THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

HEINRICH STILLING,

LATE

AULIC COUNSELLOR TO THE GRAND-DUKE OF BADEN,

&c. &c. &c.

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 lenity of his readers, and intreat in this instance the indulgence which has been extended to his former labors.

January 31st, 1835.
CHAPTER I.

HEINRICH STILLING'S CHILDHOOD.

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 Florenburgh, and introduced that of Floren-bergh, in its stead. But, be that as it may, it certainly possesses a magnetism, the head of which, in my time, was Johannes Henricus Scultetus. Rude and ignorant people called him, out of the town-house, Maister Hans; but honest townspeople were also wont to say, Mister Schulte.

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

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

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

Once, as Eberhard was descending the hill, and contemplating, with the utmost composure, the setting sun, whilst whistling the tune of the hymn, "The sun its glorious course has run," and reflecting upon the subject, he was overtaken by his neighbour Stahler, who was walking a little quicker, and probably did not trouble himself much about the setting sun. After proceeding a while close behind him, and hemming several times in vain, Stahler commenced a conversation, which I must here insert verbatim.

Stahler.—"Good evening, Elbert!"

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

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

Stilling.—"May be. (whistling again.)

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

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

Stahler.—"That's probable."

Stilling.—"I wait also, really without fear, for the important moment when I shall be delivered from this cumbersome, old, and stifling 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, Oecolomandus, Bucer, and others, in whose praise our late pastor, Mr. W. Winterberg, has so often spoken to me, and said that, next to the Apostles, they were the most pious of men."

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

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

Stahler.—"So!—that's surprising!"

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

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

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

Stahler laughed heartily—just as a fox would laugh, if he could, that had carried off a pullet in spite of the watchful chanteur—and continued: "Elbert, thou hast much confidence in thy children, but I think thou wilt change thy tone when I tell thee all that I know."
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 Lichtenau, 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 more comfort, than I shall forget it. She can not be the mother of that girl, which I saw 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 anything. She was silent, and sighed. I went and fetched her four rix-dollars. 'There! I wish you did still lend you this, till you can pay me again,'

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

Stilling,—"It was, in fact, my intention to give her the money; but if I had told her so, the girl would have been still more silent. I called her she, 'kindest, dearest father Stilling! (the good girl wept heartfelt tears;) when I see how my old papa numbles 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 fear something of it. Yet, thou knowest, as thou sayest, that they are not yet betrothed."

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

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

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

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

"Every one makes his shoe according to his own last," said Stilling. He was now before his house-door. Margaret Stilling had already sent her daughters to bed. A piece of pancake stood for her Ebert in an earthen dish, on the hot ashes; she had also added a little butter to it. A pitcher of milk and bread stood on the bench, and she began to be anxious about her husband's long delay. At length, the latch of the door rattled, and he entered. She took his linen wallet from his shoulder, spread the table, and brought him, his supper. "Strange," said Margaret, "that Wilhelm is not here yet! Has no misfortune 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 chin 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 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 Lichtenau (for so the place was called when he kept a school, and made clothes at the same time,) there was 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 known sufficient, but canst not help thyself forward in the world. For the damsel is poor, and not accustomed to hard labour;—how dost thou think of maintaining thyself in future?" The schoolmaster answered, "My trade will support me; and with regard to the rest, I will resign myself entirely to Divine providence, which shall provide, either for Doris, as well as for the birds of the air." "What dost thou say, my 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 earn something, for she is still young. They may take their meals with us; what he earns he shall give us, and we will provide them both with what is needful; this seems to me the best way."

"If thou thinkest so," replied father Stilling, "he may fetch the damsel home. Wilhelm! I think that thou art doing; it is no trifling matter. The God of thee and father and mother, with all that thou and thy maiden require." The tears stood in Wilhelm's eyes; he shook his father and mother by the hand, promised them all fidelity, and went to bed. And after old Stilling had sung his evening hymn, fastened the door with a wooden bolt, and Margaret had been to see the kine, whether they all lay and ruminated, they also went to bed.

Wilhelm entered his chamber, to which there was only a shutter, which did not however shut so closely as not to admit so much of the day to glimmer through as to make it evident when it was time to rise. This window was still open; he therefore stepped 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 on my father's trade! Let me now be happy 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 inaudible things, which only those can
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“Tou too, papa,” was her answer — “but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm Stillhing, and how could I love him then?”

The clergyman smiled contentedly, and continued: “This must this evening provide us with something to eat; for the bridegroom must suit with what we have nothing,” said the innocent girl, “but a little milk, cheese and bread; and who knows whether Wilhelm will be willing to come with it!” “Yes,” rejoined Wilhelm, “eating a piece of dry bread with you, is pleasanter than thick milk with white bread and pancakes.” Mr. Moritz meanwhile put on his worn-out brown coat, with white patches, and went out, to be brought again by 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 everyone else.

Frederica, Moritz’s other daughter, interrupted their enjoyment. She burst into the room, singing an old ballad. On seeing them, she started.

“I do disturb you!” asked she. “Thou never disturb me,” said Doris, “for I never attend to what thou sayest or doest.” “Yes, thou art pious,” rejoined the other; “but darst 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 another one.” “There will be therefore a wedding for me,” said Frederica, and skipped out of the door again.

Whilst they were sitting together thus pleasantly, Frederica burst violently into the room again. “Oh!” cried she, stammering; “they are bringing my father bleeding into the village. Jost, the gamekeeper, is striking him incessantly, and three of the squire’s men are dragging him along. Ah, they will do to death!” 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 Moritz in the inn, sitting on a chair, his grey hair clotted with blood; the servant-in-charge and the gamekeeper stood round him, swore, mocked, shook their fists in his face, and a snipe that had been shot lay before Moritz on the table. The impartial landlord quietly served them with liquor. Frederica begged suppliantly for mercy, and Doris for a share of her father’s sufferings. She had no money to pay for it, and the loss would have been too great for the landlord to have given her half a glass. But as women are naturally merciful, the landlord 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 hand. Moritz 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 cried out, “Doris, Doris!” and Doris took was a glass of gin, with which the landlord was coming out of the cellar, and carrying very

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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 bottle vigorously, the wine ran down between the fingers of the left hand and struck against the wall, and broke into a thousand pieces. But Wilhelm, who was already in the room, seized his father-in-law by the hand, and led him out of it in silence, with as much gravity as if he had been the squire himself, without saying anything to any one. He guarded 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 fast, and thus he brought him out of the door. Johann Stilling, who was beyond talking alone; they therefore went deep into the woods; their affection seemed to increase the further they withdrew from mankind. Ah! if there had been no necessities of life—no cold, no frost nor wet, what would have been wanting in the earthly felicity of this newly-married couple! The two old fathers, meanwhile, who had sat down alone, with a mug of beer before them, fell into serious conversation. Stilling spoke as follows:—

“My dear sir, it has always seemed to me that you would have done better, if you had not applied yourself to alcohol the night before.

Moritz. "Why, my friend?"

Stilling.—"If you had prosecuted the watchmaking 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 already expended upon it."

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

Stilling.—"You have certainly plagued yourself in vain hitherto, for you have all the time been scarcely able to subsist; and though you were to become as rich as you wish, yet you could not change so many years of misery into happiness besides which, life might still be longer than you will ever find it. To say nothing of this, 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 Calf', in which it is clearly demonstrated; so that no one, even the most incredulous, on reading it, can doubt of it any longer. But whether I shall obtain it or not is another question. But why not I as well as another, since it is a free gift of God?"

Stilling.—"If God had intended to give you the philosopher's stone, you would have had it long ago! Why should He keep it from you so long? Besides, if I had not many sons, I would still have it."

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

Stilling.—"Thirty years of misery is certainly no laughing matter; but if we do not laugh, the laughing will do it by the hand. As long as I have lived, I have never wanted; I have been healthy, and am now grown old; I have brought up my children, had them taught, and clothed them decently. I am quite content, and therefore happy! It would be of no use to give me the philosopher's stone. But hear me, my friend—you sing very well, and write beautifully; be a musico here in this
village. Frederica can be boarded elsewhere; I have a clothes-room to spare, in which I could place a bed; you could then live with me, and so be always with your children.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stilling.—"Oh, how wonderful God is!" Margaret Stilling, hearing this conversation, came and sat down by her husband. "O Elbert!" she said, "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 composed themselves, of which I will say more in the following chapter. But Stilling's daughter sat in the twilight, under the cherry-tree, and sang the following pathetic ballad:

"There rode a knight once over the plain,
No friend had he, no wealth, nor demesne;
His sister was fair and beautiful —
'O sister dear! bid thee adieu!"

We never more each other shall view;
I'm travelling away to distant land;
So reach me once more thy snowy-white hand,
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

'My dearest brother, I once did see—
As happy as I am in the juniper tree—
A beautiful bird of plumage gay;
I throw my ring at it in a glee,
It caught it up in its little beak,
And flew into the forest far away.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

'The castle thou must securely close,
And live in solitude and repose,
Let no one enter thy chamber fair.
The knight that rides the jet-black steed
His tender suit will warmly plead,
But O! of him they were so proud,
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 then a drop had decked from her breast,
For she, of all the suitors, here,
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 morning light;
He led her at length to his castle fair,
To other young damsels that were there,
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!

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

They buried the knight in the castle-ring;
The maiden near to a little spring;
There in the cold ground she sleeps.
At the midnight hour, she wanders about
In the castle and in the palace, about;
She walks in a robe as white as snow,
And mourns to the forest of all her love.
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.
'Why dost thou weep, here, my dear sister dear, That thou dost sigh and so doleful appr;
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 retir'd to a convent with speed,
That there a holy life he might lead;
And when he seem'd, pure forth the prayer
For the health of the soul of his sister dear.
Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!"

CHAPTER II.

EBERHARD STILLING and Margaret his wife now experienced a novel epoch in their domestic arrangements, for a newly-married couple existed in their family. The question therefore was—"Where shall these two sit, when we dine?" But in order to avoid obscurity in the narrative, I must mention the rank and order which father Stilling observed at his table. At the upper end of the room, there was a bench made of an oak board, nailed along the wall, which extended behind the stove; above this bench and opposite the stove, stood the table, fastened to the wall as a flap, that it might be fixed up against it: it was made out of a brown plank, at which father Stilling himself had faithfully and manfully laboured. At the front of this table sat Eberhard Stilling, up by the wall, to which it was fastened by the board. He had placed himself 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 the stove, between the table and the stove, partly because she was easily chilleed, 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 given them; they were therefore, after due consideration, destined for the young married couple.

Johann Stilling occasionally came to visit his parents; and the whole house rejoiced when he came, for he was a singular man. Every peasant in the village had respect for him. Even when he was very young, he had transformed a wooden plate into an astrolabe, and a handsome butter-box of fine beechn-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 survey was at work. But he was now really become an able land-measurer, and was employed by the noble and ignoble
in the division of their estates. Great artists generally possess the virtue which always prompts their inventive spirit to seek something new hers that they might already have, and are acquainted with, is much too tedious to refine upon still further. Johann Stillings was therefore poor; for what he was competent to he neglected, in order to learn that of which he was still incapable. His good but simple wife often wished that he would apply his knowledge of the arts to the improvement of fields and meadows, in order that they might have more bread. But we will forgive the good woman for her simplicity; she did not understand it better—Johann was wise enough in this respect at least; he was either silent, or smiled.

Perpetual musing 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 Stillings' household perceived him, they immediately ran home, and called all together, in order to receive him at the door. Every one then lagged behind, and allowed him to go on without saying 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 Stillings himself devoted much attention to the matter, and showed that he had already discovered or 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 Kerry-cask, cut it with his bread-knife, then sawed a piece of wood exactly four-square, and placed the sawn piece upon the four-cornered board; thus, the four-cornered board must necessarily be exactly the same size as the circumference of the Kerry-cask. Eberhard skipped about upon one foot lagged 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. With the wisdom of a Catholic church-bagg, and certainly nothing satirical in his character, yet still a little satire was intermingled here. But the land-measurer soon put an end to his joy by saying, "The question, father, is not whether a joiner can make a four-cornered box, that contains just as much oats as a round cylindrical cask; but it must be tried how well it answers the purpose. 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."

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

Stillings' daughters were strong and laborious; they cultivated the earth, which yielded them abundant sustenance both in the garden and in the field. But Doris had tender hands and limbs; she was soon weary, and then she sighed and wept. The other girls, as if the family contained only a single female 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 con-
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 great feast, and invited the clergyman. While he was preparing for 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 preparation unavailing!—A want of decorum! 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 know 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, but first I must rustle the poor dog sleeping by the fire 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 here, and you have got the better of me;" Johann 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 bare-headed; 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; 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 wellmeaning wish, that he must be more diligent in bringing up his children, lest the curse of Ell 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?" "Ay, 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 humble functionary, accustomed to live in company with people under other circumstances." He was, on all occasions, meek, and lovely, and humble. Your reverence!—my grey hairs stand on end; sit down, or withdraw. Something beats here, or else I might do violence to your cloth, for which I have otherwise respect. Here, sir, here before my house, rode the prince; I was standing at my door; he knew me, and said, "Good morning, Stilling! I answered, "Good morning, your Highness! He dismounted from his horse, for he was armed with hunting. 'Fetch me a chair,' said he; 'I will rest here a little.' I have an airy room," replied I; 'will it please your Highness to walk into the room, and sit there at your ease!' 'Yes,' said he. The range of the Highness!' He dismissed me, and provided him with new milk and bread-and-butter. He obliged us both to eat with him, and assured us that he had never relished a meal so much. Where cleanliness reigns there any one may eat. Now decide, reverend sir!—we are all hungry." The clergyman sat down, and Stilling called his family; but none of them would come in, not even Margaret herself. She filled an earthen bowl with chicken-broth for the preacher, gave him a large plate of meat, and a jug of beer. Stilling himself set it before him; the reverend gentleman ate and drank in haste, said nothing, but returned again to the door of Florenbach, and sat down to table. Margaret said grace; and they ate with great appetite. Even the lying-in woman sat in Margaret's place, with her boy at her breast; for Margaret would wait upon her children herself. She had put on a very fine white camise, which she had worn in her bridal-days, the sleeves of which she had had rolled up above her elbows. She had a stomacher and dress of fine black cloth; and her grey locks, well powdered with honour and age, projected from beneath her cap. It is really incomprehensible that during the whole meal not a word was said of the clergyman; but I am of opinion the reason was, because father Stilling did not begin about it.

Whilst they were sitting thus pleasantly at dinner, a poor woman knocked at the door. She had an infant hanging at her back, wrapped in a cloth, and begged for a piece of bread. Maria hastened to give her it. The woman came in tattered and dirty clothes, which seemed, however, to hide something above her shoulders. She had a stomacher and dress of fine black cloth; and her grey locks, well powdered with honour and age, projected from beneath her cap. It is really incomprehensible that during the whole meal not a word was said of the clergyman; but I am of opinion the reason was, because father Stilling did not begin about it.

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

Wilhelm.— Yes, it was there. And yet she said at the end, that her father was a cobbler.

All present struck their hands together with astonishment. It was now evident why the woman had run away; and it was prudently resolved to have cramps and bolts to every door and opening in the place. The woman will take this amiss of the Stilling family, who has in a measure learnt to see the connection of the thing.

Doris said nothing during the whole time; for what reason, I cannot exactly say. She snuck her boy Heinrich every moment; for this was now all to her, and the boy was also fat and strong.

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

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

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

Wilhelm.— O yes, dear Doris! Christ says of the rich man, that he knew Lazarus in Abraham's bosom; and beside this, the rich man was in hell; therefore I certainly believe we shall know each other again there! Now this is what I wish so heartily! It is God who made my soul and my heart to wish in this manner; and He would not have implanted such hopes, if they were improper or merely fanciful. Yes, I shall know thee, and will seek thee out amongst all the people there, and then I shall be happy."

Wilhelm.— We will let ourselves be buried together, and then we shall not have long to seek.
Doris.—"O that we might both die the same moment! But what would become of our dear boy?"
Wilhelm.—"He would remain here, and be well brought up, and at length come to us."
Doris.—"Still, I should be very anxious about him, whether he would be pious or not."
Wilhelm, and Doris, and the prince, are all long since melancholy. To say the truth, thou makest me sad likewise. Why dost thou love to be so much alone with me? My sisters believe thou art not fond of them."
Doris.—"Yet I really love them from my heart."
Wilhelm.—"Then thou often weepest, as if thou were dejected, and need dost be melancholy also. Hast thou any thing on thy heart, love, that toments thee? Tell it to me. I will set thee at rest, whatever it may cost me."
Doris.—"O no! I am not deserted, dear Wilhelm! I am not dissatisfied. I love thee, and I love our parents and sisters; yea, I love all men. But I will tell thee how I feel. In the spring, when I see how everything shoots forth, the leaves on the trees, the flowers and the plants, it seems to me as if it did not concern me at all; I then feel as if I were in a world to which I did not belong. But as soon as I find a yellow leaf, a faded flower, it makes me think of the winter, and I feel so comfortable I cannot tell thee; and yet I am never cheerful at such times. Formerly, all this made me sad, and I was never more joyful than in spring."
Wilhelm.—"I have no knowledge of things of this kind; however, so much is true, that it makes me very sensible.

Whilst conversing in this manner, they came to the ruins of the castle on the side of the hill, and felt the cool breeze from the Rhine, and saw how it played with the long dry blades of grass and ivy leaves, which grew upon the fallen walls, and whistled about them. This is just the place for me," said Doris; "here I could wish to dwell. Tell me once more the history of Johann Hübner, who lived in this castle. Let us meanwhile sit down on the rampart, opposite the walls. I would not venture within the walls for the world, whilst thou art relating it; for I always shudder when I hear it."
Wilhelm related as follows: "A few years ago this ancient castle was inhabited by robbers, who went about the country in the night, stole the people's cattle, and drove them yonder into the court, where there was a large stable, and afterwards sold them, far off, to strangers. The last robber that dwelt here was Johann Hübner. He wore armour, and was a strong man, and a favourite of the man in the whole country. He had only one eye, and a large curly beard and hair. In the day-time, he sat with his servants, who were all very strong men, in the corner yonder, where thou seest the broken window-hole;—there they had a room; there they sat and guzzled beer. Johann Hübner saw, with his one eye, when he saw an enemy, the whole castle; and whenever he perceived a horseman, he called out 'Halloa! there goes a horseman on a very fine horse,—Halloa!' Then they lay in wait for the horseman, took his horse away, and slew him. But there was a prince of Dillingen, called Black Christian, a very strong man, who was always hearing of Johann Hübner's robberies; for the peasants came and complained of him. This black prince had a prudent servant, called Hans Flick, whom he sent over the country in order to spy out this Johann Hübner. The prince himself lay behind in the Giller, which thou seest yonder, and kept himself concealed there with his horsemen; and peasants brought him bread, butter, and cheese. Hans Flick did not know Johann Hübner; he roved about the country and inquired for him. At length he came to a smithy, where horses were shod. There were many wagon-wheels against the wall, which were there to be covered; a man had leaned himself with his back against them, who had only one eye, and had an iron jerkin. Hans Flick went to him, and said, 'God save thee, thou iron-jerkin man with one eye; is not thy name Johann Hübner of Geisenberg?' The man answered, 'Johann Hübner of Geisenberg lies on the wheel.' Hans Flick understood him to mean the wheel on the scaffold, and said, 'Is that lately?' 'Yes,' answered the man; 'this very day.' Hans Flick did not fully believe him, and continued at the smithy with watched the man who lay upon the wheel. The man whispered to the smith to shoo his horse the wrong way, so that the fore-part of the shoe was placed behind. The smith did so, and Johann Hübner rode away. As he mounted his horse, he said to Hans Flick, 'God save thee, brave fellow! Tell thy master, he ought to send me men that can fight, and notewoodcutters.' Hans Flick stood still, and saw him ride over the field into the forest, and then ran after him, to see where he stopped. He would have followed his track, but Johann Hübner rode up and down, across and athwart, so that Hans Flick soon lost sight of the prince; 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, Hans 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. He told it to Prince Christian, who with his men rode silently below, through the forest. They bound moss under the horses' feet, got near him, sprang upon him, and they fought together. Prince Christian and Johann Hübner struck one another upon the iron helmets and cuirasses, so that they rang again, till at length Johann Hübner was slain, and the prince took possession of the castle. They buried Johann Hübner down in the corner yonder; and the prince laid much wood about the great tower, which they also undermined. It fell in the evening, when the Tiefenbach people milked their cows; the whole country trembled with the fall. Thou seest yonder the long heap of stones down the hill; that is the tower, as it fell. Between eleven and twelve at night, Johann Hübner, with his one eye, still haunteth this place. He sits on a black horse, and rides about the rampart. Old Neuser, our neighbour, has seen him."

Doris sang:---

"Three stars shine over a royal home, In the country where a princess roams. Their father was gone far away from home, And on a white horse he rode.
Star, shine, portentous woe!"

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

"I see the white horse, but my father's not there: Oh, where is it? My heart within me is pained with fear; and clare the heavens so red! Star, shine, portentous woe!"

"There enter'd a horseman in bloody array, Into their chamber fair; O horseman so bloody, we earnestly pray The evil fingers leave us. Star, shine, portentous woe!"
HEINRICH

STILLING.

"Ye may not rue, ye virgin there!— 
Your father did murder under a tree,— 
A stream of blood issued there.

Your sisters, as day dawned, said, 
"The murderer I found in the shady wood, 
And took his course away; 
And there did I spill his vital blood— 
He fell and died that day.

Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"My mother so dear, thou wouldst also have slain, 
As down in the vale she did die! 
"O sisters, return shorn on our feet again, 
Right willing we are to die." 

Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"This sharp-pointed knife, 
And pierced the maiden's head; 
Past ebb'd away their precious life, 
— They fell to the earth like lead. 

Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"There flows a rivulet pure and clear, 
Along the vale in haste; 
Flow winding around, thou rivulet dear, 
Even unto the ocean vast! 

Star, shine, portentous of woe!

"There rest the maidens, in sleep profound, 
Until the judgment-day— 
They sleep beneath the clay-cold ground, 
Until the judgment day. 

Star, shine, portentous of woe!"

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

CHAPTER III.

WILHELM STILLING had lived alone with his Doris, in a very populous district; she was now dead and buried, and he found that he was living quite alone in the world. His parents and sisters were about him, without his perceiving them. In the face of his orphan child he saw only the lineaments of Doris; and when he went to bed at night, he found his chamber silent and empty. He often imagined he heard the rustling of Doris's foot, on stepping into bed. He then started, expecting to see her, but saw her not. He reflected on all the days they had lived together, found in each of them a paradise, and was astonished that he had not at that time exulted for joy. He then took his little Heinrich in his arms, bedewed him with tender kisses, and endeavoured to bear with him. He often dreamed he was walking with Doris in the Geisenberg forest, and how happy he was to have her again. Whilst dreaming, he was afraid of awakening, 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 had but a short respite; 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 exerting him to do so, the next time Wilhelm went to roam about in the Geisenberg forest, to seek out and weep over Doris's traces and foot-steps. This he did frequently, and therefore it was not long before they found an opportunity of accomplishing their purpose. Margaret undertook it, as soon as the cloth was removed and Wilhelm had left them; and whilst Father Stilling was picking his teeth, and looking at some spot straight before him, "Ebert," said she, "why dost thou let the wane-der 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, hast thou found the old man, smiling," what dost thou think I am duty to him?" he said. "I tell him he must be content,—his Doris is in heaven, and that she is happy, it amounts to the same thing as if any one were to take away all that thou lovest the most in the world, and I were then to come and say to thee, 'Be satisfied, thy things are in good keeping; at the end of sixty years thou wilt have them again,' and he would find them in whose possession they are. Would'st thou not be very vexed at me, and say, 'But what shall I live upon during the sixty years?' If I number up all Doris's faults, and seek to persuade him he had lost nothing so particularly valuable, I should cult any one to a hatred of me, and effect nothing more than make Wilhelm forget my enemy; he would, in opposition to this, reconstitute all her virtues, and I should come off too short in the reckoning. Ought I to seek another Doris for him? It must be just such a Doris as she was; and yet he would feel a disgust at her. Ah! there is not such another Doris!" His lips faltered, and his eyes were moist. They then all wept, chiefly because their father wept.

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

"My little hen's name is Gobelini,

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 which ought always to be had in veneration was not only not degrauded, but represented, as it
were, en passant, as great and beautiful. The boy thus attained a fondness for his grandfather which exceeded every thing, and hence the ideas which he sought to impart to him found entrance into his mind. What the grandfather said, he believed without further reflection. 

The mansion, having thus 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 exquisite joy when he represented to himself that in a few short years death would call him away also; when, without fear of termination, he would eternally enjoy, in the society of his Doris, the highest felicity of which man is capable. This great idea produced an entire change of life, to which the following event much contributed. Some leagues from Tiefenbach, there is a large manor-house, which had fallen, by inheritance, to a certain Count. A society of pious people had rented this mansion, and had established a manufacture of half-silk stuffs, by which they maintained themselves. Wise-heads who knew the fashions of the world, and what was most esteemed in it, or, in one word, persons of consequence, had given their hands to 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 defectsiveness 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 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 Stilling's company, but as he knew how firmly the family adhered to the principles of the reformed church and religion, he had never expressed his sentiments. On this occasion, however, when Wilhelm Stilling began to divest himself of his gloomiest sorrow, he found an opportunity of speaking to him. This caused Nicolas to repeat to him, that he foresaw Nicolas himself related it to me.

After Nicolas had seated himself, he began: —

"How is it with you now, Master Stilling?—can you accommodate yourself yet to your wife's decease?"

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

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

Wilhelm.—"It is very easy to preach so; but doing—doing—observing, and keeping, is another affair." Nicolas smiled, and said, "Certainly it is difficult, particularly after possessing such a Doris; but yet, if any one is in earnest—if he only believes that the doctrine of Jesus Christ leads to the highest felicity, he becomes in earnest—it is then not so difficult as people may imagine. Let me briefly explain the whole matter to you. Jesus Christ has left us a doctrine, which is so adapted to the nature of the human soul, that if 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—after having possessed one thing, he takes another, which ever yield something new, and are an unceasing source of new delight. But we, do not find any of this kind in the whole creation. As soon as we are deprived of them by the vicissitude of things, they leave a pang behind; as you, for instance, have felt at the loss of your Doris. This made me, Mr. Stilling, knew that the good of all human actions is real self-love. Far from expelling this motive, which is capable of producing much evil, he gives us the means of ennobling and refining it. He commands us to act towards others as we wish them to act towards us; if we do so, we are assured of their love, and 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 trouble, we receive joy, and 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; it will be good what you say is true."

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

Nicolas smiled, and said, "We will speak of this some other time. For the present, look at the matter thus: that even as by his pure and holy life, in which he walked in favour both with God and man, he has enabled us to take a free survey of our mortal life and enjoy it; and is approved of God and men, by the test 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 everywhere; so He has also, I say, planted His cross in the night of death, and the moon loses her light, in order that we may look up, and with humble hope, exclaim, ‘Remember me!’ We are thus saved by His merits, if you will; for He has paid dearly and severely enough to ransom his people from eternal death, and thus we are saved by faith; for faith is salvation. But in the mean time, do not let us 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 Imagination 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 I can assent to it. 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, for he knew no longer than an imperceptible 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 him, and read there, in this manner, many years with his boy.

During this time, the whole of Wilhelm’s endeavours were directed, first, to the supply of his necessities, by means of his trade as a tailor; for he gave a considerable sum weekly to his parents for the board of himself and his child,—next, to quickening the child’s mind, not from 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 in this manner, many years with his boy.

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But the weather was fine, and made entirely into ideal landscapes. Wilhelm would rise early and set about the business 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 Marcellina, dwelt; and on the banks of the lake, in which Reinold lived, &c. To these places he made a pilgrimage daily; and no one can form an idea of the delight which the boy there enjoyed; he stammered out verses, and had poetic feelings. Such was the nature of this child’s education, till he was ten years old. One thing more must be mentioned here. Was helm 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 Stillings’s soul; and from fear of correction, he sought to hide and conceal his faults, so that he gradually let himself seduce and ensnare. But 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 when 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 the little boy to grow more and more skillful in falsehood more probable, and thus the good Wilhelm was still deceived. No sooner did the
boy perceive he was successful, than he rejoiced and even thanked God that he had found a means of escaping punishment. However, I must mention this to his credit, that he never spoke falsely except when he was able, by so doing, to avoid correction.

Old Stilling regarded all this very quietly. His son's austere mode of life he never condemned; but smiled occasionally, and shook his grey locks, when he saw how Wilhelm seized the rod, because the boy had eaten or done something contrary to his orders. He would then say in the absence of the child, "Wilhelm, he that does not wish to have his commands repeatedly transgressed, must not command much. All men love liberty." "Yes," said Wilhelm, "but the boy will become wilful." "Forbid him his faults," rejoined the old man, "when he is about to commit them, and inform him why; but if thou hast previously forbidden it, the boy forgets the many commands and prohibitions, and is always in fault; whilst meanwhile thou must make thy words good, and thus there is no end to chastising." Wilhelm acknowledged this, and gradually let the greater part of his rules fall into oblivion. He now governed much according to laws, but entirely in monarchical style; he gave his orders always when they were needed, 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 that he knew his hands, his eyes, and his expressions, and according to custom, very serious; and I do not believe that up to that time he had ever laughed loudly. As the Stilling looked at him, and said, "Heinrich, what art thou doing there?"

Heinrich.—"I am reading."
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 ease, proper emphasis, and the distinction. Stabler was amazed, and said, "The devil fetch me! I have never seen the like in all my life." At this imprerception, Heinrich jumped up, and looked timidy around him; at length, when he saw that the devil did not come, he exclaimed, "O God, how gracious art thou! I stepped up, Stabler, and said, "What ever did Satan say?" No," answered Stabler. "Thou 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. Stollbain 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 on and black. The clergyman came to Tiefenbach; and having, perhaps, previously entered some other house, his arrival was already known in Stilling's house, and the reason of his coming. Wilhelm, therefore, instructed his boy Heinrich how to behave when the clergyman should come. At length he appeared, and told Stilling with him. Heinrich stood straight up by the wall, like a soldier presenting arms; he held in his folded hands his cap, composed of blue and grey remnants of cloth, and regarded the clergyman full in the face. After Mr. Stollbain 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."

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

Heinrich.—"Not the whole of it."
Stollbain.—"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. Stollbain 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, 'Gracions God, give me understanding that I may comprehend what I read.'"

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

Heinrich.—"You are not my father."
Stollbain.—"I am thy spiritual father."

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

Stollbain.—"What!—hast thou no spirit, no soul!"

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

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

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

Stollbain.—"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. 13, 19.

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

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

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, and gave it to his father, and showed it him. Wilhelm looked at it, grew pale, and began to sob and weep. Heinrich was terrified, and the tears already stood in his eyes without knowing why, nor did he dare to ask. He turned the knife about, and saw written with aquafortis upon the blade: "Johanna Dorothea Catharina Giller." He cried and ran 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 feel the tears in his father's face and eyes; he felt that he held him in his arms before. His whole soul was penetrated; tears of the strongest emotion flowed down his full and snow-white checks. "Father, do you love me?" he asked. 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 regard and honor. Wilhelm's head sank 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 awhile, and see another scene. We 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 sought thee in every place, but I never found thee; 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 bookseller. For, it is well known that Heinrich was delighted with his father's confidential manner; his soul became infinitely enlarged; he felt such a gentle uncontrollable freedom as is not to be described; he experienced now for the first time that he was treated as a human being. He looked at his father, and said, I will do all that you wish me to do." Wilhelm smiled at him, and continued, "Thou wilt be successful in the world; only thou must never forget to cultivate a confidential communion with God, who will take thee into his protection, and preserve thee from all evil." During this conversation they arrived at home and entered their chamber. From that time forward, the appearance of Heinrich altered. As soon as his heart was again opened, and his religious sentiments did not hinder him from going amongst people. All men, even the rudest, felt a reverence in his presence; for his whole man had put on, in his retirement, an irresistible, gentle gravity, through which a pure and simple soul beamed forth. He also frequently took his son with him, to whom he felt an entirely new and warm affection. He had perceived, in the finding of the knife, Doris's entire character in the boy;—he was his and Doris's son, and at this discovery all his affection was transferred to Heinrich, and he found Doris again in him.

Heinrich 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 found it, notwithstanding, impossible to prevent his son, after the sermon, from going to look at the organist and his organ. He saw them; and the virtuo, 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 passenger's wish.

Heinrich now also, for the first time, his mother's grave. I 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, placed a few autumn flowers and plants that grew upon it, put them into his pocket-book, and even said a few words; but very 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 Sophia was much comforted to see her own son Wilhelm was consoled. He saw, with inward delight, all the reciprocal kindness and affection manifested by him and his child; he became, by this, still more animated, and almost renovated.

One Monday morning in the spring, as he went to his occupation in the woods, he requested Wilhelm to let his grandson accompany him. The latter consented, and Heinrich was highly delighted. As they ascended the Giller, the old man said, "Heinrich, relate to me the history of the beautiful Melusina; I listen so gladly to ancient tales, and then the time will not seem long to us." Heinrich related it very circumstantially, with 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 or four leagues from the town of Florenburg, 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 bee-tree, which he saw at some distance before him, with its beautiful green light and shade, made an impression upon him; the whole country round 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 their labor, as a man of the world, he went about in the wood, and contemplat ed all the beauties of the scenery around, and
of nature; every thing was now and unspeakably charming to him. One evening, when they intended to return home the day following, they sat down in front of the hut, just as the sun was set. "Grandfather," said Heinrich, "when I read in the books that the heroes were able to reckon so far back who were their forefathers, I wish that I also knew who were mine!" Father Stilling asked whether we are not likewise descended from some great man or prince! My mother's forefathers were all of them preachers, but I do not yet know yours. I will write them all down if you will tell me them." Father Stilling smiled, and replied, "It would be hard to prove that we were descended from a prince. Even the sages never knew the names of most nor must you think it. Thy forefathers were all honest and pious people; there are few princes that can say that. Let this be thy greatest honor in the world, that thy grandfather, great grandfather, and their fathers, were all men who, though they had nothing under their command out of their house, were not without love to all men. None of them married in a dishonorable manner, or transgressed with any female; none of them ever coveted that which was not his, and all died honorably at a very great age." Heinrich rejoiced, and said, "I shall then find my forefathers in heaven." "Yes," replied his grandfather, "that thou willest; and may the same bless and flourish; Heinrich, remember this event, and live honest and wise. 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 bowed, and said, "great-grandfather! I will be religious, and rejoice that my name is Stilling. But tell me what you know of our forefathers." Father Stilling narrated as follows:

"My great-grandfather's father's name was Ulli Stilling. He was born about the year 1599. I know, from ancient letters, that he came to Tiefen-Zugstuhl in 1586 and married the daughter of Hans Stahler. He came from Switzerland, and was acquainted with Zuenglius. He was a very pious man; and so strong, that once he recovered four cows from five robbers, who had stolen them from him. In the year 1556 he had a son, who was named Heinrich Stilling; this was my great-grandfather. He was a very active and retired man, who did good to everyone. In his 60th year, he married a very young woman, by whom he had many children. In his 60th year his wife bare him a son called Heinrich Stilling, who was my grandfather. He was born in 1599, 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 innns on the road, so that the carriers took their provision with them. In the evening, they ranged the carts in a circle, close to each other; the horses were placed in the midst, and my grandfather with the carriers were with them. After feeding the horses, he called out, 'To prayers, neighbours.' They then all came, and Heinrich Stilling prayed the whole very earnestly. On this they kept watch and the carriers crouned under the trees, 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 Hessien 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 quickly and placed each behind his cart. But Heinrich Stilling kneeled down and prayed by himself, very fervently. At length he ascended his cart, and looked about. The moon was on the point of setting, so that there was just light enough. He then saw about twenty men dressed in green, horses, and softly approaching the carts. He crept down again, went under the cart, that they might not see him, and gave heed to what they were doing. The robbers went round about the barricado, and on finding no admission, they began to draw one of the carts. Stilling, as soon as he saw them, called out to the carriers to fire the six of the carriers had cocked his gun, and shot from under the carts, so that six of the robbers immediately fell; the rest of them were terrified, drew back a little, and conversed together. The carriers, meanwhile, reloaded their muskets. 'Now,' said Stilling, 'give heed: when they come near again, then fire!' However, they did not come, but rode away. At daybreak, the carriers yoked their horses again, and proceeded further; every one carried his loaded gun, and his sword, for they were not safe. In the forenoon, they again saw some horsemen riding towards them out of the wood. Stilling drove first, and all the rest after him. He then called out to the carriers; he had cocked his musket cocked!" The horsemen halted, and the chief of them rode up to them alone, unarmed, and called out for the head-carrier to appear. My grandfather stepped forth, with his gun in his hand, and his sword under his arm. We come with peace, friend," said the horseman. Heinrich did not trust him; but stood still. The cavalier dismounted, offered him his hand, and asked whether they had not been attacked by robbers in the night. 'Yes,' answered my grandfather, 'not far from Hirschfield, in a meadow. 'Just so,' replied the horseman; 'we have pursued them, and just reached the meadow as they rode off; you had blown out the light of some of them; you are brave people.' Stilling asked who he was. The cavalier answered, 'I am Count Wittgenstein; I will give you ten horsemen for an escort, for I have still people enough with me in the wood behind.' Stilling accepted them, and agreed with the Count to give them back the horses that were in his care. He always escort him through Hesse. The Count promised to do so, and the carriers drove home. This grandfather of mine was married in his twenty-second year, and in his twenty-fourth—that is, in 1620—he had a son called Hanns Stilling; this was my father. He lived quietly, employed himself in husbandry, and served God. He lived through the whole of the thirty years' war, and often fell into the greatest poverty. He begat ten children, of whom I am the youngest. I was born in 1680, just as my father was sixty years old. I have, God be thanked! enjoyed tranquility, and freed my land again from all debt. My father died in 1724, in the hundred-and-fourth year of his age: I had to lead him like a child, and he lies buried at Florenburg with his forefathers.

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

The next day they went home again, and Heinrich wrote all the narratives in an old writing-book, which he reversed, and filled the white leaves at the end with the account of his ancestors.
My tears burst forth whilst writing this. Whither are ye fled, ye happy hours! Why does the remembrance of you alone remain to man? Why a token of supremacy, a witness of the susceptible spirit of youth joyous! 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. The child came to a very tender age, and was lost to the world. What 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 this boy. He will cost little." Old Stilling sat at the table, chewing a chip, for such was his custom when he reflected on matters of importance. Wilhelm laid his iron thimble on the table, folded his arms together on his breast, and reflected also. Margaret laid her arms in her lap, twisted her thumbs over each other, looked wistfully occasionally towards the room-door, and considered too. But Heinrich sat with his cloth-piece cap in his hand, 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 him?"

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

Stilling. "Is it that causes thee the most anxiety, Wilhelm? Be only careful, if the boy learns Latin, that he should be joyous."

"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 my parents," said old Stilling.

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

"No, God forbid!" replied Eberhard; "but 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 heard either of his name. Hear me, dear sir! an honest man loves God and his neighbour; he does that which is right, and fears no one; he is diligent, and provides for himself and his family, that they may have bread enough. Why does he do all this?"

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

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

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

Stilling. "With the love of God and his neighbour!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Every one laughed; even Stollbein was obliged to smile.

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

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

A great change took place, at this period, in Stilling's house,—the eldest daughters married out of the house; and thus Eberhard and his Margaret,
Wilhelm, Maria, and Heinrich, constituted the whole family. Eberhard now also determined to give up burning charcoal, and attend merely to his farming.

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

Heinrich, therefore, now began to go to the Latin school. It may easily be imagined what attention he excised amongst the other schoolboys. He was known merely in Stillings’s house and garden; but his fame extended to all other children. His speeches were always uncommon, and few persons understood what he meant. No youthful games, of which boys are generally so fond, affected him; he passed by, and saw them not. Weiland, the schoolmaster, remarked his abilities and his great diligence; he therefore avoided troubling him; and as he perceived that he was unable to follow the tedious method of committing long lessons to memory, he dispensed with it; and really, Heinrich’s plan of learning Latin was very advantageous to him. He placed the Latin text before him, looked for the words in the lexicon, found there what part of speech each word was, then looked at the table of exceptions in the grammar, &c. By this method, his spirit found food in the best Latin authors, and he learned to write, read, and understand the language sufficiently. But what caused him the greatest pleasure was a little library of the schoolmaster’s, which he had given him, and which he had read, in which he found 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 Clauer. As soon as the school was over in the afternoon, he set out on the road to Tiefenbach, and read one of these histories upon the way. The path led through green meadows, woods, and bushes, up and down hill; and the natural scenery around him made a profound and solemn impression on his free and open heart. In the evening, when good people met together again, supped, poured out their souls to each other, and Heinrich, in particular, related his histories, with which all, not excepting Margaret, were uncommonly delighted. Even the grave and pietistic Wilhelm took pleasure in them, and read from them. His respects to parents, when making a pilgrimage to the old castle. Heinrich, on such occasions, always looked at the place where he was reading; and whenever an affecting passage occurred, he rejoiced in himself, but when he saw that his father also was affected by it, his joy was complete.

Meanwhile, young Stilling proceeded rapidly in learning the Latin language—at least, the reading and understanding Latin histories, and the speaking and writing Latin. Whether that is enough, or whether more is required, I know not; as the Rev. Mr. Stollheim, 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.

**Stillbceim.**—Art thou diligent in learning?”

Heinrich.**—**Yes, your reverence.

**Stillbceim.**—How many verba anomala are there?”

Heinrich.**—**I do not know.”

**Stillbceim.**—What, dost thou not know that thou clown I had almost given thee a box on the ear. Shoo, perro, to your ways! and Madalene—

Heinrich.**—**I have not learnt that.”

**Stollheim.**—Ho! Madalene!—call the school-master.”

The schoolmaster came.

**Stollheim.**—What do you teach the boy?”

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

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

**Schoolmaster.**—Knowest thou not, Heinrich?

**Heinrich.**—No,” said the latter, “I know not.”

The schoolmaster continued, “Nolo et malo, what kind of words are they?”

**Heinrich.**—They are verba anomala.”

**Schoolmaster.**—Ereo et velo, what are they?”

**Heinrich.**—Verba anomala.”

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

Stollbeim replied, “But he must connit 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 together with him when he went to his labor in the fields; spoke much with him upon man’s integrity in the world, and particularly of his conduct towards God; recommended good books to him, especially the reading of the Bible, and afterwards also what Doctor Luther, Calvin, &c. had written. One morning early, Father Stilling, Maria, and Heinrich, went into the forest, in order to procure fire-wood. Margaret had put a good mess of milk, with bread-and-butter, into a basket for them, which Maria carried upon her head; she ascended the forest first; Heinrich followed; and the others planted 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 stood a great fountain, which Heinrich 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 said to Maria: “How sweet a fountain, 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 Stillig 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 socially. "Tell me, aunt, once more," said Heinrich, "the tale of Jorinde and Jorinde." Maria complained:

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

Now there was once a maiden, whose name was Jorinde. One day she came close to the castle, and had promised herself in marriage to a very handsome youth of the name of Joringle. 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 Joringle, "there lies a very pretty old lady 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 went occasionally, placed herself in the sunshine, and complained. "Jorinde has been continually in company also; they were as confused as if they had been near death; they looked about, were at a loss, and knew not which way to return home. The sun still stood half above the hill, and was half set. Joringle looked through the bushes, and saw the old walls of the castle near him; he was terrified, and became quite pale. Jorinde sung:

'\[My little bird with the riz: zo red, Sing lida, lida, lida, The turtle-dove mourns before it is dead, Sing lida, lida—Ziecket! Ziecket! Ziecket!\]

"Joringle looked at Jorinde, Jorinde was changed into a nightingale, which sung, Ziecket! Ziecket! Ziecket! An owl, with glaring eyes, flew three times round them, and cried three times, 'Shoo-hoo—shoo-hoo!' Joringle could not move; he stood there like a stone; he could neither weep, nor speak, nor lift hand or foot. The sun was now set; the owl flew into a bush, and immediately afterwards, an old crooked woman came out of the bush, yellow and meagre, in appearance, and approached the point of which she reached to her chin. She muttered, and caught the nightingale, and bore it away in her hand. Joringle 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!' Joringle 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 murmured, but all in vain. What, what happened! Joringle went away, and complained in a strange village; he there kept sheep a long time. He often went about the castle at night, but not too near; at length he dreamed, one night, that he found a blood-red flower, in the midst of which was a beautiful large pearl; that he broke off the flower, went with it to the castle, and all that he touched with the flower became free from enchantment; he also dreamed that by this means he recovered his dear Jorinde. He began to search through hill and dale, in order to find such a flower; he sought until the ninth day, when he found the blood-red flower, early in the morning. In the midst was a large dew-drop, as large as the finest pearl. He carried this flower with him, day and night, till he arrived at the castle. He immediately sprang thither, touched the cage with the flower, and looked at the enchanter, who could now enchant no longer; and Jorinde, who stood before him, threw her arms around his neck, as beautiful as she had ever been. He then also restored all the other birds to their original form, went home with his Jorinde, and they lived long and happily together."

Heinrich sat as if petrified—his eyes fixed and his mouth half open. "Aunt!" said he, at length, "it is enough to make one afraid in the night!"

"Yes," said she; "I do not tell these tales at night, otherwise I should be afraid myself." While they sat thus, Father Stillig whistled. Maria and Heinrich rose, as if they were not there; and when they were left alone, after, looked cheerful and pleasant, as if he had found something, smiled also occasionally, 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. Stillig'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 overpowered.

"On leaving you to go into the wood, I saw at a distance before me, a light, just as the sun sets in the woods in the evening, and I said:—"What is that? I 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 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 trees in the wood were of stone. There were also gardens, bushes, brooks. O God, how beautiful! Not far from me stood a large and
STILLING'S CHILDHOOD.

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glorious mansion. (The tears here flowed abundantly down the good Stillings' cheeks, as well as those of Maria and Heinrich.) Some one came towards me out of the door of this mansion, like a virgin. At a glance I knew him: he was Stilling, the head of the family. When she was close to me, I saw it was our departed Dora! (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 at heart, "Father, wonder is our eternal habitation; you will soon come to us." I looked, but all was forest before me; the glorious vision had departed. Children, I shall die soon,—how glad am I at the thought!" Heinrich could not cease asking how his mother looked, what she had on, and such like. All three pursued their labor during the day, and spoke continually of this occurrence. But old Stilling was from that time like one in a strange land and not at home.

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

The time of thatching fell towards Michaelmas-day, and was rapidly approaching, so that father Stilling knew it would be his business. 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 make him promise, in virtue of the matter, that he would not go in the road, in order to unload it, stumble, and break my neck? Margaret, let me alone! I will go on just as I have hitherto done, and if my hour comes suddenly, I will call it welcome. Margaret and Maria added still something more; but he heeded it not, and spoke, on the contrary, in a manner, which I have not been able to understand regarding the thatching; they were therefore obliged to be content, and attempted the thing no more.

