the education of my children.

The 21st of July was the time fixed for my departure for Baden. I then took with me my friend Julia, my wife, the little Christina, and my niece Marin 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 Ohls, which is of some importance, particularly for floating wood. The horizon is bounded by the lofty indented mountains of the Black Forest, and the delightful hills, covered with trees and gardens. 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 powdery clouds hid the Vogesen, and shrouded the valley of Baden as far as 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, as the health.

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.

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 accompanied 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 younger 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 members of his acquaintance; his dictation 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 employed to proceed with his principal labours; 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 press the work 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 constancy of many friends, 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 "Gasket" 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 casually 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, that 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 our heavenly Father he continually manifested; and hence he exclaimed, in a fit of pain occasioned by his violent spasmodic attacks, that God has guided me from my youth up, by a particular providence; I will not be dissatisfied now, but glorify 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 "Life and Works of Schubert," Extracts from the Lives of Awakened Christians," and "Antiquities 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 farther extension of the Church of Jesus Christ to heathen nations.

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 the most agreeable, the most intelligent of all his youth; 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. We have therefore preferred to enter 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 cheerful, constructive, 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-command to draw comfort from their sorrows and decay. We perceived, nevertheless, the approach of the mournful period that soon followed. After his faithful companion's unceasing labors, in defiance of all the remedies which had been administered, had attained to complete suppuration, and oppression and debility had increased to the highest point, Gellert's "Unto the Lord commend thy complaint" was the last words which fell from his lips. He then exclaimedit, "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 prepared for the last. Gentle 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 complaint," calmly gave her this remarkable hint, "Fear not, the Lord will be thy comforter!" As to himself, he declared, "I am perfectly contented! All is right with me! Only I tremble 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 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, and to his eldest son, that he had something "of importance to tell you, relating to psychology; I have completely the feeling as if I possessed a twofold 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 sympathetically 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; 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 advice from the gentleman who was the dearest of friends to 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 seriousness with which, although so far advanced in the divine life, he represented to himself his near dismission, with the tranquility 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 of leaving them, lest their official duties should be forgotten for his sake; and 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 incipient duties; for however gladly he had them about him, he could not endure it, when it seemed to him that they neglected him at the very moment of his dissolution. After they had pacified him on this point, he suffered one of his children to be continually with him at his bedside. 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 of his son, and the affection with which he regarded 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 former 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 and harassing him?" He had dreamed some days before, as he had 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 peculiarly great by proof of tranquility and composure. 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 further struggle with death, and on seeking him respecting it, he replied, "No, there is many a
STILLING'S LAST HOURS.

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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. During his last illness, aloof in his own chamber, 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, "Here is my soul to God! God has guided me where I have come; and I wish to go back to 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 lie had spoken what was usual to 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 paradoxism of my complaint;" for he experienced a frequent repetition of violent attacks of his disorder, which was occasioned by water in the pleural, 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 had been enriched with engravings, and memorials, resembled a sanctuary, he had constantly beautiful flowers standing in pots. His looks lingered with particular pleasure upon these, and on Muller'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 fresh water, for it is quite different when it returns to her pure state, and partakes of water and wine, it is the best food 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 his 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 when they 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 know not how to pray;—but 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 always to teach the children in the family to sing them well. He then 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 knew they do enough if they only occasionally appear 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 cheered; there was elevation, peace, and devoutness; and at length he eventually died a 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 It— 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 me the time he had spent whilst with us during 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, aveld nothing!" About 4 o'clock, the hour of the little public which 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 alone 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. The time of the clock 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 present. He asked also, to see the 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 shown him in the morning. He also observed that the flowers he was pleased with this mode of drinking, and said jocosely, "When using the glass tube, the donauiers 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 desired, 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 necklace 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 in which the general of the representatives of the Herrnbroken in Baden-Baden. His eldest son from Rastadt soon afterwards 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 me;" he said, "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!" When while 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 wine." He 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, let me become strong as I used to be in my youth, and when I was a father and a son."

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 wuole 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 certain positions and conduct." 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 body. I have much more to add; my power and goodness 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 of having sufficiently strong for a last and solemn act, he collected us all round 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, and who had been sent for, and having received our heartfelt complaint 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 over- come 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 foroursins."

Inwardly affected by the dignified action of the pious old man, thus celebrating with his family, even on his dying bed, the solemn sacrifice, 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 how it 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 undertook 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 midst of the conflict. We who had also 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 his departure at hand. 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 stood near. In his last, his last alluded 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 en- closed his dignified countenance, and imparted to him strength to meet with 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 stopped up to his bedside, 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 stand before the throne of the Consummator, 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 tribu- nation 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 had 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 Consumrator, 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 after this last struggle; and he drank 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 convulsive 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 cheerfully, 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 incompareable father. Father Stillings 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!
Fung Stilling, J.H.

The autobiography of Heinrich Stilling

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