The next morning they rose early, and old Stilling began, whilst singing a morning hymn, to loosen and throw down the old straw, which he easily accomplished in the course of the day, so that the next day they were able to commence covering the roof with new straw; in short, the roof was finished without experiencing the slightest danger or affright; only it was necessary to ascend it once more, in order to place strong fresh sods belonging to the old thatch, and to ascend and 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." Heinrich advised him to dress himself, and afterwards to go with Heinrich to Lichthausen, to visit his son Johann. He assented, but wished first to lay the sods upon the ridge of the house, and visit his son the day following. His wife and daughter were both opposed to this idea. At dinner, they seriously warned him not to go upon the roof; even Heinrich begged him to hire some one to complete the thatching. But the worthy old man smiled with an unlimited influence on those around him—a smile which had won so many a heart and impressed it with reverence, although at the same time he did not say a word. A man who
has grown old in the enjoyment of a good conscience, with the consciousness of many good actions, and who has accustomed himself to a free intercourse with God and his Redeemer, acquires a greatness and a freedom which the greatest conqueror never attained. The whole of Stilling's answer to the three-tree question was of this kind.—"Now then," said Margaret, "for this time thou must exalt thyself, let it cost what it will." Eberhard laughed, and replied, "The higher, the nearer heaven." With this he went out of the door, and Heinrich after him, towards the cherry-tree. He took hold of the tree with his arms and knees, and climbing up to the top, placed himself in a forked branch of the tree, and began to eat the cherries, occasionally throwing down a twig to Heinrich. Margaret and Maria came likewise. "Hold!" said the honest woman; 'lift me up a little, Maria, that I may take hold of the lowest boughs. I must try what it is like," Maria answered, and got up; Stilling looked down, and laughed heartily, and said, "This may truly be called having our youth renewed like the eagle's." There sat the two honest old grey-heads in the branches of the cherry-tree, and enjoyed once more together the sweet fruits of their youth; Stilling was particularly cheerful. Margaret descended again, and went with Maria to the garden, which was a good way off, down the village. An hour afterwards, Stilling also descended; and took a mattock in order to cut sods. For this purpose, he went to the end of the orchard, near to the wood. Heinrich remained opposite the house, sitting under the cherry-tree. Eberhard came at length again, carrying a large piece of green turf on his head, and bowed to Heinrich, looking very grave, and said, "See what a night-cap." Heinrich started, and a tremor pervaded his whole soul. He has subsequently confessed to me, that this made an indelible impression on him.

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

On this, Stilling's six children were all sent for, and arrived betimes on the Thursday morning; they all sat down round his bed, were silent, mourning, and wept. The mother, with the aid of both, appeared to very resolutely, 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 fetched a chair and sat herself near the wall in the dark; all looked down and were silent. Heinrich sat at his grandfather's feet, looked at him occasionally, with weeping eyes, and was silent also. Thus they all sat till nine o'clock in the evening. Catherine then first observed that her father ceased to breathe. She called out out without assistance; but the children, falling on 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-liner, 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 exclamation, she rose up, went to the bed, and looked her dying husband in the face. Some tears now fell down her cheeks; she turned to her sister, and, after she had wept half by age, lifted up her eyes, and extending her hands towards heaven, prayed with the utmost fervour of heart; she fettched her breath deeply every time, which she spent in an ardent ejaculatio. She spoke the words as she was wont, in low German, but all were full of spirit and life. The purport of them was, that her God and Redeemer would graciously receive her dear husband's soul, and take him to himself in everlasting joy. As she began to pray, all her children looked up astonished, sank by the bedside upon their knees, and prayed with her in silence. The last mortal blow now arrived—the whole body was convulsed, he uttered a cry, and departed. Margaret quickly praying, took her deceased husband's right hand, shook it, and said, "Farewell, Eberhard! we shall soon meet again in heaven." On saying this, she sank upon her knees, while all her children fell down around her. Margaret now wept the bitterest tears, and mourned deeply.

Meanwhile the neighbours came to dress the deceased. The children rose up, and the mother fetched the shroud. He lay till the following
Monday on the bier, and was then taken to 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
grave, he wept big tears; and in the pulpit, in the
midst of continual weeping, his words were,
"I am grieved for these my brother Jonathan! Would
God, I had died for thee!" And the text for the
funeral sermon was, "Well done, good and faithful
servant! thou hast been faithful over a few things,
I will make thee ruler over many. Enter thou
into the joy of thy Lord!"

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

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HEINRICH STILLING'S YOUTHFUL YEARS.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER Stilling was gone to the quiet habitation
of his forefathers, and in his house every thing
reposed in mournful and deathlike silence. For
upwards of a century, every hatchet, milk-pail,
and other article of household furniture, had had
its fixed place, and from long use had become
smooth and polished. Each neighbour and friend
from the neighbourhood or from a distance, always
found every thing in its wonted order; and this
renders people sociable. On entering the house-
door, the individual felt himself at home. But
now, every thing was still and deserted, the 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 the home he imagined
heaven to himself as a glorious country,
full of woods, fields, and meadows, in all the bloom
and verdure of the finest spring, when the south
wind breathes over them, and the sun imparts
life and fecundity to every creature. He then saw
father Stilling walking about with a glory round
his head, and a silvery robe flowing about him.

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

The housekeeping could not long exist on the
footing it now was; the old mother therefore
requested her son-in-law Simon, with his wife 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 on it the beam behind the chimney.
Heinrich occasionally made a pilgrimage thither,
laid himself down near it, on the loft, and wept.
Simon found him once in this posture, and said to
him, "Heinrich, what art thou doing here?" The
latter answered, "I am weeping about the table."

The uncle laughed, and said, "Thou hast good
reason to weep for an old oaken board!" 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 or about was transmuted into
the resounding of an anxious desire after money and
property. Margaret felt this, and her children with
her; she retired into a corner behind the stove,
and there she spent her remaining years; she
became entirely blind, yet this did not hinder
her from spinning flax, in which she passed her
time.

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

Johann Stilling was now bailiff and landmea-
surer; Wilheln, 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 apparte-
cences of the old trade, and 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 pleasant hours. 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 fine sentimental tales; and after his store was
exhausted, others were obliged to do the same.
Some of them were once together in a meadow, when a boy came to them, who began as follows:

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

The children sprang up, clapped their hands, and cried out, "That is very pretty — did little Peter say so?" "Yes," rejoined the boy, "I stood by when it happened." Heinrich Stilling, however, did not laugh: he stood still, and looked down; the tale penetrated through him, even to his inmost soul; at length he began:— "I believe if that had happened to my grandfather, he would have risen up from his wooden dish, gone into a corner of the room, and having placed himself there, would have exclaimed, 'Lord, strengthen me at this time, that I may avenge myself of these Philistines!' He would then have laid hold of the corner-posts, and pulled the house down about them."

"But why gently, Stilling!" said one of the tallest of the listeners to him; "that would have been a little too bad of thy grandfather." "Thou art in the right," said Heinrich; "but only think how satanic it was!—how often may old Frühling have had his boy in his lap, and put the best morsels into his mouth! It would not have been wonderful if some fiery dragon, at midnight, when the first quarter of the moon had just set, had hurled itself down the chimney of such a house, and poisoned all the food." It was nothing strange that he thought of the dragon; for some days before, on going home in the evening, he himself had seen what he thought a great one flying through the air, and it was, Stilling!" said one of the tallest of the listeners to him; "that was one of the chief of the devils.

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

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

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

"I believe thou intendedst to act the preacher." Heinrich.—"Thou hast not known whom thou hast best to thee!"

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

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

Heinrich, meanwhile, struggled honestly with his unpleasant situation. His inclination to keep a school was inexplicable; but solely in order that he might get rid of his trade, and be able to occupy himself in his essays and books; for he felt proudly, that the instruction of other children would be extremely tedious to him. However, he made his life as tolerable as he possibly could. Mathematics, together with ancient histories, and tales of romance, were his department; for he had really studied through Tobias Beutel, and Dion's mathematical work-school; being, 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 became so much admired, that he fell into a passion, when it was once not seen. All these dials were not only correctly and properly drawn, but he also, even then, understood common geometry, together with writing and
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arithmetic thoroughly, although he was only a boy of twelve years of age, and an apprentice to the trade of a tailor.

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

"Why do thou stand in the foremost?"

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

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

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

Heinrich.—"That means, the saints have kept the middle way; yet it seems to me, it might also be said, plerique medium tenentes sunt damnati. (The most of those are damned, who kept the middle way.)"

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 is said to have wished that Mr. Stollbein should not go to his place. He answered, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." "Silence!" rejoined the clergyman; "thou art a presumptuous boy."

Things continued thus until Easter of the year 1755, when Heinrich Stilling was fourteen years and a-half old. A fortnight before this time, the Rev. Mr. Stollbein sent for him to come to him alone, and said to him, "Hear me, Stilling; I would gladly make a brave fellow of thee, but thou must behave thyself well, and be obedient to me, thy superior. At Easter I will confer thee, with some others, who are older than thou, for the reception of the holy sacrament, and then I will put thee in the case of being a fellow of thee."

Stilling's heart leaped for joy; he thanked the clergyman, and promised to do everything he wished him. This pleased the old man exceedingly; he let him go in peace, and faithfully kept his word; for at Easter he went to the sacrament, and was immediately appointed schoolmaster of Zellberg, which office he was to enter upon on the first of May. The Zellberg people also anxiously desired him, for his fame had spread far and wide. It is impossible to express the pleasure which young Stilling felt on this occasion; he could scarcely wait for the day which was fixed for his entrance into office.

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

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

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

Sometimes also, he wished himself a prince, that he might build a town upon this plain. It was impossible to express the pleasure which young Stilling felt on this occasion; he could scarcely wait for the day which was fixed for his entrance into office. He then looked at the distant prospect,—twelve German miles southward lay the Taunus, or Feldberg, near Frankfort; eight or nine miles westward, lay before him the seven hills on the Rhine, besides numberless less celebrated eminences; but to the north-west lay a high hill, whose summit almost rivalled that of the Giller, and hid from Stilling's view the prospect of the scene of his future important destinies.

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HEINRICH STILLING

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. Nevertheless, 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 Stillig, and therefore he loved his children also. It gave joy to the soul of this man to see young Stillig as schoolmaster in his village. He therefore resolved to take him into his house. Heinrich was well pleased with this arrangement; his father made all the clothes for the forester and his family, and therefore was well acquainted with them; besides, he knew that Krüger had many rare books, of which he hoped to make good use. He consequently fixed his quarters there; and the first thing he undertook was the examination of Krüger's library. He opened an old folio, and found a translation of Homer's Iliad, the ancient Greek verse; for 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 he heard so much of Homer, that he was very desirous of being 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; and, to say nothing of 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 he is!" thought he often to himself. He regretted no one so much as old Priam. The images and scenery of Homer were so much according to his taste, that he could not refrain from exulting aloud whenever he met with a very animated expression, which was adapted to the subject;—this would have been the right time for him to have read Ossian.

The very day that the step from sentimentalism had however its minor causes also, for the whole surrounding country contributed to it. Let the reader imagine himself a mind susceptible, even to the highest degree of enthusiasm, whose taste was natural, and not yet in subjection to any specific mode, and which had felt, seen, and studied nothing but real nature, which lived without care or sorrow, highly satisfied with its situation, and open to every pleasure;—imagine such a spirit reading Homer, in the most beautiful and natural scenery in the world, and that early in the morning;—call to mind the situation of the place: he sat in the school, near two windows which looked towards the east; the school stood on the south side, on the declivity of the loftiest hill, and around it were planted old birch-trees with snow-white stems, on a verdant lawn, whose dark-green leaves trembled continually in the restless breeze. Towards sunrise, there was a beautiful valley of meadows bordered on both sides. 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 Stillig read Homer in May and June, when the whole hemisphere is beautiful, and rejoices in the strength of its Preserver and Supporter.

In addition to this, all his peasants were naturally a good sort of people, whose minds were stored with old tales and narratives, which they brought to light on every occasion. By this means the schoolmaster was nourished with his own element, and increasingly disposed to sentimentalism. On one occasion, he took a walk upon the highest hill behind the school; and on its summit he met with an old peasant from the village, who was gathering sticks: as soon as the latter saw the schoolmaster coming, he ceased working, and said, "It is well, schoolmaster, that you are come, for I am tired. Listen now to what I will tell you; I was just thinking about it. I and your grandfather once burnt charcoal here, above thirty years ago, and 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 adjourns; we had then great pleasure in looking over it. I think, in this manner, and telling each other tales, pointing out, at the same time the place where they happened." The peasant now held his left hand over his eyes, and with his right he pointed towards the west and north-west, and said, "A little below, yonder, you see Geisenberg castle; immediately behind it, a good hill with three summits, the middle one of which is still called the Kindelsberg. In ancient times, there stood a castle there, which had also that name, and wherein resided some knights, who were very wicked. To the right, they had a very excellent silver-mine, by which they became amazingly rich. Well, what happened to this mine? I have no idea; but I am sure that they caused silver balls to be made, and when they played, they struck at these balls with silver bats;—then they baked large cakes of wheaten flour, as big as coach-wheels, made holes in the middle, and put axle-trees on them; now this was a heinous sin, for how many people have not bread to eat! At length, the Lord God was weary of it; for there came a little white man to the castle, one evening late, who notified 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 one nooded it, except the youngest son, a knight whose name was Krieger. He was then about fifteen; he 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."  

"Next Kindelsberg castle's lofty towers,  
There stands an old linden-tree;  
Its branches, so many and large,  
Wave in the cool breeze so free.  
"Close to this linden-tree there stands  
A stone both broad and high;  
There grow, thick mosses of dark grey hue,  
And the storm and the rain doth defy.  
"There sleeps a maiden the doleful sleep,  
Whose heart was true to her knight, but near,  
A noble count of the Mark was he,  
But her end was woeful and drear."
"He went with his 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 elaps'd;  
The count return'd not again;  
She sat herself down by the linden-tree,  
And mourn'd from heartfelt pain.

The horseman came to the place where she lay,  
Upon a jet-black steed;  
He spoke to the maiden in friendly guise,  
And said, 'She is my true love dead.'

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

The linden-tree was still young and tall—  
The knight sought the country round  
For a wither'd one, equally high and large,  
To set a true found.

"He went by the light of the midnight moon,  
Dug up the green linden-tree,  
And planted the wither'd one in its place  
With care, that some 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 clo'd her sight.

Away she ran to the linden-tree,  
The knight soon appear'd, with lotty men,  
And demanded her heart again.

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

The count return'd that self-same day,  
And saw, in doleful mood,  
Himself with the linden lay  
The maiden in her blood.

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

And a large stone he fix'd there,  
Which stands in the breeze so free;—  
There sleeps the maiden one so fair,  
In the shade of the linden-tree.'

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

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

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

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

The Zellberg people were, however, well satisfied with Stilling; they saw that their children learned, without receiving much correction; many of them even took a pleasure in all the beautiful tales which their children were able to relate to them. Krüger, in particular, loved him extremely, for he could talk much with him out of Paracelsus (for so he pronounced the word Paracelsus); he had an old German translation of his writings, and as he was a slave of all that the older philosophers believed to have possessed the philosopher's stone, consequently Jacob Böhme's, Count Bernhard's, and Paracelsus's works were precious relics in his esteem. Stilling himself had a refiah for them, not merely on account of the philosopher's stone, but because he thought he found very sublime and glorious ideas, particularly in Böhme, when 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 unmeasured foe for his parish; and the former, I mean the consistory, was entirely composed of men whom he himself had selected, and of whom he knew beforehand, that they were simple enough always to say yes. Father Stilling was the last that had been appointed by the former preacher; hence he found opposition nowhere. He declared war and concluded peace, without asking advice of any one; every one feared him, and trembled in his presence. However, I cannot say that the common weal suffered particularly under his government; for with all his faults he had a number of good qualities. Only Krüger and some of the first people of Florenburgh hated him so much that they scarcely ever went to church, much less took the sacrament with him. Krüger asserted openly, that he was possessed by the evil one; and therefore he always did the very reverse of that which the clergyman wished.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stilling immediately ordered all the slates to be taken away; he said 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 got 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 children, who went to the schoolmaster and to Stilling, in the name of the clergyman, that he must leave the school at Martinmas, and return to his father. This was a clasp of thunder to the schoolmaster and his scholars; they all wept together. Krüger and the rest of the Zellerbiers 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, with his head and 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 sundiaiis, and relate to his grandmother the excellencies of Homer, who seemed pleased with all she heard, and even relished it—not from a natural loving, but because she remembered that her dear Eberhard had been a great admirer of such things.

Heinrich Stilling's sufferings now assuaged 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 the needle; therefore, when anyone 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 laid his whole 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!"

Simon,—"That's right! I'll have it so!" Stollbein rode on, and Simon continued his way home. He immediately related to Wilhelm what the clergyman had said. Heinrich heard it with the most heartfelt pain; but took courage again, when he saw his father throw his work aside and throw a rage, and said passionately, "And I'll have him stripped!" Simon, his father, seeing he had reassembled, and hearing that Simon rejoined, "I would have left him at Zellberg; the clergyman might have been conquered."

"That might have been done," replied Wilhelm; "but then I should have made him always my enemy, and have lived uncomfortably. Suffering is better than suffering."

"For my part," continued Simon, "I do not care a rap for him, shall I 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 Dorlingen, in the Westphalian county of Mark, arrived at Stilling's house—a rich man of the name of Steffmann dwelt there, who wished to have young Stilling as private tutor. The conditions were, that Mr. Steffmann's children should receive instruction from new-year until Easter, for which he would give him lodgings and board, and light and fire; he was also to give ten 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. Steffmann pocketed the money for their schooling; in this manner, he had his own children educated almost for nothing.

Old Margaret, Wilhelm, Elizabeth, Maria, and Heinrich, now conferred together respecting this letter. Margaret, after some consideration, began as follows:—"Wilhelm, keep the lad with thee; only think, it is no joke to send a child to such a distance! There will be doubtless some situation to be found for him here in the neighbourhood."

"That is true," said Maria; "my brother Johann often says that the peasants therabouts are such coarse people; who knows what they will do to the boy? Keep him here, Wilhelm!" Elizabeth also gave her vote; but she thought it was better that Heinrich should try to make his way in the world, if he had to come to command. Wilhelm, at length concluded, without saying why, that if Heinrich had a mind to go, he should consent to it. "Yes, indeed, I am willing to go," interrupted he; "I wish I was already there!" Margaret and Maria grew sad and were silent. Wilhelm, there-
fore, answered the letter, and every thing was agreed to.

Dorlingen lay nine whole leagues from Tiefenbach. Perhaps none of Stillings 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 also himself was inwardly rejoiced. Wilhelm concealed his sorrow as much as he could. Margaret and Maria felt too deeply that he was a Stillings; hence they wept the most, which from the blind eyes of the old grandmother had a pitiable appearance.

The last morning, all and all were plunged in sorrow. Wilhelm unusually visited him, and offered to accompany him towards him, but the parting softened him so much the more. Heinrich also shed many tears; but he ran and wiped them away. At Lichtenhausen, he called upon his uncle, Johann Stillings, 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 carriage was uncomfortable, and his health was poor; 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 aside, 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, "Tell me, good people: I am going to be your schoolmaster at Dorlingen, and if your children are such ill-bred creatures as I suppose them to be, I shall know how to teach them other manners; you may tell them this when you get home!" The carriers looked at each other, and merely for the sake of their children they left him in peace.

Late in the evening, at nine o'clock, he arrived at Dorlingen. Steifmann examined him from head to foot with a critical eye. He was pleased with him. They gave him something to eat, after which he lay down to sleep. On awaking early in the morning, he was much terrified, for he saw the sun, according to his ideas, rising in the west; it continued to ascend towards the north, and set in the evening in the east. This he could not at all comprehend; and yet he understood so much of astronomy and geography as to be well aware that the Zellberg and Tiefenbach sun must be the same as shone at Dorlingen. This strange circumstance confused his conceptions, and he now heartily wished he had his uncle Johann's compass, in order to see whether the needle agreed with this sun in pointing north, as it usually did in England. He concluded, 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 terrible.

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

The following Monday morning, the school commenced. Steifmann's three boys made the beginning; in a short time, about eighteen tall, square-shouldered lads made their appearance, who, compared with their schoolmaster, were like so many Patagonians compared with a Frenchman. Ten or twelve girls of much the same size and figure, came also and placed themselves behind the table. Stillings scarcely knew what he should do with these people. He was afraid of so many wild faces;—however, he attempted the customary method in this manner: "Children, listen to me; then 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 Stillings to use his stick faithfully, but with such contrary effect, that when he had heated himself with thrusting the stout shoulders of any of the scholars, they laughed aloud, whilst the schoolmaster wept. Now this was Mr. Steifmann's greatest amusement; so that whenever he heard a noise in the school-room, he came, opened the door, and was Heartily entertained.

This behaviour gave the last blow to Stillings. His school became a Polish diet, where every one did what he pleased. And after the poor school-master 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 Bala Bible, the wooden cuts of which he staunchly liked, and the Zell, although he had frequently read it through. "Zion's Doctrines and Wonders," by Doctor Meil, together with some old volumes of sermons and hymn-books stood on a shelf in the clothes-room, in calm repose, and had certainly been little used since Mr. Steifmann had inherited them. In the house itself no one was kind to him. All looked upon him as a completely foolish boy, for he did not understand their vile, ironically obscene, and ambiguous speeches; he always replied in sincerity, and, as he thought, according to the sense of the words, seeking to gain every one by kindness; and this was exactly the way of a schoolmaster amongst his scholars.

However, something once occurred which might easily have cost him his life, if the kind Father of men had not peculiarly preserved him. He was obliged to light the fire himself in the morning, in his stove; on one occasion, finding no wood, he wished to fetch some. Now there was over the kitchen, and from thence there were steps up into the smoke-room. Six day-laborers were just then engaged in thrashing. Heinrich ran up the steps, and opened the door of the smoke-burst forth; he left the door open, made a spring towards the wood, and caught hold of a few
pieces. Meanwhile, one of the thrashers fastened the door on the outside; poor Stilling fell into an agony, he searched him; it was dark as midnight; he became confused, and knew no longer where the door was. In this dreadful situation, he made a spring against the wall, and hit just against the door, so that the fastening broke, and the door sprang open. Stilling fell down the steps upon the ground, and stretched out, stunned and insensible. 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 — laugh," said Steffmann. This went through Stilling's soul. "Yes," answered he, "he laughs in reality at having at length found one of his likes." 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 death of Doris was healed; he always remembered her with tenderness; he loved her no more; she had been dead now fourteen years, and his severe mystic mode of thinking softened itself so far that he cultivated acquaintance with every one; all was however mingled with friendly gravity, the fear of God, and uprightness; so that he grew more like father Stilling than any other of his children. He now wished to become the father of a family, to have his own house and garden, and to carry on farming together with his trade; he therefore sought out a wife for himself, who, with the necessary qualities of body and soul, had also house and land; and he soon found what he sought. At Leindorf, two leagues westward of Tiefenbach, there was a widow of twenty-eight years of age, an honest good-looking woman; she had two children by her first marriage, one of whom, however, died soon after her nuptials. This person was very glad of Wilhelm's addresses, although he had lame feet. The marriage was agreed upon, the wedding-day fixed. Doris was the name of the woman, 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 ascerte 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 Vöhringen. He took up his residence mostly 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 own 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 six-dollars; I am now forty years old, and I should, perhaps, have been able to save much more; thou wilt be deprived of all this, of which thou wouldest otherwise have been the sole heir."

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

Wilhelm again held his hands before his eyes.

"No," said he; "but she is a worthy woman."

"I am glad of it," said Heinrich; and stood at the window to review, once more, his old romantic country scenery. There was no snow upon the ground. The prospect of the neighbouring forest appeared so pleasant to him, that although it was in the latter end of February, he resolved to walk thither; he therefore went up the hill, and into the wood. After he had wandered about a while, he felt so comfortable within, that he forgot the whole winter; and finally, he fell asleep, until he imperceptibly arrived at the west side of Gelsenberg 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 capable, and neat, and clothed in a plain linen and cotton. He shuddered, and his heart beat. As it was still by no means late in the day, he was not afraid, but asked, "Where are you from?" She answered, "From Tiefenbach." This seemed strange to him, for he did not know her.

"What is your name?"

"Doris." Stilling uttered a loud cry, and sank upon the ground in a fit. The good girl knew not what to think of the circumstance, for she was likewise unacquainted with the youth, having come to Tiefenbach only at new-year, as a maid-servant. She ran to him, knelt down by him upon the ground, and wept. She was much surprised at the young man, particular, at the eyes which he had; his eyes were soft, and not yet hardened, his face was slightly reddened, his face was slightly reddened, his cheeks were white; his clothes were also a little cleaner and neater, as well as a little better, than those of other lads. The stranger pleased her. Meanwhile, Stilling came again to himself; he saw the female close to him, raised himself, regarded her with a fixed look, and said to her tenderly, "What are you doing here?" She answered in a very friendly manner, "I am gathering dry wood; where are you from?" He replied, "I am also from Tiefenbach—Wilhelm Stilling's son." He now heard that she had only been there since new-year, as maid-servant, and she listened to the statement of his circumstances; both were greatly pleased and 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 Dorlinen. 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 then must not be wasting; if other persons can bear it, that the boy must continue thy time." Nor was Stillmguch opposed to this, but set off again the next morning for Dorlinen. 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, Steigmann's servant-men resolved to make him very drunk, that so 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 by a mouthful, before we set out"—for it was cold, and they had a league to walk. Now Stillmg 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 talking a little, he then began to get them away, 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 sat at length sought a quarrel with Stillmg, 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. Steigmann, 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. On the Thursday, his father, a penniless son from the village met him in the fields, who had also been present at the drinking-hout; 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. The old man, seeing his despotic deportment, said, "Nothing to me; I will only give him a box or two on the ear." But the old peasant laid hold of him, and said to Stillmg, "Do you go home!" He then gave the other a violent blow on the mouth, and added, "Now, go thou home also—I only did it for a joke."

On Monday, Stillmg took his leave of Dorlinen, 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 Heinrich, with whom he knew of anything which in his estimation was valuable, and he brought it home, so that in a short time the board above the windows, where previously all kinds of implements had stood, was entirely filled with books. Wilhelm was accustomed to this, and was glad to see it; but they were sometimes in his wife's way, so that she said to him, "Heinrich, why did you bring all these books? You 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 Stillmg'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 Stillmg's greatest sufferings. The patient was in a 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 now, all his limbs bent to the implement he was using, as though they would break; he often thought he should sink down, and every painful thought all availed not; Wilhelm feared vexation at home, and his wife always believed he would gradually accustom himself to it. This mode of life at length became intolerable to him, and he rejoiced when he might sometimes sit at his needle on a rainy day, and refresh his weary limbs; he sighed beneath the burden, and when he was alone, wept the bitterest tears, and besought his heavenly Father to pity and change his condition.

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

Stillmg, with heartfelt grief, replied, "Father, my whole soul is directed to study; I cannot restrain my inclination; give me time before and after school-hours, and I will not take a book into the school." Wilhelm rejoined, "It is a lamentable thing that you should begin in the morning to read bread nor clothes, and for all that could maintain thee thou art unfit." Stillmg 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. Dalilm also, to whose parish Leindorf belonged, a man who was an honor to his office, was fond of him. Stillmg was astonished, when he was informed that the dishes carried away from this excellent man—he was an old man of eighty years of age, and was lying upon a couch: as he entered the door, he immediately arose. offered him his hand, and said, "Do not take it amiss, schoolmaster, that you find me reposig; I am old, and my powers fail." Stillmg was penetrated with reverence, and the tears flowed down his cheeks. He replied, "Sir, it gives me great pleasure to keep school under your superintendence. God grant you much joy and blessing in your old age!" "I thank you, dear schoolmaster," replied the worthy old man; "I am, thank God, near the end of my course, and I heartily rejoice at the prospect of your great blessing." Stillmg went home, on the road he made the peculiar re-
HEINRICH

Mr. Dahlheim sometimes visited the Leindorf school; and though he might not find everything in due order, yet he did not break out into a passion like Mr. Stollline, but admonished Stilling very kindly, to enter to put him in his place. While he was reading, he was not 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 manfully, to another to judge of this, he would relate the 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 proceed with his discourses; this was pronounced one o'clock after another upon them. The prince was at church, and sent to invite him to dinner; he came, and she lamented his boldness, being apprehensive of evil consequences. Meanwhile the prince returned; but drove immediately again into the town to his mistress, who unfortunately had also been at church, and heard Mr. Dahlheim. The chaplain as well as the princess had seen her there, and they could therefore easily foresee the storm which overcast 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. This was pronounced directly into the prince's apartment. On entering the latter started, and asked him what business he had there. Dahlheim replied, "I am come to lay before your Highness blessing and curse. If your Highness will not renounce this unbecoming course of life, the curse will fall upon your noble house and family, and your city and country strangers shall inherit." On which he went away, and the day following he was dismissed from his office, and banished the country. However, the prince had no rest after doing so, but honorably recalled him at the end of two years, and gave him the best living he had in his territory. Dahlheim's prediction was nevertheless fulfilled. For more than forty years, there has not been a single branch left of this princely house. But I return to my narrative.

Stilling, with all his good nature, could not prevent some people from thinking he read too many books in the school; there was a murmuru 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 which reflected in the sunshine the glorious colours, in their various forms, which pleased him extremely, and not without reason.

This year therefore proceeded on its course as above described. Working at his trade, keeping school, and stolen hours for reading, had alternately succeeded each other; until a short time before the summer holidays, as he began to enter 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. Stilling was so delighted at this letter, that he could scarcely contain himself; and his father and mother also rejoiced beyond measure. Stilling thanked Mr. Goldmann by letter for this excellent recommendation, and promised that he should have joy of him.

This preacher was a distant relation of the departed Doris, and consequently also of young Stilling. This reason, as well as the general reputation of his house, his 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 clothed with woods and fields, he turned his eyes to 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 Schnoll, and had two handsome modest daughters; the name of the eldest was Maria, who was twenty years of age, and of the other Anna, who was eighteen. Both the girls were really good creatures, as well as their mother; they lived together like angels, in the most perfect harmony, and, so to speak, in a superabundance of joys and pleasures, for they wanted for nothing; and of this they knew how to take advantage; hence they passed their time, after attending to their household affairs, in singing, and a variety of other allowable recreations. Stilling, it is true, loved pleasure also; but such inactivity of the human spirit was so repugnant to him that he could not conceive how the people did not become weary of it. However, he found himself very comfortable in their society; and when he had occasionally fatigued himself with study and business, it was a sweet recreation for him to associate with them.
Stilling had hitherto never thought of love; this passion and marriage were, in his eyes, one; and the one without the other an abomination. Now as he knew for a certainty that he could not marry either of the Misses Schmoll, since they would not both consent to take a scholar, and as his schoolmaster, he conscientiously 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, but a little, and cherished their beautiful heart; 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 partly. But there are few spirits which are susceptible of this; it is something so spiritual and sublime, and so remote from rude and noisy pleasure, that very few comprehend what I mean by it. Madame Schmoll and her daughters, however, were conscious of it, and felt it in all its power. Others of the common sort only felt that they shall not be missed. "Paul, thou art beside thyself;" another was in a manner much astonished; and the third believed he was half-witted. The two girls, meanwhile, reposèd in some dark corner, where they could contemplate him undisturbed; they were silent, and fixed their eyes upon him. Stilling perceived this with deep sympathy; however, he was firmly resolved to give no occasion for a further expression of love. They were both modest and bashful, and consequently far from revealing themselves to him. Madame Schmoll, meanwhile, sat playing with her black paper snuff-box in her lap, and reflected as to what class of men the schoolmaster properly belonged; he was good and gentle in her eyes, and besides that, beautiful. Why did he not? From all else but things by which he might earn his bread, she often said, as he left the room, "Poor rogue, what will become of him!" "It is impossible to say," rejoined Maria; "sometimes I believe he will yet be a respectable man in the world." The mother laughed, and often replied, "God grant it! He is a good boy;—in excellence of youth!" which was enough immediately to animate her daughters.

I am able to affirm that Stilling attended to his school at Preissingen, according to duty and order; he sought, with his more mature years and views, to establish his reputation in the instruction of youth. Therefore, it was not to be lamented that it did not proceed from natural inclination. If he might have applied only eight hours of the day to the tailor's trade, as well as to keeping school, he certainly would have rather continued at his needle; for it was a more quiet occupation, and not subject to so much responsibility. In order to make the school more agreeable, he thought of a new method to express the idea of love. This trouble excited his scholars to learn. He introduced an order of rank, which had reference to greater ability; he invented all kinds of prizes for writing, reading, and spelling; and as he was a great lover of singing and music, he collected a number of pretty hymns, learned the notes himself with little difficulty, and introduced singing in their parts. All Preissingen thus became full of life and song. In the evening, before supper, he gave a lesson in arithmetic, and after it, in singing; and when the moon glistened so tranquilly and solemnly through the trees, and the stars glanced down from the azure sky, he went out with his singers to the Preissingen hill; there they sat down in the shade, and sang, so that hill and valley resounded. Husband, wife, and children in the village then went out before the door, stood, and listened; they blessed their schoolmaster, went in again, gave him a hearty farewell, 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 least pptected by the mountain. Run away, and retired to rest; he often felt his heart beat, but he needed it not. Whether the damselfs were entirely satisfied with being consol'd 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 Wolp'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 sundial as large as the ceiling itself. He then studied the forty-two plates from 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, "Culi ennarravit gloriam. Dei."—(The heavens declare the glory of God.) Before the window, a round mirror was fixed, across which a line was drawn; and the sun was also fixed downwards, and showed not only the hour of the day, but also, minutely, the situation of the sun in the zodiac. This dial is perhaps still in existence; and every schoolmaster can make use of it, and at the same time be conscious what kind of a predecessor he has had.

Up to this period, he had read nothing of history, except church history, the history of the martyrs, and the biography of pious persons, together with old histories of the wars, of the "thirty years' war," and the like. He was still deficient in poetry,—in which he had hitherto advanced no further than from Eulenspiegel to the Emperor Octavian, including Reynolds and Fox. All these except field and ocean, 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 Baurse."

He began to read this book on a Sunday afternoon. The style was new and strange to him.
He imagined he had entered into a foreign land, and heard a new language, but it transported and touched him even to the very centre of his heart; "lightning, thunder, and hail, as the avenging instruments of a righteous Heaven," was to him an expression the beauty of which he was unable sufficiently to applaud. "Gilded towers,"—what admirable beauty! and thus he wondered through the whole book at the number of metaphors with which the style of Mr. Von Ziegler overflowed. But above all, the plan of this romance seemed to him a master-piece of invention, and its author was, in his eyes, the greatest poet that Germany had ever produced. When in the course of reading he came to the place where Balacie de lisle, the author of the History of the Heroine of Thermopylae, describes the moment of the death of the ancient heroine, 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 compensated the wickedness of the wicked on their own heads, and placed innocence upon the throne. He shed sympathetic tears, and perused the second part with rapture, just as they laugh at a taller pleased him still better; the plan is more intricate, and on the whole, more romantic. He afterwards read two quarto volumes of the history of the German Christian grand-prince Hercules, and the royal Bohemian princess Valiska; and this book likewise pleased exceedingly; he read it in one day, and exclaimed that he had been on an absence 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.

In this case a time when it was said that this Hercules, Banise, and such like, were the greatest works that Germany ever produced. There was also a time when gentlemen's hats stood three-cornered, high in the air, and the higher the handsomer. Meanwhile, the head-dress of the women and virgins stood athead, the broader the better. People now laugh at Pardon's and other hats of this, and of such an old bachelor, who still appears in a three-cornered hat, stiff-skirted coat, and long depending cuffs. Instead of these, they now wear little hats, little coats, little frills, read love-sonnets and checkered romances, and imperceptibly become so small, that a man of the last century is regarded as a giant, then we are no longer to be, first of all, frightful to Klostock, and from him down to Heine, for offering resistance to this foreign trifling taste, and causing it to decline. A time will come, once more, when large hats will be worn again, and Banise be read as an excellent piece of antiquity.

The effect of this kind of reading on Stilling's spirit was wonderful, and certainly uncommon; there was something in him, which foreboded strange events in his own life; he rejoiced in the anticipation of the future, took confidence in his gracious and heavenly Father, and magnanimously resolved blindly and implicitly to follow the clue which a wise Providence might put into his hand. He likewise felt that inward heart's impulse to be truly noble in all his actions—just as the heroes are depicted in the above-mentioned books. He then read, with a heart thus rendered susceptible, the Bible, and spiritual biographies of pious people, such as Gottfried Arnold's "Lives of the Christian Fathers," his "History of the Church and Horizon," and many other books of the kind. By this means his spirit received an extremely singular direction. Everything 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 month that spoke differently to what the heart thought, and all irony and satire, was an abomination to him; all other weaknesses he could excuse.

Madame Schmoll learnt also gradually to know him better, and therefore her fondness for him increased. She lamented nothing so much as that he was a tailor and schoolmaster, both of which were, in her eyes, a poor means of gaining a subsistence; and in her way, she was quite in the right. Stilling knew this as well as she. But he reflected that he was a soul; and that however little she said sometimes in jest, "the schoolmaster will eventually either come to my door and beg, or he will come on horseback as a gentleman, so that we shall be obliged to humble ourselves before him," she then presented him her snuff-box, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Take this, and see if you shall live to see something more of each other!" Stilling smiled, obeyed, and said, "The Lord will direct!" This continued until the second year of his keeping school at Preisingen. The two girls then began to manifest their affection for the schoolmaster more and more. Maria had the courage to reveal her intentions to Ziegler, and Franzetta, the first, and which lay in the way to it. He felt very sensibly that he could love her, but he was horrified at the consequences of encouraging the sentiment; he therefore continued to resist every thought of her; yet in secret, he always felt tenderly inclined towards her—it was impossible for him to be removed from her; and so he did not discover herself, but was silent, and violently suppressed her sorrow. Stilling, however, did not perceive it; he did not once forebode anything disagreeable; otherwise he would have been prudent enough to have treated her with kindness also. She grew silent and melancholy,—no one knew what ailed her. A variety of diversions were sought, but all in vain,—we shall live to see something more of each other!"
dear boy! but thou lovest me not. Wait! thou shalt have a little nosegay—such a nosegay of flowers as grew on the rocky cliffs—a nosegay of wild flowers—that is for thee!"

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

"A lambkin grazed near the stony stone,
   But found no pasture sweet;
How you nimbly, nimbly, nimbly came,
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 when it first came; 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 morning, during supper, she sat quite still at the table, but her eyes so wily. 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 now change? You see how your own words apply to you: does not that pain you? I myself have been forced to weep over you; reflect a little!—you were not formerly as you are now! Be as you were before!" She replied, "Listen; I will tell thee a pretty tale:—There was once an old woman,—she now rose up, bent herself, took a stick in her hand, went into the room, and limped quite naturally, the figure of an old woman.—"Thou hast surely seen an old woman going a-begging. This old woman also went a- begging, and when she received any thing, she said, 'God reward you!' Is not that what beggars say when people give them something! The beggar woman came to a door—to a door. There stood a figure 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, came and stood beside him, near Stilling.—"But, she went and stood too near the fire: her old rags began to burn, and she knew it not. The youth stood, and saw it. He should have extinguished it, ought he not, schoolmaster? He should have extinguished it."

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

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

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

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

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

She took her white pocket-handkerchief, wip d
"The father, still and weak with age, Ran slowly to the gate: He found her only just alive, And horror clothed his face. 0 sun, look back once more!"

"The young man now return'd again From his insanity, And dying, fell upon the ground, Where Lora's head did lie. 0 sun, look back once more!"

"And whilst a thousand kisses sweet, Their souls together fled; And whilst the dews of weakly morn, They mingled with the dead. 0 sun, look back once more!"

"The father, in distress of soul, Now toss'd up and down; No gen'l star shines on him more, And every joy is flown. 0 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, looking tenderly at it, and sang, "0 sun, look back once more!" For tones were soft, like those of the turtle-dove, when it coos 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—had they been creative—they would then probably feel them doubly; indeed, I may perhaps publish them at some future period.

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

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

Stilling.--"I weep for Lora." Anna.--"Lora is a good girl. Hast thou ever been in hell, Pharamond?"

Stilling.--"God preserve us from it!"

She seized his right hand, laid it under her left breast, and said, "How it beats there!—there is hell—thou belongest there, Pharamond!" She gnashed her teeth, and looked wildly around her.

"Yes," continued she, "thou art already in it! but—like an evil angel! Here she paused, and went: "No," she said to herself. During speeches of this kind, which were so many daggers to the heart of poor Still- ing, 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, "0 my dear mother! I am now become so good—as good as an angel. Good day, 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 lammbkin grazed near the flinty stone?"

She skipped into the parlour, and kissed all she saw there. Madame Schmoll and Maria went aloud. "0 what have I lived to see!" said the good mother, and cried bitterly. Stilling meanwhile related everything 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 withered her heart from Stilling, by giving ear to other worthy young men who paid their court to her. Poor Anna, meanwhile, was taken to an upper room in the house, where an old woman was placed with her, to attend her and wait upon her. She sometimes became so insane, that she tore every thing she could lay hold of; the schoolmaster was then called, because there was no other native in the house, except the house- servant. He was soon able to tranquilise her;—he had only to call her Lora, she then called him Pharamond, and was as tame as a lamb.

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

This wretched state of things lasted only a few weeks. Anna came to herself again; she lamented much the state in which she had been, and grew more prudent and rational than before; and Stilling re- vived again, particularly as he now perceived that he had escaped two such dangerous rocks. How ever, notwithstanding all this, he was never covered 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 no man's good or evil, and those who were respected or hated; those who loved him looked at the good- ness of his heart, and willingly forgave him his faults; whilst those who hated him, regarded his kind-heartedness as stupid simplicity, his actions as fawning flattery, and his abilities as ostentation. The latter were incomparably opposed to him, and the more he sought the more he were to be rivaled; and to gain him 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 impru- dence, 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 the truth, which 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 numbered by four or six
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 following day; but the rest were obliged to learn whatever numbers they had lying before them, and their luck consisted in knowing many of the questions which fell to them in their numbers.

Stilling had occasionally seen cards played, and taken his game from thence; although he understood nothing of gaining, yet such was the construction put upon the whole affair was laid before his relative, the Rev. Mr. Goldmann, in its worst point of view.

This excellent man had a cordial affection for Stilling, and his imprudence grieved him beyond measure; he sent for the schoolmaster, and took him to task on the subject. Stilling frankly stated every thing to him, 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 always duly consider whether the means to attain it are approved of by the world; otherwise we would be content to take the worst path, as though 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 of all service to you as much as I am able."

This speech penetrated Stilling through and through; he grew pale, and the tears stood in his eyes. He had represented the matter to himself as it might be if so slight a thing as cards; never, however, he perceived that his relative was quite in the right; he was now again made wiser, and resolved in future to be extremely careful. However, he secretly lamented that the greater part of his brethren in office, with less ability and diligence, enjoyed more rest and success than he; and he began to cast a gloomy look into the future, with respect to what his heavenly Father might have in view for him. On coming home, he announced his resignation, with heartfelt grief, to the congregation. The majority were astonished; but the pastor was glad, for they had already some one else in his denomination intended to propose, who would suit their purpose better. But no one could hinder them from obtaining their object. Madame Schmoll and her daughters found the most difficulty in being satisfied with it; for the former loved him, and the two latter had changed their love into a heartfelt friendship, which might easily, however, have assumed its former fire, if he had acted more tenderly towards them; any other possibility had manifested itself of attaining the wished-for aim. They all three wept, and dreaded the parting hour, which came, however, still too soon. The girls were plunged in silent sorrow; but Madame Schmoll wept. Stilling staggered like one intoxicated; they pressed him to visit them often, which he promised to do, and recessed 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 1 please God to make me happy? The sole intention is to act uprightly and virtuously!" He now commended himself to God, and walked with his bundle towards Leindorf.

In the course of two hours, he arrived there. Wilhelm looked angrily at him, as he entered the door; this pierced him to the soul; but his mother did not care; he shut the door down, and knew not what to think. At length his father began:

"Art thou there again, worthless boy! I thought to have had nothing but joy of thee; what avail thee thy useless arts! Thou hast taken a dislike to thy trade, and sittest there sighing and sighing; and when thou art schoolmaster, thou prosperest nowhere. Thou art no longer happy, since my hadst childish projects, therefore something was conceded there. At Döringen thou wast a shoeblack, 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 wast there too, to make thee earn a slender livelihood. What wilt thou now do here? Thou must apply thyself regularly to thy trade and to farming, or else I cannot employ thee." Stilling sighed deeply, and answered, "Father, I feel within my soul that I am not to blame; but I cannot justify myself. God in heaven knows all! I must be satisfied with what he has bestowed on me." But

"Eventually the happy year.

Of wish'd-for liberty will come!"

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

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

It was now autumn, and the farming business was principally over; he was therefore obliged to labor almost incessantly at his trade, and this he preferred; his limbs could endure it better. His melancholy, however, soon returned; he felt as if he was in a strange land, forsaken by all men. This suffering had something very peculiar and indescribable in it; the only thing I have never been able to understand, was this—as soon as the sun shone, he felt his sufferings doubly, whilst the light and shade of autumn brought such an 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 eel 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 evening of October of that Sunday afternoon; the following are extracts from it:

"Yellow is the mourning dress
Of the expiring season;
Yellow is the sun's despair
That shines obliquely from the south,
Reposing wearily
Above the field and on the hill.
The frigid shadows lengthen
Upon the faded grass,
Grey with the hoary frost.
The brash and sharp wind
Causts down the withered leaves,
They rustle with the frost."...
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. Stilling said to him, "What are you making there, colleague?"

Graser. — "I am engraving a seal."

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

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

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

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

Stilling sat and reflected upon the matter; — the offer of gain pleased him; 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 conceived 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 chief-takers went in the night, in order to arrest him, the intention of arresting Graser the schoolmaster, but he escaped, afterwards went to America, and was never heard of more. But his accomplices were imprisoned and punished as they deserved. He himself had been the leader of the gang, and would certainly have been rewarded with the rope, if he had been caught.

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

He now passed his life very pleasantly, and imagined that the season of his sufferings was certainly at an end. He received from the whole church there, and in all the land, aid and help in anything to his judicious. But what a storm followed this calm! He had been nearly three quarters of a year at Kleefeld, when he received a summons to appear, the following Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, before the Consistory at Salen. He was surprised at this uncommon occurrence, though nothing unpleasant suggested itself to him; — "Perhaps," thought he, "some new school regulations are agreed upon, with which they intend to make me and others acquainted." And therefore he went, very calmly, on the day appointed, to Salen.

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

At the upper end of the room, at the window, stood a man; 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. Stilling placed himself at the foot of the table, but the two men stood opposite by the wall.

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

The men. — "Yes, your reverence!"

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

"Yes!" said Stilling.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mr. Inspector, my conscience absolves me, and I'll be horsewhipped righteously also; what shall 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 protocollled a fortnight ago."

Meinhold. — "Right! it's very true."

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

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

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

The Inspector now dictated, and said, "Write, secretary. 'This day appeared N — N —, churchwarden of Kleefeld, and N — N —, inhabitant of the same, contra, their schoolmaster Stilling. Plain-tiffs refer to the former protocol. The school-master desired estrictum protocoli, but which we, for sufficient reasons, have refused.'"

The Inspector read 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 these men make themselves differently, from one and the same circumstances. Some were spleenetic; others again were grieved, whilst some felt elated at the thing; these latter cocked their hats on one side, and cried out, "The d— himself shall not take our schoolmaster from us!" In the midst of this confusion, a young man of the name of Rehkopf stole away, and prepared a letter of attorney at the inn; with this paper in his hand, he came to the door, and cried out, "Whoever loves God and the schoolmaster, let him come hither and sign his name!" On which the whole troop, consisting of about a hundred peasants, went in and signed. Rehkopf, that very same evening, went to the parsonage of 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, "Get all the way up stairs there; we can announce ourselves;" and thus the whole company marched up-stairs, and went directly into the Inspector's room. The latter was sitting in his 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'yo 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!"

Meinhold,—"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 visited Kleefeld."

Meinhold,—"What—what who says—will you—"

Rehkopf,—"Hugh! hush! I have heard so; Mr. Inspector judges from hearsay, and so may I."
him with his eyes. But the Inspector appeared as though he heard not, and read a document or protocol.

"Now," said the president to the Inspector, smilingly, "passing sentence belongs to you, but the good of his country.

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

Stilling looked him in the face, and said, "Weber is an entirely new man, I know not; but this I know, that I did not laugh satirically."

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

Stilling answered, "Man sees that which is outward; but God looks at the heart. I cannot say that I laughed, but I well know what profundito secreto."

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 anything more to say?" asked the president. They answered, "No."

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

Meanwhile, Rekopf 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. Rekopf looked at Stilling, and asked him if that was right. Stilling answered, "A man cannot always do what is right, but must also sometimes shut his eyes and do what he can, and not what he will; however, I thank you a thousand times, my sincere friend! God will reward you!"

Rekopf was silent awhile; at length he began, and said, "I protest, therefore, in the name of my constituents, against the choice of the former schoolmaster, and desire that this man shall be employed."

"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, to go home, but to the Rev. Mr. Goldmann, and complained to him of his situation. The latter sympathised cordially with him, and kept him all night at his house. In the evening they conferred together, upon what would be the most proper course for Stilling to undertake. Mr. Goldmann perceived clearly, that he would have little enjoyment at his father's, and yet he knew of no other step which he could take. At length something occurred to him, which seemed pleasing and advantageous, both to the clergyman and to Stilling himself.

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

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

At seven o'clock in the evening he arrived, wet and weary, at Rothlisburg. 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 upstairs. 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 department which displease the people; otherwise you would have been able to do it. 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 your faults; but I know very well where the difficulty lies, and will also live in the vocation for which I am born; I do every thing by constraint, and therefore there is no blessing with it."

Goldmann shook his head, and answered, "Ha, ha! to what do you suppose yourself born? I believe, through the reading of romances, you have formed an impossible estimate of the character of the imagination of the poets invent for their heroes, fix themselves firmly in the mind and heart, and excite a hunger after similar wonderful changes."

Stilling was silent awhile, and looked down; at length he regarded his cousin with a penetrating eye, and said emphatically, "No! in pursuing a fixed impossible estimate of the character of the imagination of the poets invent for their heroes, fix themselves firmly in the mind and heart, and excite a hunger after similar wonderful changes.

Stilling was silent awhile, and looked down; at length he regarded his cousin with a penetrating eye, and said emphatically, "No! in pursuing a fixed impossible estimate of the character of the imagination of the poets invent for their heroes, fix themselves firmly in the mind and heart, and excite a hunger after similar wonderful changes.

Goldmann replied, "Well, then, examine this impulse impartially. Are not fame and ambition
obtaining. There is only one question to answer, whether you feel confident of being able to fill it with like hands.

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

Stilling could not conceal his heartfelt joy. He answered, "With respect to the first, I have been brought up amongst charcoal-burners, miners and smelters; and that in which I may be deficient, I can perfect myself in during the approaching winter. In 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 ability; of that I have already heard. When I went in Schneeberg 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 am sure you have not the least experience of it. For instance, supposing you were placed in such a situation, and all at once, you were out of money; you needed something for your house-keeping, but had it not yourself, and knew not how to obtain it; would you not go, under such circumstances, to your employer's cash, and take what was needful?"

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

"I agree to that, for the present," rejoined Schneeberg; "but such a circumstance makes the individual, when often repeated, still bolder, and he becomes accustomed to it; the first year, he is twenty guilders a day, 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. Salen, that is English." "Well," said he, "that would do; however, it is more difficult than you know."

* The value of a guilder is about twenty-seven 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 agreeable to the sight of God, as to your own conscience, and to 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 devil preferred to Mrs. Goldmann at this banquet, and gets some little honorable post. O how difficult it is in such a case always to remain the old Stilling! He then takes pleasure in being called Mr. Stilling, would gladly have also a little lace on his waistcoat, and this gradually increases, until the man sticks fast, and knows not how to help himself. Can my friend on other words, will do what I can, that you may become stewards of the mine."

Stilling could not sleep the whole night for joy. He already saw himself inhabiting a handsome house; beheld a number of fine books standing in a room by themselves; various beautiful mathematical problems ranged in order—in short, his whole imagination was already occupied with his future happy situation. He continued the next day at Lahnburg. The chaplain gave himself all possible trouble to obtain an assurance for Stilling with respect to the employment in question, and he was successful. The whole affair was, so to speak, concluded; and Stilling was a commoner, and required more intoxication with joy. He related the whole affair to him. Mr. Goldmann was obliged to laugh heartily on hearing Stilling speak with so much enthusiasm. After he had finished, the justice began: "O cousin! cousin! what will at length become of you? This is a situation which God will give you in abundance; but we, ladies, cannot act in such a manner, nor do men tempt the clergy so easily as other people. It is easy for them to talk! Hear me, cousin! all moral sermons are not worth a pepper-corn; the understanding never determines our actions when the passions are pretty strongly interested; the heart always hangs a cloak about the thing, and persuades us that black is white. Cousin, I will tell you a greater truth than friend Schneeburg:—to him that does not attain to a strong and ardent love to God, all moralizing is utterly of noavail. The love of God alone enables us to become morally good. Let this be a momento 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, as soon as I go to Lahnburg, will leave the whole affair."

Goldmann could no longer contain himself. He wept, fell upon Stilling's neck, and said, "Noble, noble cousin! take courage; God will not forsake such a faithful heart. He will be your father. Strength is obtained only by labor,—the smith can turn about a hundred-weight of iron under his hammer; but I feel, 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, he said, as long as he felt his heart melancholy again announced itself. He feared, in particular, the reproaches of his father, so that he entered the room very downcast.

Wilhelm sat at his needle with an apprentice, at the table. He saluted his father and mother, sat down, and was silent. Wilhelm was also silent for awhile; at length he laid down his thimble, folded his arms together, and began: "Heinrich, I have heard every thing that has happened to thee at Kleefeld;—I will not reproach thee; but this I see clearly, that it is not God's will thou shouldst be a schoolmaster. Therefore go quietly to work as a tailor, and take pleasure in it. Then, it will not be his will to make thee rise 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 son, and opened himself to his needle. He took place a fortnight after Michaelmas 1760, after he had entered his twenty-first year. If he had had nothing more to do than to labor at his needle, he would have been satisfied, and have submitted to circumstances; but his father set him to thresh. The whole winter through, he 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. But this was never sufficent 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 supply their scanty subsistence. But this was no system of Stillings'; 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 his son succeeded suitably in his wish, the good man became melancholy, and began to doubt whether his son would not at length turn out a disorderly gaud-fast-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 Stillings. He found he should not be able to endure it long. He had a horror of his father's house; on which account, he sought opportunity to work as journeyman with other masters-tailors, and this his father willingly permitted.

Cheerful moments, however, occasionally still intervened. Johann Stillings, 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; so that he might observe and learn. At first 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 interchange 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. Stillings 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.

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

He stationed himself upon the highest point between the ruins, from whence he had a commanding view all around. He surveyed the road from Tiefenbach to Zellberg; and all the charming mornings passed before his soul, with the high enjoyment which he had felt all the way up. He then looked at the old castle, 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 Leinpfand meadows in the sun's reflection, and a slender tree surrounded 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 burned ardently to the Almighty for mercy and compassion. He then rose up, his head swimming in emotion and sensibility; he sat down near the elder-tree, took out his pocket-book, and wrote:

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

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

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

Hast thou not to soothe me press'd,
When ever with tears startled repeat?
When, my heart with weep distress'd,
I a silent key 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 away;
Past the stars thou tak'st thy flight,
Gain'st the lofty domes of light;
And thy chariot, white and blue,
Turns to drops of purest dew.

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

Tall his form, and firm his pace—
Now he hears his favorite's voice—

How to sorrow he gives place,
Nor from suffering finds repose.
Bending low, he then regards
What the priestly shield awards.*

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

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

During the few weeks he spent at Florenburgh, his mind was in a very peculiar state. He was melancholy; but it was a melancholy mingled with such delicate sweetness, that he could have wished to be always melancholy in such a manner. The cause of this singular state he could never discover. I believe, however, the domestic circumstances of his master contributed much to it; a peaceful harmony reigned in the house;—what the one desired, the other desired also. He had, besides, a growning-up and were approaching days, 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 singing, or tell stories, without an intervening of a more intimate nature than a mere tender friendship. But what might have resulted from it, if this intercourse had lasted long, I will not investigate. Stilling, however, enjoyed at that period many a pleasant hour; and this pleasure could 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 pried into her secret, but she at length began as follows—"I Heinrich, I cannot and dare not tell you what is the matter with me; but I will relate something to you.—There was once a girl, who was good and pious, and had no desire for a dissolute life; but she had a tender heart; she was also handsome and virtuous. She stood one evening at her bed-room window; the full moon shone beautifully into the court; it was summer, and every thing outside was still. She felt a wish to go out a little. She went, therefore, out of the back-door into the court, and out of the court into a meadow adjoine. 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, a couple of verses, a youth, with whom she was well acquainted, came to her, saluted her, and asked her whether she would not walk with him a little

* The author's idea is, that in the mansion of the blessed, the will of God is done known to them by a voice in a similar manner to the Urim and Thummim in the breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest.—*Note of the Translator.*
HEINRICH STILLING.

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 upright, like a corpse lying upon a bed, and瞪ibal her at all.

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 perfect double of her in old rags, who in his stead, had exchanged her instead of clothes, and a little child in her arms, which appeared equally wretched. 

"Look, continued the spirit, 'this is already the third illegitimate child thou wilt have!' The girl was horrified, and fell into a fit. On coming to herself again, she found herself in bed, in an agony of trepidation; and however she sternly denied that she had been dreaming. 

"See, Heinrich,—this is always on my mind, and therefore I am melancholy." Stilling plied her hard with questions, whether this had not happened to herself; but she constantly denied it, and affirmed that it was a tale she had heard related.

"The lamentable fate of this unfortunate person has at length made it obvious that she must have had this dreadful presentiment herself; and then it is easy to conceive why she became so melancholy at that time. I pass by her history, for weighty reasons; and only mention, that a year afterwards, she committed a trifling and very excusable offense, wrote a love letter, and was shot. The public removed her by a 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 Heiner will sit, and purify her as gold in the fire; and who knows, whether she will not, at last, bear witness for 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-trumpeter! Woe to the legis- lators, who—but I must restrain myself: I shall not meddle the matter, but may make it worse. Still and Silent is the best way. He who regard a poor girl merely as an instrument of lascivious- ness; and cursed be he before God and man, who is a good and pious maiden to fall, and afterwards leaves her to perish in misery!

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

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

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

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. Keilhof. I have heard how it went far with you since. Now that you have so long fluttered about, and cannot find the door, it is again my turn to show you one."

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

Stollbein.—"Yes, Stilling; there is now a situation vacant, to which I had destined you from your youth up;—this was the reason why I was urgent that you should learn Latin, and why I would have quite banished you when at your needle, when you could no longer stay at Zell- berg. I was irritated because you were with Krü- ger, since he certainly would have drawn you gra- dually 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 certainly have been worth 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 now are still deficient, with respect to knowl- edge 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 magis- tracy 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 do nothing; which shows, that because I am the clergyman, I must therefore assemble 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. But Christnus, Wilhelm Stilling had many clothes to make, and therefore took his son home to help him. Scarcely had he been a few days at Leindorf, when a respectable citizen of Florenburgh, bailiff Keilhof, entered the room. A rose bloomed in Stilling's heart; he forebode a happy change of circumstances.

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

Stilling, knowing the secret bearings of the mat- ter, rejoiced at all went apace. Yet he dared not oppose the wishes of the clergyman, lest Mr. Keilhof should immediately change his pur- pose. The matter was therefore terminated as proposed.

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

He removed therefore at new-year, 1762, to Mr. Keilhof's at Florenburgh, and began to give instruction in Latin. After he had been there some days, Mr. Stollbein secretly sent him word to come to him, but did not say why. He therefore went one evening in the twilight. The clergyman was heartily glad that the matter had taken such a turn. "Observe," said he to Stilling; "when they are once unanimous respecting you, and have arranged every thing, they must still come to me to obtain my consent. Now, as they always have in that 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 all will be well.

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

Amongst those that came to Keilhof's, there was a singular man, a Frenchman by birth, of the name of Gayet. Now, as no one knew whence he came, whether he was Lutheran or Reformed, and why he wore woollen upper-hose with buttons at the side in summer as well as in winter, so they were likely to think of which side he took. Stilling had already become acquainted with this singular character, when he went to the Latin school. Gayet could not endure any one of an ordinary mind: — the people with whom he chose to associate, were such as possessed fire, energy, truth, and knowledge; and when he met with anyone of this character, he would meekly submit to it. 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 very clever, but did not seem earnest, but did it only to amuse himself. Once, as six or eight of them were considering the school affair very seriously, he began, "Hear me, neighbours! I will tell you something. At the time when I travelled from door to door, with a pedlar's pack on my back, and offered hats for sale, I came once by chance, into the kingdom of Siberia, to Omsukt, 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-lander borders on Siberia, and both the states have been continually at loggerheads together, ever since the time of the king of Siberia, to Omsukt, his capital. The Siberians have long ears standing up aloft, like those of an ass; and the inhabitants of Cross-lander have ears the flaps of which hang down to their shoulders. Now there was always a strife between the two nations; each maintaining that Adam had ears like themselves. Therefore it was necessary for each nation always to choose an orthodox king, the best mark of which was, when the individual had an implacable hatred against the other nation. When I was there, the Siberians had an excellent man in view, whom they were desirous of making king, not so much on account of his orthodoxy as of the wealth and endowments. Only he had ears standing up aloft, and also ear-lappets that hung down; he consequently halted between two opinions; — this did not satisfy many; however, he was chosen. The council of state then determined, that the king with the well regulated long-eared army, should take the field against the long-eared king; this was accordingly done. But what an uproar ensued! — Both kings met peaceably, gave each other the hand, and called each other brother! They immediately deposed the king with the hermaphroditic cars, cut his ears entirely away, and turned him adrift!"

Burgomaster Seulentus 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 are not the man, to judge of the right of 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 description, on Shrove Tuesday, to the clergyman. Bailiff Keilhof went himself with the deputation, to act as spokesman. The time seemed long to Stilling till they returned, that he might hear how the affair had terminated; and he heard it, word for word. Keilhof was the speaker.

Keilhof — "Sir, we have selected a Latin school-master for our school, and we are not to come to inform you of it."

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

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

Stollbein — "But what amongst you understands so much Latin as to be able to examine such a school-master, whether he is fitted for his office?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Keilhof — "We are not quite so far yet, your reverence! We will have a separate school-house for him; and divide the Latin school from the
German. (For the two schools were united, each schoolmaster receiving half the salary, and the Latin schoolmaster assisted the German when he had finished.)

StoUbein.—"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."

StoUbein.—"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?"

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

Before the BaIliff returned home, Stilling received orders to attend at the vicarage: he went, expecting nothing else than that he should now be installed as the schoolmaster. But how was he dismayed, when StoUbein 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 become the sport of the highest, have nothing to do with the Florenburgers."

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. StoUbein; "God will yet bless and prosper you; only continue at your trade, till I can provide for you."

The Florenburgers however were angry with Stilling, because they imagined he had secretly conferred with the clergyman. They forsook him, therefore, and chose another. Mr. StoUbein this time let them have their will; they made a new schoolmaster, gave him a separate house, and as the vicarage was not the house of the schoolmaster, they said, he had come 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. StoUbein 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 parents, who had always wished him to act foolishly, was now in raptures. His schoolchildren 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.

He Labbein had the reputation of being a wisest man when he saw that any one of inferior rank made pretensions to aspire near him. For this reason, he had always been hostile to Johann Stilling. The latter, as mentioned above, was president of commerce for the province of Salen; and as StoUbein was a great amateur of the science of mining, he always let Mr. StoUbein 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.

StoUbein's example, however, showed that uprightness and goodness of heart never suffer their possessors.

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 clergy. Mr. Stilling, 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," said he, "as he touches my heart! We are men, and of a tender age to endure much; I must 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 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 ran and clasped his cheeks; he stood up, embraced Stilling, and said, "I have often offended you; I regret it, and we are brethren." "No," said Stilling, "you are my father!—give me your blessing!" StoUbein 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 known my father." This scene was so unexpected and affecting, that most of those present shed abundance of tears, but Stilling and StoUbein most of all.

The clergyman now stood up, went down to BaIliff Keilhof and the rest of the Florenburg people, smiled, and said, "Shall we also balance our accounts? I am not afraid to answer, I have offended you, you will forgive me, and I consent."

This scene was so unexpected and affecting, that most of those present shed abundance of tears, but the latter grew so warm, that his face glowed. "Mr. BaIliff," he began, "you are not worthy that God should forgive you your sins, as long as you think so. His reverence is free, and has fulfilled his whole duty. Christ enjoins love and a forgiving spirit. He will repay your obstinacy on your own head!"

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

Shortly after this, Mr. StoUbein died in peace, and was buried in the church at Floreuburg 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; and perceived that every one looked sourly at him, and therefore became weary of this mode of life also.

One morning, in bed, he resolved his circumstances over in his mind—the idea of returning to his father was dreadful to him, for agricultural labour would at length have entirely worn out his constitution. He wrote to his father, and gave him meat and drink; for what he earned above that, he placed against the advances he had made him in former years, when he could not sub-
sist on his schoolmaster's pay; he therefore dared not think of clothes, although 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 to uncle." He therefore went on to teach, and through a family who received something more than four rix-dollars. This money he put into his pocket, went up into his room, packed up his three ragged shirts, (the fourth he had on,) a pair of old stockings, a night-cap, together with his scissors and thimble, in a portmanteau, and afterwards put on his clothes, which consisted of a pair of holiday good shoes, black woollen stockings, leather breeches, black cloth waistcoat, a tolerably good brown coat of coarse cloth, and a large hat after the fashion of those days. He then turned up his straight brown hair, took his long thorn-stick in his hand, and walked to Salen, where he provided himself with a travelling-pass, and went out of a gate which lies towards the north-west. He fell into a high road, without knowing whither it would lead him; he followed it, and it brought him in the evening to a large village which lies on the borders of the province of Salen.

He then went into an inn, and wrote a letter to his father at Leindor, in which he took a tender leave of him, and promised him, as soon as he should settle himself anywhere, to write to him very circumstantially. Amongst the various people who sat drinking in the house, there were several carriers, a kind of persons who are the most suitable for giving information respecting the roads. Stilling asked him which 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 the 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, Stilling asked which 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 the rest.

He then sat down on the green turf, and looked towards the south-east. He there saw in the distance the old Gelsenberg castle, theiller, the Keilhof, 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 yonder well-known smiling hills;
Oh, when I view the landscape o'er,—
The rocks, the fields, the woods and rills,
The lofty heights, the light and shade,
More into the church-yard, a cloud was unwilling to do so by day; he therefore went thither in the evening before Easter-day, by the light of the full moon, and visited father Stilling's and Doris's grave, sat down a little while upon each, and wept silent tears. His sensations were inexpressible. He felt something within him which said, 'Were these two still alive, it would fare very differently with me in the world!" At length he took a formal leave of both the graves, and of the venerable remains which were decayed within them, and went his way.

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

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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 hitherto suffered so much, were at an end; therefore he breathed more freely, and was well contented.

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

He inquired at the first house he came to, whether there was any one in the village that lodged travellers. A house was pointed out to him; he went thither, and asked whether he could pass the night there. The woman answered in the affirmative. He went into the room, sat down, and laid aside his portmanteau. Her husband now entered; some little children collected round the table, and the woman brought a lamp, which she hung up in the middle of the room by a hempen string; every thing looked so poor, and to say the truth, so suspicious, that Stilling began to feel apprehensive and uneasy. He then ate his dinner, and 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. This, as a young man, 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 everyone who expressed a desire to hear him. He accordingly did so before, during, and after dinner. The young people, who were his brother's children, had probably heard it a hundred times over; they therefore paid no particular attention to it, yet occasionally confirmed anything that seemed incredible. Stilling however listened the more attentively, for narrating was peculiarly his favorite employment. Conrad Brauer began in the following manner:

"I am the eldest of three brothers,—the second of them is a rich merchant of this place; and the youngest was the father of these children, whose mother died some years ago, but my brother only a few weeks since. When I was young, I devoted myself to manufactures. We had no clothes, 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 manufacturer. I was fortunate, and with the blessing of God, became prosperous in trade, so that I attained riches and influence. 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 cleanliness, one would not, so to speak, have taken hold of her with the tongues. 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 while she was thus at her meals, that she had a paunch into a sack, which she had hidden in some very secret place. My brother went to her, and tried to rekindle the extinguished fire of this person; he succeeded according to his wish,—she fell in love with him, and he with her, so that betrothment and marriage soon followed. But it was long before he could discover the retreat of the household god; however, my worthy brother at length succeeded in this also—he found it, and joyfully carried it to a place of safety; this grieved my good sister-in-law to such a degree that she fell into a consumption and died, to the great joy of my brother.

"He held out faithfully during the usual time of mourning; but in the mean time privately sought for a young lady, who might be about as wealthy as he had so innocently become. In this also he was successful; and he began to lay out his money to profit, and that too at my expense; for he traded in woollen cloth, and deprived me of all my earnings 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 the 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 Schonenthal, and was heartily pleased with all the good people he had hitherto met with. I will call this village. For I shall be obliged to revert to it in the sequel of my history.

From this place to Schonenthal, 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 position where he lodged was not suitable company for him, and consequently he continued silent and reserved.

The next morning he set out upon the road to Schonenthal. On ascending the hill, and reviewing the incomparable town and the paradisical 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! 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 Schonenthal to address, he resolved to tell Mr. Dahlheim the present of him that Mr. Dahlheim was preacher in the village of Dornfeld, which lies three quarters of a league up the valley, eastward of Schonenthal; he therefore immediately determined to go thither and discover him himself. 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 the town 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 for him. Stilling had not yet much experience, otherwise he might have easily thought that a person is not taken in that manner from the road into mercantile service; for Mr. Dahlheim, although he was from the province of Saal, knew neither Stilling nor his family.

He therefore returned to Schonenthal, and was half willing to engage himself as a journeyman.
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Stilling.

Tailor; but perceiving, as he passed by a tailor's shop, that it was the custom there to sit cross-legged upon the table, he was again deterred, for he had never sat otherwise than in a chair before the table. Whilst he was thus walking up and down the streets, he saw a horse with two baskets upon its back, and a tolerably well-dressed man standing by it, who was tying on the baskets. As the man's appearance pleased him, Stilling asked him whether he was leaving town that evening.

The man said, "Yes; I am the Schauberger carrier, and shall set off immediately." Stilling recollected that the young Mr. Stolbein, the son of the preacher at Florenburgh, was minister there, and that several journeyman-tailors from Salen resided in the same town. He therefore engaged the tailor with the carrier, to which the latter willingly assented. Schauberger lies three leagues to the south-west of Schénenthal.

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

When they arrived at Schauberger, he repaired to the Rev. Mr. Stolbein'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. Stolbein was heartily pleased at seeing his countryman; he advised him immediately to apply himself to his study, as the day was not over; 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.

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

In the evening, when he went to bed, he reflected upon his change of circumstances, and the faithful providence of his heavenly Father. Without design, he went to church, and from thence to the town; but as he was not familiar with the province; Providence had graciously guided him during three days, and on the evening of the third day he was again provided for. It now became apparent to him, what a great truth it was which his father had so often told him, "a trade is a valuable gift of God, and has a golden foundation." He was vexed at himself for being so much an enemy to this vocation; he prayed heartily to God, thanked him for his gracious guidance, and laid himself down to sleep.

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

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

The first Sunday afternoon he devoted to letter-writing, and informed his father, his uncle, and other good friends, of his present circumstances, in order to set the minds of his family at ease: for it might be necessary that they were anxious for 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 Schauberger. On the Sunday forenoon, when he attended church, he always went up to the organ-gallery; and as the organist was extremely old and inexperienced, Stilling felt confident that during the singing and on leaving church he could play better; for although he had never learned to play on the piano scientifically, but merely from his own observation and practice, yet he played correctly from the notes, and perfectly in four parts; he therefore requested the organist to let him play—the latter was heartily glad of his assistance, and permitted him to perform on all occasions. Now, as he was fond of continually touching sixths and thirds in the preludes and fantasias, and interludes of pleasant and plaintive pathetische keys, by which the ear of the vulgar and of those who do not understand music is most affected; and because, when the service was over, he always played an harmonious vocal piece, which was either tender or melancholy, and in which the flute-stop of the triumphant organ almost always figured—every one was perfectly attentive to the singular organist; and most of the people stood before the church until he came down from the organ and out of the church-door; when they laid their heads together, and asked each other who it could possibly be. At length it was generally known that it was Mr. Nagel's journeyman.

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

The Sunday afternoon was a most agreeable season to them all. At such times they went to a beautiful room in the upper part of the house, the prospect from which was truly delightful; Stilling there read to them out of a book which Madame Nagel had inherited; it was an old folio, with many wood-cuts; the title-page was lost. It treated of the military history of the Netherlands, under the government of the Duchess of Parma, the Duke of Alba, the great Commetter, &c., together with the wonderful adventures of Prince Maurice of Nassau. Stilling acted, at the same time, the part of a professor who reads lectures; he explained, he related circumstances between angels, and then at random. Narrative 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
town; and as it is situated on an eminence scarcely five leagues from the Rhine, the promenade was interesting to itself. On looking down to the prospect towards the west, this magnificent stream was seen for a considerable distance in the rays of the evening sun, hastening majestically to the Netherlands; round about lay a thousand bushy hills, where either flourishing farms, or the sumptuous residences of merchants, peeped forth from between the broken foliage; and Stilling's eye was pleased

Stilling's conversation was cordial and intimate; they poured out their souls to each other, and Stilling went to bed as well pleased as he had formerly done at Zeillberg.

The Rev. Mr. Stollbein was exceedingly gratified that his countryman Stilling was so generally known to him; he hopes that in time he should be able to provide for him respectable.

Thus pleasantly passed thirteen weeks; and I can affirm, that Stilling, during that time, was neither ashamed of his trade, nor had any particular desire to forsake it. At the end of that time, about the middle of June, he was passing one Sunday afternoon through a street in the town of Schlauburg; the sun shone through the clouds, and the street was covered with light clouds; he was neither meditating deeply, nor had he any thing else of a particular nature in his thoughts. He accidentally looked upwards, and with this look an unknown power penetrated his soul; he felt inwardly happy, his whole body trembled, and he could scarcely keep it from shedding tears. For a whole week, 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 men, and to the divine Redeemer, as well as to all men, was at that moment so great, that he would gladly have sacrificed his life, had it been required. He felt as if he was for ever safe in the bosom of Christ, and that God was about to do something which he would watch over his thoughts, words, and works, that they might all be useful, agreeable, and acceptable to God. He made upon the spot a firm and irrevocable covenant with God, to resign himself henceforth entirely to his guidance, and cherish no more vain wishes; but that if it should please God that he should continue a tradesman all his life, he would willingly and joyfully submit 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 instantly determined to do so; and the day before; he therefore went directly to him. The latter was a worthy and respectable man; he was already acquainted with Stilling, and was glad to see him; they drank tea together, and afterwards smoked a pipe of tobacco. At length, the schoolmaster began, and asked whether he would not like to enter upon a good place. His desire for it was instantly again as great as it had ever been.

"O yes!" answered he; "I should be heartily glad to do so." The schoolmaster continued, "You come as if you had been sent for: I have received a letter to-day from a wealthy merchant, who lives half-a-league beyond Holtzheim, in which he requests me to appoint a tutor. I did not think of you, until you had entered; it now occurs to me, that you would be the man for him; if you will accept the situation, there is no doubt you will obtain it." Stilling was heartily glad of it, and believed firmly that the honour was well deserved. He said, it had always been his aim to serve God and his neighbour with his few talents, and that he should seize this opportunity with both hands, because it might tend to his advancement. "There is no doubt of that," rejoined the schoolmaster; "it depends entirely upon your behaviour, and in time you will certainly prosper, and obtain preference; I will write next post-day to Mr. Hochberg, and you will soon be sent for."

After some further discourse, Stilling returned home. He immediately related this event to Mr. Stollbein, as also to Mr. Nagel and his family. The clergyman was glad, but Mr. Nagel and his household were sorry; they employed all their eloquence to retain him with them, but it was in vain; his trade was again odious to him, and the time seemed tedious until he reached his destination. However, he now felt something within him which continually opposed such an engagement;—this "unknown something" convinced him in his heart, that it was not of a healthy, and even an opposite, character, derived from the old corrupt motive. His new conscience, if I may so speak, had awoken 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 was for a long time convinced that his nature was not only good, but also good enough for him to undertake any thing. His old conscience then again whispered, "But how often hast thou been desirous of laying out thy talent in the instruction of youth, and how has it then fared with thee?" The serpent knew how to object to this by replying, "These were purifications, intended to fit thee for important employments." Stilling gave evidence to the sincerity and innocence 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 Brauer, who had related his history to Stilling on his first passing through the town; he told him of the good fortune; but the latter did not, as it seemed, particularly rejoice at it; however, he said, "This is, for you, a good beginning." Stilling imagined the man might have his reasons for saying so.

After proceeding half-a-league further, they reached Mr. Hochberg's house. It lay in a little pleasant vale, not far from the high-road by which Stilling had travelled. On entering the house, Madame Hochberg came out of the parlour. She was spendidly dressed, and a lady of uncommon beauty. She saluted Stilling in a friendly manner, and told him to go into the parlour. He went in, and found an excellently furnished and beautifully-musical room. Five 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 stopped towards the door, as if some thing had never before happened to Stilling in his whole life; he knew neither how to act nor what
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Hochberg.—"Em bien ! that's clever ! that pleases me. I will give you, together with board and lodging, twenty-five gilders a-year."

Stilling was satisfied with it, although it seemed to him rather too little; he regretted that he
shall be bound to 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 if it were
not conquering 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 hosts and the girl;—he had great
pressure of seven children for whom there were to be rooms let 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 differen-
to his.

Thus passed some weeks very pleasantly, with-
out Stilling's having any thing to wish for, except
that he might at length be provided with better
clothes. He wrote an account of this change in
his circumstances to his father, and received a
pleasing reply.

Mr. Hochberg returned at Michaelmas. Stillin-
g 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 Schanberg. But
when they saw, at length, that he had really brought
his to them; he brought them in so many
honors, and thus preserved all his labor.
D thrice and four times he went 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. How-
ever, 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, but only 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 im-
mEDIATELY to accompany the children into the
school-room, which consisted of a little chamber,
with four feet long; he did not come
out of it till between twelve and two o'clock,
when he was called to dinner; and directly after
that, he went in again until four, when they drank
tea; immediately after tea it was said again, "Now,
children, to school!"— and then he did not leave it
again before nine o'clock, when supper was served;
after which he went to bed.
In this manner, he had not a moment for himself, except on Sundays; and these he also spent sorrowfully, because, on account of his want of clothes, he could no longer go to the door, much less to church. If he had continued at 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 Stilling. The most extreme poverty, a continual incarceration or imprisonment, and, thirdly, an insufferable mistrust, and the extreme contempt for him which resulted from it.

Towards Martinmas, all his susceptibilities awoke, his eyes opened, and he saw the blackest melancholy approaching him like a legion of devils. He called aloud to God so that it might have been heard from pole to pole, but there was no longer any feeling of consolation; he could not even once think of God so that his heart might have participated in it; and this dreadful torment he had never before been acquainted with, even by name, much less ever experienced the least of it. Besides this, he had not about him a single faithful soul, to whom he could speak his sorrows; 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 maladies, his agues, increased, 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 the last of the drops of the rain had ceased to flow, he trembled and shook like a malefactor who is about to be broken on the wheel; and when he was lying in bed, he struggled in such a manner with his mental torment, that the whole bed, and even the glass in the windows shook, till he fell asleep. It was still very fortunate for him that he was able to sleep; but when he awoke in the morning, and the sun shone upon his bed, he was horrified, and was again stiff and cold; the beautiful sun seemed to him nothing else than the wrathful eye of God, which, like a flaming world, threatened to hurl down thunder and lightning upon him. But all the day long the heavens appeared to him, and he started in the sight of his sumptuous living house, as if it had been a ghastly prison. 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 airing and to turn his chamois-frock to all the habits of the right 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 out of their places by sorrow, his cheeks 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.

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

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

These dreadful sufferings continued from Martinmas to the 12th of April 1765, consequently nineteen or twenty weeks. This day was thereupon fixed upon to give the door of his cell a smart blow. He was conducted early in the morning with the very same painful sufferings with which he had lain down to sleep; he went down as usual to breakfast, drank coffee, and from thence to the school-room. At nine o'clock, as he was sitting at the table in his prison, and quite retired within himself, enduring the fire of his sufferings, he suddenly felt his state completely changed; the door of his cell was opened, and he was obliged to return in the evening to his prison, and the pain, after this refreshment, was only the more intolerable.

He now packed his few remaining rags together, bound up his hat with them, and left his stick behind him. This bundle was thrown into the yard behind the house, then went down again, and walked, with perfect indifference, out of the gate, went behind the house, took his bundle, and walked as fast as he could up the field, and pretty far into the thicket. He there put on his worn-out coat, his hat, and put his old chamois-frock, which he wore in the week-days, into his bundle, cut a stick, on which he supported himself, and wandered northwards over hill and dale without any certain path. His mind was now quite tranquil; he tasted the sweetness of liberty in all its fulness; but he was still so stupidified and almost insensible, that he did not reflect upon his situation, and was incapable of thinking of anything. After an hour through waste places, he hit upon a high road, and then saw, about a league before him, a little town upon a hill, to which this road led;
he followed it involuntarily, and about eleven o'clock, arrived at the gates. He there asked the name of the town, and was told it was Waldstatt, which he had sometimes heard mentioned. He went in at one gate, directly through the town, and out of the other. There he found two leagues, which he had usually trod; he asked one of them, and went, or rather ran forwards upon it. After travelling scarcely half a league, he found himself in a wood, the road disappeared, and he saw no further trace of it. He sat down, for he had tired himself with running. All his mental faculties now returned; he recollected himself, and found that he had no money. In his pocket, he had 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 be content, I also was appointed to be made a medicine in 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 explained, "O God, I am at home! I am at home!" All about him now saw, and knew that they knew not what was the matter with him. Mr. Isaac looked at him, and said, "What is the matter, Stilling?" (for he had told him his name.) Stilling answered, "It is long since I have heard this language; and as I now see that you are people who love God, I was unable to contain myself for joy." Mr. Isaac continued, "Are you then a friend of religion and true godliness?"

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

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

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

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

This was the last enemy that was to be overcome. Stilling could not sufficiently express his
heartfelt gratitude to God and his benefactor; he wept for joy, and was completely comfortable and happy. But blessed be thy ashes, thou friend of Stilling, most prudent, most dear, and nearest! 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 at least, 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; and had been; however, it rested under the ashes—he had no longer a passion for them, and he let them rest.

Mr. Isaac had a large acquaintance with pious and awakened people for five leagues round Waldstatt. Sunday was appointed for visiting; he therefore went, early on the Sunday morning, with Stilling to Waldstatt, and returned home, 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 with the pious and enthusiastic manner, 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.

The middle of May—I believe it was near WhitSunday,—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 Rottenbeck. He took Stilling with him: it was most delightful weather, and the way thither led through a charming part of the woods, on a little hill, and another through a green thicket filled with nightingales; sometimes up a field covered with flowers; at others, over a bushy hill; sometimes on a heath, where the scenery around was paradisiacal; then into a large wood; afterwards along a cool and murmuring brook, and thus continually changing as they proceeded. Our two pilgrims were healthy and well, without care or sorrow: they had peace both within and without;—loved each other as brethren, saw and experienced 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 talked, or slept, as they pleased; they spoke quite confidentially on all kinds of subjects, or sang some edifying hymn, until they arrived, towards evening, without weariness or difficulty, at Rothenbeck. They took up their residence with a very worthy and affluent friend, to whom they therefore proved the less burdensome. The name of this friend was Glöckner, who was a tradesman, and dealt in a variety of wares. This man and his wife had no children. They both received the strangers with cordial affection; and though they were not yet acquainted with Stilling, yet they were very friendly towards him, on Isaac's assuring them that he was of the same will and sentiments with them.

During supper, in the evening, Glöckner related a very remarkable tale regarding his brother-in-law Freymuth, which was to the following effect:—Madame Freymuth was Glöckner's wife, 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 singing, were his most gratifying amusements, in which he revelled all his time and strength. 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 ensnaring, pestiferous d---, knowest thou not that I will never leave this house unless I jerked 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, 'If thou dost not, thou wretch! I will be no hypocrite, like my father, I 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 totally 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, with the consent of all. Some forty 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 sledge. 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, " Neighbors! 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 it all finished when her husband returned from the fair.

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

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 man called Hothly; and therefore commanded his wife, with threats, to tell him who they were that had committed the outrage, for she had seen and recognized them.

"Yes, dear husband," said she, "I will tell thee; but I know a still greater sinner than they all together; for there was one who for the very same reason beast me meekly and destroyed all other unruly modes.

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 ought to reimburse myself on people who are better than I. I will seek that wretched wretch that stained the earth."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How so?" asked Stilling.

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

Mr. Isaac looked at Stilling, and smiled.

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

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

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

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

"I have seen you put a fine coat be made for me, and then hang it upon a nail, without ever putting it on—should I not be thought a fool?"

"Yes," replied Stilling; "first, if you needed it, and, secondly, if it fitted well. But supposing you let such a coat be made without requiring it, or if
you put it on, and found it was everywhere too tight for you, what would you do then?"

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

"But," rejoined Stilling, "if you had given it 
to him, 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 motus to devour; 
I would give it to the eighth, and say, 'Alter it till 
it fits you.' But supposing the eighth was perfectly 
well fitted to you, and you didn't desire 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; there-
fore look out for a language-master wherever you 
please; remove to him, and learn the language; I 
give you, notwithstanding, full liberty to return 
to Mr. Isaac as soon as you are tired of living 
with me; and finally, you shall have all that you 
need to clothing, &c., as long as you continue with 
me. But I have also a right, on the contrary, to 
demand this of you,—that you will not enter upon 
any other occupation, 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 your-
self.

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!"

And thus, 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 be-
come another man, that however happy he ima-
gined 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 at-
tained 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 from him. He had felt, to the soul, that 
his obst to be taken leave of the most up-
right 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 in-
tention 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 con-
fessed 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 he had committed a marble mon-
ument, this man does—not for having made whole 
nations happy, but because he would have done so 
if he could.

"Once more! Blessed be thy ashes, my friend!— 
who wast one of a thousand, where thou liest and 
sleepest; these sacred tears bedew thy grave, thou 
true follower of Christ!"

Stilling therefore took leave, on Sunday, of his 
friends at Waldstatt, and proceeded by way of 
Rasenheim to Schonenthal, 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 revived in his 
memory how, in those days, he had felt a mind all 
disturbed, and a great desire to learn; 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 be-
seeing Him to cause the sunshine of his favor to 
beam upon him. On ascending the eminence, 
from whence he could survey all Schonenthal, and 
the extent of the beautiful valley, he felt poetical 
inspired, sat down under the bushes, drew out his 
tables, and wrote:—

"I feel a soft emotion flow, 
A peace celestial and profound; 
Whilst pure delights within the glow, 
And cooling breezes breathe around.

The clouds, along the placid sky, 
Fringed with light, serenely fly.

The rushing of the distant roll
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 murmur of the brook.

Now, joyfully, my eyes I raise 
To every well-known point of view; 
Then downwards on my path I gaze, 
And my appointed course fulfil; 
For ever from my breast that expels 
The fuel tormenting heart.

Once more I look, with feelings bold, 
Down into sorrow’s gloomy vale, 
And with a placid eye behold 
The place where heart and d self did fall.

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

Like some pale ghost, which feebly roams 
Through halls and mansions long and drear, 
Or sadly slitting o'er the tombs; 
Fills the nigh-wanderer with fear, 
Whilst laboring hard a word to say, 
Which might its suffering state soothe—

So did I totter on the brink 
Of the dread gulph of black despair; 
And every moment saw me sink 
Deeper into the infernal snow, 
 Loudly below the dragons growl’d, 
Whilst high above black thunder roll’d.

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

I flung myself on it with eagerness, of foes, 
And found the end of all my woes.

Onwards I crept, in silent shade; 
It still was twilit all around; 
I felt my powers and senses fade, 
And bent in weakness towards the ground; 
Painting I felt my eyelids close, 
And sunk, unconscious of my woes.

WANDERINGS.
I sink— as when on friendship's breast
Some deadly-wounded warrior falls,
Whilst surge aid, with influence blest,
To cleanse the wound— while blood flows vast,
I was revived, refreshed, 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 the thanks of praise, he bore,
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 could 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 three o'clock in the afternoon. He immediately inquired for the language-master, went to him, and found a very strange, original man, whose name was Heesfeld. He was sitting in a dark room; he had on a dirty morning-gown of coarse camblet, girded about him with a dirty sash. His dark eyes shone as much as a cap with flaps to it; his visage was as pale as that of a man who had been some days in the grave, and, compared with the breadth, much too long. His forehead was beautiful; but beneath a couple of jet-black eyebrows, lay two small black eyes deep in the head; his nose was small and long, his mouth thin, surrounded with a fringe and very pale, his chin was prominent forward, 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, in the same way with Mr. Heesfeld, conversing and passing the time with him; but when the school was over they took a walk together.

Strange as Heesfeld was in his appearance, he was just as peculiar in his life and conversation. He belonged to the class of the Splenetics, as did Gruner also; for he never told any one what he thought or felt, and yet he was always sure it had been said. However, he was 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 his case was as desperate as necessary. It was every day manifest that he understood French perfectly; but that he was also an excellent Latin scholar was only first apparent when Stilling came to him, with whom he commenced his instruction on the principles of the Latin grammar. He was only made Latin verses with him, which were incomparable by any means. 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 asked him, at first, 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 showed 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 everything that could be expected of a gentleman. He traveled 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, but, however, to his parents and friends,—but took the name of another family, went to Dornfeld as French language-master, and although his parents were not a rich family, he had brothers and sisters from him, yet they knew nothing of him, but believed he had died in a foreign land. On his deathbed, however, he made himself known to his brothers, stated his circumstances to them, and left them a rich inheritance; which, according to his system, was then quite early enough.

Now Heesfeld lived a life of study, for a virtue he had, with all this, a noble soul. His philosophy 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 Stilling went out to walk with Stilling, they conversed together upon the arts and sciences. Their path always led them into the wildest solitudes. Heesfeld then ascended some waving tree, which would bend easily, sat down in the top, held fast with his hands, and weighing himself down with it to the ground, then laid himself a while in the branches, reposing. Stilling imitated him, and thus they lay and chatted together; when they were tired of this, they rose up, and the trees resumed their perpendicular position; this was an amusement to Heesfeld; he went on to say, "How beautiful are air-beds! when we rise, they ascend towards heaven." Sometimes he gave a long philosophical argument about certain parts of the bed are those, which fly up into the air when one rises?"
seen, but the individual drinks his fill at her clear brooks." Stillimg 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.

Stillimg 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 Stillmg return so soon. He immediately treated him as a friend; and Stillmg felt convinced that he was now with people with whom he could be happy.

The next day, he began his tuition, the arrangement of which was regulated by Spanier in the following manner. The children and their teacher were with him in his room; he could therefore observe and direct them himself, as well as speak continually with Stillmg on a variety of subjects. At the same time, Mr. Spanier gave his family-preceptor time enough to read also for himself. The instruction lasted the whole day; but was so convenient and amusing, that it could not be tedious or burdensome to any one.

Mr. Spanier, however, had designed that Stillmg 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 had always considered him as being fitted for it until the day when he committed a part of his iron-works to his charge. He thought, by so doing, to make an agreeable change in Stillmg'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, he said, he did not communicate to him until the day he had given him the estates which lay a league and a-half from his house, not far from the residence of Mr. Hochberg. Stillmg 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 the two leagues, which he would travel in three or four days, in order to buy of them what was necessary. When he returned much fatigued, a few days' rest did him good; he then read for himself, and taught at the same time.

But the pleasing intercourse which Stillmg 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 Stillmg often used to say, "Mr. Spanier's house was my academy, where I had an opportunity of studying farm, agriculture, and commerce, in their very essence.

Stillmg's manner of life, as here described, continued, without the intervention of a single gloomy hour, for seven whole years together; I will say nothing further respecting it, than that during the whole of this time, he made considerable progress in his knowledge of the world, in good breeding, and the above-mentioned domestic sciences. He instructed his pupils, during this period, in the Latin and French languages, by which he attained to still greater expertise 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; and afterwards Paradise Lost, Paradise Regain'd, Young's Night Thoughts, and afterwards Klostock's Messias—three books which truly harmonized with his soul; for as he had been previously of a sanguine and tender temperament, he had assumed, after his dreadful sufferings at Mr. Hochberg's, a soft and tender melancholy, which will probably adhere to him till his death.

He did not, at that time, do much more in mathematics, but applied himself, on the contrary, seriously to philosophy; he read the whole of Wolff's German writings; as also Gottsched's Compendium of Philosophy in which it is described that 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 sti lled every childlike feeling of the heart towards God. They may be a foundation of truths; but we do not yet possess the true philosophical chain, to which all things are appended. Stillmg 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 Stillmg had kept his last parochial school. On this account, he had occasionally business in that place; and for this he made use of Stillmg by preference, particularly because he was known there. After he had been a year with him, Mr. Spanier had a son, who came to him, and not being quite of age, Mr. Spanier engaged him as his assistant, and authorised him to buy, sell, and trade, ever so 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 went to his money, and arrived in the course of an hour at his uncle's at Liechhausen. 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 caressed him, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks. Meanwhile his aunt, Maria Stillmg, came also; she had been married since his departure, and had removed to Liechhausen; she fell upon his neck, and kissed him repeatedly.

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

Stillmg now related to his parents all that had happened to him, and how comfortably situated he was at present. Meanwhile, the report of Stillmg'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,—you must visit thy grandmother; she suffers much from the rheumatism, and will not live much longer. She very often speaks of thee, and wishes to converse with thee once more before her end." The next morning, therefore, Stilling arose, 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 inexpri-
menced: first of all, he did not find, that if he were able, he would gladly ex-
change 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 in the great sanctuary of some ancient temple. His aunt Elizabeth was in the kitchen; she ran to him, gave him her hand, and led him joyfully into the parlour; there lay his grandmother, Margaret Stilling, in a neat little bed by the wall, near the stove; her chest was drawn upwards, the joints in her hands were swollen, and her fingers stiff and. No inward wish of Stilling ran to her, took hold of her hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, "How are you, my dear grandmother! It rejoices my soul to see you again." She strove to raise herself up, but sank powerless back again. "Ah!" cried she, "I can still hear and feel thee, before my end. Come nearer to me, that I may feel thy face!" Stilling bent over her; she fixed her eyes, nose and mouth, his chin and cheeks. In doing this, his 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 image of thee!" Whether or not 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 always great may one be lords in the world. He that is lowly may become great by humility; 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 was filled with joy, for he knew that he should not see her again in this life. She was on the borders of the grave; but she took him by the hand, held him fast, and said, "Thou art in haste,—God be with thee, my child! I shall see thee again before the throne of God!" He pressed her hand and wept. She turned her face and said, "No I weep not over me!—it is well with me. I heartily commend thee to 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 ar-

He 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 cul-
tion, 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 com-
plete end to his trade; he had not attempted it for some years, and the tuition of children was also disagreeable to him; he was heartily tired of it, and he felt that he was not formed for it, for he was no natural schoolmaster, he detested it, and wished to lead a busy life. He considered his providence, however, and he was very conscious that he would be unfit for continual oc-
cupation 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.

On the twenty-eighth 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 struck his eye, who lived and died, in the seventy-first year of his age, he proceeded to search after the remains of the famous Christian churches there. He read the narrative solely to pass the time. When he came, in the course of reading, to the place where the man, on his death-
bed, testified the great pleasure he still took in the Greek language, and particularly, what a pleasing feeling he had at the word Elikrinieia—it seemed to him to be the name of some sacred place. He resolved to see it. He started out in search of a profound sleep. The word Elikrinieia stood before him, as if surrounded with radiance; he felt, at the same time, an irresistible impulse to learn the Greek language, and a strong and latent attraction to something with which he was still unacquainted, nor could he tell what it was. He recollected himself, and thought in his mind, "I 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 the books necessary for learning the Greek language, and wished him for learning the Divine things. 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 each week.

Stilling immediately began to learn Greek. He applied himself to it with all his powers, and troubled himself little about the scholastic mode of instruc-
tion; but sought only to penetrate, with his under-
standing, into the genius of the language, in order
gently to understand what he read. In short, in
time, 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,
learning himself both Latin and Spanish.
Mr. Spanier astonished, and knew not what to say—this worthy
man instructed him only in the pronunciation, and
this he caught very rapidly. On this occasion, he
also attempted the Hebrew; and in a short time
made such progress in it, that he could proceed
with the help of a lexicon; Mr. Seelburg did his
best for him.

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
know it to the 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 re-
fecting upon some important affair, whilst Still-
ing was engaged with his languages and tuition.
At length Mr. Spanier began:—"Preceptor!—all at
once! What shall you do?—you must study medicine."

I cannot express how Stillings felt at this proposi-
tion; 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 Stillings, "what shall I say—
what shall I think? I am certainly in my vacation.
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
know 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 attain-
ment of his object. He reflected upon all the
way in which Providence had led him, and now
clearly saw, that his mission was to take the
Latin language and education; why he had been obliged to learn
the Latin language so early; the reason of his
inmate impulse for the mathematics, and the knowl-
dge 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 ma-
terials, until it should please God to send him to
the great university.

Mr. Spanier now gave him permission to take
a few hours in the evening for himself, and did not
employ him any longer so much in his business, in
order that he might have time to study. Stillings
applied himself with all his powers to the lan-
guages, and began to make himself acquainted with
and crop 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 him-
self, 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 communi-
cated to his father and uncle. His father replied
to this, that he resigned him entirely to the guid-
ance of God; he must not, however, hope for any
assistance on his part, and be careful not to plunge
himself into a new labyrinth. But his mother was
quite displeased at him; and believed to a cer-
tainty, that he was actuated only by a love of
novelty, which would assuredly turn out ill.
Stillings 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 his friends, by word of mouth,
that it was really the will of God respecting him
that he should study medicine. He set off, there-
fore, early in the morning, and arrived in the after-
noon at his uncle's at Lichthausen. This worthy
man, immediately after welcoming him, began to
dispute with him respecting his new plan. The
whole question was, whether the large sum
come from, that is requisite for such an extensive
and expensive study?" Stillings 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. Stillings was
astonished at it; but still more so when he heard the
reason of it. "Yes," said Johann Stillings,
"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 refer-
cence to Johann Stillings. He was acquainted,
before he became land-measurer, with a man, a
gentleman, who was a very able oculist, and
celebrated far and near. Now Johann Still-
ning'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 intellectual mind, and he therefore en-
couraged him to apply himself diligently to geome-
try. Molitor's intentions towards him were kind:
he had the prospect of becoming steward to a very
rich and honorable baronet, and this employment
he preferred to his clerical office. This baronet
was a great admirer of geometry, and desirous of
having plans made of all his estate. This was what
Molitor designed, that Johann would plan
himly. As long as the old baronet lived, Molitor, Johann Stillings, and sometimes
Wilhelm Stillings, 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 mayor in a little
town, which lies four leagues to the north of
Lichthausen. His principal occupation consisted
in chemical operations, and cares of the eyes, in
which he was still the most celebrated man in that
country.

Just at the time that Heinrich Stillings was about
his master's business in the province of Salen, old
Mr. Molitor wrote to Johann Stillings, informing
him that he had most faithfully and circumstan-
HEINRICH STILLING.

Stilling now set himself to the work of transcribing the manuscript; and notwithstanding his other business, he finished it in four weeks. He therefore packed up a pound of good tea, a pound of sugar, and some other things, in his portmanteau, together with a presentation from the firm of the firm and intimate friendship that had uninterruptedly subsisted between them, notwithstanding their difference of religion, he requested him, as a friend, to inform him, whether there was not some worthy individual in his family who had a desire to study the art of medicine; that if there were, he might be a pupil, and promised himself ready to commit the manuscript to him, together with other valuable medicinal matters, immediately and gratuitously, with the sole condition, that he must pledge himself to benefit poor sufferers with it at all times, without any charge. But it ought to be some one who intended to study medicine, in order that the things might not fall into a bungler's hands.

This letter had entirely changed Johann Stilling's mind with respect to his nephew. That he should just arrive at that period, and that Mr. Molitor should fall upon this idea at the very time when his nephew intended to study medicine, seemed to him almost convincing proof that God had his hand in the matter. Therefore, on the second of the first morning to the little town where Molitor lived. On arriving there, he inquired for the gentleman, and was shown a pretty little house. Stilling rang the bell, and an aged female opened the door to him, and asked who he was. He answered, "My name is Stilling, and I wish to speak with the clergyman." She went up-stairs, and the old man himself came down, welcomed his visitor, and led him up into his little cabinet. Here he presented his letter. After Molitor had read it, he embraced Stilling, and inquired into his circumstances and intentions. The latter continued with him the whole day, looked at his pretty laboratory, his library, his bedchamber, and showed him every thing there was in the house. "This," said Mr. Molitor, "I will leave you in my will, before I die." Thus they spent the day very pleasantly together.

Early the next morning, Molitor delivered up the manuscript to Stilling, with the condition, however, that he should transcribe it, and return him the original. Stilling, on the other hand, solemnly pledged himself that he would give it to no one else, but would conceal it, so that no body should be able to find it again. Besides this, the worthy old man had laid aside several books, which he promised to send Stilling forthwith; the latter, however, packed them up in his portmanteau, took them upon his back, and set out. Molitor accompanied him beyond the gates; he then looked up to heaven, took Stilling by the hand, and said, "The Lord, the Holy One, the Omnipresent, make you, by his Holy Spirit, the best of men, the best of Christians, and the best of doctors!" On which they kissed each other, and parted.

Stilling shed tears at this separation, and thanked God for this excellent friend. He had to travel ten leagues to Mr. Spanier's; this he accomplished the same day, and arrived at home in the evening, heavily laden with books. He related the recent occurrence to his patron, who admired him with the singular leadings and guidance of God.
Mr. Spanier proposed to him to continue some years longer with him, and to study for himself; he would then give him a couple of hundred rix-dollars, that he might be able to travel to a university, pass the usual examination, and take his degree; and in the course of a quarter of a year more, he determined to continue 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 that God, who had called him to this work, would enable him to accomplish it. But Mr. Spanier was not satisfied with this, and therefore they were both at length entirely silent on the subject.

In the autumn of the year 1763, when Stilling had just entered his thirtieth year, and had been six years with Mr. Spanier, he received a letter from Mr. Friedenberg, a merchant 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, met 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 magnificence prevailed, he was much pleased, and felt that he could live there. But on entering the parlour, and seeing Mr. Friedenberg himself, with his consort, and nine handsome well-made children, who presented themselves, one after the other, in neat and elegant, but not expensive clothing, every face beaming with truth, integrity, and cheerfulness—he was quite in ecstacy, and wished in reality to dwell for ever with these people. There was no bustle nor hurry to be seen, but an efficient activity, the result of harmony and good-will.

Mr. Friedenberg, in a friendly manner, offered him his hand, and invited him to dinner. Stilling and his host conversed pleasantly with these people, he immediately perceived an inexpressible harmony of spirit; all of them immediately became fond of Stilling, and he also loved them all exceedingly. His conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Friedenberg was entirely upon religion and true godliness, which was the chief and sole concern of these people.

After dinner, Mr. Friedenberg accompanied him to the patient, whom he attended to, and then went back with his friend to drink coffee. In a word, these three spirits, Mr. and Mrs. Friedenberg and Stilling, united firmly together, and became intimate friends, without venturing to express it. In the evening, the latter returned to his place; but after this visit, he felt, in some measure, a void; he had never met with such a family since the days of his youth, and would gladly have resided nearer Mr. Friedenberg, in order to associate more with him and his family.

Meanwhile, the patient at Rasenheim began to recover. There were visions, or something of that sort, and even in Schönenthal itself, which much alarmed his mind; he therefore resolved, with the consent of Mr. Spanier, to go every fortnight, on the Saturday afternoon, to visit his patients, and return on the Monday morning. He arranged it so, that he arrived on the Saturday evening, at Mr. Friedenberg's, then went about on the Sunday morning visiting his patients, even as far as Schönenthal, and returned back to Rasenheim on the Sunday evening, from whence he went home again on the Monday morning. Through these repeated visits, his intimate connexion with Mr. Friedenberg and his family became more and more strengthened; and the accomplishing such pleasing events drew 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 divided from life. 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 his own age. This young lady had loved quietness and retirement from her youth, and she was therefore reserved towards all strangers, particularly when they were better dressed than she was accustomed to. Although this circumstance, as it regarded Stilling, was not an obstacle, yet she avoided him as much as possible. But the daughter of Mr. Friedenberg, who had been a nun of some religious inclinations, and who was in a whole occupation, from her youth up, had consisted in those domestic employments which were suited to her sphere of life, and the necessary instruction of the Christian religion according to the evangelical Lutheran confession, together with reading and writing; in a word, she was a pretty, agreeable young girl, who had never mixed with the world, so as to be able to live according to the fashion, but whose good disposition richly recompeneded 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 he desired Mr. Friedenberg not only did he venture to think of such a thing, because it was necessary, previously, that obstacles of a stupendous kind should be removed out of the way.

This amiable girl was called Christina; she had been for some time very ill, and all the physicians doubted of her recovery. Now when Stilling came to Rasenheim, he inquired after her, as the daughter of his friend; but as no one gave him an opportunity of visiting her in her apartment, he did not think of it.

That evening, however, after the christening was over, Mr. Friedenberg filled his long pipe, and said to the new sponsor, "Will it afford you pleasure for once to visit my sick daughter? I wish to know what you will say of her. You have already more knowledge of diseases than many." Stilling consented, and they went up-stairs into the invalid's chamber. She lay in bed, weak and poorly; yet still she had much cheerfulness of spirit. She raised herself up, gave Stilling her hand, and asked him to sit down. Both sat down therefore at the table, near the bed. Christina did not now feel ashamed in the presence of Stilling, but conversed with him on a variety of religious topics. She became very cheerful and sociable. She was often subject to attacks of a serious nature; so that some
one was obliged to sit up with her all night; another reason for which was, because she could not sleep, without being watched by any one whilst she was in a situation in which there was a tendency to faint, would immediately withdraw his assistance from her 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 betroth himself with his daughter whilst in a situation in which he was unable to maintain himself, much less support a wife and children—nay, even whilst requiring a large sum himself—this was in reality a miserable return for his friendship; it might rather be looked upon as a dreadful abuse of it. These reflections caused Stillings heart to sink, for 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. Spanier or to any one else.

Mr. Friedenberg had given Stilling permission to consign to him all the medicines for his patients in that part of the country; to be forwarded to them; he therefore sent off a packet of physic to him, on the following Saturday, which was eight days after his betrothment, and this he accompanied by a letter, which flowed entirely from his heart; in which he early reflected that was passing in it; nay, what was all future, he even inclosed in it a sealed letter to Christina; and he did all this without considering or reflecting what might result from it; but when the packet was despatched, he began to consider what the consequences might be. His heart beat, and he could scarcely contain himself.

Never had he found a journey more laborious than his customary one to Rausenheim, which he took the week following, on the Saturday evening. The nearer he came to the house, the more his heart palpitated. He entered the parlour:—Christina had recovered a little; she was there, with her parents, and some of the children. He went up to Mr. Friedenberg with his usual pleasant look; gave him his hand; and the latter received him with his wonted friendship, as did also Mrs. Friedenberg, and last of all, Christina. Stilling then left the room, and went into his bed-chamber, in order to lay down a few things he had with him. His heart was already lighter; for his friend had either perceived nothing, or made a jest or an apology; he even began to think of the affair. He now went down again, expecting what further would take place. On arriving at the bottom of the stairs, Christina, who was standing at the door of a room opposite the parlour, beckoned to him to enter; she closed the door after him, and both sat down together. Christina then began:—

"Oh how much you terrified me by your letter!—my parents know all. Listen, and I will tell you every thing as it occurred. When the letters came, I was in the parlour with my father, but my mother was on the bed in her chamber. My father broke open the letter; he found another in it for me, and handed it to me with the words, 'There is also a letter for thee.' I blushed, tore it open, 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. Bost thou understand what this letter means?—he asked me. My father answered, 'That is not possible; he was only one night with her, with my son; besides which, she is ill; and yet the letter seems to me to imply something of the kind.' "Yes, yes," said my
mother: ‘do not think otherwise; it is so.’ My father then went out, and said nothing more. My mother then turned from the window, 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 Stillings 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; ‘and betrothed;’ and thus 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 I could see difficulties in her countenances. Stillings 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 at present does not think it a good thing. 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 Stillings into the other room alone; thou hast probably something to say to him.’

Stillings’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 uprighMt 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 Stillings, 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 if you approve of my conduct, fully perform every filial duty, and 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 unchristian 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 friends? ’ She answered, ‘Yes; God will help me for it.”

Mr. Friedenberg now rose up, embraced Stillings, kissed him, and went on his neck; after him, Mrs. Friedenberg did the same. The sensations which Stillings experienced are inexplicable; 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 come from. The words, “The Lord will provide,” were so deeply engraven on his soul, that he could not forget them.

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 Stillings wished, and had also been his intention. Finally, they all resolved to keep the matter a profound secret, in order to prevent the inquiries and expectations of others; and then by fervent prayer on all sides, entreated the blessing of God on this important undertaking.

Stillings therefore still continued in his situation with Mr. Spanier, as well as his customary walks to Rasenheim and Schönenthal. A quartet; of a musical kind, was written in this year, and published at the recommendation of Mr. Spanier to Mr. Friedenberg, in a polite and friendly manner, and besought him not to take this step amiss, since, being in the thirtieth year of his age, it was at length time for him to provide for himself. To all this, Mr. Spanier did not answer a word, but remained perfectly silent; from that time, however, his heart was entirely turned away from Stillings, so that the last three months were not a little painful to him—not because any one threw any difficulty in his way, but because friendship and familiarity had wholly disappeared.

Four weeks before the Frankfort autumnal fair, Stillings took leave of his guardian and manager, and himself had paid. Mr. Spanier wept bitterly, but did not say a word, either good or evil. Stillings went also; and thus he left his last school or situation as tutor, and removed to his friends at Rasenheim, after having quietly spent seven entire and pleasant years in one place.

Mr. Spanier had never communicated his true intentions with regard to Stillings. It was impossible for the latter to enter into his plan of becoming a doctor merely as regards the title, without possessing sufficient knowledge; and as Mr. Spanier did not fully communicate to him the rest of his plan, Stillings could not be acquainted with it, much less depend upon it. Besides all this, providence led him, as it were, with might and power, without his cooperation; so that he was obliged to follow its guidance, even though he had resolved upon something different for himself. But the most disadvantageous circumstance for Stillings was, that he had never made any preliminary arrangements with his friends in regard to salary, the worthy man gave him only what was sufficient for his necessities. But as he had been in the habit of purchasing books and other requisites,—which, taken altogether, made something considerable yearly,—Mr. Spanier gave him nothing at his departure; so that he arrived at Mr. Friedenberg’s, at Rasenheim, without money. The latter, however, immediately advanced him a hundred rix-dollars, to procure what was most necessary for his journey, and the remainder he was to take with him; whilst his christian friends at Schönenthal presented him with a new coat, and offered their further assistance.

Stillings continued four weeks with his intended and her family, during which time he made preparations for removing to the university. He had not yet made choice of one, but waited for an invitation from his Heavenly Father; for since he intended to study divinity, simply for the necessary he should not follow his own will in anything.

At the end of three weeks, he went once more to Schönenthal to visit his friends there. On his arrival, a very dear and valued friend asked him, whether he knew who was then to go. He said, ‘No, I do not know. ’ ‘Oh,’ said she, ‘our neighbour, Mr. Troost, is going to Strasburg to spend a winter
there; go with him." This touched Stilling's heart; he felt that this was the temptation he had waited for. He was not unmoved, Stilling's friend immediately began to speak to him concerning the matter. The worthy man was heartily pleased at having him for a companion, for he had already heard something of him.

Mr. Troost was, at that time, a man of about forty years old, 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 the 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 entered into communication with Mr. Troost. They agreed to travel to Frankfort with merchants proceeding to the fair, and from thence to Strasburg by a return-chaise; they also decided upon the day of their departure, which was fixed for that day week.

Stilling had already communicated to his father and mother his intention to leave them, and to visit of Solen, his further singular guidance; they were terrified and astonished; they feared, hoped, and confessed that they must resign him entirely to God, and merely stand at a distance, and contemplate his aspiring flight with fear and trembling; meanwhile they wished him every imaginable blessing.

Stilling's situation was now, in every respect, dreadful. Let any rational man imagine himself in his place, and feel!—He had betrothed himself with a tender, pious, susceptible, but at the same time sickly young woman, whom he loved more than his own soul, and who was pronounced by all the physicians to be consumptive, so that he had granted, indeed, that she was born for God and heaven; but 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 Rosenheim, "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 too much to take him with him; or he would at least have had to endure much anxiety on his account.

At length, the day of his departure approached; Christina swam in tears, and occasionally fainted away, and the whole house was troubled.

The last evening, Mr. Friedenberg and Stilling sat together, and composed for him a farewell from weeping. He said with tears to Stilling, "My dear friend, I am heartily concerned about you;—how gladly would I provide you with money, if I were able! I began my business and manufactory with nothing, and I am now just in a situation to maintain myself respectably; but were I to hear of the favour of your studies, I should quite lose ground again. Besides this, I have ten children; and what I do for the first, I owe to all."

"Hear me, my dear friend," answered Stilling, "with a cheerful courage and a joyful mien, "I do not wish for a farthing from you! believe assuredly, that He who was able to feed so many thousands of 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 books, clothes, and baggage, and at the same time all the money, he had on him in the morning; 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 had the opportunity of seeing his father and mother; his money consequently melted away in such a manner, that two days before his departure for Strasbourg, he had only a single rix-dollar left, and this was all the money he had in the world. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his heavenly Father. However, notwithstanding his courage, he was still uneasy; he walked about, and prayed inwardly to God. Meanwhile, he happened to reach the Römerberg, and there met with a merchant from Schönenthal, who knew him well, and was also a friend of his; I will call him Liebmann.

Mr. Liebmann saluted him in a friendly manner, and asked him how it fared with him. He answered, "Very well." "I am glad of it," rejoined the other; "come this evening to my apartment, and sup with me on what I have." Stilling promised to do so, and Mr. Liebmann then showed him where he was lodging.

In the evening, he went to the place appointed. After supper, Mr. Liebmann began as follows:—"Tell me, my friend, who furnishes you with money to enable you to study?" Stilling smiled, and answered, "I have a rich Father in heaven; He will provide for me." Mr. Liebmann looked at him, and continued, "How much have you at pre-
sent." Stilling answered, "One rix-dollar—and that is all." "So!" rejoined Liebmann; "I am one of your Father's stewards; I will therefore now act the paymaster." On this he handed over thirty-three rix-dollars to Stilling, and said, "I cannot at present spare more; you will find assistance 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 received letters from Breslau, from Friedenberg and Christian. The latter had written a letter of courage, and steadfastly 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 sensible 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. The Swiss gentleman was filled with the highest sentiments 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 allighted 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 a copy of his manuscript, and give him one 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 malapropos, 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.

They hunger could not rest until he had viewed the beautiful cathedral, both externally and internally. He was so much delighted with it, that he publicly said, "The sight of it alone was worth the journey; it is well it was built by a German." The next day they inscribed themselves as members of the university; and Mr. Troost, who was known there, sought for a convenient apartment for them both. This he found also according to their wish, and, in the most convenient place for them, dwelt a rich and respectable merchant, of the name of Liebmann, 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 assented, as it were, inquired about the lectures, and attended as many of them as were held. Physics, chemistry, and anatomy were his chief objects, and these he immediately entered upon.

The next day at noon, they went, for the first time, to the table-d'hôte to dine. They were the first there, and their places were pointed out to them. About twenty persons dined at this table, and they saw them enter one after another. In particular, there came one into the room, very briskly, with large bright eyes, beautiful forehead, and handsome figure. This person attracted the eyes of Mr. Troost and Stilling; the former said to the latter, "What a fine-looking man!" Stilling was of the same opinion; however, he thought that they both had met him there before, 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." He then introduced the 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 insensible and mistrustful. He had his seat next to Stilling, and soon became very friendly with him. Then came a student of divinity of the name of Leresa, one of the most excellent of men; he was Goethe's favorite, and this partiality he justly merited; for his abilities were superior to his manners. The other student, 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 dow in peacock's feathers.

A very noble 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 panderize 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. 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
HEINRICH STILLING.

As soon as Stillig entered his apartment, and found it empty—for Mr. Troost was gone to attend a lecture—he shut the door after him, threw himself down in a corner, and wrestled earnestly with God for aid and compassion. The Thursday evening however arrived, without any thing of a consoling nature manifesting itself. It was already five o'clock; and six was the time that he ought to have left the house. Stillig's faith is not to be shaken; he broke out into a perspiration with anxiety, and his whole face was wet with tears. He felt no more courage or faith, and therefore he looked forward to the future as to a hell with all its torments. Whilst he was pacing the room occupied with such ideas, some one knocked at the door. It was called out, Cathedral. 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 Stillig's present struggles.) Stillig 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 have you received your remittance?" Stillig said, like Habakkuk, 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, "Is God's sake, how will you be able to proceed?"

Stillig 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 discharging of it. Are you in want of any money at present?" Stillig could scarcely refrain from crying out; however, he restrained himself, so as not to show 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.

Stillig felt at this moment like Daniel in the lion's den, when Habakkuk brought him his food; he was overpowered by his feelings, and was scarcely aware of Mr. R——'s reentering the room. This excellent man brought eight louis-d'ors, handed them to him, and went away.

In the sphere in which Stillig 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, who so wonderfully and visibly descends to meet them, cannot be the true God, and his doctrine the word of God. Now I have ever adored and worshipped Jesus Christ, as my God and Saviour. He has heard me in the hour of need, and wonderfully supported and succored 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, Stillings fell on the cold-blooded God with tears, and cast himself anew into His paternal arms, after which he went to the college, and paid as well as the best.

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

Whilst they were sitting together, the conversation turned upon their friend at Strasburg. Liebmann was never weary in relating how Mr. Troost commended Stillings' industry, genius, and good success in his studies. But redolently and his family, particularly Christina, were heartily delighted at it. Liebmann could not comprehend whence he had his money, any more than Friedenberg.

"Well," continued Liebmann, "I wish some friend would join with me; we would remit him, for once, a considerable sum."

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 the sum, and send off the bill to him." Friedenberg willingly did so.

A fortnight after the severe trial of faith which Stillings had endured, he received, quite unexpectedly, a letter from Mr. Liebmann, together with a bill for three hundred rix-dollars. He laughed aloud, placed himself against the window, cast a joyful look towards heaven, and said, "This is only possible with thee, thou Almighty Father!—may my whole life be devoted to thy praise?"

He now paid Mr. Troost, Mr. R. —, and others to whom he was indebted, and retained enough to enable him to get through the winter. His manner of life at Strasburg was so remarkable, that the whole university spoke of him. Philosophy had been, from this time, the study of his mind, 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 been, exercise himself further in it, and partly also to attain an ability for speaking in public. As he demanded nothing for it, and as this lecture was regarded as a repetition, he succeeded in it, without any one objecting to it. He obtained a number of hearers, and in consequence, many acquaintances and friends.

His own lectures, he never neglected. He prepared his own studies in anatomy with pleasure and delight; and what he had prepared, he demonstrated publicly, so that both professors and students were astonished at him. Professor Lobstein, who, as is well known, occupied this department in the German 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, Shakespeare, Fielding, and Sterne; and in this manner, Stillings made a transition out of nature into nature. There was also a society of young people at Strasburg, who called themselves the Society of the Belles Lettres, to which he was invited, and received as a member; here he became acquainted with the best works, and the present state of polite literature in the world.

During that winter, Herder came to Strasburg. Stillings was made acquainted with him by Goethe and T. —, who 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 Stillings 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, Stillings received it from Herder, and his 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 Stillings deeply felt the separation from such a worthy man, yet he had now the best acquaintance in Strasburg, and besides this, he hoped in the course of a year to see him again. For he had got the determination to carry with him; and as Mr. Troost had discovered that he was betrothed, Stillings besought him to go to Rasenheim, the first opportunity, and relate to his friends personally every particular respecting his present position.

Thus this worthy man set off again, in April, for the capital; but he had since more gone through the studies of the sciences he most required, with the greatest industry. But Stillings courageously continued his academical course.

The Tuesday before Whitsuntide was fixed for the marriage of the son of one of the Professors, on which account there were no lectures. Stillings 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 from both education and his studies. He at length believed it was only a hypochondriacal chimera; he therefore strove to repel it from his mind by force, and sat down again to his studies. But the uneasiness he felt was so great, that he was obliged to rise up again. He was now really troubled; there was something in him, which powerfully urged him to return home.

Stillings 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 everything at home in the best situation. But as his anxiety and the impulse he felt still continued, he betook himself to prayer, and besought the Lord, if it were His will that he should travel home, to give him an assurance respecting the cause of it. Whilst praying thus within himself, Mr. R. —'s clerk entered the room, and brought him the following letter: —

"Rasenheim, 9th May, 1774.

"MY DEARLY BELIEVED 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 bear to think of her. However, I must not write much of this; I might be saying too much. I sigh and pray most heartily for the dear child; and also for ourselves, that we may filially resign ourselves to God's holy will. May the Eternal and Most Merciful be gracious unto all of us! Your dear Christina is pleased at my writing to you on this occasion, for she is so weak that she cannot say much. I must cease writing a little; may the Almighty God put it into my heart what to write! I will go on in God's name; and must tell you, that your beloved Christian, according to human appearance—he firm, my dearest friend!—has not many days to spend here before he sets out for Bonn; and however, I write according as we men view the matter. Now, my beloved friend—I think my heart will melt; I cannot write much more to you. Your dear Christina would gladly see you once more in this world; but what shall I say to, or advise you? I can write no further, for the tears flow and I cannot see. I have heard, that she knowest me, and that I will gladly pay the expenses of the journey;—but I dare not advise you: ask advice of the true Counselor, 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 as well as he was able, with the letter, to Goethe. As soon as he entered his room, he exclaimed, in the agony of his soul, "I am lost!—there, read the letter!" Goethe 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 whose band Stilling had been so lately admitted, also accompanied them. Goethe and this friend packed up what was needful in his portmanteau, another inquired for an opportunity for him by which he might take his departure; which was soon found, for a vessel lay ready on the Preusch, that would sail at noon for Mayence, the captain of which readily consented to take him. In the meantime, Stilling, after announcing his speedy arrival, 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 long hours afterwards. Goethe says, that reliance on Divine protection; and after commencing his journey, felt his mind even 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 ended, 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 Rhein-bridge, in order to find a conveyance to Cologne. He had 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 gilders, although it is six leagues from Mayence to Bingen. Stilling agreed with him. Whilst the boatman was making ready to depart, a smart little fellow of about fifteen years of age, with a small portmanteau, came up to Stilling, and asked whether he would permit him to travel with him to Cologne. Stilling consented; and as he found the boatman two gilders more, the latter was also satisfied.

The two travellers, therefore, entered the three-boarded boat. Stilling was not pleased with it from the first, and expressed his apprehensions, but the two boatmen laughed at him. They then set off. The water came within two fingers' breadth of the edge of the boat. On one side, who was near tall, moved a little, he thought it would have upset, and then the water really came into the boat.

This sort of conveyance was dreadful to him, and he wished himself heartily on terra firma; however, in order to pass the time, he entered into conversation with his little companion; and hearing, that this youth was the son of a rich widow in II,—I, and intended, just as he sat with him, to travel quite alone to the Cape of Good Hope, in order to visit his brother there. Stilling was astonished above measure, and asked him whether his mother had consented to his journey. "By no means," answered the boy; "I went away from her, and was arrested at Mayence, but I entreated her, until she permitted me to travel, and sent me a bill for eleven hundred gilders. I have an uncle at Rotterdam, to whom I am addressed, and who will assist me further." Stilling was now at ease with respect to the young man, for he did not doubt that this uncle would have secret orders to detain him by force.

During this conversation, Stilling felt a coldness at his feet, and on looking down, found that the water was forcing itself into the boat, and that the boatman behind him was baling it out as fast as he could. He now became seriously alarmed, and requested peremptorily to be set on shore on the Bingen side, saying that he would gladly give them the money agreed upon, and walk to Bingen on foot; however, the boatmen refused to do so, and continued rowing. Stilling therefore also betook himself to bailing, and with his companion, had enough to do to keep the boat empty. Meanwhile, it grew dark; they agreed that the party without 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 not 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 on her rest, he resigned himself cheerfully to the will of God. Whilst immersed in these reflections, he looked up, and saw, a little way before him, the mast of a yacht; he called out with a loud voice for help, and in a few moments, one of the sailors was on deck with a lantern, and a long boat-hook. He was first conducted by him in the contrary direction; but they could not succeed, as for 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. Stillings and his companion were on deck with their portmanteaus, before the villains of boatmen it. The sailor held the lantern to them, and began to exclaim, “Ha, ha! are you the wicked rascals that drowned two travellers down yonder, a few weeks ago! Only wait till I get back to Mr. Stilling, they 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 first opened their eyes. 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 Stillings 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 respect- able appearance; at a little distance from him, a soldier; a step further, a young man, who looked as like a drunken student as one egg does to another. The first had on a cotton cap drawn over his ears, and a cloak hanging over his shoulders, whilst his Russian frock-coat was wrapped round his feet. The second, who had a more business air about his head, and thrown his soldier’s coat over it, and was snoring aloud. The third lay with his bare head in the straw, with an English frock across him; he raised himself, stared strangely about him, like one who has looked too deeply, the previous evening, into the dram-glass. Behind, in the corner, two other young men lay, evidently to say what it was, until it began to move, and look forth from between clothes and cushions;

—Stillings then perceived that it was some sort of a female. Stillings contemplated this excellent group awhile with pleasure; at length he began, “Gentle- men, I wish you all a happy morning, and a pleasant journey!” A three raised themselves, gaped, raised their eyes, and made other such motions 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 digni- fied and noble aspect; he stepped up to Stillings, and said, “Whence come you, soearly?” Stillings related briefly what had happened to him. With a noble mien the gentleman rejoined, “You are certainly not in business; at least do you not seem to me to be so.” Stillings was surprised at this speech; he smiled, and said, “You must under- stand, sir, I am not a professional writer; I am studying medicine.” The strange gentleman looked at him gravely, and said, “You are therefore studying in the midst of your days; you must previously have had great obstacles to sur- mount, or else you made your choice very late.” Stillings replied, “Both was the case with me. I am a child of Providence; without its particular guidance, I should either have been a tailor, or a charcoal-burner.” Stillings spoke this with em- phasis 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 Stillings, “most willingly.”

The following was the conclusion of his story, and said, “Be you who you may, you are a man after my own heart.”

You that scourge my brother Lavater so sever- ly, whence came it, that this noble stranger became fond of Stillings at first sight!—and which is the lan- guage, 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 Stillings, as did also the soldier. Stillings asked whether the gentlemen would take breakfast! “Yes,” said they all, “we will drink coffee.” “So will I!” rejoined Stillings, 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 imme- diately said, “Yes, it will cause us much pleasure.” Stillings made an obeissance. They then all dressed themselves; and the lady behind, very shame- facedly, said, “Go, sit down.” They sat after another. She was housekeeper to a clergyman at Cologne, and consequently very careful in the company of strange men; which, however, was quite unneces- sary, for she was too ugly to be an object of their attentions.

Coffee was now brought in; Stillings placed him- self at the table, drew a chair towards him, and began to pour out the beverage; she was pleased, 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 Stillings observed that no one knew the strange gentleman. The latter urged Stillings to relate the history of his life. As soon as they had passed the bridge, in the Hoxter lock, he began it, and related everything, with the most fervent and earnest em- phasis; he even stated with sincerity the parti- culars of his betrothment, and the reason of his present journey. The unknown gentleman occa- sionally dropped a tear, as did also the soldier, and both wished heartily to hear where and in what state he had met with his Christian. Both were now intimate with him; and the stranger began to relate as follows:—“I was born of mean parent- age in the duchy of Zweibrücken, but was kept diligently at my learning, in order, by knowledge, to make up for what was wanting in property. After I left school, a person in office employed me as a writer. I was with him some years; his daughtcr was a little girl, and I wished to become one of her good friends; that we betrothed ourselves irre- sistibly to each other, and bound ourselves never to marry, if any obstacles were laid in our way. My em- ployer 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 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 intercept- ed. 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 Ame- rica; the cannuah had commenced war against the Dutch; I was therefore ordered 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 to be taken prisoner; for who liked being devoured! I therefore continually entreated our commander to give me a few men to make in- roads 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, in order to effect a surprise. Five of my men were cocked, under our arms. Meantime, a shot was fired at me—the ball whistled by my ear. After a short pause, it occurred again. I looked about, and saw a savage reloading his gun. I called out to him to halt, and pointed my musket at him. He was close to us; he stood still, and we took him. This savage understood Dutch. We forced him to betray his chief to us, and take us to his retreat, which was not far from where we were. Here we found a troop of savages reposing. I had the good fortune to take their chief prisoner myself. We drove as many of them before us as we could keep together; many, however, escaped. In consequence of this affair, the savages with their 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 never parted since.

This tale delighted the company. The lieutenant, as well as Stilling, would now gladly have learned the unknown gentleman’s circumstances, but he smiled, and said, “Excuse me at present, gentlemen. I dare not.”

Thus the day passed away in the most agreeable company. Towards evening, a storm came on, and they therefore landed at Leidersdorff, not far from Neuwied, where they passed the night. The dissolute young man they had with them, was from Strasburg, and had run away from his parents. He soon made acquaintance with the youth who was passenger with them. Stilling warned the youth to be very serious, in order not to spoil the bill of exchange; but it was of no avail. He afterwards heard that the boy had lost all his money, and the Strasburger had disappeared.

In the evening, on retiring to rest, it was found that there were only three beds for five persons. They cast lots which should sleep together, when it fell out that the two youths were to be in one bed, the lieutenant in another, and the strange gentleman and Stilling were to have the best. Stilling now perceived the costly valuables of his bed fellow, 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 showed no jealousy of his, and was easily satisfied, he 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 purchased something for himself with a considerable sum, and purchased a quantity of jewellery and other things of the kind. They all lodged together, at the same inn; and although there were beds enough in the house, yet the stranger requested to sleep again with Stilling, to which he readily assented.

In the morning, Stilling hastened to take his departure. He and the stranger embraced, kissed each other. The latter said to him, “Your company, sir, has afforded me uncommon pleasure. Go on as you have begun, and you will rise high in the world. I shall never forget you.”

Stilling once more expressed his desire to know with whom he had travelled. The stranger smiled, and said, “When you arrive at home, and when you find the name of Stilling on your card, you will remember me.”

Stilling then 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 sufficiently known to him, but he knew not who he was. A week after, he read in the Lippsstadt journal the following article:—

“Cologne, 19th May.—M. von * * *, ambassador of the court of * * * to * * *, passed through this place, in the strictest incognito, on his way to Holland, in order to transact important business.”

In the afternoon of Tuesday after Whitsuntide, Stilling arrived at Rasenheim; he was received with a thousand demonstrations of joy. But Christina was not mistress of herself; when Stilling went to her, she pushed him away, for she knew not him. He went for a little while into another room, and in the meantime, she hid herself in her boudoir. After a day and three nights. Contrary to all expectation, she recovered again; and in a fortnight was so much better, that she sometimes rose for a little while during the day.

Stilling’s alliance with Christina was now perniciously known. Their best friends advised Friedenberg to let them be separated. Stilling, however, assented to; and after the customary formalities, the marriage ceremony was performed, on the 17th of June, 1771, at the bedside of his Christina.

There dwelt in Schönenthal an excellent physician, a man of great learning, and active perseverance, and he readily consented, but was timorous from his time devoid of jealousy, and possessed the best heart in the world. This worthy man had heard part of Stilling’s history from his friend Troost. Stilling had visited him several times on this occasion, and requested his friendship and instruction. His name was Dinkler, and his practice was extensive.

Mr. Dinkler, therefore, and Mr. Troost were present at Stilling’s marriage; and on this occasion, they both proposed to him to settle at Schönenthal, particularly because a physician had just died there. Stilling again awaited the Divine direction, and therefore said he would think upon it. His two friends, however, gave themselves much trouble, and immediately offered to procure him in Schönenthal; and they succeeded in doing so, even before Stilling took his departure again; the Doctor also promised to visit, his Christina during his absence, and to take care of her health.

Mr. Friedenberg now likewise found a source from whence he might procure money; and after every thing was arranged, Stilling prepared to depart again for Strasburg. The evening before the melancholy day, he went up to his wife’s chamber. He found her lying on her knees, with folded hands. He stepped up to her, and looked at her; but she was stiff as a log of wood. He felt her pulse, which beat quite regularly, and he lifted her up, spoke to her, and at length brought her to herself. The whole night was spent in continual mourning and conflict.

The next morning Christina continued lying upon her face in the bed. She took her husband round the neck, and wept and sobbed incessantly. At length, however, she declared she would hourly visit him; and two brothers-in-law accompanied him to Cologne. The next day, before he took his seat in the diligence, a messenger arrived from Rasenheim,
and brought the news that Christina had become tranquil.

This encouraged Stilling; he felt much relieved, and did not doubt that he would again meet his dear and faithful Christina in good health. He commended her and himself into the paternal hands of God, took leave of his brothers-in-law, and set off.

In seven days he again arrived at Strasburg, safe and well, without danger, and without meeting with any thing remarkable. His first visit was to Göethe. The noble young man started up on seeing him, fell upon his neck, and kissed him.

"Art thou here again, my good friend?" exclaimed he; "and how do you intend?" 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 scoffers.

He now prosecuted his medical studies with all diligence, and omitted nothing which belongs to that science. The following autumn, Göethe died publicly, and then set off home. He and Stilling entered into a mutual and indissoluble bond of friendship. Lerse also took his departure for Versailles, but Lenz remained at Strasburg.

The following winter, Stilling, with the permission of Professor Spielmann, read a lecture upon chemistry, completely finished his anatomical studies, went through some things a second time, and then wrote his Latin treatise for examination without the assistance of any one. This he dedicated, by special permission, to His Serene Highness the Elector of the Palatinate, his gracious prince; he then passed his examination, and prepared for his departure.

Here much money was again requisite, and Stilling wrote home on the subject. Mr. Friedenberg was startled at it; at the dinner-table, he thought he would put his children to the test. They were all present, great and small. The father began:—"Children, your brother-in-law requires still so much money; what think you, would you send it to him if you had it?" They all answered unanimously, "Yes! even were we to take off our clothes and pledge them!" This moved the parents, even to tears; and Stilling vowed them eternal love and fidelity, as soon as he heard of it. In one word, a remittance arrived at Strasburg, which was sufficient. Stilling now disputed with credit and applause. Mr. Spielmann acted as dean on the occasion. On giving him the licence, after the disputation was ended, he broke out into commendations of him, and said, "That it was long since he had given the licence to any one with greater pleasure than to the present candidate; for he had done more, in such a short time, than many others in five or six years." 

Stilling was still upon the rostrum, and the tears streamed down his cheeks. His soul overflowed with thankfulness towards Him who had brought him out of the dust, and given him a vocation in which, in accordance with his own inclinations, he could live and die to the honor of God and the benefit of his neighbours.

On the 24th of March 1772, he took leave of all his friends at Strasburg, and set off home. At Mannheim 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 Rassenheim. His Christina was upstairs in her room. She lay with her face upon the table, and wept aloud. Stilling pressed her to his breast, embraced and kissed her. He asked her why she wept. "Oh," answered she, "I am weeping because I have not power sufficient to thank God for all his goodness." "Thou art in the right, my angel!" rejoined Stilling; "but our whole life, in time and in eternity, shall be made up of thanksgiving. However, rejoice now, that the Lord has brought thee to this happy hour."

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 Dunkler 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 lives; I must go down and see him before I die."

Unto the throne of Majesty supreme,
With grateful heart I now draw near:
And mingle with the seraph's lofty theme
My humble song of praise and prayer.

Although but dust, and form'd of earthly clay—
Although I feel both sin and death—
Yet to a seraph's height aspire I may,
Since Christ for me resign'd his breath

Words are not tasks—no, such like noble deeds
As Christ's own precedent approves;
Minced with sufferings! and afflictions' seeds,
An incense, which 'th' Almighty loves;

Be these my thanks; and may my stooldast will
Each hour be dedicate to Thee;
And grant, I always may this wish fulfill,
E'en till I reach eternity!

HEINRICH STILLING'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

On the lst of May 1772, in the afternoon, Stilling proceeded with his Christina on foot to Schönenthal, and Mr. Friedenberg accompanied them. All nature was still, the sky was serene, the sun shone over hill and dale, and its warm and genial rays unfolded herbs, 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
he, 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 Stillng which he could not account for; inwardly sorrowful and joyful his 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 bastle of a great town or of a baron's house, which is intersected by this valley.

This valley is filled with isolated houses; one garden and orchard borders on another, and the walk up the valley is enchanting. Stillng dreamed of future happiness; and thus dreaming, he entered the noisy town.

In a few minutes, his father-in-law conducted him to the house which Dinkler and Troost had selected and hired for him; it stood back a little from the high-road, near the Wupper, and had a small garden attached to it, with a beautiful prospect of the southern hills. The servant-girl, who had preceded them a few days, had cleaned every thing thoroughly, and arranged their little stock of household furniture.

After sufficiently surveying and giving his opinion upon every thing, Mr. Friedenberg took his leave with many cordial wishes for their happiness, and walked back again to Rasenheim. The young married couple then stood and looked at each other with tearful eyes. Their whole stock of furniture was only, a bed, a table, a small chest, a little bed for themselves, and one for the servant, a couple of dishes, six pewter plates, a few pans for cooking, &c., together with the most needful linen, and a very bare supply of clothes, was all that could be found in the house, though large; this furniture was divided hither and thither, and yet the apartments seemed all indescribably empty. The third story was never thought of; it was void, and continued so.

And then the cash! Their funds consisted altogether of five rix-dollars in ready money, and that was all! Really, really, it required great confidence in the paternal providence of God in order to sleep quietly the first night; and yet Stillng and his lady slept soundly through the whole night; and the moment that God would provide for them. His reason, however, occasionally tormented him much; but he gave no ear to it, and simply believed. The next day he paid his visits; but Christina paid none, for her intention was to live as unknown and privately as propriety would permit. Stillng now found much difference in the behaviour of his future fellow-citizens and neighbours. His pietistic friends, who had formerly received him as an angel of God, and embraced him with the warmest salutations and blessings, stood at a distance, merely bowed, and were cold—but this was no wonder; for he now wore a wig with a bag to it; formerly it was only round, and powdered a little; besides, he wore ruffles to his shirt, at the neck and hands, and was therefore become a gentleman, and a man of the world. They attempted occasionally to speak with him on religion, in their usual way; but he expressed himself, in a friendly and serious manner, to the effect that he had talked long enough also; and they might well be so, for he had often enough and as he no longer attended any of their meetings, they regarded him as a backsider, and spoke of him on every occasion in an unkind and lamenting tone. How much is this mode of proceeding to be deprecated in such characters otherwise so worthy and excellent! I willingly confess that some of the most upright people and the best disposed 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 expect that the most professed of religion is unavailing, and that the individual must let his light shine by his good works. In short, Stillng was not only entirely forsaken by his old friends, but even calumniated; nor did they scarcely ever employ him as a physician. The majority of the rich merchants received him merely with politeness, some few who had got 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 on him; hitherto he had dined at a table well provided by others, or else had been able to pay for it himself; the world around him had had little reference to him; and with all his sufferings, his sphere of operation had been inconsiderable. But now, he saw himself all at once placed in a vast, splendid, low-browed, and populous and prosperous world, with which he did not harmonize. The knowledge and the things 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 singing, for it was too weak for adding to his own shining. Stillng there was no longer beguile to feel more of his own.

Meanwhile, two days, and even three days, passed, before any one came who needed his assistance; and the five rix-dollars melted away rapidly. But on the morning of the fourth day, a woman came from Dornfeld, a small town that lies about three-quarters of a league to the east of Schönenthal. On her arrival, the door had been opened with tears in her eyes, "Oh, doctor, we have heard that you are a very able man, and know a great deal;—a very, very great misfortune has happened at our house, and we have employed all the doctors far and near, but none of them can do any thing for him; I am therefore come to you;—Oh, help my poor child, it is very sick." "Gracious heaven!" thought Stillng 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 this soup, but no medicine had been prescribed. For the last six weeks, the woman had concluded her copious account with expression of suspicion, whether the child might not possibly be bewitched.

"No," answered Stillng, "the child is not
bewitched; I will come and see him." The woman wept again, and said, "Oh, doctor, do come in!" 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 wealth) in what remains, there is but one formula to bear me like myself!" With these melancholy thoughts, he took up his hat and stick, and set out for Dornfeld; praying to God, the whole way, for light, and blessing, and power. He found the child exactly as its mother had described;—its eyes were closed, it fethed breath regularly, and the right arm moved rapidly up and down before it. He moved it slowly 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 Schonenthal 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 asked himself what he could order that might be useful; at length it occurred to him, that Mr. Spielman had commended "Dippel's animal oil" as a remedy for convulsions; he was the more glad of this medicament, for he felt assured that none of the physicians had used it, because it was no longer in fashion. He therefore decided upon it; and as soon as he came home, he prescribed a mixture, of which he drank a little, and fetched it. Scarcely had two hours elapsed, when a messenger arrived, who requested Stilling to return immediately to his patient;—he hastened to him, and on entering the house, he saw the boy sitting up in the bed, happy and well; and was told that scarcely had the child swallowed a teaspoonful of the mixture, that he opened his eyes, and fetched it. Scarcely had two hours elapsed, when a messenger arrived, who requested Stilling to return immediately to his patient;—he hastened to him, and on entering the house, he saw the boy sitting up in the bed, happy and well; and was told that scarcely had the child swallowed a teaspoonful of the mixture, that he opened his eyes, and fetched it. Scarcely had two hours elapsed, when a messenger arrived, who requested Stilling to return immediately to his patient;—he hastened to him, and on entering the house, he saw the boy sitting up in the bed, happy and well; and was told that scarcely had the child swallowed a teaspoonful of the mixture, that he opened his eyes, and fetched it. Scarcely had two hours elapsed, when a messenger arrived, who requested Stilling to return immediately to his patient;—he hastened to him, and on entering the house, he saw the boy sitting up in the bed, happy and well; and was told that scarcely had the child swallowed a teaspoonful of the mixture, that he opened his eyes, and fetched it. Scarcely had two hours elapsed, when a messenger arrived, who requested Stilling to return immediately to his patient;—he hastened to him, and on entering the house, he saw the boy sitting up in the bed, happy and well; and was told that scarcely had the child swallowed a teaspoonful of the mixture, that he opened his eyes, and fetched it. Scarcely had two hours elapsed, when a messenger arrived, who requested Stilling to return immediately to his patient;—he hastened to him, and on entering the house, he saw the boy sitting up in the bed, happy and well; and was told that scarcely had the child swallowed a teaspoonful of the mixture, that he opened his eyes, and fetched it.

When reflecting on the whole affair, he could scarcely refrain from laughing aloud at hearing them speak of his stupendous ability, being conscious how little he had done in the matter; however, prudence required him to be silent, and to take every thing for granted, although without ascertaining vain glories; 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, of the Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, were neglected at least not sufficiently studied; whilst, on the contrary, the time is spent in a variety of subtle and sophistical anatomical disquisitions; the individual then attends the other lectures mechanically, and immediately hastens to the sick-bed. There, however, every thing is found to be very different; the man knows little or nothing of the secret course of nature, and yet ought to know every thing,—the young doctor is ashamed to confess his ignorance; he therefore tells a great deal of high-sounding nonsense, which makes the ears of the experienced practitioner to tinge; then sits down, and prescribes something, according to his fancy. Now, if he is still in any degree conscientious, he makes choice of remedies which, at least, cannot injure; but how often is the most important crisis by this means neglected, in which a beneficial effect might have been produced! and besides all this, the individual who thinks himself something of a harmless nature, not considering that injury may nevertheless be done by it, because he is ignorant of the real character of the disease.

It is therefore imperative upon young students, after attaining a perfect knowledge of the auxiliary sciences, to study Surgery to the very bottom; for the latter contains the most certain principles of knowledge, from whence, by analogy, internal diseases may be ascertained. They ought then to study nature at a sick-bed, with the professor of practical medicine, who should, however, himself be a good physician; and then at length, enter upon this highly important office; but mark!—"Only under the eye of the master!" God bless 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 suit them; and Stilling was desirous of finding 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 practising physician.

In the beginning of that summer, Stilling made it known that he would read a lecture on Physiology to young surgeons. Messieurs Dinkler and Troost attended the lecture diligently, and from that time he became read lectures almost without interruption. When he spoke in public, he was in his element; in speaking, his ideas developed themselves so fast that he often could not find words enough to express them all; his whole existence felt reanimated, and became life and delineation. I do not say this for the sake of boasting; God knows, it was He who gave him the talent; Stilling used it. His friends often forebode he would become a public lecturer; at which predictions he sighed within himself, and wished it might be so; but saw no way before him how to ascend that step.

Scarcely had Stilling spent a few weeks in such occupations, when all at once the leading men in the Alliance, the professors, the Board of the General, and wounded him severely. Christian began to grow melancholy and ill; by degrees her dreadful fate returned in all their violence; she became subject to tedious and painful convulsions, which often
lasted for hours together, and contracted her poor weak body in such a manner, that it was pitiful to behold; she was often delirious; and sometimes she did not even know the place to lie in; and when 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. Stillmg looked upon her as perfectly hectic, for she had really all the symptoms of a consumptive; she was never off her bed; during which she shrieked so dreadfully that the very air seemed to reverberate. She was therefore ordered to be removed to a sick-room, to be treated according to the advice of 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, what could he expect but very dear, and the manner of living expensive. Every night he lay awake, and 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 saw still more pious people, who struggled with the bitter pestilence, and yet preserved strength, 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 paid; but the same necessity 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 being in that time was ignorant, but at length became thoroughly 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 labours brought him in very little. Christina also felt grateful at it, for she was very constant; and she said nothing to her when he gave away anything. Just she said nothing to 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 Stillmg thought he saw the end of her. One forenoon, as he sat by her bed and waited upon her, her breath all at once began to cease,—she stretched out her arms towards her husband, gave him a piercing look, and breathed out the words, "Farewell—angel—Lord, have mercy upon me—I am dying!"

With that her eyes became fixed, all the appearance of death showed itself in her face, her respiration ceased, she was convulsed, and Stillmg 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 Stillmg was about to call for help, she came again to herself; but this was a straining-up, and evidently contrary to his wish. Stillmg 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 so alarmed, and the physician succumbed not under this attack, but she remained dangerously ill, and the dreadful paroxysms continued; hence his life was a constant torture, and every day had new torments in readiness for himself and his consort.

Just in this severe time of trial, there came a messenger from a place which was five leagues distant from 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 message 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 had been so weak that morning, that she feared their time residing with them on a visit to her sister, and she went out with the servant to fetch the wine. Stillmg seriously enjoined the latter to return immediately, because there were still several things to do, and he had to prepare for his journey on the morrow; however, she did not do so;—the fine summer evening seduced them to take a walk; and it was nine o'clock before she came home. Stillmg 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, Stillmg began, in a gentle but serious tone, to admonish her, and remind her of her duty; the servant girl's mind became agitated, and she fled to 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 Stillmg himself grew cold through his whole frame, whilst his sick wife shrieked out with terror. Meanwhile, Stillmg 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.

Stillmg now felt exasperated; he seized the girl by the arm, turned her about, and said to her, energetically, "What now! what are you doing!—what Satan impels you to trouble me thus, in my distressing circumstances!—have you no human feeling!" But this was pouring oil into the fire; she shrieked convulsively, tore herself from him, and fell into the most dread sensations. At the same time, Christina heard Stillmg's terrible scream, and shrieking dreadfully, ran up stairs, and found, in the twilight, his wife in the most appalling condition;—she had thrown off all the bed-clothes and bedding, and was writhing convulsively in the straw beneath; all recollection was fled, she gnashed her teeth, and the convulsions drew her head backwards, whilst her sickly wife shrieked out with terror. The next moment the affliction now rolled over his head;—he ran out to his next neighbours and old friends, and called aloud for help most piteously. Persons of both sexes came, and exerted themselves to bring the two sufferers again to themselves;—they succeeded first with the servant-girl; she came to herself again, and went backwards to her bed. The same was the case a couple of hours in the same melancholy condition. She then became quiet; her bed was made, and
she was put into it, where she lay like one asleep, entirely without consciousness, and unable to move. The day now dawned; two females from the 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 stupification, and she only came to herself again the next morning.

He now sent away the malicious servant, and hired another. The storm passed over for this time; and Christina got well again. The following autumn, she was again troubled with an ulcerated breast, which was the cause of many painful occurrences; though with this exception, she was very well and cheerful.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stilling's domestic life had commenced painfully and sorrowfully in every respect. There was nothing pleasing in his whole situation, except the tenderness with which Christina treated him; both loved each other cordially, and their intercourse was a pattern to married people. However, the excitement of the young and ardor of observation made him very bitter moments, for it frequently degenerated into jealousy; but this weakness entirely vanished in the course of a year or two. In other respects, Stilling's whole state resembled that of a wanderer travelling by night through a wood full of robbers and ravenous beasts, who hears them, from time to time, rustling and roaring around him. He was continually tormented by care respecting his daily support; he had little success in his vocation, little love in the circle in which he moved, and consequently little comfortable society. No one encouraged him; for those who could have done it, did not know him, nor he them; and those that observed him, despised him and his circumstances, either despised him, or were indifferent to him. If he occasionally went to Rasenheim, he did not dare say any thing of his condition, lest he should cause anxiety, for Mr. Friedenberg had become security for the amount of his studies had cost; he was compelled to hide his story from the honest waves, from his youth up, there 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 able to instruct himself in the religious knowledge of the world; he can then place his hopes with the weapons of love, which no one effectually resists: may, even Doity 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 Volkkraft, 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 poet of much wit, and highest and most upright sentiments, accompanied him, in order to be with him in a place which was so entirely destitute of food for his soul. Doctor Dinkler was very well acquainted with these two worthy characters. At the first visit, he described Stilling to them so advantageously, that they were desirous of becoming acquainted with him. Dinkler gave him a hint, and he hastened to visit them. He went to them for the first time one evening; when, the chamberlain entered into conversation with him, and was so taken with him, that he saluted and embraced him, and favored him with his entire love and friendship; the latter day may say, such was the case with the other brother. Both understood him, and lie them; their hearts overflowed into each other, and a conversation arose, such as is not understood by every one.
Stilling's eyes were continually filled with tears on this occasion. His deep sorrow sought alleviation; but he never mentioned any thing of his sickness or his friends, and even rich and reputable people confess one's need even to friends. He therefore bore his burden alone; which, however, was much lightened from having met with those who understood, and were confidential and open to him. Besides this, Stilling was of low birth; he had been accustomed, from his youth up, to regard persons of rank, and even rich and reputable people, as beings of a superior kind; hence he was always timid and reserved in their presence. This was often construed into stupidity, ignorance, and adherence to his low descent: in a word, he was despised by persons of the common sort, who were destitute of refined feelings; but the brothers Vollkraft were of a very different stamp; they treated him confidentially; he revived in their society, and was able to shew himself in his true colours.

> Friedrich Vollkraft, for so was the chamberlain called, asked him, at his first visit, if he had written any thing. Stilling answered that he had; for he had spoken confidentially 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 declaration, was so unexpected, that it was a most powerful proof in his favour; "there is nothing incomparable!" They therefore encouraged him to write more, and induced him to furnish something for the "German Mercurius," which was then commencing. He did so, and wrote "Asenetha, 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 acquaintance, Vollkraft became a support to Stilling, which much relieved him on a very painful occasion. He had now a lodging and a friend when he travelled to Rüsselstein, who imparted to him, by his correspondence, many and refreshing rays of light. This countryman, however, made him still more hated by his fellow-townsmen, and particularly by the Pietists; for in Schönenthal, a rigid adherence to systems of religion universally prevails, and he that varies from them in the smallest degree, as was the case with the brothers Vollkraft, was regarded as Anathema and Muraanatha; so far as a person is supposed to be spiritual, or a romance however moral, he is in their eyes already tainted with irreligion, and becomes odious. It is true that all the inhabitants of Schönenthal do not think alike, of which proofs will be given in the sequel; these are, however, the sentiments of the majority, and it is this which gives them encouragement.

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 Schönenthal, to carry every thing that is earned to account; therefore, as no money came in, none could go out; consequently, what is wanted is fetched from the tradespeople, and placed to account. At the end of the year, the bills are made out and sent, and thus accounts are kept up. The doctor, having earned as much as he had spent, yet his demands were scattered about in such trifling sums that he could not possibly collect them all; he was therefore at a stand; and thus, the shopkeepers not being paid, his credit sank still more; his grief, on this account, was indescribable. He met his daily ready-money expenses by what he received from patients in the country; but this resource was so limited, that he had barely sufficient for mere necessaries, and was frequently put to the severest tests; in which, however, Providence never forsook him, but came to his aid, as formerly, in a visible and wonderful manner. The following is an instance amongst many.

In Schönenthal, coals alone are used, both in the kitchen and the parlour stoves; all these coals are brought from the neighbouring province of Mark. Stilling had also his coalman, who from time to time brought him a horse-load, which, however, he was obliged to pay for on the spot; for the carrier required the money to buy more, and he had been hitherto always provided with the needful. On one occasion, this coalman drove up to the door, in the afternoon; the coals were wanted, and the man could not be sent away. Stilling had not half-a-guilder in the house, and he did not dare to go out. While the horse was at the door of his neighbour, Christina wept, while he prayed ardentely to God. All that was required was a couple of Convent 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 carriage had arrived, and the dog of the carrier was let down. Stilling, after being requested to pay the customary salutations, the man began: "I have just been receiving money; and as I was passing your door, it occurred to me, that I had no need to let my account stand over till next year; I therefore wish to settle it now. You, perhaps, may be able to make use of the money." Very well," replied Stilling; so saying, he ran and fetched the lads, made out the account, and received ten rix-dollars.

Stilling frequently met with examples of this kind, by which he was much strengthened in his faith, and encouraged to persevere.

On the 5th of January 1778, Christina bore him a daughter; and although every thing passed over in the ordinary course of nature, yet it was another dread period of six hours' continuance, in which the fury, Hysteria, used her claws in a terrible manner;—the poor woman wretched about like a worm; and such times were always a penetrating and purifying fire for Stilling.

The following spring, after raising his Sunday, to a neighbour's, for the sake of being relieved at the distance of a league and-a-half from Schönenthal, in order to visit the sick, and spending the whole day in going from house to house, and from cottage to cottage, there came in the evening, a poor, young, well-made female, across the street, who was blind, and was obliged to be led by the hand. Stilling was still engaged for other cases of the like; 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-labourer; 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 anything 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
had never yet tried it on any living being."

Woman.—"Oh, then, try it upon me!

Stilling.—"No, good woman! that I will not; I
am too much afraid of it;—it might not succeed,
and then you would always continue blind; it
would be afterwards impossible to cure you."

Woman.—"But now, if I will run the risk!
You see I am blind, and shall not be blinded than
I am now; perhaps the Lord will give his blessing
with it, and make it successful;—perform the op-
eration upon me!"

At these words, Stilling was seized with a fit of
trembling; operations were not his business; he
therefore threw himself on horseback, and said,
"Let me alone!—I cannot,—I cannot,—perform the
operation!"

Woman.—"Doctor, you must; it is your duty;
God has called you to help the poor and the
needy, whenever you can;—now you can oper-
ate 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 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, of the Stadtstrasse. He was one of the
members of his church; the prudent, gentle,
unweariedly active servant of God, without being
a pietist; in short, he was a disciple of Jesus in
the full sense of the word. His Master soon called
him away, assuredly to make him ruler over much.

Lavater sings his death, the poor wept over him,
and the sick lamented him. Blessed be thy re-
 mans, 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, he pressed the possi-
bilities and 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
assist him. This encouraged him in some measure,
and he resolved to set upon it with equal trembling.

There was another circumstance to be added to
all this. Stilling had been particularly instructed
at Strasburg, by Professor Lolstein, in the ex-
traction of the cataract, and had also procured
from Bognier the instruments for it; for it was
his intention, at that time, to unite this excellent
and beneficial method of healing to his other
ophthalmic 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 attempted nothing of the kind, and this
was one of the principal reasons why he
could not perform as much—or at least, did not
appear to accomplish as much—as others of his
colleagues, who undertook every thing, labored on,
and though they often made miserable falls,
gathered themselves up again, and notwithstanding
all got on.

Stilling wrote therefore to Müller, that he would
come on a certain day, with Doctor Dinkler, to
perform the operation on the poor woman.
Accordingly, both set off, on the day appointed, and
walked to the village; Dinkler gave Stilling every
possible encouragement, but it was of little avail.
At length they arrived at the village, and went to
Müller's house; the latter comforted him, and the
woman was then sent for, together with the 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 point. In this manner he moved a little on
taking breath, Stilling drew the instrument out again; consequently the watery
humour flowed out of the wound, down the cheek,
and the anterior eye closed. Stilling therefore
took the curved scissors, and penetrated into
the wound with the one blade, and then regularly
cut the several layers of the eye, as cautiously as
on looking closely, he found that he had also cut the
coat of the iris; he was alarmed;—but what was to be
done! He was silent, and sighed. That moment
the lens fell through the wound, down upon the
check, and the woman exclaimed, in the greatest
transport of joy, "O Doctor, I can see your face! I
see the black in your eyes!" The people was then
present rejoiced. Stilling then bound up the eye,
and healed it successfully; she saw extremely well,
with one eye. Some weeks after, he performed
the operation upon the other eye, with the left
hand; all was done regularly, for he had now more
courage; this was also healed, and the woman was
perfectly restored to sight. To that happy blind
people came, on whom he success-
fully performed the operation; it was seldom
that he did not succeed. Nevertheless, it was
singular, that these important cures rarely yielded
him any emolument. Most of the individuals being
poor, he performed the operation on them gra-
tuitously; and it was seldom that any one came
who was able to pay anything; his circumstances
were consequently little improved by his success.
Many even took occasion from it to class him
with operators and quack-doctors. "Only pay
attention," said they; "he will soon begin to
travel from place to place, and enter into some
order."

In September of the following autumn, the lady
of one of the principal and most wealthy merchants,
or rather men of property, who was at the same
time a very worthy man, was confined for the first
time. The case was a very painful and protracted
one; and Dinkler, as physician to the family, pro-
posed to call in the assistance of Stilling, who was
full, cut forward better than ever. He had pre-
vented himself that the child was dead, to assist
the mother, he opened its head, and pressed it together.
Every thing afterwards went on well; and the
lady soon became convalescent. But the heartfelt
anxiety, tears, struggles, and sympathy which such
employments occasioned our susceptible Stilling,
HEINRICH

STILLING.

cannot be described. However, he felt it his duty, and was obliged to go whenever he was sent for. He started, therefore, so that his heart beat, on hearing a knock at his door during the night; and this has interwoven itself so firmly into his nerves, that, to the present moment, he shudders whenever any one knocks at his door in the night-time, although he is well aware that he is no longer sent for to act on such occasions. This affair gained him, for the first time, the esteem of all the inhabitants of Schönenthal; he now had a number of friendly visitors. However pleasant a 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. Stillmg stood as if thunderstruck, and for a moment he could hardly believe 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 no urging from his colleagues to appear before the board. 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 Stillmg; "but I have cured several of the cataract." "That is not true," said the man, insolently; "you say false." "No!" rejoined Stillmg, with fire in his eyes, and burning cheeks. "I do not speak falsely; I can bring witnesses to prove it incontestibly; and were I not aware of the respect I owe you, sir, as one of my superiors, I would answer you in the same tone. A graduated person, who seeks every where to do his duty, deserves the esteem of his superiors." The member of the medical board laughed in his face, and said, "Is it doing your duty, to destroy children?" Dimness now obscured Stillmg'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 devotion to the interests of his superiors, and sank back into a chair, and wept like a child; but this produced no effect, except to excite more scorn; he therefore rose up, and went away. In order that his grief might not be too much perceived by the 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 everthing, and reveal to some one 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!" Stillmg, 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 this 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. However, extending all these vexations circumstances, Stillmg 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 this case of labor above-mentioned, Stillmg 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 Meiningen, in order to bring the whole affair before the medical board. That in this interval, while that time, was the venerable Leiferst. 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 Stillmg's enemies took occasion from it to calumniate him. Stillmg'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 celebrated 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 Stillmg, and to place himself under his care. Meiningen having been reached, Stillmg set out 1774, with his lady and two daughters, and Stillmg successfully performed the operation in the beginning of May; his patient recovered so satisfactorily that he perfectly regained his sight, and still continues to fill his situation in an honorable manner. During this time, Christina was brought to bed a second time, and bore a son. With the exception of dreadful hysterical fits from the milk-fever, every thing went on favorably. There was still one thing which lay at Stillmg'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 this intimate knowledge. He there- quently invited the worthy man, and Wilhelm had often promised to come, yet he always postponed his visit. Stillmg 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 Stillmg 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 pains 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 a 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 Rasenheim, where he introduced his father to the whole of his Christina's family. Wilhelm was received in a manner worthy of him; he shook every one by the hand; and his honest, characteristic Stilling's-face, inspired every one with reverence. The Doctor now let his father walk on before, accompanied by one of his brothers-in-law, whilst he remained a few minutes longer in the company of his father, to observe his feelings in the bosom of Mr. Friedenberg's family; he wept aloud, thanked God, and then hastened after his father. He had never travelled the road from Rasenheim to Schönenthal with such heartfelt delight as on the present occasion; and Wilhelm likewise rejoiced in his God.

When Father, and 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 Meininghausen, 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 allowed to enter. It was a physician, who had been sent by a friend of his company; very friendly; grave; of a soft-featured countenance, composed look, and careful in all his expressions; all his words were weighed, as it were, in gold scales; in short, he was an excellent man; if I except the single peculiarity, which all persons of this kind so easily assume—that of being intolerant towards all who differ from them in opinion. This venerable man, with his round and lively face, round bob-wig and black small-clothes, sat towards the head of the table; he looked about him with a kind of friendly anxiety, and now and then privately dropped monitorial 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 gentleness, pleasant feeling, and benevolence towards God and man, let them think and believe as they would, if they were only good and worthy people; his grey flock-hat lay behind him in the window, and his form was covered with a light summer frock.
The landlord sat next him ;—he had on his head a coal-black wig with a bag, and a brown chinzi morning-gown, girded about with a green silk sash; his large prominent eyes started forth from beneath his broad and lathy forehead; his chin was pointed, and the face, on the whole, triangular and mean-looking, 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 there was no want of objects. He had an able drawing-master with him, who also did not sit with his hands in his bosom.

Near Lavater sat Hasenkamp, a man of about forty years of age,—a little bent, thin, and haggard, with rather a long face, remarkable physiognomy, and an aspect which inspired veneration. Every word of his, whether spoken of the most prosaic or profound occurrences, whether sudden or systematically, 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 watched 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, beam'd forth through his features, which were disfigured by the small-pox, but so slightly as only to be gradually discover'd. His manner of speaking was rugged and striking, with a struggle 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 manikin, 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 and precise maxims, like a philosopher atmosphere, to an impenetrable power, which repelled every thing that sought to approach him.

Close to him sat a worthy young Schönenthal merchant, a friend of Stilling, full of religion without piety, and glowing with a hunger after truth—a man who has few that are like him.

Now followed Stilling; he sat there, with a profound and secret grief on his brow, which circumstances for the moment dispelled; he spoke occasionally, and sought to show each one his heart as it was.

Some inconsiderable physiognomies, merely to fill up the vacant space, completed the circle. Goethe smiled to himself about the table, made faces, and shewed every where, in his way, how royally the circle of men delighted him.

STILLING.

The Schönenthals people thought to themselves, "Good heaven! the man cannot be right in his head!" but Stilling and others, who knew him and his ways better, thought they should burst with laughter, when some one regarded him with a fixed, and as it were compassionate eye, and he confound him with a full and piercing look.

This scene lasted, rather tumultuously, scarcely half-an-hour; when Lavater, Hasenkamp, Collenbusch, the young merchant, and Stilling, rose up, and wandered forth in the clear evening sunshine, up the lovely valley, in order to visit the excentric Theodore Müller above-mentioned. Stilling will never forget that walk; Lavater became acquainted with him, and he with Lavater; they spoke much together, and became attached to each other. On arriving at the village, Stilling returned to Schönenthal with his friend; in the mean time, Goethe and Juvenal had sat off for Russelstein. Lavater came next morning to visit Stilling, had his portrait taken for his work on Physiognomy, and then pursued his journey further.

It was necessary to touch upon this remarkable period of Stilling's life circumstantially; for although it made no alteration in his situation, yet it laid the foundation of all the changes in his future course of life. One thing more I have forgotten to observe;—Goethe took with him the manuscript of Stilling's life, in order to be able to read it at home, at his leisure; we shall find, in the sequel, the excellent use which Providence made of this apparently trifling circumstance, and of 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 Sor
cenbury in Saxony; in the hope that Stilling would be able to cure him. Stilling looked at his eyes; the pupils were broad, but still in some degree movable; though there was the commencement of the cataract, yet the patient was much too blind for it to proceed solely from this trifling obscurity.

Stilling saw clearly that the beginning of the cataract was not so much a cataract, but a gutta serena. But 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. Stilling therefore suffered himself to be prevailed upon, for the patient himself requested that the attempt might be made, and expressed himself to the effect that this last remedy must be also tried; the operation was successfully performed, and the cure commenced.

The step was very inconsiderable, and Stilling found succeeded in removing it. The cure did not succeed; the eyes inflamed, suppurated strongly, and the sight was not only irreparably lost, but the eyes had now also an ugly appearance. Stilling kept in solitude, and prayed to God on his face for this man, that he might be healed; but he was not heard. To this, other circumstances were added; Bauch learned that Stilling was needy, and hence he began to believe that he had performed the operation merely in order to gain money. Now though the merchant, his landlord, who had brought him with him, was Stilling's friend, and sought to divest him of his suspicions, yet there were others, who visited the patient, who could not bequited without personal or political considerations. Poverty, deficiency in knowledge and limited abilities. Bauch therefore travelled back to Frank-
fort unhappy, and full of vexation and mistrust of Stillings's integrity and attainments; he remained there some weeks, in order to make new attempts with his eyes, and after that to return home.

During this time, a very worthy and respectable Frankfort patrician, Mr. Von Lesener, heard how Professor Sorber of Marburg had been cured by Stillings. 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 Lesener consequently had his eyes inspected by several physicians, and as all of them agreed that the cataract was incurable, he committed the matter to his family-physician, the respectable and worthy Doctor Hoffmann, that he might correspond with Stillings upon the subject, and induce him to proceed to Frankfort; because, being old, blind, and infirm, he did not think himself able to undertake such a voyage. Lesener promised to pay Stillings a thousand guilders, whether the operation proved successful or not. These thousand guilders dazzled Stillings's eye in his afflicted circumstances; and Christina, however intolerable her husband's absence might seem to her, advised him, very seriously, not to neglect this opportunity. With his wife's consent and that of the Frieburg 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. Lesener has much money at his command, and you will not undertake the journey." However, all his advice was fruitless; Stillings's former impulse to run before Providence again got the ascendency; he therefore determined to set off for Frankfort, and accordingly promised Mr. von Lesener that he would come.

Stillings 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. From his former experience, he had no doubt that if he still residing at Frankfort, would ruin the whole affair again; for as soon as he heard that von Lesener intended to place himself under Stillings's care, he seriously warned him, and deprecated Stillings as much as he could, on account of his needy circumstances and mean acquirements; however, it was of no avail; Von Lesener persisted in his intention. No one could, in reality, blame Bauch for acting thus, for he had no other knowledge of Stillings, and his object in warning Von Lesener against misfortune was not ignoble.

Goethe, who was still residing at Frankfort when this story occurs, the prospect of having his friend Stillings with him for a few days; he had 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. Stillings'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, Stillings mounted a hired horse, took a guide with him, and rode one afternoon, in double harness, to the capital. They reached Frankfort, 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 Stillings more than once was in the utmost danger of his life. However, he arrived safely at Meinerzhagen, where he passed the night. The third morning he set out again upon his way; the sky was now pretty clear, large clouds flew over his head, and the sun, with his gentle rays, shot through them upon his face; all nature rejoiced; 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. Stillings 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 Christina would expect letters on the day appointed, and there was no opportunity of sending any that day or before. He calculated, however, that 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, Stillings gained the eminence, from which he saw before him the magnificent scenery of the Lichthausen, that he might lay the lofty Kindelsberg, 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 Stillings; a sweet thrill pervaded all his limbs, and all the scenes of his youth passed before him; but soon they seemed to him to be golden times. "What is all 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 this thing womanish like an empty bubble! My debts are growing more and more heavy, and I have reason to fear that my creditors will lay hands on me, take the little I have, and then leave me naked in the street; and besides, I have a delicate wife, who could not bear this, and two children, that would cry for bread. The idea was dreadful!—it seemed to Stillings uneasingly for hours together, so that he could not enjoy a single happy moment. At length he recovered himself again; the great experience he had of the paternal fidelity of God, and the important prospects of his present journey, inspired him with renewed courage, so that he rode triumphantly and joyfully into the village of Lichthausen.

He rode first to the house of the son-in-law of...
Johann Stilling, who was an innkeeper, and had therefore accommodation for his horse. He was received by the friend of his youth and her husband with great rejoicing; he then walked, with trembling joy and a beating heart, to his uncle's house. The news that truly great man, Johann Stilling; "our joy is unspeakably great on seeing you at the summit of your wishes; you have ascended to it gloriously, on the footsteps of honor; you have out-reached us all; you are the pride of our family." &c. Stilling answered nothing more than, "It is solely and wholly God's work; He has done it!" He would gladly have also added, "And still I am not happy! I feel on the brink of a precipice;" however, he kept his troubles to himself, and went without further ceremony into the parlour.

Here he found all the chairs and benches filled with neighbors and friends 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 wearmen, and every one regarded him with respect. Stilling stood and looked around; with tears in his eyes, and a faltering voice, he said: "Welcome, beloved, dear people, and friends, to God's servants. May 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 among the good people, and every eye was fixed on his deportment, as if 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 anything 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 in contact with 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 this young physician was eminently exalted 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 Schönette.

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 from 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 coursed him with many joyful tears. Father Stilling's daughters came also from Tiefenau 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 reposing. 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 felt hand into his two hands, wept, and stammered out, "The Almighty bless thee!"

Stilling was now again alone, for his attendant had ridden on the other side. He then began to weep aloud; all his feelings appeared, following 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 was—I can 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 meet with some of the(degreet) —the Doctor, Britannic, who had taken 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 swiftly. Salen did not so now strive for; 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 lived for some years. Doctor Burgraf, who had grown old, grey, and infirm in the most extensive and successful practice. After this excellent man had observed Stilling a while, he said, "Sir, you
are in the right way. I heard of your invitation hither, and imagined to myself a man who would visit me dressed in the height of the fashion, and would, as is commonly the case, appear like a charlatan; but I find you just the contrary to this; you are modest in your behaviour and in your dress, and are therefore such a one as he ought to be. I have served Mr. Kraft; his whole soul harmonized with this worthy man, and an intimate friendship arose between them, which will continue beyond the present life.

- Meanwhile, the time for performing the operation drew near. Stilling performed it quietly, without saying any thing to any one, except a couple of surgeons and physicians, who were present on the occasion, in order that he might, in every case, have experienced men as witnesses. Everything 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, and many strangers came to visit him. Stilling received letters of congratulation from Schönenthal, before he could have answers to his own. The prince of Löwenstein-Wertheim, the duchess of Courland, born princess of Waldeck, who was at that time residing in Frankfort, all the noble families there, and generally speaking, all those of the higher class, inquired respecting the result of the operation, and sent every morning to know how the patient was.

Stilling was never more satisfied than at present; he saw how much attention this cure would excite, and what celebrity, applause, respect, and resort, it would cause him; and people began already to talk of presenting him with the freedom of Frankfort, in order to induce him to remove thither. In this expectation the good Doctor rejoiced beyond measure; for he thought that there, his sphere of operation would be greater, and the public opinion less narrow-minded than in Schönenthal; that there the concourse of strangers and persons of the higher degree would be greater; that there he could earn something, and then become the man he had desired to be from his youth up. Just at this time, some other blind persons arrived. The first was Doctor Hut, physician and counsellor of state in Wiesbaden, who, by taking cold, had become entirely blind of one eye in one night; he lodged with his brother, counsellor and advocate Hertz of Frankfort. Stilling performed the operation, and healed him successfully. This was universally made public, and that very worthy man became thereby his constant friend; particularly also, because they were of the same sentiments. The second was a Jewish Rabbi, dwelling in the Jews' 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 if you wish, it shall be only on one of your eyes, my friend!"

The next day Stilling performed the operation on a poor woman in the Jews' hospital; and the following morning on the Rabbi. The same day, being at Mr. Von Leesner's, he was called to the house-door; he there found a poor beggar Jew of about sixty years of age, who was completely blind. The poor man was very much in want, and therefore sought help; he was led by his son, a good-looking youth of fifteen 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 abode? Can you take the trouble, and shall you come to me; 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; that no man was regularly admitted to be 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 then see what is to be done," with which the poor man was well satisfied.

The next morning, therefore, he took the surgeon and some friends with him. The Jew was in good spirits, sat down, and opened his eyes widely. Stilling took the instrument, and operated on one of his eyes; as soon as the lens was extracted, the Jew exclaimed, "I believe the gentleman has done the job! O heaven! I see!—I see 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!" continued the Jew; "I would I had a million of eyes; I would have them couched, one after the other, for sixpence each!" In short, the
Jew regained his sight perfectly; and on taking his departure, he ran through the streets, with his arms stretched out, and over the Saxonhäuser him, exclaiming incessantly, "O good people, thank God for me! I was blind, and am now able to see! God grant long life to the Doctor, that he may be able to cure many blind people!" Stilling performed the operation on seven other persons besides Mr. Von Leesner, and all received their sight; he never, none of them were able to pay him any thing, except Doctor Hui, who richly rewarded him for his trouble.

But now began all at once the most dreadful period of Stilling's life, which lasted uninterruptedly for more than seven years. Notwithstanding all his efforts, Mr. Von Leesner did not recover his sight; his eyes began to inflame and suppurate; several physicians came to his assistance, but all was unavailing; pain, and the fear of incurable blindness, dashed every hope to the ground.

Stilling thought it impossible to survive this; he wrestled with God for help, but all in vain; every friendly countenance vanished, all drew back, and Stilling stood alone in his sorrow. His 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 rejected and despised. He now made an application 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 trembled, he tottered, whilst Providence, of which he 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 gilders, that other poor people might be healed." Stilling personally received the thousand gilders; he paid it to his disciple, and Stilling, after eight weeks, returned to Schönenthal. Everything was tranquil there; all his friends compassionate him, and avoided speaking of the matter as much as possible. The worthy Theodore Müller, who had counselled him so faithfully, had, during the time, to his great sorrow, entered the eternal world; but the generality of people, and particularly the lower class, scoffed at him unceasingly: "I well knew," said they, "how the thing would terminate; the fellow has learnt nothing, and yet he is always striving to rise above others; the coxcomb is rightly served, by thus running his head against the wall!"

Now though Stilling was desirous of setting himself above all this, yet it aided in preventing any more resort to him. The families he previously attended, had, during his absence, provided themselves with other physicians, and no one seemed inclined to return to him. In a word, Stilling's practice became very small; people began to forget him; his debts increased, for the thousand gilders were insufficient to discharge them; and his grief in consequence was unbounded. He concealed it, indeed, from the whole world, as much as he was able, but it was so much the more difficult for him to bear. Even the Friedenberg family began to be cold to him; for his own father-in-law began to believe that he could not be a good housekeeper. He was obliged to listen to many a grave admonition; and was often reminded that the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, which had been expended on his studies, and in instruments, necessary books, and the most requisite household furniture, and for which Mr. Friedenberg had become security, must soon be paid. Stilling had not the smallest prospect of this; it was requisite for without this unmeaning strength, she must, as one of the weaker sex, have succumbed under her trials.

Notwithstanding the desperate situation of his affairs, however, what was needful never failed him; —Stilling had never any thing beforehand; but when it was required, it was there. This strengthened the faith in both, and they were enabled still to bear up under their sufferings.

In the spring of 1775, Christina again bore a son, who died however four weeks afterwards. She suffered extremely in this confinement. One morning, Stilling saw her lying in a state of profound sleep; —he was terrified, and asked her what was the matter. She was not able to give an answer to circumstances, I am well; but I have a dreadful conflict within; let me alone, until I have overcome." He waited with the greatest anxiety for the time of explanation upon this point. After two melancholy days, she called him to her, fell upon his neck, and embraced him; but then grew weaker; I will now overcome, and I will tell thee all; I have struggled for two days with God and myself for my dissolution, and have fervently entreated Him to take me to himself, in order that thou mayest be able to marry another wife, that shall be more suitable for thee than I! This scene pierced his very soul. "No, my dear wife," said he, whilst pressing her to his beating heart; "thou shalt not struggle on this account, much less pray for thy death;—live, and be only of good courage."

The following summer, Stilling received a letter from his friend Doctor Hofmann of Frankfort, in which it was mentioned in confidence, that Mr. Von Leesner had returned from his journey, and sometimes expressed distrust respecting his oulister. Now as he had been paid in such a princely manner, it would be setting the crown upon his good fame, if he would pay Mr. Von Leesner another visit at his own expense, in order that nothing might be left untried. Meanwhile, he, Mr. Hofmann, would again insert his intended visit in the newspapers, and perhaps the expense would be richly repaid him. Stilling felt the nobleness of the plan, if it could be accomplished; even Christina advised him to undertake the journey, but no one besides; 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 Frankfort, where he again took up his residence with Goethe.

Mr. Von Leesner was extremely affected by this unprompted visit, and had the desired effect. Several individuals also, who were suffering from the cataract, presented themselves, on all of whom Stilling performed the operation; —some recovered their sight, others did not; but none of them were in a condition to repay his expenses. This journey therefore plunged him a hundred dollars
deeper in debt; he resided also, this time, eight
melancholy weeks in Frankfort.
During this period, Stillings committed an impu-
dience 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 Nothancker." He took the book and read it
together. The bitter satire, the ridicule cast
upon the pietists, and even upon truly pious men,
pained him to the soul. Although he himself was
not satisfied with the pietists, and had to suffer
many things from them, yet he could not bear
them to be ridiculed; for it was his opinion, that
faults in religion must be wept over and lamented,
but not held up to scorn and contempt, because
in this manner religion itself is ridiculed. These
sentiments were certainly very correct; but the
stage which Stillings attained that time was not
nasty. He wrote from the impulse of the moment
"The Sling of a Shepherd's Boy against the scorn-
ful Philistine, the author of Sebal dus Nothancker;"
and without even once going through the manu-
script coolly again, he gave it, glowing hot, to
Eichenberg the publisher. His friend Kraft
strongly counseled him not to print it; but it was of
no avail,—it was published.
Scarcely had he returned to Schöental, 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;
sides, he had not sufficiently developed his prin-
ciples, and could not yet decide without due
regard him as stupidly orthodox. He therefore
wrote a little tract under the title of "The great
Panacea for the disease of Infidelity," which was
also printed by the same publisher. In the mean-
time a defender of Sebal dus Nothancker appeared;
for a certain merchant in the Netherlands wrote
against him, and in order to become able to
seize the pen once more, and publish "The Shep-
herd-boy's Theory, in rectification and defence of
his Sling." In this work he acted gently; he
begged pardon of the author of Nothancker for his
violence, without however retracting the least
of his principles; he then sought to impart correct
ideas concerning the object of the work, to his
opponent, the Nether-
lands merchant, avoiding, at the same time all
bitterness, as much as was possible, with the excep-
tion of a little innocent railley: with this the
whole affair terminated.
About this time, two institutions were estab-
lised in Schöental, in which Stillings took a
prominent part. A number of worthy and en-
litened men formed a private society, which
met on the Wednesday evenings, in order mutually
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 sub-
scriptions, 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, toge-
ther 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 Prince as the basis; by this he
recommended himself uncommonly; all the mem-
bers 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 min-
eral spring, which had been discovered in the
vicinity of Schöental. 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
accept the counsel of St. Paul and St. John, who
are the salt of the earth; they are dispensers 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,
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 pre-
parations for removing into it. But here he had
a dreadful trial to sustain; he had hitherto been
able to live on his savings; he was now obliged
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. One day in the month of June, the landlord
therefore went to him, and besought his landlord,
who was a worthy and upright merchant, but punctu-
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 the rent for the past year, firmly promising divine aid, promised to settle every thing by that
time, and removed into his new habitation. The
care and prosperity of the house, the prospect of the
beau-
ties of nature, the convenient accommodation, and
in short, every circumstance, certainly contributed
much to alleviate his painful feelings; but the diffi-
culty itself was not yet removed, and the graviny
worn 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's soul; he often ran up to his
chamber, fell upon his face, wept, and entreated
help of God; and when his vocation called him
away, Christina took his place; she wept aloud,
and prayed with such fervor of spirit as might
have moved a stone; but there was no trace of
obtaining so much money. At length the dread-
ful Friday arrived, the 26th of June, a day whic
whole town was kept up during their occupations, and
their heart-rending anxiety caused ardent ejaculations
to ascend continually.

At ten o'clock, the postman entered the door:
in one hand he held his receipt-book, and in
the other a letter, the contents of which were heavy.
HEINRICH STILLING.

Stilling took it, full of expectation; the super-
scription was in Goethe's hand, and under the
address was written, "Enlosing one hundred and
fifty florins!" He opened the letter with astonishment, read it, and found that
his friend Goethe, 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 sell
the permission; 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, Goethe had received his
call to Weimar, and had there procured the publi-
cation 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 they
ought not to fear God, 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 general arrangement of the world, and that therefore prayer cannot alter it." O ye daubers with untempered mortar! how much the
ancient abomination glimmers through! Jesus
Christ is the governor of the world;—Stilling called
upon Him a hundred times, and he was heard by
Him. He led him up the dark, and dangerous, and
perilous path of life, and yet nothing bad befell him
myself. What avail sophistical coevals of correct
and logical inferences, where one experience fol-
low the footsteps of another? In the sequel of
this history, still more striking proofs of a direct
providence will appear.

Stilling's friendship with Goethe, 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 curb his pride, to exercise his fidelity,
and to promote his advancement. Yet none of those
whom 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
disrons of being a true servant of God, not sepa-
rates 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, when thou treadst the true path! Dis-
tinge riotous living, 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-
fidence; 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 agricultural, manufactures, and trade, and by
this means, rendering both princes and people more
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 manufactuary 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 men might at length bear of
his communication a suspicion of keenness, and
boundless. He therefore wrote to Mr. Eisenhart,
in a very friendly, manner, and represented to him
the danger in which he would plunge himself by
such a step; but inquired, at the same time, whether
he could not be of service to the institution
by a few copies of useful essays; for he had col-
lected practical experience in the science of po-
lish 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
called them to be read to the society at Rit-
tersburg.

Stilling's labors met with very unexpected appro-
bation; and he was soon honored with a patent as
foreign member of the Electoral Palatine Society
of Political Economy. This pleased him uncon-
monly; for although the whole connection, together
with the profit, and the name, 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 treats. 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
ture;—he was called a hero of romance, a fantasti-
cal 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 composed for Mr. Von
Morgenthal. 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
with a fixed eye, and observed him awhile; as he walked on, they ran to the windows, looked inquisitively at him, and then whispered to one another, "See, there he goes!—poor man!" &c. This conduct from every quarter was incomprehensible to him, and pierced him through and through. He observed how first one considered him attentively, and how another turned himself sorrowfully away; he therefore went rarely out, grieved profoundly in secret, and seemed to himself to be like an apparition, of which every one is afraid, and tries to avoid. No one can form an idea of this new species of suffering: it is too singular, but likewise so intolerable that it requires very peculiar power to be able to endure it. He now observed also, that scarcely any more patients came to him; and it therefore seemed as 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, a fortnight in the evening, you became all at once insane; and although it is not seen outwardly, yet there is no doubt, but you will discover, some of your patients, that you have not been aware of your peril. The fact is, every one of your patients had 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 as if dazed. Grief, vexation, and insupportable 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 Atramache 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 the greatest insensibility, and 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 effects remained. Stilling, and his physician, 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 calamity 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, enough, and much less did he possess wealth; hence it was of little consequence what became of him.

My readers will allow me to dwell a little upon this cruel affair, and describe to them the peculiar condition in which Stilling was now placed; for it is necessary that they should have a correct idea of his situation.

Stilling and his consort had, as before observed, no extreme property, and consequently, not the least personal emolument. Besides this Stilling had, by profession, 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 find the healing of his patients, where the practice is expensive, is a stroke (and let the reader reflect what is implied in this) of unceasing suggestions, 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 steadfastness 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 trials of carnal, 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 anything 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 utterly renounced for the more clement and more useful purposes of life. 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 étauderie or inconsiderateness; and it was this very falling which paternal Providence intended, by such a tedious purification, to hasten him to another character. With regard to his economy, no one had reasonably anything 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 have any engagements to pay, and burdensome debts. His diligence and activity were unbounded; but he could not urge any one for payment—his character constrained him, even in his own most urgent necessities, to remit the poor man his debt, and to cross out the account of the rich man who was niggardly or murmured at his charges; too magnanimous to spend even an unpleasant word, or to cause any individual pain, for the sake of money. In food and clothing, he was cleanly and neat, but very modest and simple; neither had he any expensive hobby-horse, and yet he often expended something without sufficient reflection, which might have been much better applied to real credit. Besides, he was not a tradesman. Christina, on the contrary, was extremely sparing; she turned every farthing over
and over before she laid it out; yet she did not exercise a judicious oversight over the whole of the housekeeping; she spared only with that which she had in hand.

It is however true that if Stilling and his spouse possessed a tradesman-like soul, 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; few, but an abyss of invisibility; 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 seen all around.

Stilling had only needed to have become a professor of the new-fashioned religion, to have abandoned his wife and children; but the temptation to this never entered his mind;—he adhered only the more closely to a paternal Providence; he believed it was an easy thing for that to find an outlet for his soul from form of light to 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 called on by the same society, to acknowledge every one of these subscriptions, according to 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 present situation, and his promise of patience with him a little while. He soon after received an answer. Eisenhart wrote to him, desiring him not to mention a word more of the twenty-eight guilders; he had thought it went well with him, and that the practice of medicine was a pleasure to him; but since he now saw that the contrary was the case, he proposed to him, if agreeable, to accept a professorship of Agriculture, Technology, Commerce, and the Veterinary art, in the lately-established provincial academy at Rittersburg. Two professors were already there, one of whom taught the auxiliary sciences, Mathematics, Natural History, Physics, and Chemistry; and the other, Civil, Financial, and Commercial Economy. Only six hundred guilders, and the lecture-money might easily amount to two or three hundred guilders more; living was cheap at Rittersburg, and he was confident that he could easily induce the Elector to give Stilling the appointment.

Reader, stand still, and cast a look into Stilling's whole being, on reading this letter! Supposing that the wanderer whose dreadful alpine path I have described above, met with an open door to the left, at the point where his path had disappeared before him, through which he found an outlet into blooming fields, and saw before him a sumptuous habitation—a home, which was destined for him, how would he feel? But should Stilling, after all Stilling's misfortunes and after Stilling's illness, be carried into one stupified; so that Christian was terrified, and looking over his shoulder, read the letter which had so moved him; she clapped her hands together, sunk upon a chair, wept aloud, and praised God.

At length he recovered himself; the brilliance of the light had dazzled him; he now looked with a fixed eye through the present hour of radiant prospect, and reflecting deeply, saw in prospect his whole destiny. From his youth up, public speaking, eloquence, and declamation had been his greatest delight, and in these he had always enjoyed much approbation; lungs and voice—all were formed for speaking in public. But he had never been able to cherish the most distant hope of becoming Professor, although it was his highest wish; for he had neither success nor celebrity in the medical profession, and both were requisite for that purpose; and he knew of no other department in which he might have been placed. But what is there that is impossible to Providence! It created for him a new sphere of action, in which little had been accomplished, and where he found enough to do. He reviewed his attainments in knowledge, and found, to his extreme astonishment, that he had been imperceptibly forming for this vocation from his cradle. Brought up amongst smithers and charcoal-burners, and himself repeatedly performed as an artist himself, he thought, "Who can teach it better than I?" thought he to himself. He had lived long in the woods, amongst foresters, charcoal-burners, wood cutters, &c., and was therefore perfectly acquainted with the practical part of these things. Surrounded from his youth up with miners of every description, with iron, copper, and silver-smelters, with iron, steel, and spelter-founders and wire-drawers, he had become thoroughly acquainted with these important manufactures, and had also himself had the management for seven years together, at Mr. Spanier's, of estates and foundries; while at the same time, he had thoroughly practised in all its branches, and was practised in all. And in order that he might not be deficient in the fundamental and auxiliary sciences, Providence had very wisely directed him to the study of medicine, in which Physic, Chemistry, Natural History, &c., are indispensable. In reality, he had labored through these sciences the same as in a great predilection than all the rest; so that even in Strasburg he had read a lecture upon Chemistry; the veterinary art was also easy to him, as a practical physician. Finally, he had made himself acquainted, in Schonenthal, with all sorts of manufactures; for an irresistible impulse had always predominated in him, to become thoroughly acquainted with every branch of trade, without knowing why. Besides all this, he had uninteruptedly exercised himself in lecturing; and it is now the time for me to mention a fact of which I could say nothing before without appearing ridiculous, which is, however, extremely important;—Stilling had been, from his youth up, extraordinarily fond of history, and had studied it intently; he had therefore attained a good acquaintance with matters of government. To this add novels and romances of all sorts, especially political, by which a propensity arose in his soul which no one had discovered, because he was ashamed of it,—it was a desire to rule, an exceedingly powerful anxiety to render mankind happy, that continually actuated him. He had thought he should have been able to do the latter in the capacity of a practical physician, but nothing satisfied him in that department. The "History of Mr. Von Morgenhan" had flowed from this source. Let the reader now imagine to himself a man of mean birth and low rank; without the smallest hope of
ever being able to fill a civil office, and yet 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 unless heackable were when he was always also extremely rejoiced;—she longed to depart from her present situation, and go into a land which she knew not.

As soon as the tumult had subsided in his soul, and he had become tranquil, all his debts presented themselves to his mind, and scarcely could he control his confusion. "How shall I be able to leave this place without paying?" This was a hard knot to unloose. However, he took courage again; for he was too strongly convinced of his destiny, to doubt in the least. He wrote therefore to Eisenhart, that a professor's chair in Rittersburg would be very agreeable to him, and that he felt himself qualified for it. He did not think that the creditors would not suffer him to depart; he therefore inquired whether a certain sum could not be advanced;—he would pledge his income, and pay off yearly a couple of hundred guilders, together with the interest. This request was daily refused; but Eisenhart consented, on the other hand as the hope that his creditors would be contented, if they only saw that he had the means of being able in time to satisfy them.

Stilling, however, knew better, for his personal credit was too much weakened; eight hundred guilders at least must be paid, otherwise they would not let him go;—nevertheless, he placed a firm confidence in the result.

He kept this occurrence by no means concealed, but related it to his friends, and they again related it to others; it therefore became the general talk of the town, that Doctor Stilling was to be made Professor. Now nothing appeared more laughable to the people of Schönenthal than this;—"Stilling a professor! If thatames black, then am I white! He does not understand anything! It is mere rhapsomadate; 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 academic senate at Rittersburg chose Stilling as regular and public Professor of Agriculture, Technology, Chemistry, and Mathematics. This was now made known to the Elector; the confirmation followed, and nothing more was wanting but the formal vocation. Whilst all this was transacting, the summer passed away.

Stilling now gradually withdrew himself from the medical profession. With the exception of a few words which he spoke to a few friends, he did not say a word, or do a thing, which might be described as a step forward. He 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 everything 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 bounteous whole with the utmost inward delight. I refer my readers to his numerous publications, in order not to detain them here with learned discussions.

In these pleasing employments, the summer passed over, the harvest approached, and he expected his appointment day after day. But what ensued? In the first week of September, he received a letter from Eisenhart, which entirely annihilated the whole affair! On the Elector's proceeding to Bavaria, the project was started of removing the newly-established academy to München, where there were men of every description able to fill the professorships. Eisenhart deplored it, both on his own account and Stilling's; however, he could not alter it.

His condition was now perfectly indescribable. His and his poor wife sat together in their chamber, and shed floods of tears; all seemed now to be lost; for a long time he could neither think nor recover himself, he was so stupefied. At length he cast himself before God, humbled himself under His mighty hand, and committed himself, his wife and his two children, to the paternal guidance of the Most Merciful; resolving, without the smallest murmurs, to return once more to the practice of medicine, and to endure every thing that Providence might ordain respecting him. He now began to go out again, to visit friends and acquaintances, and relate his misfortune to them; his practice returned, and it seemed as if it would go better with him than before.

He was now entirely to the will of God, and was tranquil.

He who is acquainted with the divine procedure will be aware, without my reminding him of it, that all this is precisely the method of Providence. Stilling had hastened towards his aim with eagerness and ardour, in vain; his 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 the guidance, therefore, at the time, he believed firmly that he would eventually remain a doctor, a physician; and his resignation went so far, that he even no longer desired the vocation, but was entirely indifferent to it. It fared with him precisely in the same manner as on former occasions;—when he was disgusted with his trade, he hastened eagerly away from Schönberg to Mr. Hochberg's, and I have already described, in his "Wanderings," how miserably he was situated there; he afterwards engaged himself to Mr. Isaac, where he was satisfied, and would gladly have remained at his trade; so that Mr. Spanier was obliged to constrain him to leave his situation.

The summer went by, the people meanwhile again sounded fiercely the alarm; for now it was deemed evident that the whole affair was Stilling's invention, and solely fabricated from vanity; but this troubled him little, for habit had inured him to calumny; he no longer saw or heard anything of the kind. Profoundly resigned to the will of God, he hastened from one corner to another, from evening to evening; and Christina made preparations for the winter, as she was wont, by preserving a variety of fruits, white-washing and repairing the house, &c.

A week before Michaelmas, his appointment suddenly and unexpectedly arrived. He received it calmly, and without the smallest eagerness; yet he felt inwardly happy; he and his consort returned God thanks, and they began to prepare for their departure, and their long journey. The academy was to be continued at Rittersburg, because too many difficulties had occurred in the way of its removal.

I have described the first case Stilling attended; I will now also detail the case for it is not less remarkable.

A full league beyond Schönenthal, lived a very upright, nious, and wealthy merchant, of the name
of Krebs; his spouse, as regards her head and her heart, was one of the noblest of her sex; and both of them had often employed Stilling, for they knew and loved him. They had a private teacher for their children, a man of seventy years of age, who was by birth a Saxon, and was called Stoi. This man was a most singular character; tall, thin, and somewhat consumptive in appearance; but he imbued with the most exalted virtues, he possessed, as the result of religious principles, a coolness, a resignation, and a submission to the will of God, almost unexamplified; every motion and position of his body was decorous; his whole being was naturally healthy. The very thing he said was weighed in the balances; every word was a golden apple on a silver of wisdom; and what was particularly excellent in this worthy man, was his modesty and carefulness in judging; he never spoke of the faults of others, but concealed them where he could, and looked merely at himself. Stoi was a pattern for a man and a Christian.

This remarkable man was seized with the miliary fever. The course of the disease was natural, and, as usual, not dangerous. At length the whole of the inflammatory matter settled in his right arm, which became scarlet all over, and burned and itched so intolerably that he could not endure it. Through this 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 that some disorder was necessarily the cause. The latter was alarmed, as was reasonable, applied blisters to the arm, and scourged it with nettles, but all in vain; it remained insensible. By degrees, the fingers began to rot, and the putrefaction crept gradually up the arm.

Trout 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 not be 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. Trout 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 necessary 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 not in the least sore; it does not matter if it is an inch longer or shorter, is of little consequence." Stilling and Troost found what he said was correct, and promised to have it finished speedily.

Although all others present trembled at the dreadful preparations, yet Stoi did not; he stripped the arm, rolled up the shirt, and pointed out the place where the arm was to be taken off. Stilling and Troost could scarcely forbear smiling; when the latter applied the screw in order to close the pulse-vein, he assisted them very quietly and resignedly; he even wished to help them during the operation. Stilling, however, prevented this; and on the contrary, bent himself towards the old man's face, turned it away from the operation, and spoke with him upon other subjects; during which time Troost made the incision through the flesh to the bone. Stoi sighed only once, and continued his speech. The bone was then sawn off, and the stump was laid bare.

The operation was remarkable. Mr. Troost slackened the screw a little, in order to see whether the vein would spring or not; but it did not do so, even when the screw was entirely removed; in short, the inflammatory matter had concentrated itself in a swelling in the upper part of the arm, which kept the nerves and veins firmly pressed together; but this was first discovered after his death.

Appearances were encouraging; a favorable ulceration succeeded, and the cure was considered certain, when Stilling was again sent for in haste; he ran thither, and found poor Stoi rattling in his throat, and drawing his breath with great difficulty. "I have committed another imprudence," stammered out the sick man to him. "I rose up, and went to the window; a cold north wind blowing upon my arm, I began to shiver; the matter has lodged in my breast. I am dying; and it is well—however, do your duty, Doctor; in order that the world may know I have been a doctor," Stilling took off the bandage, and found the wound perfectly dry; he strewed it with powdered camphar, 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, so long as it stood solemnly written in his Heavenly Father, by serving his fellow-men.

The period now approached when he was to leave Schönenthal and remove to Rittersburg. October was already far advanced, the days were short, the weather and the roads bad; and finally, he was under the necessity of commencing his lectures with the beginning of November. However, there was previously still a steep cliff to climb;—eight hundred guilders must be paid before he could remove. Many friends advised him to assign over his goods, and to give up all to his creditors. But this was not according to Stilling's views of propriety. "No, no," said he, "I will not part with a sou without fighting. I promise this in the name of God; He has been my guide, and certainly will not let me be confounded. I will not
make myself a knave, and abandon the school of my heavenly Father." "It is all very well," an-
swered Troost, "but a couple of these transactions are
unable to pay; and if you are arrested, and
your furniture seized, what will you then do?"
"I shall leave all that to God," rejoined he, "and do not
trouble myself about it, for it is His affair.
He consequently began to pack up, and forward to
Frankfort what he intended to take with him, and
appointed a day for selling the rest by auction.
Every thing passed over quietly, and no one stirred;
he sent away furniture and received money without
any one interfering; he even took places in the
gate to Rüsselstein for himself, his wife, and the
children, for the following Sunday, conse-
quently a week beforehand. Meanwhile, he was
privately informed that a couple of his creditors
had concerted together to have him arrested; for,
as the little household furniture he possessed was
altogether of triviling 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
fear, yet caused the Sunday to pass off.
The following Thursday, his friend Troost en-
tered the door, with a cheerful, smiling countenance,
and tears in his eyes; his pockets seemed loaded.
"Friend," he began, "things go again in Stilling's
fashion." So saying, he drew out a linen bag, filled
with French dollars, and threw it upon the table.
Stilling's eyes, where Christina looked at each other, and
began to weep.
"How is that?" said he to his friend Troost.
"It is as follows," answered the latter. "I was
at a certain merchant's, whose name he men-
tioned; "I knew that you owed him sixty dollars,
and begged him to remit the debt. The merchant
surveyed me a moment, then said, 'This is no
so, but perhaps you can pay him with sixty in addition to it; for I know how
much he is straitened.' He paid me, therefore, the
money, and there it is; you have now nearly
the eighth part of what you need; but, I will give
you a little advice:—to-morrow you must take
leave of all your acquaintances, in order that you
may spend Saturday quietly, and thus prepare for
your journey. Be comforted, and see what God
will do for you.
Stilling followed this advice, and on the Friday
morning began to take leave. The first to whom
he went was a rich merchant. As he entered the
door, the latter came to meet him, and said,
"Here is a man who has done many things for me.
I have never mistaken your character; you were
always a man of integrity; but I could not employ
you as a physician, for I was satisfied with my
own. God has raised me from the dust, and
made me what I am; I acknowledge how much I
am indebted to Him; have the goodness to receive
this acknowledgment in His name; do not shame
me by a refusal, nor sin through pride." So saying,
he embraced and kissed him, and put into
his hand a little roll of twenty ducats, conse-
quently a hundred guilders. Stilling was petrified
with astonishment, and his noble-minded bene-
factor hastened away. Amazement seized him by
the hair of his head, as the angel did (1 Tha:14);
he was lifted up on high by the greatness of his
joy, and proceeded further.
But, why do I detain my readers?—acknowl-
dements were pressed upon him with the greatest
delicacy and consideration; and in the evening,
when he had finished his round and returned home,
and had thrown himself into bed, he had
— exactly eight hundred guilders, neither more nor less!
Such sublime scenes are only weakened
by description, and by the most brilliant expressions;
I am silent, and adore! God will remember you, ye
secret Schönenthal friends! I will bring you for-
ward on the day of retribution, and say, "Lo, O
Lord! these are they that rescued me from my state of
helplessness; reward them immeasurably, ac-
tording to thy great promises;" and He will do it.
To thee, thou chosen and unshaken friend, Troost,
I say nothing. When eventually we walk hand
in hand through the plains of yonder world,
we will talk the matter over!
I have stated, in several places, described the
character of the inhabitants of Schönenthal in no
very favourable manner; and it is very possible
that many of my readers may have received a
general impression of dislike to that place.
I must myself confess, that I cannot divest myself
of this impression; but this has no reference to
the noble-minded those, who, even in their striving after
wealth, or, together with their vocation, cherish
those exalted feelings which ever have real love to
God and man for their inseparable companions.
These Schönenthal citizens cannot therefore take
it amiss of me that I write the truth; for their
sakes, the Lord blesses that flourishing place; and
I may be as bold as to say, that it was the right of
God and men, that in the midst of so many temptations
they retain their courage, and do not suffer them-
tself 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 will not be amiss. The unconscious amongst the
which have deserved it. Why do they bring 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
where he can make himself useful. But why do I
stay to excuse myself? The Lord will take cogniz-
ance of it, who judgeth righteously.
It is long since I have mentioned any thing re-
specting Mr. Friedenberg and his family, or stated
how this wo:thy 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
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. His benevolence and the sincere
sentiment towards Stilling prevailed in him and
his family. They had no idea of the character of
a learned man, and, generally speaking, learning
was little esteemed by them;—that which did not
increase their property was very indifferent to them.
As men of business, they were quite in the right;
but it was on this very account they were incapable
of forming a correct judgment of Stilling, for the
latter strove after the attainment of truth and
knowledge; the unceasing consideration how ever
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;" a thing, said Stilling; "one can
not offer the world, can think ill of this worthy man
for judging thus!"
Friedenberg was not merely indifferent to the
Rittersburg appointment, but even displeased;
for he regarded his son-in-law as a confirmed bad
manager, so that he thought a fixed income would avail him just as little as his practice in Schönenthal; and since he was become secure 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. Stillings heart suffered extremely from this circumstance; he had nothing to pay off by his labor, it lay with 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 so much of his debts, and thus continually lighten the burden. This was agreed upon, and Friedenberg consented to his removal.

On the Saturday, Stillings went with his Christina and the two children to Rassenheim, in order to take leave. The painful feelings which are customary on such occasions, were now much alleviated by the situation of affairs. Stillings, 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 misspent. She was conscious that she had economized to the utmost. Her allowance of 400 gulder a year for a doctor's wife, 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 every approach of her dear family was 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 consol'd us; the grace of God alone has preserved us, by the aid of strangers, from total ruin. I shall go with joy. For, though the evening approaches, and we two families are 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:

So saying, she kissed one after the other in their turn, and hastened away, without shedding a tear. Stillings 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 out.

CHAPTER X.
The further Stillings 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 moral governor of the world, which 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 old friends there made him very welcome; but his heart was not buoyant, and 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 showed 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 Mannheim, 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. Stillings's history, in its striking instance of a man of unredeemed nature, 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 let his light shine solely by integrity and good actions. In this, in the Catholic region predominated, it was necessary to be prudent. Stillings perceived the truth of all this, and therefore, sacredly promised to follow his advice punctually; however, he was forced to laugh heartily, for at Schönenthal he was reputed an infidel, whilst here he was accounted a pietist; so little truth is there in man's judgment.

He now pursued his journey into the woody and mountainous province of Austrasia. Notwithstanding the rude season of the year, and the dead and leafless scenery, Stillings gazed with pleasure on the precipitous rocks and mountains, the aged forests, and the ruins of old baronial castles. At Worms, he was entertained at the court of the Elector, and it reminded him strongly of his native province. He felt at ease, and soon saw at a distance the wood-crowned Rittersburg, with all its ancient towers; 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 Stillings in the coach?" A twofold "Yes," responded from the vehicle. "Well then, allight, my dear and chosen friend and colleague; hope you must lodge." The kind and gentle tone of his voice affected Stillings and his consort even to tears. They alighted, and were received in the arms of professor Siegfried and his lady; professor Stillenfeld, his other colleague, also soon appeared, whose retired, quiet, and peaceable character particularly attracted the former to such an object. He was unmarried, but Siegfried had already one child; he and his spouse were excellent people, full of zeal for religion and all that is good, and at the same time enthusiastically philanthropical. Siegfried was, at the same time, a very learned and deep-thinking philosopher, whose chief inclination was directed to Divinity, which he had formerly studied—but
he now taught the laws of nature and of nations, and Civil, Financial, and Political Economy. Stillenfeld, on the contrary, was a very refined, noble-minded, upright character, full of system, order, and mathematical exactness; in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, 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 buildings; low rooms, with ceilings supported by crossed beams; little windows, with round or hexagonal panes of glass; doors which could not be shut close; stoves of dreadful dimensions, on which the marriage of Cana in Galilee, with its twelve stone vessels of water in bas-relief, was edifyingly portrayed; then a prospect into nothing but gloomy forests of fir,—now a rushing stream, but a serpentine, creeping, fenny water, &c. All this certainly formed a singular contrast with the scenes to which they had been so long accustomed; Christina also had often tears in her eyes; but by degrees we become accustomed to every thing, and thus the Schönenthal dwellers became used to their new situation, and were heartily satisfied with it.

Stillig 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 evident prospects he had conceived of the future. Johann and Wilhelm Stillig were filled with astonishment at their Heinrich's new elevation; they looked at each other, and said one to another, "What will he at length become?" Friedenberg, on the contrary, was not particularly pleased; instead of expressions of satisfaction, his answer was full of paternal admonitions upon domestic economy; —he had no feeling for the honor done to his son-in-law and his daughter, in his being nominated professor; in fact, fame and honor did not affect him.

As the system of Political Economy which Stillig had formed to himself lay much on his heart, he thought it proper to append to it a copious review 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 Stillig 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 aspectually to know and admire him 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, Stillig 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 gloved with desire to expand his system as far as possible in his sphere; and as the treatises in use were not adapted to his plan, he formed the resolution of writing compendia upon all the sciences he was acquainted with, and made preparations for commencing the work.

Stillig 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, but the last hand to the work, and which at length were more painful to him than every thing he had hitherto endured.

The Society of Political Economy, of which he was now a regular member, operated with unspeakable blessing and success for the country, and the Palatinate can never sufficiently thank it for its labors; this is truth, and no compliment. It instituted the statistical academy; established a manufactory which flourishes greatly, and affords maintenance for many hundred people; and of all this, Counsellor Eisenhart was the first and last main-spring, the real weight to the clock. They had also bought a farm in the village of Siegelbach, a league and a-half from Rittersburg, where they intended to make a variety of new agricultural experiments, and thus to set a good example to the farmers. This farm had been hitherto under the care of managers; but every thing had failed, nothing would succeed, for every circumstance proved unfavorable. Now when Stillig came to Rittersburg, the management was committed to him, as professor of Agriculture; and he assumed this secondary office, believing that he was fully competent to it. The steward was therefore dismissed, and the whole business committed to Stillig; 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 yokes; and outside, in some sties, a tolerable herd of swine; and, although it was only November, yet all the hay was long ago consumed, as well as all the straw for strewing. Hence there was a want of milk and butter for housekeeping, and fodder for so many great mouths. This pressed strongly upon the good professor's heart; he therefore wrote the Counsellor Eisenhart, that 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. Stillig 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 sum he should realise from it, to be able to buy so much fodder of the common sort, that he might save himself 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 next harvest a large and abundant harvest would be more than sufficient to repay
every thing, and that the produce of the large clover-fields and grass-lands would relieve him from the burden; and so far he was excusable; still however, for a man in his circumstances it was thoughtless to undertake any thing of the kind, particularly when he learnt the true state of the case; but, oh! how glad he was after streams of tears, to discover the little outlet by which we might have escaped! God be praised for his guidance!

To these threatening clouds, others collected themselves. The ruling persons at Rittersburg were all Roman Catholics, in the coarse sense of the term. Few ecclesiastics filled the clerical office, and had the care of the souls of the inhabitants; it was therefore of importance to these divines that duplicity and superstition should be always preserved; the chief magistrate, in particular, was their faithful adherent. But the academy of Political Economy had now established itself in the town, the teachers of which were all Protestants, and the latter even exercised a jurisdiction; all which was naturally a thorn in their eyes. Now there resided there a certain learned man, of the name of Spässel, a singular character, who had few equals; his dress was very negligent, and even occasionally dirty; his gait and walk slovenly; and all his speeches savoured of low wit, so that he was not retained in any public office. As a secret, he was the spy of one of the superior clergy, who was high in favor with the Elector, and likewise the news-monger and tale-bearer of the chief magistrate; openly, he was a facetious scoffer at certain usages of his own religion; but woe to that man who assisted him in so doing:—for he had secretly entered into the franciscan fraternity, to which he faithfully adhered.

It is painful for me to hold up this man to public view. However, as he was an instrument in the hand of Providence, I cannot pass him by. If he be still living, and be recognised, and if he be still what he was, he is justly served, and it is a duty to warn every upright character against him; but if he be dead, or be not recognised, my description of him will do him no injury. As long as an individual is still continued in this state of probation and purification, he is capable of amendment and return;—if Spässel, therefore, become, even according to the principles of his own church, a wealthy, provident, and gentle man, all those who formerly knew him exactly as I now describe him, will alter their sentiments,—will love him; and there will be more joy in Rittersburg, as well as in heaven, at his return to virtue, than over ninety-and-nine worthy individuals, who have not had so severe a struggle with disposition and character as he. Then will I also step forward, before the whole world, and say, "Come, ye men of former days,—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 décorum 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, as a very dangerous man who, besides, did not possess the décorum 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, as a very dangerous man who, besides, did not possess the décorum which is so requisite for a professor; they had consequently been very careful to keep him at a distance.

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 literature 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 manner. Every farmer had to come every Monday, and being unable to return to the 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 we.

"It is probable intended by Professor Stillings, To make A fool of me—but this is to inform you: That Spässel duss not intend T to b maid a fool of!!—the zosiste e te instruct th people in there dotiti and devores.

STILLING."
accompany hired a couple of handsome rooms at a merchant's, and awaited Tom's arrival.

At length, one afternoon, a female-ser vant came from an inn, with the following note, addressed to Still ing: —

"Professor Tom is here?"

"Ha!" thought Stilling: "a singular announcement!"

As he always made it a maxim, in cases which could not prejudice himself or the good cause, to "take the lowest place," he took up his hat and stick, in order to go to the inn. At the same moment, word was sent from the merchant that he would not permit the English language-master to enter unless he paid for the first quarter in advance. "Very well," thought Stilling, and proceeded to the inn. There he found a respectable-looking, well-made man, with a broad and lofty forehead, large staring eyes, this face, and pointed lips, from whose features spirit and craftsmanship 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.

The 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 house, Tom immediately said, "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 make it miss 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 I (he walked hastily up and down,)—will go back again to Manheim; I will not let man 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 the fact, that you are in the company of one who is your superior, or else depart, if you please. However, I advise you to remain here, and act the part of a man of integrity, and all will go well. Remember that you are an entire stranger here, whom no one knows, and who consequently has not the smallest credit; for a rogue may possess your name, as well as an honest man."

Stilling was now called out; the merchant had taken a view of Mr. Tom's furniture, and sent word that he would receive the language-master without the advance. This news pacified Mr. Tom, and he took possession of the apartments.

But that he may not waste both time and room in describing a little event and circumstance, I will only observe in short, that Spassel and Tom united together, and formed a plan to overthrow Stilling, expel him from his situation; and then divide his office between them. Their preparations were extremely cunning, extensively concerted, and maturely digested, as the result will shew.

The general idea that Stilling had still some inclination to enthusiasm and pietism, appeared to the two caballers as this new 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 upon his harpsichord and singing to them, in imitation of the Christian Church, as it was 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 occasionally went to the weekly service or the public consort,—one of them once invited her to her garden, in order to afford a little change to herself and her children. Christina accepted it without hesitation, and Stilling imagined nothing evil. She went therefore on the day appointed; and after the lecture-hours, he walked to the garden also, to fetch his wife and children. There 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 circumspection; he represented to them how dangerous meetings of that kind were in a place where every action and movement of the Protestants were so minutely observed; he then clearly and fully proved to them that religion does not consist in such conversation, but in a devout life, &c.

But who could have imagined that Spassel, at that very time, was standing behind the hedge, and overhearing the whole story? So much for the 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! He found himself holding a garrison in the most unsafe place; he had not been mentioned, he would never have dreamt how this venomous calumny had originated. He therefore answered the above letters in a manly manner, and according to truth; and his friends believed him; but on the whole, there always remained a sensation behind which was prejudicial to him, at least; on the contrary, they valued him so much the more.

In Rittersburg itself, the thing created disturbance. The chief-magistrate threatened imprisonment, and reasoned very essentially; 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, consol ed them, and promised them protection; for they knew they were good and worthy people, who cherished principles which were contrary to religion. Mr. W— even preached the following Sunday, upon prudence and duty with respect to family-worship;
HEINRICH STILLING.

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, Stillmg was highly successful in his situation, and, that he lived entirely in his element. But as I am unwilling to detain my readers with a variety of circumstances, even though of an interesting nature, which have no direct reference to his fate or his guidance, I will merely proceed with the principal course of his history.

The management of the Siegelbach estate went wrong; nothing succeeded; there was everywhere curse instead of blessing;—unfaithful servants, thievish neighbours, secret perjury of the inferior officers; all these stood in Stillmg'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 his honour; 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 Schonenthal; the interest was scarcely paid, much less any liquidation of the principal; besides this, all kinds of reports were spread abroad about his private and public conduct, etc.

The latter, on hearing the subject of the conversation, took Stillmg's part, and defended it so strikingly and convincingly, that the Elector at once ordered the intolerant prelate to let the matter rest, and did not withdraw his favor from Stillmg. Had not this worthy clergyman come thither accidentally, Stillmg's misfortune would have been boundless.

He first heard of the whole affair half a year afterwards, just as I have related it.

During this period, he lived quietly, fulfilled his duties, and acted as prudently as possible.

Spaessel and Tom, meanwhile, concocted a variety of extensive plans for a general literary club, a to be the first in Germany. But Stillmg set himself at variance on these important affairs, and began to hate each other bitterly. Tom's creditors now made a stir; and as Stillmg was at the same time Dean of the academy, and therefore his regular superior, he crept to the cross, came to him, wept, and confessed every thing in which he had co-operated with Spaessel to his detriment; he even showed him the letters and statements which had been sent from thence to Munich. Stillmg was perfectly amazed at all the infernal wickedness and extremely artful devices of these men; but as all was now over, and as he learnt just at that time how he had been rescued at Munich, he forgave Spaessel and Tom every thing; and as the latter was in painful and needy circumstances, he consoled and supported him, as well as he was able, without infringing upon strict justice; and when at length Tom could no longer remain at Rittersburg, and was desirous of removing to a certain German university, in order to try his fortune there, Stillmg provided him with money for the journey, and gave him his hearty blessing.

Tom there tried all his tricks once more, in order to elevate himself; but he failed. And what did he attempt next?—He laid aside his pride, was converted, put on a very modest dress, and became a pietist! God grant that his conversion may be
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tinued to thunder and lighten incessantly from Schömenthal.

During this dreadful period, the Almighty pre-
pared for a visitation upon Stilling, in order, at
length, to decide his fate.

On the 17th of August 1781, on a very sultry
and thundery day, Christina had lifted a heavy
basket upon the head of the servant-girl, and in
doing so felt something crack in her breast, which
was soon succeeded by acute pain, with shivering
and fever. On Stilling's return from the college,
as he entered her room, she came to meet him,
deadly pale, with the air of a culprit, and said, "Be
not angry, my dear husband;—by lifting a basket,
I have done myself an injury in the breast; God be
gracious to thee and me!—I forbode my death."

Stilling stood stupefied, and like one thunder-
struck; and worn-out with protracted sorrow,
he imagined he felt the mortal blow; his head
inclined upon his shoulders, and projecting for-
wards, his hands clenched, his eyes fixed, with a
weeping expression of countenonce, though not a
tear flowed, he stood mute; for he now also antici-
pated Christina's decease with certainty. At length
he recurred to his former thoughts, and comprehen-
sed her weakness, 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 slaughtered, and said, "Lord, do with me as seemeth thee good. I am thy child; if it be thy will that I see my parents and sisters again in this world, I come not in my torment, but 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 hyste-
rical paroxysms, which manifested themselves in a violent coughing, toward which the medical physicians coalled 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;
and 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 cap-
vitably accompanied it. She was remarkable for
all being 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 mirth-
ful, and witty with due decorum, whilst at the
same time she was eminently devout, and devoid of
hypocrisy. She avoided the outward marks of god-
liness, 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, occasion-
ally; 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 ex-
claimed incessantly with a loud voice, "Lord, spare
me this torment, I am ready to die. Amen." And when
her husband and nurse were perspiring with anxi-
ety, compassion, and fatigue, she looked at them
both with an inexpresibly supplicating counte-
nance, 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 beloved.

Stilling struggled in prayer for days and nights
together; a corner of his study was rendered smooth
by kneeling, and wet with tears; but heaven was shut against him; every ardent sigh
rebounded back again; he felt as if the paternal
heart of God were closed. Christina being unable
to bear the sound of footsteps, he went constantly in
stockings, and ran in the distress of his heart from
one corner of the room to another, until the feet
were worn through, without his being aware of it.
During all this time, threatening and insulting
letters continued to arrive from Schömenthal. 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
pray to the Most High to remove the sorrow.

After some weeks, in the beginning of October,
Stilling was standing one evening at the staircase-
window; it was already night, and he prayed to
God in secret, as he was wont; all at once he felt
a profound tranquillity, an unspeakable peace of soul;
and consequent upon this, a deep submission to the
will of God, and a disposition to resign himself to
his management, and to the same time, strength
eough 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 en-
gaged in earnest silent prayer. At length she
called him, and bade him assist her to sit down, and turn
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 no-
ting but suffering; it does not please God that I
should see thee delivered out of thy distress, but
He will deliver thee; be comforted and calm,—God
will not forsake thee. I do not commend my two
children to thee,—thou art their father; and God
will provide for them." She then gave several
directions, turned herself about, and was quiet.
From that time, Stilling often spoke with her con-
cerning the grand and surest object of life, death,
and did all he possibly could to prepare her for her
end. Hours of anxiety still frequently occurred;
and then she wished for an easy death, and that it
should happen in the day-time, for she dreaded the
night. His colleague, Siegfried, often visited her,
(for his consort, on account of sickness, pregnancy,
and sympathy, could seldom come, and at length
not at all,) and assisted him in the struggle, and in
according 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; I am quite free from the following verses:

"Amongst the lilies thou shalt feed,
With joy supremely blest;
Thither, O soul, thy pillows speed,
Lambkin 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 seraphic choirs on high,
In adoration lost—
With blissful song I surround the throne
Of Jesus, and the great Three-One!

Dear Brother of my soul! unmourning
My vessel from the strand,
Give me to reach the peaceful shore,
The safe, the hea't'ny land—
There, where thy sheep securely feed,
After from sorrow wan't, 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 des'nty prison-walls,
And hasten where my Saviour calls.

Beloved Redeemer! I grant thee faith—
A faith that conquers all—
That triumphs over sin and death,
And flies to reach the goal.
For Thee I'll yield my soul, like some lone dove,
Mourns, till I climb the realms above.

How soon canst thou my grief dispel,
My mouth with laughter fill,
And through the shades of death and hell,
Lead safe to Zion's hill!
Then shall life's painful passage seem
But like some empty, transient dream:
The curse of sin thou hast for me
In all its anguish borne;
Dost thou desire to beseech me more
Like night before the morn.
The sting of death no more gives pain,
And all my tears shall be again.
Thou Prince of life, with purest flame
My soul shall sing thy praises,
And magnify thy holy name.
Here, and to do these 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 talk to myself, and dream myself into eternity, farewell!"

She sunk twice, 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 recollected himself, and made the arrangements which the circumstances required.

On the 21st of October in the morning twilight, Stilling's Rittersburg friends came his deceased consort to the burial-ground, and interred her with all quietness. His friends, the two Protestant preachers, was sat with him during the time, alliated 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 feted 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 inexpres- sibly meat at all he covered his face, wept, howling, 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 repeated having sent away his children and the servant at him 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 housekeep- ing; 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 harnessed. He parted from his father; his mind 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 it 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 his knees. When in the lecturer's chair, his heart con- tinued its supplication; and when again in his chamber, he was again upon his knees, calling and praying aloud. At six o'clock in the evening, after reading his last lecture, and as he had just entered his room, the servant-maid came and told him a young man had just been there to inquire for him. Immediately afterwards, the latter en-
tered; with a friendly and captivating expression of countenance, he said, "I am from K—, and hold an appointment in a government-office; in accordance with the electoral regulations, I must study here at least half-a-year, however inconvenient it may be to me; for though I have no children, yet I have acting more correctly than I should, acquainted with Stilling. Now I have a request to make to you; I have heard, with regret, that your lady is dead, and that you are solitary and melancholy;—how would it suit you, supposing you permitted me and my wife to lodge with you, and dine at the same table? We should then have the benefit of your company, and could retain a place in society and entertainment. I can flatter myself that you will be pleased with my wife; for she is of a noble mind and disposition."

Stilling's soul revived at these words, and he felt as if some one had all at once taken the burden of his sorrows from his shoulders, so that he could scarcely bear the weight of them any longer. He therefore went with Mr. Kühlénbach to the inn, to pay his respects to his consort, who heard with joy his willingness to receive them. The next day, this excellent and worthy couple removed into Stilling's habitation.

Every thing now went on in its regular and cheerful course. Stilling, it is true, was still always melancholy;—but it was a pleasing melancholy, in which he even felt a comfort. He was now also enabled to publish his lectures in rotation, the sums he received for the copyright of which encouraged him with respect to the liquidation of his debts; for he saw a boundless field before him, in which he could toil, and be remunerated. All 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 1762. Kühlénbach then began to feel his age. In consequence of Stilling's anxiety, for he was apprehensive that his horrible melancholy would again return; he therefore sought to form a variety of plans, but none of them satisfied him. Just at that period, he received a letter from Mr. Eisenhart, advising him to marry again. Stilling clearly perceived that this was the best course to act by; and he therefore resolved upon it, after many conflicts, and awaited the intimation and guidance of Providence.

His first thoughts fell upon an excellent widow lady, who had one child, some property, bore the noblest of characters, and was of very good descent and respectable family. She had already given great proofs of her domestic management, and was therefore acquainted with Stilling. He therefore wrote to her;—the worthy woman answered him, and stated such important reasons which prevented her from marrying again, that Stilling, as a man of integrity, was obliged entirely to relinquish her. This unsuccessful attempt made him timid, and he resolved upon quitting the town professionally.

About this time, a light entered his mind regarding his affairs, of which, up to that period, he had not had the smallest idea; for as he was once taking a walk alone, and reviewing his ten years of sorrow in the marriage-state, he investigated whence it came that God had led him through such painful paths. After his marriage, was he really assisted 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 Christine, and he himself, had acted at the time neither according to the precepts of religion, nor of sound reason; for it is the Christian's highest duty, under the guidance of Providence, to examine every step, and particularly the choice of a wife or a husband, according to the rules of sound reason and propriety; and after this has been accomplished, we should regard the result as the result of the blessing. But all this was neglected at that time;—Christina was an innocent, inexperienced girl; she secretly loved Stilling, clung to this love, prayed to God for the fulfilment of her wishes; and thus religion and affection mingled in her hysterical attacks. Neither her parents nor Stilling knew anything of this; they looked upon it as Divine inspiration and influence, and were obedient to it. The impropriety and impropriation of the thing showed itself too late, in the painful consequences. Christina had no property, Stilling was equally destitute; he was compelled to study with other people's money, and afterwards was unable to economise that which he had. He had not himself nor pay his debts. Christina, on the contrary, who was brought up in a tradesman's family, expected from her husband the principal regulation of the household, and economised only with that which came to her hand; she would therefore have made any tradesman happy, but never a man of learning.

Stilling, however, clearly recognized, with all this, that his ten years of painful probation, as well as the events of his whole life, had been inexpensively beneficial to his character and his whole existence. God had made use of his own impurity as soap, in order to purify him more and more; his degradation was his greatest moderate, 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 would soon see enough. I merely desire my readers not to cherish any bitterness against this worthy man, who has now finished his course. He was upright and pious, and was recognized, loved, and honored as such by all men. But how easily may the most upright man mistake; and what saint in heaven has not erred? However, it was manifest to himself that Divine Providence was determined to marry again.

His first attempt to find a consort being unsuccessful, Stilling's inmate, Kühlénbach, 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 most humbly proposed to him that every one now advised him to take a rich wife; for they concluded that he would be the most easily assisted by so doing, and he himself thought that 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 mind than his own; or, in a word, placed his trust in God. Kühlénbach left him at Easter; and at Whit'santide 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 made a full stop to those endeavours; it was the most genial to him, to receive refunds; he therefore presented himself with a contrite heart before God, and said to Him with the most fervent filial confidence, "My Father! I resign my destiny entirely to Thee; I have now done what I could. At present I look for thy direction:—if it be thy will that I should marry again,
do thou conduct a faithful spouse to me; but
if I am to remain single, do thou 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
intention.

The first post-day after the above-mentioned
prayer and filial resignation to Providence, he
received, very unexpectedly, a letter from that
admirable lady; he opened it eagerly, and found,
to his astonishment, amongst other things, the
following:—

"Your friends here have not been so prudent as
you are to deal 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 agreeable, and comes from a very agreeable,
and learned family, and excellent parents. Her
father is dead; but her venerable, sickly mother is
still alive. She is about twenty-three years of age,
and has suffered much; she has been well brought
up, exceedingly able in every female employment,
and a very economical housekeeper; devout, and
an authority in household affairs. She has a small
property, but will receive a regular dowry. &c.

If all these qualities, for the truth of which I
pledge myself, are an equivalent with you for some
thousand guilders, please inform me. I will then
mention her to you, and tell you what you have to
do, &c."

Your 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 torment therefore
continue?" However, he dared not reason now
about the property, principles or persons, 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
very next day Samuel Rittersburg, who was Selma
Von St. Florentin, and that she was the sister of the senatorial advocate of that name, who
resided there;—that all she had written of her was
true;—that she had also shewn her his letter,
mentioned something of the affair to her, and she
had expressed herself to the effect that it would not be
disagreeable to her to receive a visit from Stilling.
Madame Von la Roche advised him therefore to
take a journey to Reichenburg, where Selma was
at that time residing at the Eagle Inn, because the
innkeeper was a relation of hers. Stilling was
always rapid and ardent in his undertakings; he
therefore directly travelled to Reichenburg, which
was daily journey from the Rhine to the Inn at
S—. He consequently arrived there in the evening, and drove to the inn above-men-
 tioned. But he was now in a dilemma;—he dared
not enquire after the lady whom he sought; but
yet without this, his journey would probably be 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
Madame Von la Roche had described. He deter-
mined, therefore, to be

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tioned. But he was now in a dilemma;—he dared
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for him, yet he confessed that Selma was all that
Madame Von la Roche had described. He deter-
mined, therefore, to be

in the evening, and drove to the inn above-men-
tioned. But he was now in a dilemma;—he dared

house, and requested them to mention it to Selma and her brother, and beg of them to take a walk, about ten o'clock, in their garden, and that Mr. P— would then call for Stilling, to take him thither.

All this accordingly took place; advocate P—'s lady went to fetch Selma and her brother, and Mr. P— hastened down to Stilling's house.

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 handsomely arranged summer-house. The sun shone in the cloudless sky, and it was a most beautiful summer-day.

The gentleman, having pleaded his case, was dressed in a crimson, silken gown, and a black straw-hat, walking much disturbed amongst the trees; she wrung her hands, evidently in extreme mental emotion; in another place, her brother was walking with the advocate's lady. As Stilling approached and appeared to them, they all placed themselves in a position to receive him. After he had complimented them generally all round, he stepped up to Selma's brother; this gentleman had a dignified and very handsome figure, which pleased him extremely at first sight; he approached him therefore, and said, "Sir, I am desirous of soon being able to call you brother!" This address, which could only have proceeded from Stilling, must necessarily have had a man of such a refined education and knowledge of the world; he therefore made a bow, smiled, and said, "Your obedient servant, professor Stilling! I shall account it an honor."

Mr. P— and his lady, with St. Florentin, now hastened into the summer-house, and left Stilling alone with Selma.

He walked towards her, presented her his arm, and led her slowly forwards;—just as directly and without circumlocution, he said to her, "Mademoiselle, you know who I am (for she had read his history); you know also the object of my journey;—I have no property, but a sufficient income, and two children; my character is as I have described it in the history of my life. If you can resolve to become mine, do not leave me long in suspense; I am accustomed to hasten to the object I have in view without circumlocution. I believe if you make choice of me, you will never repent of it;—I fear God, and will seek to make you happy."

Selma recovered from her confusion, and with an unspeakably graceful expression of countenance, she raised her beaming eyes, elevated her right hand, in which she held a fan, and said, "What is the will of Providence, is my will also."

They now arrived at the summer-house, where he was considered, investigated, examined, and exposed to view; his first object was to catch her eyes down, and did not say a word. Stilling shewed himself unvarnished, just as he was, and did not dissemble. It was then agreed that Selma and her brother should come in the afternoon, after dinner, to Madame Von la Roche, and that there the matter should be further discussed; on which event Selma agreed.

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. Again 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 your children! The beauteous Christina will now look down with heavenly delight upon her Stilling, for she has bestowed 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 vows to try to do all that should tend to further the happiness of the object of Stilling's affection.

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 unaccustomed 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; the wish may be called a fault, which arises from a moral impossibility. Selma knew Stilling only from his writings and from report; she saw him for the first time, on the day she promised him marriage; that, which between young people is called love, had no place in the matter; the whole affair was determination, consideration, and they were arisitocratical reflections. 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 fact would be.
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 Stillmg, 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. Stillmg 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 do so, for I have gained your consent; and I cannot live without you. My debts have not arisen from a love of splendour or extravagance, but from extreme necessity. I can earn much, and am unwearied in my labors. With regularity in housekeeping, they will be liquidated in a few years; and if I should die, it will be only because the State has forced me to do so, and I 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—never to return to you in 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, Stillmg. God has destined me to assist in bearing your burden. I will gladly do so;—he encouraged, we shall also overcome this, with the help of God."

How Stillmg felt could 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 Stillmg's destiny! Do not tell me that prayers are not heard;—can earlier discovery would have ruined every thing, and a later would probably have occasioned vexation. It was then just the right time.

CHAPTER XII.

Stilling now travelled back again, quietly and contentedly, to Rittersburg, and made preparations for the celebration of his marriage, which was to take place at the house of Selma's aunt, in Creutznach.

The space of time which intervened, I will fill up with the history of Selma's Life.

In the middle of the previous century, there lived in France two brothers, both of whom were of an ancient Italian noble family; they were called knights of St. Florentin de Tarnsor. 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 Synode in the imperial city of Worms; from whom 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-Main, where he again became Synode, counsellor 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 counsellor of finance at W—, and was afterwards appointed finance-director in the principality of Rothingen, in Upper Swabia. He was a man of great penetration, fiery resolve, rapid accomplishment, and incorruptible integrity; and as he always lived at court, he was, at the same time, a very refined man of the world, and his house was the favorite resort of the noblest and the best. He was, indeed, a born writer, always well minded, kind-hearted, and very gentle in his 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 worthy physician in the principality of Hessen; the widow, S—; the eldest son is advocate in S—; the second son, counsellor of finance in Rothingen; the second daughter is united to a worthy preacher in Franconia; and the youngest child is Selma.

The finance-director, Mr. Von F. Florentin, had a moderate income, but he was too conscientious to accumulate wealth. On his sudden death, therefore, in the year 1776, his widow found that he had left little; she received indeed a pension on which she could subsist, and all her children were provided for, with the exception of Selma, to whom a variety of offers were made; but she was only in her sixteenth year, and besides this, none of these 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 a daughter of one of the most worthy citizens of Cassel, was at length informed of Selma's godmother, heard of the finance-director's death, she wrote, in the year 1778, to the widow, and requested her to send her Selma to her, promising to provide for her, and make her happy.

Madame Von St. Florentin found it almost impossible for her to decide upon sending away her dearly-beloved daughter, to a distance of upwards of seventy German miles; however, as all her friends and children earnestly urged her to it, she at length consented. Selma kneeled down before her, and the venerable woman gave her her blessing, amidst floods of tears. In October of the year 1778, she set off, therefore, under safe convoy, to Lower Saxony. She arrived in Frankfort just at the time when Stilling passed through it with his wife and children, on removing from Schonenthal to Rittersburg.

After a long and tedious journey, she at length arrived at the mansion of her godmother, a generally widowed, having gone over to America, where she died. He she soon perceived that she was disappointed, for she was ill-treated in a variety of ways. This was a school and a hard trial for the good girl. She was well brought up, and every one had behaved kindly to her; but here no one had any feeling for her talents;—it is true, there were people enough that esteemed her, but they could only comfort, without being able to help her.

To this something of a different nature was added:—a young cavalier made her serious offers of marriage; these she accepted, the marriage was agreed upon between the families, on both sides, and she was actually betrothed to him. He then set out on a journey, and on this journey, something occurred with which he 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 plious 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 blushes at the thought, which, as Stilling's biographer, I must necessarily say.

She grew sickly also at the same time; and it appeared as if her sorrow would have ended in a consumption. However, she undertook the journey, after having endured for two years the furnace of affliction. On reaching Cassel, she stopped at the house of an excellent, pious, and worthy friend, government-counsellor M—; here she continued three-quarters of a year, during which time she entirely regained her health.

She then pursued her journey, and arrived at length at her brother's at S—, where she again resided a considerable time. Here a variety of opportunities presented themselves of providing for herself becomingly; but none of them suited her; for her exalted ideas of virtue, conjugal affection, and of extending her sphere of action, she feared, would be all frustrated by these offers; and she preferred remaining with her mother.

She now often visited Madame Von la Roche, and she ventured to hazard the following to that venerable lady that Stilling had made fruitless offers of marriage there; Selma testified her repugnance at this report, and was surprised when she heard that Stilling resided in the neighbour, hood. The idea now occurred to Madame Von la Roche, that Selma would be suitable for Stilling; she wrote to him, to whom she was before silent, and wrote the first letter to him, to which he immediately replied. When this answer was received, Selma was at Reichenberg; Sophia therefore handed Stilling's determination to advocate P—'s lady, the mutual friend of both. The latter hastened directly to Reichenberg, and found her friend, in the morning, still in bed; her eyes were wet with tears, for it was her birthday, and she had been praying and rendering thanks to God.

The advocate's lady presented her Stilling's letter, together with an epistle from Sophia, in which she gave her maternal advice. Selma did not reject this opportunity, but permitted Stilling to come.—

My readers know the rest.

CHAPTER XXI.

Every thing being at length duly arranged, Stilling set off for Creutzbach, on the 14th of August 1782.
in order to be married to his Selma. On his arrival he observed the first manifestation of tenderness in her; she now began not merely to esteem him, but to love him. On the day following, being the 16th, the marriage was solemnized in her aunt's house, in the presence of a few friends, by the Rev. Mr. W——, Inspector of the district, who was a friend of Stilling, and in other respects an excellent man. The address which he gave on this occasion is inserted in the printed collection of his sermons; not understanding which it is also subjoined here, as in its proper place.

It is 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 the other, and let the day decide which of them deserve the preference, they will immediately and certainly pronounce in favour of those in which the sweet and noble social feelings, which the Creator has implanted in our souls towards our fellow-creatures, find satisfaction. With the possession of a friend to whom we may open our bosoms, and on whose bosom we may deposit our most secret cares, as in an inviolable sanctuary—who participates in every happy event; sympathizes with our sorrows; incites us by his example to noble and virtuous deeds; by kind admonitions recalls us from the path of error and of stumbling; assists us in prosperous seasons with such advice as is certain to procure for us the crown 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 all that is blissful—a bond, by which sacred soul 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 interests, the feeling of the heart discovers a because soul, which invites him, by the irresistible attractions of a noble sympathy, to the most inward union, and sweetest brotherly love. A lime-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 like-minded, and their dealings are marked by love in their countenances; they converse with each other, and their thoughts harmonize; their hearts open to each other, and one soul attracts the other; they already know each other, and hand in hand, vow to love each other eternally. But David and Jonathan love in a world in which connections, which must be holy and venerable to us, often display 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 more to him than a brother; for he had loved him, as the sacred historians says, as his own right hand. Happy, Jonathan! Thy soul is imparted to thy king and father only a small part of thy tender estimation for the favorite of thy heart! But no; the wrath of Saul persecuted the innocent David; and the gentle and virtuous heart of the son and friend strives in vain to combine the sacred duties of esteem and friendship; and still, notwithstanding which it is also subjoined here, as in its proper place."

"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 formed 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 obstructed by the difficulties of life; in the heart of each resolve the bond which the flame of the tenderest love has established, and which solemn vows at the holy altar of religion have sealed. The circumstances and intentions, the wishes and efforts, of the lover and the beloved are one and the same; the relationship of the husband is the relationship of the wife to her husband, the respect of his honor, her honor; his property, her property."

"The guileless heart of the pious and selected spouse, full of tender and noble emotions, finds in the man that loves God and virtue a safeguard on the journey of life; a faithful adviser in perplexing circumstances; a courageous defender in dangers; a friend and companion in the perils of life; a supporter and comforter in every work and every sorrow. So long as the husband lived, he was a friend to her, and to herself alone. But even unto death. What he accomplishes for the good of the world, of his country, and his family, has all a beneficial effect upon the happiness and the joy of the woman to whom he has presented his hand and his heart. Weared with the labors of the day, he hastens to the sweet companion of his life; imparts to her his sorrows and his joy; she is a friend and a confidante; seeks to develop every shooting blossom of her mind, and prevent every timid wish of her affectionate heart; willingly forgets the gnawing cares of his vocation, the ingratitude of the world, and the bitter hindrances which every honest man meets with in the path of incorruptible integrity, in order that her heart may be free; his love for her is wholly given 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 who feels the greatness of the offering?—the man who surpassed all of the laws which condition their countenances; they converse with each other, and their thoughts harmonize; their hearts open to each other, and one soul attracts the other; they already know each other, and hand in hand, vow to love each other eternally. But David and Jonathan love in a world in which connections, which must be holy and venerable to us, often display 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 more to him than a brother; for he had loved him, as the sacred historians says, as his own right hand. Happy, Jonathan! Thy soul is imparted to thy king and father only a small part of thy tender estimation for the favorite of thy heart! But no;
ample and love of order, and by meekness and kindness to maintain that devotion of love over children, and inmates and domestics, which is the most difficult duty and the noblest embellishment of her sex; to season her husband's hours of recreation with pleasure; by harmless mirth to cheer his brow, when manly sternness rests upon it; or by gentle words to soothe his cares, when adverse result redoubles all the well-meant intentions to disturb him—this is the endeavor of the day, and this the nightly meditation of the spouse who loves God and virtue.

"Such a wife is the most valuable gift of heaven; such a husband, the best blessing wherewith Eternal Love rewards a pious and faithful heart. If he who dwells in heaven blesses such a marriage with his benediction, and enables them to enjoy, with pure delight, what felicity on earth, to see themselves live anew in well-disposed, beloved children; to bring up useful citizens of earth, and blessed inhabitants of heaven; to see a powerful support growing up for helpless old age; a sensible comfort in their infirmities! O God! what a rich recompense for all the husband's labor, and care, which we expend on education and attention to the inheritors of our names and property; and when, as we may hope, our wishes are fulfilled, of our virtues also! What a goodly lot, to be permitted to hear the sweet names of father and mother!

"All happiness to you, my estimable friend, who doth enjoy the felicity of being eternally united with such a partner. I know her noble-minded and pious heart, which is open to and warm for every friendly feeling. I do not need to place before your eyes the duties which such a union imposes upon you—you have practised them; you have thereby become happy; you will become so again; and if the spirits of the dead are able to feel the impressions of that sweet alliance, to share and participate in it, the departed saint that is in heaven will look down with pure and indescribable joy on this new union, upon which you this day enter with the chosen one of your heart.

"Happiness and the blessing of God be upon you, amiable and virgin bride! The friend of your heart is the husband and labor, and care, which we expend on education and attention to the inheritors of our names and property; and when, as we may hope, our wishes are fulfilled, of our virtues also! What a goodly lot, to be permitted to hear the sweet names of father and mother!

"O God, accept our prayer; do thou bless those whom thy hand has joined together, and bless them with all the felicity of a pure love, which death cannot destroy! Amen!"

Hereupon followed the priestly benediction:

Stillings' and Selina's hearts and hands were inseparably united, and the Almighty gave his gracious blessing to this union. Schmerz took much interest in this joyful event; he provided the marriage-feast, and entertained the newly-married couple, with their friends who were present, both to dinner and supper.

Schmerz also wished to celebrate the day following by an excursion into the Rhine, and two courses were ordered, in one of which Madame Schmerz, the aunt, and Selina rode, and in the other, Mr. Schmerz, Mr. W—, the Inspector, and Stillings. The way led from Creutznach to Bingen, from whence they crossed the Rhine, thence to Geisenheim, to view the baronial residence of Ostein, and from thence, over against Bingen to Niederwald, which also belongs to the Count of Ostein, and is laid out in the manner of an English park. The whole journey was enchanting; objects everywhere presented themselves which afforded peculiar food for the eye of a mind susceptible of the beauties of nature and of art; the whole company was consequently extremely well pleased.

They dined in the midst of the Niederwald, at a forester's house; and after dinner, the afternoon was spent in walking, whilst the various beautiful scenes, prospects, and objects, refreshed the eye and the heart. Towards five o'clock, they commenced their return, and the water was rising further down the hill, and the gentlemen went on foot. The latter now resolved to stop at Rüdesheim, and drink another bottle of the excellent wine of that place, to cement their friendship; meanwhile, the ladies were to cross the river at the ferry, and wait at Bingen till they should follow them in a boat. This was accordingly done; but meanwhile, a storm arose, the waves were high, and it already began to be dark, particularly as the sky was covered with black clouds. They took their seats in the boat, notwithstanding, and passed over the rushing waves, in the midst of the roaring of the storm; and with much danger and anxiety arrived safely at the 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 coming across, went down the river! The stream raged, and scarcely half-a-quarter of an hour did the ferry-trip last. The storm roared in the Bingen-loch like distant thunder; the ferry-boat was drifting towards this dangerous place; and all this when it was growing dark. Schmerz, W— and Stillings stood there, as if lamed hand and foot; they looked like poor criminals that had just received their sentence; all Bingen ran together, as it were; was in an uproar; and some sailors put off in a large boat after the unfortunate people.

Meanwhile, the ferry-boat with the coach continued to drift further down; the boat followed them, and at length neither of them could be seen; besides all this, it grew ever darker and more disorienting.

Stillings stood as before the judgment-seat of the Almighty: he could neither pray, nor think; his eyes gazed fixedly between the lofty mountains towards the Bingen-loch; he felt as though he stood up to the neck in burning sand;—his Selina, that excellent gift of God, was lost to him; the horrible cry of the crowd resounded in his deafened ears on all sides, "The poor people are lost! God be gracious to them!" O! what intense misery!—and this lasted two hours.

At length, a young man, a clergyman, of the name of Gentli, pressed through the people to the three men! He placed himself with a cheering expression of confidence 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!" He was right. He conducted them by the arm down the meadow, and all his words were words of comfort and peace.

As they were walking towards the Mouse tower, having their eyes constantly fixed on the stream,
they heard opposite them, on the left hand, a rat-
tling and rushing, as if a coach were driving be-
tween the hedges; all four looked thither, but it
was too dark to see anything. Stilling therefore
called aloud, and Selma answered, "We are safe!

By Ripstock's "Come hither, Abaddon, to thy
Redeemer!" and these words, "We are safe!" he
produced one and the same effect. Schmerz, W—,
and Stilling fell upon the neck of the good Cath-
olic 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,
outstrip the devil with his wiles or the demon with
his spells.

All three now ran to the coach; Stilling out-
stripped 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 re-
specting 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
travels, and drove quietly and safely, in the night,
through the glades of the Common.

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
bridge, and with bread and water to quench their
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 sensual attachment, which is so
extremely opposed to all moral perfection and to
activity for the good of mankind. It is true what
they say, that he will never possess the same place
as the divided heart; it may love and value the gift,
but on no account more highly than the Giver." Stilling
has always found it thus; as every attentive reader,
who is experienced in the ways of God, will easily
perceive.

A few days after, Stilling, with his Selma,
accompanied by her aunt, set out for Rittersburg.
They were met half-way by the students of that
place, who testified their joy and the interest they
took, by presenting a poem, and by music and a
hall.

Thus began a new period of his domestic life.
Selma sent immediately for the two children from
Zweibrücken, and with extreme care undertook their
much-neglected education. At the same
time, she represented to Stilling the necessity of
her having possession of the cash; for she said,
"My dear husband, your whole soul is engaged in its
important vocation, in its high destiny; domes-
tic arrangements, and domestic cares and expenses,
which will be in the process are beneath your attention;
pursue your course without interruption, and
henceforth leave to me income and expenditure.
Commit both debts and housekeeping to my manage-
ment, 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 grati-
fied. Every friend was welcome to his table, but
never sumptuously treated; his house was the
refuge of the worthiest young men; many a one
was thus preserved from ruin, and others reclaimed
from going astray; but all this was managed with
such decorum and dignity, that even the most
poisonous-tongued calumniator did not venture to spread
any unbecoming report.

With all this, the money was never entirely
expended; there was always something in hand,
and comparatively, even superfluity. Selma also
formed a plan for liquidating the debts, the interest
upon which was to be nearly paid, and the Rittersburg debts discharged first. This
latter was accomplished in less than three years, and
money was then sent to Schönenthal, by which
the creditors were rendered more tranquil;— in
a word, Stilling's tedious and painful sufferings
had an end.

And if, occasionally, tormenting letters still
arrived, Selma answered them herself, and that in
such a manner as must necessarily have imparted
confidence and satisfaction to every one who was
in any degree rational.

However, circumstances gradually occurred
which greatly limited Stilling's sphere of action.
This was due to the removal of the young man,
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
good; and when the court or other political bodies
were inclined to use him, there was a disposition
of bestowing a recompense upon him, which 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 he resolved to remove the academy of Political Economy from
Rittersburg to Heidelberg, and unite it with the
ancient university there. Stilling's situation
thereby improved, inasmuch as his sphere of opera-
tion was more extensive, and his income in some
measure increased; but there was still no possi-
ability of making provision for his family, and envy
now became still stronger. He found indeed many
powerful friends there; and he gained the affec-
tions of the public, because he continued gratui-
tously to practise as an oculist, with much success.
However, he was obliged to submit to much that
was painful and vexatious. What consoled him
the most was the universal love of the whole
university and its officers, of all the students, and
the town; besides which, his fidelity and diligence,
notwithstanding every obstacle, penetrated at
length to the ears of the Elector, who, without his
knowledge, and entirely gratuitously, sent him the
patent of Electoral Aulic Counsellor, and assured
him a pension.

About this time, Mr. Friedenberg died of water
on the chest. Selma had previously convinced
him, by a very affecting letter, of Stilling's inte-
grity, 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, to consult with Counsellor Mieg. These excursions were always a very pleasant 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 1768, 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 considerably and calmly, and experienced an effect of which there were 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 above, and his oration in German, int 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 for ten minutes the whole academy broke out into "Bravo!" so that he was obliged to cease until the noise was over. This was repeated several times; and when he descended from the rostrum, the representative of the Elector, the Minister Von Oberndorf, thanked him very expressively; after which the grandees of the Palatinate, in their stars and sable capes, came forward 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 the result of circumstances.

To God alone be the glory!

From this time, Stilling enjoyed the love and esteem of all the higher ranks of the Palatinate in an abundant measure; and it was just at this time also, that Providence began to prepare the station for him 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 beneficial 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 Leipsic received the appointment, and he proceeded thither, but suffered much all through the journey, so that he died a week after his arrival. Notwithstanding Stilling had been often spoken of, yet persons of consequence opposed his appointment; because they believed a man who had written so many novels was scarcely suitable for such a station. But no man can withstand the plan of Providence. Stilling, in consequence of a rescript from the Landgrave, was formally and regularly appointed by the University of Marburg, public and ordinary professor of the Economical, Financial, and Statistical sciences, with a fixed income of 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 noble and worthy Hessians. He recognized Stilling's honest intentions and his impulse to be useful, and this was the cause of his being appointed. He this 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 took 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 Providence. He now felt he could now fill up and teach his whole system, and in his domestic affairs and manner of life, could also lay up something for his children, and consequently make them happy. At that time, he had only three children; the daughter and son by the first marriage were growing up; the daughter he should be able to look after and to educate; 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 set out for his place of destination, at Easter 1787, with his wife and child. At Frankfurt, 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 laboured 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 himself to provide for the comfort 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 mine-surveyor of Dillenburg.

He would gladly also have seen his uncle Johann Stilling. But the great Father of men had called him away a year before from his daily labor, and removed him to a more extensive sphere of action. In his latter years, he had become surveyor-in-chief of the mines, and had contributed much to the prosperity of his country. His whole life was an unceasing activity for the good of mankind, and an ardent striving after the discovery of new truths. His influence on the life, manners, and conduct of his neighbours was so great and so powerful, that his whole outward manner of life and conduct is
divided amongst the peasants of his village; the one laughs like him, the other has assumed his gait, a third his favorite expressions, &c. His spirit remains distributed amongst his friends, and renders him immortal, even with respect to this world; his memory also, as a servant of the state, is blessed; for his establishments and institutions will afford food, and a home to the poor in old age, 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.

Heinrich during the summer of the year 1797, on a fine clear afternoon, went to Stilling's house. 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 Wilhelm.

At the house-door below, Selma had welcomed her good father-in-law with tears; had led him and his attendant, the mine-surveyor, into the parlour, and was gone to fetch her child; during which time, Stilling entered with his retinue. Immediately opposite the door stood the mine-surveyor, and at his side, holding up his hat in his hands; stood bent with age; and in his venerable visage, time, and a variety of afflictions, had graven many and deep furrows. Timid, and with a very peculiar shamefacedness, which leaves no one unaffected, he looked askant in the face of his son as he approached. The latter stepped over not more than a stone's throw, in silence, and tenderly took his father's hand. Wilhelm stood his numerous auditory, and every one smiled with extreme and sympathetic satisfaction. Father and son first of all looked fixedly at each other for some moments, and then fell into each other's embrace, with a mixture of sobbing and weeping. After this, they stood again and looked at each other.

Stilling.—"Father, you have aged very much in the last thirteen years."

Wilhelm.—"So have you also, my son."

Stilling.—"Not 'you,' my venerable father! but thou! I am your son, and am proud of being so. Your prayers, and your mode of educating me, have made me the man I am now become; without you, this would not have been the 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 influence 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 nothing. The assembly now broke up; the students took their leave; and the Marburg friends began to visit Stilling's father. As much honor was done him as if he had been a person of rank. God will reward them for their noble-mindedness; it is worthy of their hearts.

Wilhelm resided for some days with his son, and frequently said, "This season has been a foretaste of heaven to me." Pleased and much affected, he then returned with his attendant.

Stilling, therefore, now lives in Marburg, perfectly happy and useful. His marriage-state is daily a source of the most sublime delight that can be conceived on earth; for Selma loves him with her whole soul, above every thing in the world; her whole heart incessantly inclines towards him; and as his many and long-continued sufferings have made him timid, so that he is always apprehensive of something without knowing what, her whole tenderness are directed to cheer him, and wipe away the tears from his eyes which softly flow, because their courses and floodgates have become so wide and fluent. She possesses what is called good and agreeable manners, without loving or seeking much society; they have therefore been formed by the company she kept, and rendered pleasing by her own moral nature. And now the children by the first marriage is every thing that Stilling can wish; she is wholly mother and friend. I do not wish to say more of the noble-minded woman; she has read all that precedes, and reproved me for having praised her; however, I owe more to her and my readers, to the praise of God and Wilhelm; she has told me, that I have just said, and what follows. She is rather short, and stiffly formed; has a pleasing and intelligent countenance; and from her blue eyes and smiling looks a stream of benevolence and philanthropy pours forth towards every noble-minded individual. In all her affairs, even in those which are not of the highest importance, she has a penetrative and discerning look, and always a mature and deciding judgment, so that her husband often advises with her; and when his rapid and active spirit is partial, he follows her, and always fares well in so doing. Her religious views are enlightened, and she is warm in her love to God, to her Redeemer, and to man. Sparing as she is, she is equally generous and benevolent; her charity is requisite and peculiar; she seeks always to be dependant on her husband, and is so even when he follows her advice; she never seeks to shite, 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. The love of God, love of the neighbors, love of the husband and wife, is the most important in the family of 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.
plains of the paradise of God, all the superabundant felicity of the friend of man, for having instructed Stillings as an oculist, and laid the first masterly hand on him.

Young man, thou who readest this, watch over every germ of benevolence and philanthropy that springs forth in thy soul; cherish it with supreme care, and nourish it up to a tree of life that bears twelvetimes the yield of its owner; let it be a destined tree 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 toll, and arduous labour, if needful; for nothing conduces to make thee more immediately nearer to God than beneficence.

But beware of the false activity which so greatly prevails in the present age, and which I am wont to call bustling affectation. The slave of sensuality, the voluptuary, covers filthiness with the whitewash of philanthropy; he wishes to do good in all directions; but knows not what is good; he often assists a poor girl for nothing; he gains a station, where he does amazing injury, and works where he ought not to work. In this manner acts also the proud priest of his own reason, who, notwithstanding, makes dreadful mistakes by his childish sophistry in the vale of shadows and ignes fatui; he seeks to be an autocrat in the moral creation, lays unhewn 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, wilt thou also discover the strait and narrow way that leadeth unto life; then pray daily to God, that He may give thee opportunities of doing good; and if such present themselves, seize them with avidity—he of good courage, God will assist thee; and when thou hast succeeded in a worthy action, thank God fervently in thy closet, and let him have the whole glory.

Before I conclude, I must cast something off my heart, that oppresses me. It is difficult to write the history of living persons; the individual commits faults, sins, weaknesses, and follies, which cannot be revealed to the public; hence the hero of the tale appears better than he is;—just as little can all the good be told that he does, lest he be deprived of his gracious reward.

However, I am not writing Stillings's whole life and conduct, but the history of Providence in its guidance of him. The great Judge will eventually lay his faults in the one, and his little good in the other golden scale of the sanctuary. He is altogether an unprofitable servant; but thy eternal love, O Thou! Most Merciful! as manifested in the gift of thy beloved Son, will abundantly supply all his need.

LET all that love Him to his throne ascend, And offer grateful praises without end; Ascend, ye righteous, who true virtue love! And let your songs resound to God above.

My path was steep, in twilight and in shade, And lightnings flash'd o'er my devoted head, Sorrow, on every hand, my soul did wound, But still my prayer to Thee admittance found.

And didst Thou hear—didst answer my request, And bring my suffering heart repose and rest? Didst let me see sublime and glorious aid, And soothe the grief which on my vital prey d

The Lord is with me—who can now oppose? Or who disturb my wayward, 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 doth the race of every erring man. Of what avails the trust in human aid, So oft frustrated, and so ill repaid? The Lord is good; his word must be believed; Who trusts in him shall never be deceived.

How often is the word of princes broke!— The Prince of princes does what'ee He spoke. Troubles assail 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 difficult.

As rocking thers 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 pierced the puring fire through all my frame, Till chaff and stubble disappear'd in flame; Down to the dust sink my dejected eye, Or upwards look'd, for succour from the sky.

But soon Jehovah's breath these foes repell'd; And graciously the raging flame dispell'd; With mighty hand He shew'd his power to save, And drew me forth, renew'd as from the grave.

God is my strength, my succour, and my song! Ye saints, your halleluiahs loud prolong! From earth to heaven your glorious anthems raise, Whilst 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 overcomes; and though I fall, I rise again when on his name I call.

I shall not die, but live, long to declare How great and marvellous his mercies are;— Although He chasten, yet his strength prepares Me for his service in succeeding years.

Unfold the golden gates, that I may bring A warm and contrite heart to heaven's great King, And at the golden altar sing his praise, Whoslack all my vexes with his happiness regain.

Blest be the Lord, who brings the lofty low, And makes my towering spirit humbly bow; Abases, softens, and with kindness waves, To fit me for his service and his praise.

The stone by men for building thought unfit, Too tender, or too hard, no place would fit; Yet still the Master-builder form'd it 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 head is told.

O Lord, help stillt and further grant success, And on my soul thy image deep impress! Blest is the man that comes to praise in 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 thy goodness praise, Which wondrously hath led me all my days.

Thou art my God!—come I thy grace renew, I pay the thanks which justly thy 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 have us believe, John or not, will soon be seen;—further than this, he will certainly not advance, because we have all only one master, and can have only one.

Stilling now firmly believed that the professorship of civil and political economy was the vocation for which he had been preparing from his cradle to his maturity; its narrow streets, city houses, &c., clave deep in 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, that a mortal meets 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 Lahm; for though it be not so large as the river Neckar, it is the same, and it labors diligently as a porter, and helps the neighbours on every side.

The first family in Marburg which opened the arms of friendship to Stilling and Selma, was that of the Coings. Doctor Johann Franz Coing was professor of Divinity, and a real Christian; and to thee, he united a friendship, and the pleasantest and savviest benevolent character. His wife was likewise devout and pious; both were descended from the French refugees, and the family-name of the professor's lady was Duising. This worthy couple had four grown-up children,—three daughters, Elisabeth, Maria, and Amelia; and a son called Justus, who studied theology; these four are the images of their parents, and models of the Christian and domestic virtues. The whole family lives in a very quiet and retired manner.

The reasons why the family of the Coings attached themselves so warmly and cordially to that of the Stillings, were various,—parents and children had read Stilling's history; both the men were from the same province; relatives on both sides had intermarried. The Rev. Mr. Kraft in Frankfurt, Stilling's old and tried friend, was Coing's brother-in-law, their wives being sisters; and what is still more than all, they were christians on both sides, and this establishes the bond of love and friendship more firmly than any thing else. Where the spirit of christianity reigns, it unites the hearts, by the bond of perfection, in such a high degree that all other human connections are not to be compared with it;—he is happy who experiences it!

Selma attached herself particularly to Eliza Coing; equality of age, and perhaps other causes, which lay in the character of both, laid the foundation for this intimate connection.

Stilling's character, in its multifarious employments, and particularly also a most oppressive spasmodic attack, which greatly tormented him daily, and especially towards evening, operated powerfully on his mind. The first winter he spent in Marburg. He lost his cheerfulness, became melancholy, and so easily excited that he could not avoid weeping on the slightest matter. But that which 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 1738. A student from Anspach accompanied him to that place.

It is a true saying that 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 Us, the German Anacreon. He entered into the apartment of this great man, and was invited to sit down at the table. The table was 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 requires much to see the man whom Providence so remarkably leads, and who so boldly confesses and courageously defends the religion of Jesus."

The conversation then turned on poets and poetry; and when they separated, Us took Stilling once more in his arms, and said, "May God bless, strengthen, and confirm you in your work 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 fastened away with his eyes suffused in tears.

Uz, Cranner, and Klopstock will probably be the Asph, 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 Kerinthen, a place not
far from Dünksbühl. He there drove up to the parsonage-house, lighted at the door of the court-
yard, and waited for it to be opened. The clergy-
man, a handsome, dark-complexioned man, came
out of the house, opened the gate, and thought of
nothing so little as of seeing his brother-in-law,
Stilling;—the surprise was great. The clergyman's
lady, meanwhile, was otherwise engaged, and in
reality, she did not exactly like to be disturbed in
her employment by a visitor; however, when her
husband conducted the visitor to her, she received
him politely, as customary; but when he told her
that he brought a message from her sister Selma,
and also called her "sister," she welcomed him
most cordially.

Stilling spent a few happy days with brother
Hohlbach and sister Sophia. Their reciprocal
brotherly and sisterly affection is immutable, and
will continue beyond the grave.

Sister Sophia accompanied her brother-in-law to
Wallenstein, to her brother's house. At Oettingen
they drove past the church-yard where Selma's and
Sophia's father repose, to whom each devoted
some expressions of lamentation. That same day,
the clergyman was installed as pastor of the
parsonage-house, and was received with no
discretion.

This prince's territory is one of the most pleasant
in Germany; for the Ries is a plain, many miles
in diameter, which is watered by the Mermitz, and
surrounded by lofty mountains. From the moder-
ate eminence at the foot of which Wallenstein lies,
there is a commanding prospect of this garden of
God; near at hand is the beautiful city of Nordlin-
gen, 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
worthvly man returned to him his addresses. At this
time the celebrated Jakob von Wellner, author of
notorious Weckherlin, author of "The Grey Mon-
ter," and "The Hyperborean Letters," was in prison
in a hill-fort in the principality of Waller-
stein. He had grossly and in a malicious manner
insulted the magistrate of the imperial city of
Nordlingen, who sent a requisition to the prince of
Wallenstein, asking to have Weckherlin sus-
pected, demanding satisfaction. The prince
therefore had him arrested and conveyed to the
hill-fort. The prince's brother, Count Franz Lud-
wig, would gladly have procured the captive's fre-
dom, and had made several fruitless attempts to do
so himself; but observing that the prince expressed a
particularly fond regard for his brother-in-law, 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 magistrate, was ac-
quired consideration; and on the other hand, imprison-
ment, particularly for such a man as Weckherlin,
is a grievous affliction. The recollection that there
were still a variety of means to restrain a man
that abused his liberty, outweighed Stilling's scru-
uples; he therefore set Weckherlin free, and dined
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
there, and amongst others, Stilling and Selma. The integrity, unremitting activity in doing good, and the feeling, benevolent soul of Mieg, had made a pleasing impression upon Stilling, so that they were cordial friends; and the two ladies, liked and respected in the same connexion with the other. This visit tied the knot still more firmly; but it had, besides this, an important effect on Stilling's mode of thinking and his philosophical system.

Stilling, by means of Leibnitz and Wolf's philosophy, had fallen into the heavy bondage of fatalism. He had reconciled himself to his destiny, together, by prayer and supplication, against this giant, without being able to overcome him. He had, indeed, always maintained, in his writings, the freedom of the will and of human actions, and had believed in it also, in opposition to all the objections of his reason. He had, likewise, never ceased praying; although this giant was so insidiously whispered in his ear, "Thy prayers avail not; for what God in his counsels has decreed, takes place, whether thou pray or not." But notwithstanding this, Stilling continued to believe and pray, but without light or consolation; even his answers to prayer did not comfort him, for the giant said it was mere accident. The will was lost in the mass of thoughts and feelings of religion; its promises of this life and that which is to come; this only consolation in life, suffering, and death, becomes an illusive phantom, as soon as the individual gives ear to fatalism. Mieg was accidentally Stilling's deliverer from this captivity. He was speaking, on one occasion, of a new work of a certain Adams, which pleased him extremely. He then added, likewise, the postulate of Kant's moral principles, which is, "Act so, that the maxims of thy intentions may be always a universal law." This excited Stilling's attention. The novelty of this position made a deep impression upon him, and he determined to read Kant's writings—and he had hithertoshut his eyes at the thought, because the study of a new philosophy, and especially this, seemed an insurmountable object.

He naturally read first, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." He soon comprehended its meaning, and his struggle with fatalism was all at once at an end. Kant proves, from incontrovertible grounds, that human reason has no power to comprehend the invisible world; and, that in super-sensible things, so often as it judges and decides from its own principles, it always stumbles upon contradictions; that is, it contradicts itself. This book is a commentary on the words of Paul, "The natural man knoweth nothing of the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him." &c.

Stilling's soul was now as if it had gained wings; it had been hitherto intolerable to him that human reason, this divine gift which distinguishes us from the brute creation, should be entirely opposed to that religion which was supremely dear to him. But he now found every thing appropriate and consoling in the book of Kant, which had pleased the visible world; and, that in super-sensible things, in the revelation of God to man in the Bible; and the source of all the truths which appertain to this earthly life in nature and reason. On one occasion, when Stilling wrote to Kant, he expressed his joy and approbation to this great philosopher. Kant replied, and in his letter stood the never-to-be-forgotten words, "To seek in seeking your sole consolation in the gospel; for it is the never-failing source of all truth, which, when reason has measured out its whole jurisdiction, can be found nowhere else."

Stilling afterwards read also Kant's "Critique of Practical Reason", and then his "Religion within the Bounds of Reason." At first he thought he perceived probability in both; but on maturer reflection, he saw that Kant did not seek the source of super-sensitive truth in the gospel, but in the moral principle. But can this moral feeling in man, without the gift of God, manifest itself in its 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 do not see how we can transfer it from the individual to the form, an empty faculty of knowing good and evil. But now show me, anywhere, a man who is solely under the influence of this moral principle! All are deluded, from their youth up, by a variety of errors, so that they take good for evil, and evil for good. In order that the moral principle may become the true guide of human conduct, that which is truly good and beautiful was imparted to them by the individual from a pure and infallible source; but where can such a pure and infallible source be found, out of the Bible! It is a sure and eternal truth, that every axiom of the whole code of morality is an immediate revelation from God; let any one prove to me how to separate these! 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 acception of the term.

Now, much as Stilling was tranquillized on this side, yet a different and still greater danger threatened him from another; a more subtle, and consequently also a more dangerous foe, sought to ensnare him. His frequent intercourse with Raschmann gradually imparted to him, without his being sensible of it, a number of ideas which, singly, did not seem to him at all suspicious; it afterwards, collectively taken, formed a basis from whence, in time, nothing could have resulted but, first, Socinianism; next, Deism; then, Naturalism; and finally, Atheism; and with it, anti-christianity. But his heavenly Guide did not suffer it to prevail so far with him as even to make a commencement. Still he remained firm in his resolution;—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, 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 devout lady will still remember a letter of Stilling's written at that time, which withdrew her affection and esteem from him for a period,—that is, until his mind had again returned to the truth.

Thank God, it did return thither!—and he then observed, with astonishment, how much the improving grace of God had gradually wrought within himself. Sinful sensual impulses, long ago extinguished, already began to show themselves faintly in his heart, and the inward peace of God in his soul had become a distant glimmer. The good Shepherd restored him, and led him again into the right way; the sequel
STILLING'S YEARS OF TUITION.

CHAPTER XV

The following year, in the winter of 1789, the reigning Count of Stollberg Wernigerode wrote to Stilling to visit her during the Easter vacation. He answered that he could not take the journey merely for the sake of a visit; but as soon as there were any blind people there, to whom he could be serviceable, he would come. This caused the reigning Count to make it known throughout his territory, that an oculist was arriving, and he that desired his assistance should come to the castle of Wernigerode in the passion-week. This excellent arrangement occasioned the ridiculous report that the Count of Wernigerode had ordered all the blind people in his dominions to appear in the passion-week at his castle, on pain of ten rix-dollars fine, in order to be examined by the intelligence that blind people would be there, Stilling set out on his journey on Tuesday in the passion-week, on horseback. The youthful spring was in full activity; the shrubs and bushes were every where unfolding their leaves, and the fecundity of nature filled all things with delight. Stilling had, from the first, always sympathised with nature; he therefore felt highly delighted on this journey. During the whole day, nothing struck him more than the difference between Osterrode at the foot of the Harz, and Clausthal on its summit; at the former, the spring was blooming; at the latter, only two leagues distant, every thing was 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. His reception on this occasion was that of an Easter Sunday morning, before the service at church, and the surgeon to the Count took charge of the binding-up.

Amongst these blind people was a young woman of twenty-eight years of age, who had almost perished in the snow, on her return home from Andreasberg to Ilsenburg, on the side of the Brocken; the snow fell so thick and deep that at length it went over her head, and she could proceed no further; she was found, after lying twenty-four hours in quiet 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.

The 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 pale countenance. 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 fiftieth birthday, at his own expense; and that he would do it at Prussia; 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, after which they went with his young noblemen, and other worthy Marburg people, 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, without any one thinking that this was just his fiftieth birth-day; the whole happened naturally;—it afterwards occurred to Stilling, and it then was evident that that evening was a consecration to a new epoch in his life.

Soon afterwards, in the autumn of 1789, the vacation ended, when Stilling took a journey into the province of Darmstadt, and from thence to Neuwied, in order to assist the blind. Raschmann, his two young pupils, and Selma, accompanied him to Frankfort; he then travelled to Rüsselsheim on the Maine, where he couched the Rev. Mr. Sartorius's lady, and spent nine agreeable days in this holiday. The next year, Stilling, with respect to the doctrine of the Atonement, caught himself on the pale horse;—Sartorius was one of the Hall 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 interest it fell into a dispute with the pious clergyman upon this subject, and now discovered how far he had already deviated; his return, therefore, commenced here.

In Darmstadt also, Stilling couched several persons who were suffering from the cataract; and there he met with a man who, up to that time, was the only one he had found laboring under the same disease, who had removed for the honor of God; for on being informed of Stilling's arrival, and told that, with the help of God, he might now regain his sight, he replied, very resignedly, "The Lord has laid this cross upon me, and I will bear it to His honor!" What a mistaken idea!

From Darmstadt, Stilling journeyed to Mayence, where a young lady, Miss Stilling, was at that time residing. 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 to the accompaniment of some repeating instruments, very naturally and admirably. I know not what became of this instrument in the wars, and whether it be not for ever untuned.

The next morning they sailed down the Rhine in a covered barge. The voyage was this time more prosperous than in the year 1779, when it was a voyage of 

* 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 Mainz to Elexen, in the time of that profession. 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 Newield, where they met Raachmann, with the young Counts, and the present vice-chancellor of the Magistrates. Stilling addressed him at that time to Professor Erxleben. Stilling took up his quarters with this friend at the Rev. Mr. Ming’s; the rest were lodged in part at the castle.

This journey of Stilling’s to Newield 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 Raachmann also contributed much, for although he widely differed from them in religious sentiments, yet he spoke of them with much kindness. 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 Newield. Here arose an intimate relationship between the old princess and Stilling, which was maintained for some time, by a lively correspondence until her transition into a better life. She was born Burggravine of Kirchengberg, 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 entering the parsonage, he observed a kind of envying expression in his friend Machenhauer’s 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 Kem mouths and Wallerstein. Sister Sophia Hohlbach had shewn her great kindness; but she had been brought very low by a very vexatious disorder, from which she had suffered inexpressibly, and looked very ill. The paternal heart of Stilling was rent, and its wounds bled. From Hannah he learnt that her mother was not dangerously ill.

As he ascended the stairs, he saw Selma, pale and altered, standing in the corner on the landing-place. She received her husband with a tenderly melancholy look, and smiling through tears, she said, “My dear, be not afraid—I there is nothing the matter with me.” She had tranquillized him, and he went with her into the room.

Selma had suffered much in her confinement in the spring, and Stilling believed that her present indisposition arose from the same cause. She did indeed recover; but a declaration followed on her part which plunged his soul, wearied as it was by many sudden and profound changes, into a state of profound melancholy. Soon after his return from Newield, 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 faithful to you than I have been, and 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 heard this announcement. 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 forebode your death in every such times and yet you have always come safely through me. I trust it will also be the case this time; and then consider duly, whether it is possible to promise what you require of me; for it is opposed to every thing that can be even called propriety.” Selma looked embarrassedly around her, and replied, “It is however grievous that you cannot place yourself above all this, in order that you may know 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 precipitate 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 to induce her husband to marry Eliza, and to make her do so. In this she went incredibly far; for one evening it happened that Stilling, Selma, and Eliza, were sitting quite alone at a round table, and supping together; when they had nearly finished, Selma looked longingly at Eliza, and said, “Dear Eliza, you will have my husband when I am dead; will you not?” The situation in which Stilling and Eliza felt themselves placed by this speech, is indescribable. Eliza blushed deeply, and said, “Do not speak so! God preserve us from such an event!” —and Stilling gave her a kind reproof for her improper behaviour. When she found that she could not gain her point with her husband, she applied to good friends, who she knew had much influence.
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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 happy 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 or two she was greatly relieved, suffered her child, and was cheerful; but on the sixth, an eruption broke out, she grew very ill, and Stilling became greatly alarmed. Her friend Eliza came to wait upon her, in which she was faithfully assisted by Hannah. Madame Coing came also every day, and occasionally relieved her daughter.

Stilling had still hopes of her recovery; but, as he was sitting one afternoon alone by her bedside, he perceived that she began to speak irrationally, and to pull and straighten the bed-clothes. He ran out into the open air, through the Kenthof gate, and then through the bee-ch-wood about the castle-hill, and prayed from his most soul, that it might happen that the day before the child was born, 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 tranquilized; 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, this is, where all is not hid from you!" asked he. She audibly whispered through her closely-fastened teeth, "O yes!" Stilling tottered away, and saw her no more; for strong as his spirit was, yet his physical nature and his heart were shaken. Nor could Eliza bear to see her friend expire; but Madame Coing closed her eyes. She departed this life the following night, on the 23rd of May, at one o'clock. They came weeping to Stilling's bed to inform him of it: "Lord, thy will be done!" was his reply.

**CHAPTER XVI.**

Selma dead!—the woman of whom Stilling was so proud, dead!—that is saying much! Though profound peace reigned in his soul, still his state and condition were indescribable:—his frame was dreadfully shaken; the spasmodic complaint which continually tormented him, had already excited his nervous system to a high degree, and this state of things might have turned the day 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 Christian'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, in this mode of address, as well as in the form of his intercourse with people of rank, he conducted himself so that his low origin was immediately observed; he always did either too much or too little in a thing. Selma, who was an accomplished lady, polished all this away completely; at least, the observation was never afterwards made that Stilling was deficient in good breeding; for it afterwards appeared that he was destined to associate with persons of the highest class.

But she was, particularly with reference to his debts, a helping angel sent from God. She was an excellent housekeeper,—with a very moderate income, in Lautern and Heidelberg, she had liquidated above two thousand guilders of debt, by using only that which in his intercourse with people of rank, she could observe. Therefore the 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 unmerciful creditors, in such a manner, that he knew not what to think of it; and he himself, when his creditors came, and the matter was discussed, they were not afraid of him, and put little confidence in him.

Selma was a woman of a very strong character; she was an excellent creature, but her general circumstances for which even the most excellent of mankind are unsuitable.

Stilling's guidance was always systematic; or rather, the plan according to which he was led, was always so manifest, that every acute observer perceived it. Raschmann also saw through it;—he often regarded Stilling with astonishment, and said, "Providence must have something peculiar in view with reference to you, for all the trifling as well as important events which have befallen you, tend to some great object, which still lies hidden in the obscurity of the future." Stilling likewise felt his person imperceptibly, and it humbled him in the doing; and 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 in the Redeemer of the world.

Selma lay a lifeless corpse.—Hannah, a girl of sixteen years and a-half old, now seized with a violent desire to maintain the house of the housekeeper, 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 slain—Lisette, Caroline, and the orphan sucking which she had forsaken. Lisette was
four years and a-quarter, and Caroline two years and a-half old. Selma herself had not completed her thirtieth year when she died, and yet had accomplished so much, and left behind her this bridal-days she said to Stillings, "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 three weeks after. Stillings, with 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." Stillings, as is generally the case with those who consent 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 Diusing; the mother of the latter, Vilheus; and her uncle, a worthy Mr. Stilling's great-grandfather, Madame Von Hamm;—these three matrons, her grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother, were present at the baptism; and the latter, Madame Von Hamm, preceded at the christening-dinner. All the three ladies bore the name of Elizabeth. This "Elizabeth-blood" is, in the highest degree, the cause of Eliza's nuptials. He first read his four lectures, instructed the prince for an hour, and then proceeded to the house of the Coings, where the marriage-ceremony was to be performed. The Elector of Hesse expressed his high approbation of this fidelity to the duties of his office, although at the same time he reproached him severely for marrying again so soon.

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

Between the ceremony and the supper, Stillings 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 visits hath led thee on, With all a parent's love.

Father of all created things, In air, or earth, or sky, Thou art its life, and all its praise, The light's own tribute brings.

Thou Author of its joy! The radiance of the morning light Beam'd on my flowery way.

And with a flood of new delight Thou crow'st d'st each passing day.

Selma, thy gift, with aiding hand, With talk'd lovely at my side, And, with my guide, at her command, Consumed away and died.

When suddenly, the gloom of night Obscured my radiant moon; Thy lightnings f'd my way with fright, And left me quite forlorn.

The corpse of Selma sank in dust; Her spirit burst its chain; She说'd, 'believe and trust;' And then it soar'd to God;—
And whisper'd, as it disappear'd,  
To the Eliza thine;  
For thou shalt by her love be cheer'd,  
E'en as thou wast with mine.  
A sacred stillness reign'd around,  
And I was left alone;  
I cried, though plunged in grief profound,  
The Lord's will be done!  
Again, thy kind, benignant eye  
Beam'd on me graciously;  
And she descended from the sky,  
Whom Selma gave to me.  
Now, Lord, before thy throne we bow;  
Oh may we happy be!  
And kindly make our cup o'er flow  
With true fidelity.  
The seeds of pure beneficence  
Which we in hope would sow,—  
A gracious shower, O Lord, dispense,  
And cause the seed to grow.  
O let Eliza, at my side,  
Thy richest blessings see;  
With me the day of grief abide,  
And bend the suppliant knee.  
Then listen to the anxious sighs  
Which from our hearts ascend,  
That long to gain perfection's prize,  
And ever upward tend.  
Father! thus to our journey's end  
Conduct us hand in hand;  
Until before thy face we bend,  
Home, in our native land!  

The evening was spent cheerfully and happily;  
and a new course of life now commenced, which gradually distinguished itself from every former period, and brought Stilling nearer to his peculiar destiny. Eliza cheerfully commenced her new sphere of action, in confidence in God; and soon found, what a friend had already observed to her, that it was no easy matter to tread the same path with Stilling. The impressions he had lately made on him, his pilgrimage; and has often and variously made it evident that she understands how to be Stilling's consort.

Some weeks before Stilling's marriage, Raschmann and the young Counts, his pupils, left Marburg. He was a comet, which accompanied the planet Stilling for a period on its course, and made the latter feel the influence of its atmosphere. He had certainly, in one respect, operated prejudicially on Stilling, as before mentioned; but this impression soon vanished in the new family-circle, and he became afterwards, through other cooperative causes, still more firmly grounded in the doctrine of the Atonement than before. But on the other hand, Raschmann, in a remarkable manner, to the instruments of Stilling's improvement; through him he learnt great, mysterious, and important things; things which were of an extensive and comprehensive nature. That which Baruel and the triumph of philosophy intend to relate, and relate correctly, in the main, but erroneously in the detail, we now must known to him.

It must be understood, that the Raschmann purposely instructed Stilling in all this. The truth was, he was very talkative; so that when he had invited his friends to see him, some morsel or other continually made its appearance; and, as Stilling had a good memory, he retained correctly every thing he heard, and thus learnt, in the three years which Raschmann remained at Marburg, the whole connexion of that system of philosophy which has subsequently produced such great and dreadful phenomena in the ecclesiastical and political horizon; and when he connected that which he himself had learnt and read, with the fragments above-mentioned, and rectified one by the other, a correct and true version of what Raschmann had told him, and necessary this knowledge was, is still, and will be in future to Stilling, may be judged of by those who have a clear insight into the object of their existence.
In 1791, the marriage was solemnized between Schwarz and Hannah in Stillings's house. She makes a good wife, a good mother of six hopeful children, an excellent assistant in her husband's seminary, and altogether a worthy woman, who causes joy to her virtuous husband.

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 now approached her end. She had been in a weak state for some time, and was in process of breaking down. For a long time she had not been able to seat herself, which she had performed, in sitting up at night, she had taken cold; and her illness now became serious and dangerous. Stillings visited her frequently; she was tranquil and joyful, and met her dissolution with an indescribable calmness of soul; and where she expressed anxiety respecting her child, and 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. But the two教研 consisted chiefly in exchanged 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 Stillings'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; but, not only, but the enjoyment of eternal life, beamed upon her face, and shone distinctly before the corpse; he smiled at Stillings 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, whom we have celebrated his birthday about this time, had treated God for his dear consort as a birth-day gift, but did not obtain it; Stillings had prayed half-year for Selma's life, but was also not heard.

When a Christian has made such progress that he is able to remain continually in the presence of God, and has entirely and unreservedly deferred his own will to the only good will of God, he prays incessantly in his inmost soul. The spirit of the Lord He of whom it is written, that no prayer is altogether vain; 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.

Stillings's grief was deepened by 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 renown Mr. Rhéde in the neighborhood of Halle, where he had been educated, and prepared for further study. Now as Stillings 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 bring him back with them; for Eliza wished to have all the four children together, in order to enable her to exercise her maternal duties towards them: with all fidelity; and that they might likewise afford a refreshing season and a beneficial recreation to father Coing and his children in their profound sorrow, they by no means wished to take these dear offspring, with them to their friend Kraft in Frankfort, and then, on their return from Heidelberg, take them back to Marburg. The whole of this plan was carried into effect precisely in this manner, during the Easter holidays in 1791.

Soon after their arrival in Heidelberg, Jacob also arrived in his father's presence. 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 Stillings 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. As a last resort, they therefore took the young sister and left the dear child in the care of their friend Mieg;—that she was well taken care of will be
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seen in the sequel. They then returned with their son to Frankfort. Brother Coing accompanied them in the summer. After a short stay in Frankfort, the whole company commenced their journey back to Marburg, where the two professors arrived in sufficient time to resume their vocation and their lectures.

In the autumn of 1781, Eliza was happily brought to bed of a daughter, to whom was given the name of Lubbecks, customary in the family of the Dusings. With the exception of Stilling's spasmodic attack, there was now a small cessation of suffering; but it did not last long; for Hannah, who was betrothed to Schwarz, was again seized with the most dreadful hysterics, from which, however, she bore the terror of childbirth. She bore a little son named Avere. The child was considered a blessing to Stilling and his family.

Stilling entered upon this journey into Divinity 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 young Kraft, his son's tutor, and children, and likewise his father Wilhelm Stilling, to the wedding. They all came, and Stilling reckons this season as one of the most delightful in his whole life;—to the crossbearer, Wilhelm Stilling, it was, as he himself expressed it, a foretaste of heaven. Schwarz and Hannah were united in Stilling's house, with blessings of their parents, grandparents, friends, and relatives. It was 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 Vincze. He lodged in Stilling's house, and was known to be an excellent young man who has ever studied at Marburg. His father, the Rev. Dean Von Vincze, of Minden, wrote, saying 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 through Marburg, and were blessed with the hospitality of the Stillings. The regiment passed through Marburg, and Stilling 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 29th of May Eliza was again able to go out. They determined therefore to go to the garden; and as Schwarz and Hannah were 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; she dressed herself a little, went out, and brought him a little boy and with downcast eyes, standing in the doorway opposite. "Dear father," began Schwarz, "what you have so often foreboded has occurred;—father Coing is no more!" These words penetrated Stilling like a thunderbolt, thrown through, and with it the consideration of Eliza, who was still so weakly, and who loved her father so tenderly! However, he took courage, went to her bedside, and said, "Eliza, a dear friend is dead!" She answered, "What!—Hannah?" for she also was in the family way. "No," replied he; "it is father Coing!" Eliza grieved very much for her father;—however, she bore it with Christian resignation. Nevertheless, the shock laid the basis for a painful affliction, which she has ever since had to bear.

Stilling now hastened to the dear family;—they were all three standing in the room, weeping. Stilling embraced and kissed them, and said, "You are now all three my children; as soon as it is possible, remove to my house." This accordingly took place, as soon as the 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.

The father had declared that he knew no longer how to die. He was an excellent man, and his blessing rests upon his children.

The most important period of Stilling's life now commences;—changes took place in him and out of him, which gave his whole being a very important direction, and prepared him for the situation he was 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 settle the title belonging to it to the house of Coing. The journey was too long to be made by 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 retournaed to Marburg, and attended the universities.

At Cassel, and even previously, Eliza observed an unpleasant sensation inwardly in the neck; this feeling became stronger on arriving at Cassel; and there arose an involuntary and occasional convulsive movement of the head towards the right side, but still it was not perceptible by others. She travelled from Cassel to Hanover, and from Hanover to Frankfort.

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 crouched for the cataract by Stilling, and that she would gladly pay the expenses of his journey, if he would come and administer his sight. He was at first disposed to accept, as Stilling was desirous to learn his skill; but after further reflection, he determined not to proceed. The reason was this. He had heard Stilling's mentor, when, as he had just joined the University of Marburg, went to the house of Coing and the several officers of the city, and assured them that as he was a Jewess, not permitted by law to officiate as a physician, he would only appear in his dress as a Jewess in the streets of the town. Stilling was of the opinion that flourishes in a profession of this sort, and the skill of a physician, were not suited to the character of a Jewess. The business being thus concluded, he and Eliza entered upon their journey.

As Stilling was at this time in a great uncertainty as to his future situation, his errand to Cassel appeared a necessary one. He perceived that the business of a physician was suitable for him, and that he had a talent for it; and that the military service, by which he had been engaged up to that time, was not congenial to his constitution. He was therefore desirous of resuming it, and of devoting himself to the service of his country. It appeared to him, therefore, that he must go to Cassel, in order to acquire great skill in the art of medicine, and to prepare himself for the service of his own country. He perceived that his constitution was not suited to the service of the army, and that he was not disposed to engage in it; and that he was well adapted for the practice of medicine, and that he had a talent for it. It appeared to him, therefore, that he must go to Cassel, in order to acquire great skill in the art of medicine, and to prepare himself for the service of his country. He perceived that his constitution was not suited to the service of the army, and that he was well adapted for the practice of medicine, and that he had a talent for it. It appeared to him, therefore, that he must go to Cassel, in order to acquire great skill in the art of medicine, and to prepare himself for the service of his country.
residence with Mr. Kraft. He there learnt that the news was but too true in its whole extent, and that the whole country was in confusion, and disturbance. It is quite requisite that I make a few observations here, on the singular effects which this information produced in Stilling's soul.

King Louis the Fourteenth of France, after him the Duke of Orleans, who was regent, and finally, Louis the Fifteenth, had in the course of a century introduced an unexampled degree of luxury into France. A nation that is sunk in voluptuousness, and whose nerves are weakened by every species of licentiousness, receives the witty dersions 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 which is the antithesis 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 nation, in a way, regarded France as the chief school for politeness, good breeding, and morality! They were ashamed of the powerful German language, and spoke French; French adventurers, friseurs, and—any thing, if they were but French—were chosen as the tutors of future rulers; and very frequently, French milliners were appointed governesses of our princesses, countesses, and ladies. The German national character, as a nation, 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 Religion and the World, to conquer 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 conscience, and those, who were inclined, and were in any degree, may, and be by no means injured upon. This Christo-Belial system was then, par honneur de lettre, to be called Christian doctrine, in order not too grossly to offend Christ and his true worshippers. Thus arose the intellectual enlightening, so much esteemed in the present day, and the neology of the Christian Church.

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 thought, and which thus arises, viz., 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 thus, 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 fore-told by Christ and his apostles, and especially by Paul, who at the same time asserts that soon after, the great and dreadful day of the Lord, as the great Sathan, should appear, and be hurled into the abyss by the sudden manifestation of the Lord.

These great and important views of the present state of Christendom and the kingdom of God, had gradually arisen in Stilling's mind during a long course of political and religious confusion, 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 republicies, or at least into an unexampled direction of the ruling powers; and he had learnt, by the wonderful guidance of Providence, from Raschmann, how far the thing had already prospered, and this just at the time when the French revolution broke out. He knew in what degree his countrymen who belonged to this alliance and agreement with the French demagogues, and through-draughts 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 upon the French! 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 had made them public, 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 conquer France itself, or when he did, it was quite different, his feelings were indescribable. On the one hand, was the approaching fulfilment of such expectations as exceed the highest wishes of the Christian; and on the other, expectations also of unheard-of sufferings and afflictions, which the impending mighty conflict would unavoidably bring with it. The opening which the falling-away and the falling-in afforded, 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 Reformer, 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. Subsequently her evil had not been very considerable, but it now became terrible and dreadful both to herself and her husband; for on the second day of her alood 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 at the extinguish fire during the bom-
bardment, &c. — in short, the general panic was
insupportable. With respect to Eliza, there was
also another consideration — the University of Mar-
burg 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-
fort, 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
she should have died in the midst of so much misery.
Fortune, however, was more tender than fortune.
Eliza, as the Jewess 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 beginning of October, 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
Germany would have fallen into his political existence;
for the general feeling was, that at this 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-
terau, and at times the thunder of their cannon
was a natural procuring sound. Stilling 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 advancing down the Lahmber.
Stilling's anxiety now became unsupportable. 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 ran after approach-
es, Frankfort was retaken, and Mayence besieged.

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

1. The reading of the passages of Scripture, in
order to ascertain 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-
nation and submission to the will of God; but he
ought not to be cast down or discouraged, if he
hits upon a passage which is not of a consoling
nature. Cutting for a text is a means which God
has ever appointed for any object; it is a kind of
lot; and this is a sacred thing which ought not to
be profaned.

2. Stilling's extreme timidity may possibly excite,
in some, unfavourable ideas of him, as if he
were a man devoid of courage. 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
consequence of long-endured sufferings; — we fear
them, because we know their pain; and endure them
with confidence, because we are accustomed to
bear them, and are acquainted with their bliss-
ful results.

Stilling was invited by the worthy family of
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 had been
complimented, Stilling suffered much on this journey,
from spasms in the stomach; the weather was raw,
and he rode thither on horseback. He also accom-
punished the family above-mentioned to their sum-
ptuous manorial residence of Osnabruuck, four
leagues from Osnabruuck, and then travelled home
again by way of Detmold.

Stilling's health, long weakened by 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 Dückeburg, Kleuker of Osnabruuck
(who had however already visited Stilling in Mar-
burg), Möser and his daughter, Madame Von
Stosch, with whom he had been intimate, and the
divine—Ewald, Passavant, and Von Cölln,
and Doctor Scherf, physician to the prince of
Lippe. All these worthy individuals manifested
respect and kindness to Stilling. There was also
then living in Detmold a very worthy matron, the
widow of the late Superintendent-general Stosch,
with her daughter, by whom he had been
Selma's intimate friend. Stilling visited her,
and was received with affecting tenderness. On taking
leave, the venerable woman fell on his neck, and
said, "If we see each other no more in this world,
pray for me, that the Lord would perfect that
which concerns me, in order that I may be able
eventually to embrace you again in his kingdom
with more joyous heart.

On Stilling's return from this journey to Mar-
burg, when he came to his house-door, Eliza step-
ped 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! The heart bled with sym-
pathy and sorrow; but this was of no avail—he was
compelled to bear it. However, every thing was
done to cure the sufferer, and the most powerful
remedies were resorted to; four balls of mora
were burnt upon her shoulder, on the bare skin.
She bore this dreadful pain without uttering a
word; but it proved of no utility. She used balsams,
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 more severe; but with the Divine assistance, she was restored again by the means that were employed. By degrees, the convulsive motion in her neck amended itself so far as to make it, at least, more tolerable.

In the spring of the year 1793, brother Coing entered upon the pastoral office, having been appointed to the Reformed Church at Lemnach, a town in the principality of Upper Hesse, five leagues from Marburg. He had resided above half-a-year in Stilling's house. Coing would have been his brother, even though no bond of consanguinity had endeared him to him.

The most remarkable particular in the history of Stilling's life, during this and the following year, is the publication of those books which were peculiarly instrumental in determining his final vocation; these were, "Scenes in the Invisible World," in two volumes; and "Nostalgia," in four volumes, with the key belonging to it.

The "Scenes in the Invisible World," produced an unexpected effect; they gained Stilling a large class of purchasers. I may even say, without boasting, in every quarter of the globe. By their means, the true worshippers of Jesus Christ were again made attentive to the man-the history of whose life had already made an impression upon them; but the "Nostalgia" had still more particular results—it gave the first bias to the "New Testament," as he afterwards used to refer 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, with the books themselves, these, and particularly the "Nostalgia," which appeared peculiarly strange 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, Raschmann was relating some of his experiences. Raschmann read a few passages from it which were extremely comical; the whole company laughed aloud, and every one admired the translation as an inimitable master-piece. On a certain occasion, this book again occurred to Stilling; and he wrote for it immediately, without reflection. Some time after, his conscience wrote to 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 might they have afforded it to some poor readers! Thou art therefore, not even of use to thee in any part of thy vocation, much less necessary!" Stilling now stood before his judge like a poor criminal who surrenders himself at discretion. It was a hard struggle, a painful wrestling for grace; but at length he obtained it, and then sought, on his part, to make as much 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 reader, in order to obtain for his work 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 incitements, 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 preparatives a third was added. Stilling had for a long time accustomed himself daily to translate a passage out of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, and another out of the New from the Greek, and then form them a concise and pithy sentence. He had a large store of such sentences in his possession, with no other object than to use them were they necessary.

If he could imagine that these insignificant, and in reality, trifling things, should have laid the real and peculiar foundation for the development of such a remarkable circumstance! Truly, Stilling had not the remotest presentiment of it.

Soon after the perusal of the books above-men- tioned, he had been offered a position in the Greek Church at Athens. 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, etc. Stilling was sufficiently interested. He referred 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 every circumstance of a religious journey; he therefore resolved to put this idea into execution; and as he had only lately been reading those humorous works, to adopt their style and mode of diction, and then intermingle in it his stock of sentences in an appropriate manner.

An idea which he had shortly before expressed in writing in a person's album, gave occasion to the title "Nostalgia"; it was as follows:

"Blessed are they that long for home, For thither they shall surely come;"

for it was his opinion that this title would suit well to a book which was intended to describe the painful journey of a Christian to his heavenly home.

Thus prepared, Stilling began to write his "Nostalgia." But as he was not fully confident whether he should succeed in this method, he read the first six parts to his intimate friends, Michaelis and Schlarbaum, who were extremely well pleased with the commencement, and encouraged him to proceed in the same manner. But in order to be the more sure, he selected seven individuals from the circle of his friends, who met at his house once a fortnight, and to whom he read what he had written in the intervening time, and heard their judgment respecting it.

The state of mind which Stilling experienced whilst engaged in 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. While the light of his understanding and the lamp 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.

It is 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 nothing;—it was a delicious season. This state of mind lasted exactly as long as Stilling was engaged in writing the "Nostalgia," that is, from August 1793 to December 1794, consequently a full year and a-half.

But here I must seriously entreat the Christian reader not to judge uncharitably, as if Stilling were to arrogate to himself Divine inspiration, or even call himself an apostle. Hence he regarded his 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 spirit. Stilling was that an apprentice, who had hitherto produced wretched performances by the dubious light of a lamp, had his window-shutters suddenly thrown open, and the light of the sun suffered to shine into his work-room, his productions would still be only those of an apprentice, but yet they would be better than before.

Hence came also the unexampled approbation which this book met with. A number of copies wandered to America, where it is much read. In Asia, where there are also some pious Germans, the "Nostalgia" was known and read. From Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, even to Astracan, Stilling was numbered as one of the numberless persons of every province in Germany, from persons of all ranks, from the throne to the plough, Stilling received a multitude of letters, which testified the loudest approval;—not a few learned sceptics were convinced by it, and gained over to true Christianity; in a word, there are few books that have caused such a commotion in the minds of men, 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 heartfelt joy to the soul was not his real vocation, produced the very same effect on his mind as formerly the discovery at Elberfeld that the practice of medicine was not that for which he was ultimately designed. He felt the pressure of a dejection which penetrated into his inward soul, an unspeakable melting of the heart and contrition of spirit,—all the praise and all the approbation of princes, and of the greatest and most excellent men, caused him, indeed, a momentary joy; but then he felt profoundly, that all this did not belong to him, and that all the praise was due to Him alone who had entrusted him with such talents. Such is his state, which he has so forcibly expressed. It is remarkable that just at this period, three voices, entirely independent of each other, declared that Stilling's academic situation was no longer his proper vocation.

The first was an inward conviction, which had arisen in him during the time he was writing the "Nostalgia," and for which he was unable to give a reason. The impulse he had so strongly felt from his childhood to become an active instrument in the Lord's hands, for the advancement of religion, and which he was also the operative cause of his minor religious occupations, now stood more conspicuously before his eyes than ever, and filled him with a longing to become free from all earthly things, in order to be able to serve the Lord and His kingdom actively and with all his powers.

The second voice, which spoke the same thing, was contained in every letter he received, whether from far or near;—persons of every rank in society, from the highest to the lowest, called upon him to devote himself exclusively and entirely to the service of the Lord and the cause of religion, and by no means to discontinue his labours in that department.

The third and last voice was, that just about this time, academical orders and a revolutionary spirit prevailed amongst the students at Marburg, by which their whole minds were filled with principles and sentiments, directly opposed to the doctrines which Stilling taught. Hence the number of his hearers continually decreased; and he looked upon the spirit of the times, the prevailing mode of thinking, and the general tendency of the German financial policy, left him not a glimmer of hope that he would be in future of any utility with reference to his principles of political economy.

I now request my readers calmly to reflect how an honest and conscientious man must feel in such a situation, and for 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 expedition could be at that time thought of by which to arrive at it;—for his family situation was such, that it was mere impracticable to give up the whole position in which Stilling now found himself; 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. He sought to liquidate debts;—in a few years, some hundred guilders; and the interest was regularly paid every year. But under present circumstances, it was impossible to think of any perceptible liquidation of debt; it was therefore necessary that Stilling should retain his professorship, and attend to it with all fidelity, for the sake of his family.

The year 1794 again strewed many thorns in Stilling's path; for in February, Eliza's eldest daughter, Lubeck, died, from the consequences of the measles, and in the sequel, other bitter sufferings were added.
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 consequence, with his peaceful and amiable manner, 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 which were too difficult and copious for correspondence.

Lavater arrived one Sunday afternoon in Marburg, with his peaceful, amiable manner, and now the consort of the Rev. Mr. Gessner, of Zurich. Stillinger 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 had excited so much attention, and who so little sought it, as Lavater. In the evening, whilst he was supping with Stillinger, 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 J-witness. It was more firmly established between Lavater and Stillinger; 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 commented above; it was a fiery trial. Stillinger was accustomed, during the Whitsuntide holidays, to go with his auditory to Cassel, in order to show them the foreign horticultural productions at Wilhelmskôhe. 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, Stillinger 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 pleasant day they had enjoyed in Cassel, and that the Elector gave it was so well, Stillinger 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, ear thing of the prejudice of the private causes, the students took it to heart in consequence of which he was removed to Hanau, as professor of philosophy, with a stipend of a hundred dollars. The latter was obliged to obey; but the students were enraged, and the whole of their excitement fell upon Stillinger; for they constructed the expression he had made use of on the journey from Cassel to Marburg, respecting the supply of his dishes, 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 Stillinger'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, who was extremely 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 student fierceneed 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, with another chosen, while 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 Stillinger's house, should merely show their liberty by spitting; this they were at liberty to do; there was room enough in the street for it.

Stillinger knew not a word of his son's having entered a students' order; he first heard of it a year afterwards, but in such a way that it neither occasioned him terror nor sorrow. Jacob earnestly besought his parents to send a letter to his friend in Göttingen. The true reason of this 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 see how he himself did, to engage himself at liberty, and to notify it to the pro-rector; which he could not do at Marburg, without exciting fresh disturbance.

Just at that time, all academic orders were prohibited by the Diet at Ratisbon, and the universities began the examination. Jacob had fortunately already given in his resignation to the pro-rector of the order, and received an attestation to that effect, and thus he escaped the punishment. The following summer, when he was again in Marburg, the examination began there also. To their great astonishment, and quite unexpectedly, they found his name likewise upon the list. He of course stood forth, and produced his attestation; and the matter was referred to the decision of the Elector, and to notify it to the pro-rector; which he could not do at Marburg, without exciting fresh disturbance. Just at that time, all academic orders were prohibited by the Diet at Ratisbon, and the universities began the examination. Jacob had fortunately already given in his resignation to the pro-rector of the order, and received an attestation to that effect, and thus he escaped the punishment. The following summer, when he was again in Marburg, the examination began there also. To their great astonishment, and quite unexpectedly, they found his name likewise upon the list. He of course stood forth, and produced his attestation; and the matter was referred to the decision of the Elector, and to notify it to the pro-rector; which he could not do at Marburg, without exciting fresh disturbance. Just at that time, all academic orders were prohibited by the Diet at Ratisbon, and the universities began the examination. Jacob had fortunately already given in his resignation to the pro-rector of the order, and received an attestation to that effect, and thus he escaped the punishment. The following summer, when he was again in Marburg, the examination began there also. To their great astonishment, and quite unexpectedly, they found his name likewise upon the list. He of course stood forth, and produced his attestation; and the matter was referred to the decision of the Elector, and to notify it to the pro-rector; which he could not do at Marburg, without exciting fresh disturbance.

During this year, there arose also a new connection in Stillinger's family. Eliza's two sisters, Maria and Amalia, both very good and industrious girls, were a real present; and amiable girls were left to the care of 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 conjunctive, had made a deep impression upon Jacob. At first, the good young
man imagined that it was not permitted him to marry his step-mother's sister. He struggled therefore for a time with this partiality, and was in doubt whether it would not be better to leave his father's house. However, he confided his secret to his brother-in-law Schwarz, who encouraged him, and advised him to make his parents acquainted with his wishes. Stilling and Eliza had nothing to object to it, but gave them both their blessing 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 renounced; and did not again live with his parents until he married Amalia. This autumn also, the Elector appointed young Coing chaplain to the embassy at Ratisbon, which office he filled for some years, with distinguished approbation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In this state of things, commenced the year 1795. On the 4th of January, Eliza was happily delivered of a son, who received the name of Friedrich, and in the afternoon, Stilling received the mournful intelligence that his old and intimate friend Kraft, who was his uncle by marriage, had suddenly been called into eternity. Stilling wept aloud; for it was a loss which it would be difficult to replace.

The manner in which this excellent man and celebrated preacher was received, may be described. But the first person he met 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 interested the heart. He never drowned his hearers once in his church at Frankfort, a Prussian officer came and sat down by me: I saw that he was merely there in order to have been at church. The doorkeeper came and laid a hymn-book before each of us, open at the hymn. The officer looked cooly 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 my life.”

Kraft was a man endowed with wisdom, and consistent in all his actions. His heart burned with love to his family; and he lived as a faithful follower of Him. He was indestructibly happy; and in this, his pious consort was his faithful heiress; 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 cheerful man 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 various principles which, according to some, prevailed in these courts, and were generally given determined by 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. Kraft. But the children of his family, being a true 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 Eisenbrücher, who was afterwards stationed at Worms, but soon followed his father in the ministry. In 1792, on the death of both her parents, married a young and religiously-disposed lawyer, of the name of Burckhardt, who is now Government-Advocate at Dillenburg, in the principality of Nassau. Madame Coing’s and Madame Kraft’s youngest sister, Madeleine Desuis, having 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, with her son, and two orphaned sisters, 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, which has been 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 sometimes more or less oppression on the chest, with which she is troubled even to the present time, and which occasionally renders her extremely dejected. Her path much resembles Stillings; 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
arbouir is attached, and from which there is a fine
prospect to the Rhine. But he continued to
read his lectures in his house in the city.
One morning, in the spring of the year 1796, a
handsome young man, in a green silk-plush coat,
and otherwise well-dressed, came to Stilling's
house at Ockershausen.
This gentleman introduced himself in such a
manner as betrayed a polished and genteel
education. Stilling inquired who he was, and learnt
that he was the remarkable —. Stilling was aston-
ished at the visit; and his astonishment was
increased by the expectation of what this ex-
tremely enigmatic individual might have to
communicate. After both had sat down, the
stranger began to say: 'I have been long
wept Stilling's hand, then his arm, and, said, "Sir,
are you not the author of the Nostalgia?" "Yes, sir."
You are therefore one of my secret superiors!'
(here the gentleman indicated 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,
consider yourself! I have been tried long and
severely enough; I thought you knew me
already!"
Stilling:—"No, Mr. —. I assure you solemnly,
that I stand in no secret connection, and in reality
understand nothing of all that you expect from me.
This speech was too strong and too serious to
leave the stranger in uncertainty; it was now his
turn to be astonished and amazed. He therefore
continued: "But tell me, then, how it is that you
know anything of the great and venerable connection
in the east, which you have so circumstantially
described in the Nostalgia, and have even minutely
pointed out their rendezvous in Egypt, on Mount
Sinai, in the lonely safron 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; but 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 aston-
ished and amazed beyond measure; for he
heard remarkable and extraordinary things, which
are not within the province of the最低 public.
I only affirm, that what Stilling learnt from
this gentleman had not the most remote reference
to political matters.
About the same time, a certain great prince
wrote to him, and asked him whence it was that he
knew anything of the association in the East; for the
thing was as he had described it in the Nostalgia.
The answer in writing was naturally the same as that
given verbally to the above-mentioned stranger.
Stilling has experienced several things of this
kind, in which his imagination exactly accorded
with the real fact, without previously having the
least knowledge or presentiment of it. In the second,
the case 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 peaceful 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 some nature. It remains to be developed
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
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 the Stilling and the Hades. In the one and
the other, 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 his own head; only let him not condemn
them, for by so doing he would at the same
time condemn himself.
The year 1796 was a year of terror and misery to
the whole of Lower Germany. The crossing of the
Rhine by the French, their march to Franconia,
and their subsequent retreat, filled the whole
country with a universal and disheartening sense of
suffering. 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
carrages, 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 thanksgiving 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
success. It is now largely read in many provinces 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 con-
tinuation.
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-Schaumburg, 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-Delnenburg-
coun.
berg, resided with him. The mothers of both were sisters,—the Countesses Henckel of Donnersmark,—and real Christians, who brought up their children excellently, and in the fear of God. These two noble individuals in every respect honored Stillig and Eliza with their confidential intercourse; and they were truly angels of consolation and of succour both to them and their family, during their five years' residence in Marburg. This excellent prince and amiable countess dwelt there from the summer of 1796 to the autumn of 1801.

At the same time, Stillig also entered into nearer connection with two absent princes;—the universally-acknowledged excellent and pious Elisabeth, Duchess of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and Prince Charles of Hesse, a real and very enlightened Christian, entered into a regular correspondence with him, which is still continued.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is now time for me again to notice father Wilhelm Stillig, and embody the history of the rest of his life with this. His second marriage had not been blessed. Notwithstanding all his striving, labouring, and sparing, he continually lost ground, and was ever deeper in debt; and his four children by the second marriage—three daughters and one son—were in the last phase of poverty and misfortune. The old patriarch saw them all about him, and beheld their misery without being able to help them. Stillig, meanwhile, lived at a distance, and knew little of all this; indeed he was utterly ignorant that it fared so very ill with his father. Wilhelm, however, had more than one ground reason for concealing his true situation from his son; for he had formerly often expressed himself to him the effect that he would rather eat dry bread than be supported by one of his children. But the following idea probably lay heavy on his heart;—he had often most bitterly reproached his son in his misery, respecting his circumstances, and told him he was a lost man,—that he was good for nothing,—that he would cause him nothing but shame and disgrace,—that he would be at length obliged to beg his bread, &c. To suffer himself now to be supported by this very son, or to be dependant upon him, was probably a very difficult matter to the good old man's honorable feelings. However, Stillig heard but little of this. The old prince had been in a most distressing situation; and although he had himself a heavy debt to liquidate, he thought that in such a case he might make an exception to the well-known rule, "as long as a person is in debt, he ought not to apply money to other purposes." He determined, therefore, after considering the matter with Eliza, to contribute a dollar weekly to the aged father, and occasionally to send him as much coffee and sugar as the two old folks—for the mother was still living—required. Eliza also sent to Leindorf now and then, when she found a fitting opportunity, a bottle of wine to cheer them.

At length, Wilhelm Stillig's second wife died suddenly. He then gave up the housekeeping to his youngest daughter, who had married a carrier, and boarded with her. However, it went hard with this poor woman; her husband was always from home with his horse, and being too poor to procure what was needful without labouring from early in the morning till late in the evening; in the field alone. His wife and children were in a destitute of necessary attention. The other children were equally unable to do anything for him; for they could scarcely subsist themselves, much less assist others;—in a word, their wretchedness was great.

Wilhelm Stillig was at that time in his eightieth year, and in excellent health; but his feet, which were always weak and inflamed, now broke out into vesicular swellings; his mental powers also began to fade, and his memory, in particular, failed him extremely.

At length, in August 1796, Stillig received a letter from a relative, who had visited the pious old man and had witnessed all his woes. The letter contained a description of his misery, and called upon Stillig to take his father to him, before he perished in his sufferings. Stillig 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 there, the good Elisabeth, Countess von Leiningen, hastened thither to welcome him;—but as he entered the room, a pestilential effluvia met him, such as he had never experienced in a dissecting-room. He could scarcely approach him to kiss and embrace him. The distress was greater than I can describe. It was an advantage to the good man that his 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.

Stillig'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 pity. She had the charge of all the poor and of holy individuals of the Romish church, and it has been esteemed extraordinarily meritorious in them, that they bound up the purifying ulcers of poor invalids in the hospitals and lazarettos;—hers more was done, much more! Thou wilt on no account consent, kind and noble-minded consort, that I 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 Stillig's life and afflictions, and return thee, in an abundant measure, the thanks omitted here! Dorothea hovers near, holding him by the hand, to welcome her daughter Eliza; father Eberhard Stillig 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 December, 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 Stillig, 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 Frankenberg, unmarried, and expired suddenly, in consequence of an apoplectic fit. Another brother, who was likewise unmarried, and prothonotary at Dort- heim in the Wetterau, came, in order to arrange his brother's affairs in Frankenberg, and died ten days before Christmas, in Stillig's house. In consequence of these repeated strokes, the good widow Kraft, whose daughter Eisenträger had also returned to her the previous summer as a widow, was quite cast down to the ground; she likewise took
to her bed, and died on Christmas-day, quietly and happily, like her sister Coing. There still remained Mademoiselle Duising, widow Elsenträger, and the unmarried Miss Kraft, with her worthy old Cathe-

rian. Herr Kraft married, during the following summer, Mr. Burkhardi of Dillenburg; and the remaining three members of the estimable circle of the late Mr. Kraft now live in Von Ham's family-

manse in Marburg, which is the property of aunt Duising.

The worthy Schwarz had also something of a senile nature to suffer with his cousin 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, and even the thoughts of his own domestic circle, in which he was his happy and then he felt when he entered it. Eliza and her two sisters, Maria and Amalia, were the instruments of the Lord made use of to lighten the load of his crossbearer, although Eliza herself almost sunk beneath the burden.

Savoy, whose William Stillig experienced nothing of this sort, he was childless, 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 grandmother, until her own was higher. A young girl, and an old wretched person engaged to wait upon her day and night. Maria, the character developed itself advantageously; she enjoys the esteem and love of all good men, and is beloved by Stilling and Eliza as their child. It gradually came to such a length with father Wilhelm, that he knew no one, and in the end not even his son. Respecting his second marriage, his children he scarcely remembered anything; but only spoke with the greatest respect of his manner of his marriage with Doris, and of his youthful years. No sooner, however, was the subject of religion introduced, than his spirit returned to him; he then spoke connectedly and rationally; and when this also ceased to be the case, his mental faculties still clung to a few texts of scripture respecting the forgiveness of sins through the sufferings and death of Christ, which he repeated times without number, wringing his hands and shedding many tears, and comforting himself with them in his sufferings. From this instance may be learnt how important it is to fill the memory of children early with varying texts of scripture, and verses of holy history. The more vivid and more personal 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 suscep-

tibility of social life and of their own existence, they refer only a small glimmer of reason for their guide,—when they have thus forgotten their whole course of life, such passages and verses are as bread from heaven, which strengthens the individual in crossing the awful stream of death. Generally speaking, they are an excellent means of invigora-

tion, especially persons under the age of forty.

In the midsummer-vacation of the year 1797, Stilling and Eliza experienced another remarkable instance of Divine providence. He had certainly a considerable income, but also an equally 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 ofcircumstances concurred to reduce the necessity of 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 a hundred refugees and the management of the cash. A very worthy and respectable lady in Switzerland had written to Stilling some time before, and asked his advice regarding the blindness of her husband. Just at this pressing emer-

gency, as Stilling was with the students at Cassel, and had made his customary midsummer excursion with them, he received a letter from this lady, with a bill of exchange for four 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 triffe, and begged he would think no more of the matter. Whatever Stilling was, which was already removed, which much strengthened Eliza's faith.

There was added, this year, another very estimable personage to the most important of Stilling's friends; the Countess Christina of Waldeck, widow of Count Josias of Waldeck-Berghem, and born Countess of Isenburg-Büdingen, determined to send her two younger sons to Marburg, that they might study theology. So finally there were three 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 philanthropies, 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 he composed his "History of the Triumph of the Christian Religion, in an Exposition of the Revelations of John, adapted for general usefulness," and then made his first considerable journey with his Eliza.

The "History of the Triumph," &c., originated as follows. The important results produced by the French Revolution, and the events which occurred in several places, everywhere made a deep impression upon the true servants of the Lord who observed the signs of the times. Several individuals now began to apply certain parts of the Revelation to those times, without regarding the whole context of prophecy in the Bible. Generally. Very sensible men already held the French cockade to be the "mark of the beast;" and therefore believed that the beast had already ascended from the bottomless pit, and that "the man of sin" was already in existence. This pretty general sensation amongst true christians excited Stilling's consideration, and he was caught, in the "The Grey Man," to warn them against it.

On the other hand, it appeared to him extremely remarkable, that the well-known, pious, and learned prelate Bengel, had fifty years before pointedly foretold, in his Exposition of the Apocalypse, that in the sixth year of the eighth month, his great conflict would commence, and the Roman 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 deceunary of the eighteenth century, in which Rome was to be overthrown; and this eighteen years before it really took place. All this drew Stilling's attention to Bengel's writings, and particularly to the book just mentioned, by the anonymous author in Carlsruhe.

Two circumstances also were connected with this, which operated upon Stilling's mind, and prepared it for so important a work. The "Nostalgia" had made a deep and beneficial impression upon several members of the Moravian church; he became interested in the community; the history of his life began to be read more universally; and his other writings, particularly "The Grey Man," were generally recognized as edifying. He was visited by Moravians who were passing through Marburg, and he read many of their works. In short, the Moravians became more and more estimable to him; particularly from observing that in their writings generally, and especially in their church and missionary intelligence, as also in their conference minutes, which were sent to him, an uncommonly rapid progress in the perfectionating of life and doctrine was evident; and that all their institutions were guided in a most distinguished manner by Pomey's mind, in its blooming; and what finally produced a more intimate union, was, a correspondence with a dear and worthy preacher of the Moravian church, brother Erxleben, who had formerly filled the pastoral office in Bremen, and afterwards at Norden in East Friesland, but is now a class-leader at Herrnhut. The correspondence was commenced, and continues, and will probably not cease until one of the two shall be called away to the church above.

Stilling discovered, therefore, in this church, an important institution for the preparatory establishment of the kingdom of God. It appeared to him to be a seminary for it; and this idea gave him an important light into a principal hieroglyphic of the Apocalypse.

The other circumstance which prepared Stilling for so bold and important a work, was the great and very unexpected awakening in England; the result of which was the remarkable, new, and comprehensive Missionary Society. This circumstance was so striking, and had such a universal and so remarkable, that no true servant of Christ could remain indifferent to it. In Stilling's mind, it strengthened the idea that this institution also was a proof of the rapid approach of the kingdom of God; real Christians everywhere looked to the great golden dial on the turret of the temple, and he that had weak eyes asked him whose sight was stronger, to what hour the gnomon pointed.

But notwithstanding that all this was passing in Stilling's soul, yet the idea of venturing on the sacred hieroglyphics of the Apocalypse never entered his mind; he intended rather in "The Grey Man," to warn every one against such a hazardous enterprise, because it had proved the confusion of many. But as that which is unexpected, is, on all occasions, the rule and maxim of Providence in its guidance of Stilling, so it was also in the present case.

One Sunday morning in March 1798, Stilling determined not to go to church, but to work at "The Grey Man," in order to fit it for the nature of the Christian reader, respecting the book of Revelations. But in order to make himself better acquainted with this difficult and important subject, he took up the above-mentioned Carlsruhe Elucidation sat down to his desk, and began to read. Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, a gentle, inward, and very beneficial influence pervaded him; which produced in him the determination to translate the whole Apocalypse from the original Greek, explain it verse by 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 God would enlighten him in every obscure passage, and lead him into all truth. Stilling's "History of the Triumph of the Christian Religion" is, therefore, not a work which is the result of reflection and study; but it was indited by piecemeal, in seasons of leisure, during prayer and supplication for light and wisdom; and the whole result is a remarkable correction, to Rau, the publisher, at Nuremberg. As soon as Stilling can find time, he will establish, correct, and explain many things more precisely, in the "Appendix to the History of the Triumph."

That it is not purposely and maliciously disposed to misconstrue every thing and turn it into poisoned arrows, but thinks candidly and reasonably, will not accuse Stilling of desiring to excite in his readers the idea that he wrote from divine inspiration; but his object is to convince them that his writings, however defective, are nevertheless under the peculiar direction of Providence, of which his whole life was, and is, in the sectional estimates of his blessing which rests upon his writings, is a pledge to him. This was also the case with "The History of the Triumph," for scarcely had a year elapsed before a second edition of it was published.

During the whole of this summer, Stilling's melancholy rose to the highest degree. He often reflected upon this circumstance, and endeavored to explain it, upon a whole medicinal reason in order to come to the bottom of it; but he found none. It was not that he was hypochondriacal,—at least, not what is usually termed so; but it was, properly speaking, a cheerlessness, on which the purest sensible enjoyment made no impression. The whole world became strange to him, as though it had no reference to him. Every thing that afforded pleasure to others, even to good men, was to him completely indifferent. Nothing, utterly nothing whatever, but the great object he had in view, which appeared to him partly obscure and partly unattainable, filled his whole soul; he fixed his eye upon this, and upon nothing else. His marriage connection had been broken off, and 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 on the contrary, they expected his illustrious mind to rise to the highest, and benefit the mystic state; for he had called his mental condition, the state of obscure faith. O God! it is difficult to walk the path of the sacred cross; but afterwards it brings unspeakable blessings.

The true reason why his heavenly Guide suffered him to fall into this melancholy disposition of mind, was probably, first, to preserve him from pride, and from that vanity which destroys all sense of religion and piety, into which, without this thorn in the flesh, he would certainly have fallen; since so much of what was agreeable and exhilarating was said concerning him on every side, from far and near, by high and low, and by learned and unlearned, people. He had gained a very high reputation, even as a warm sunny ray on a gloomy day in December; but then all was as before, and he felt just as if it had no reference to him. Secondly, the divine Refiner might also probably have put this son of Levi into this refining fire from
other and higher reasons, in order radically to burn up certain propensities of corruption.

This state of mind still continues, except that, at present, an inward serenity and a profound peace of soul are united with it.

Eliza, though she suffered much, was yet the only one amongst all his friends to whom he could entirely confide his sufferings. He then suffered yet more, without being able to help him; but still her sympathy and faithful attention were invaluable benefits to him, and her company, in particular, made everything much more tolerable.

From that time they both adhered still more closely to each other, and became reciprocally more indispensable to each other. Stilling's whole domestic circle, generally speaking, was inexpressibly lovely and beneficial to him. It was also well that the spasms in his stomach began to abate; for he would not have been able to bear them with such a debilitated frame.

Stilling's cataract operations and ophthalmic cures were particularly blessed, and he had hitherto continued them uninterruptedly from the time of his residence in Elberfeld; but they also occasioned him double difficulty. The maxim he had once adopted, and from which he cannot deviate, that of demanding nothing for any cataract operation or other class, but putting ministering it gratuitously, (unless expressly promised), makes him an acknowledgment, and presents him with any thing without any injury to himself), attracted an astonishing concourse of persons diseased in the eye. He was interrupted every moment in his labors by such sufferers, and his patience put to the severest test. But the second and still greater trouble was, that blind people were sent to him from all quarters with testimonies of poverty, without being furnished with the necessary sum for their maintenance during the time of cure. To send away such a pitiable blind person without assisting him, for the sake of a few guilders, did not accord with Stilling's character. The directors of the two Protestant orphan-houses in Marburg had indeed the goodness to receive such blind people, and attend to them during the cure, for a moderate payment; but for the latter Stilling had to provide. This beneficial arrangement had also the troublesome effect of inducing his countrymen, and even foreigners, to bring poor blind men and women who had received no medical education, and who had spend much money the more boldly. This caused many trials of faith; but the Lord manifested himself gloriously in them all, as the result will show.

At midsummer of this year, 1758, Doctor Wient- holt of Bremen wrote to Stilling, and requested him to come thither, because there were several there afflicted with the cataract, who wished to be conched by him; for the success of his practice was known far and wide, and spoken of everywhere, particularly by those who studied at Marburg. Stilling replied that he would come during the autumnal vacation. This was carried into effect, and Eliza determined to accompany him, although she was not very well. She had a twofold reason for this; she was unwilling to be so long separated from her husband, and he also required her support and care; besides which, she wished to see the city from whence her predecessors on the mother's side had sprung; for her ancestor was a Brabanter, of the name of Duising, who had emigrated under the Dutch, and afterwards married into the same family. Her cousins, men of great respectability, were still living there, the brothers Meyer, both of whom were doctors of the law; one of them was one of the four presiding burgomasters, and the other, secretary to one of the colleges. These relatives also wished much that their Marburg friends would for once pay them a visit.

Stilling and Eliza, therefore, commenced the journey to Bremen on Saturday, the 22d of September 1758; but the indisposition of his good lady made the journey a very anxious one. He was obliged to give the postillions a handsome doucheur in order that they might drive slowly, for she could not possibly bear a rapid motion. They travelled by the way of Hanover. Stilling had the highest honor received and treated in a very friendly manner by Stilling's intimate friend, Falk, aulic counsellor and consistorial advocate. On Friday the 28th of September, they arrived late in the evening, but safely, in Bremen, and took up their abode with Mr. Secretary Meyer. This worthy man, and his ex- cellent society, suited Stilling and his family, so well that they soon became as one heart and one soul, and concluded a brotherly and sisterly alliance with each other.

The Burgomaster, on his side, who was personified friendship itself, did his best to afford his Marburg relatives pleasure. The good and worthy man now rests in his chamber, learning, unlimited kindness of disposition, and faithful diligence in his administration, formed the basis of his character.

Stilling performed twenty-two cataract operations in Bremen; and besides these, was of service to many who were diseased in the eye. Amongst the cataract operations was one of Dr. Faull's; and a true 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 acquaint-ances in Bremen, and renewed a couple of ancient friendly alliances; namely, with Doctor and Professor Meister, whom he had already known in Elberfeld, and with Ewald, who was now preacher there. The celebrated Doctor Olbers became Stilling's friend; and at his house he also became acquainted with that great astronomer, alderman Faull, and the Superintendent of the colleges, who was in resident with Wienholt:--he and his consort belong to the class of the best of mankind.

Bremen possesses very many pious and christian inhabitants; and the character of the people, generally speaking, is more polished and moral than in other large commercial cities. This is particularly to be ascribed to the excellent preachers which the city has always enjoyed, and still possesses.

After a very pleasant abode of three weeks and a few days, Stilling and Eliza set off again from Bremen on the 21st of October. The Lord had blessed his hand; and the wealthy patients had also made him such rich presents, that not only the expensive journey was paid for, but something also remained, which was a timely supply for the great and oppressive expenses of his household.

The Bremen relatives accompanied their travelling friends to the Asseler Damm, where they took a weeping leave, and returned. The road to Hoya was terrible; however, they arrived safely. Stilling and his family stopped at Hanover at a well-appointed place. In Hanover they again called upon their friend Falk, who received them with true christian brotherly love. They then continued their journey, and arrived in due time, well and happy, at Mar- burg, where they also met the whole family in health and comfort.

The journey to Bremen had procured Stilling
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and he, but the little girl, named Christiana 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 Stilling resided at Leitmatt, near Wieneholt, 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 of them. Lavater frequently wrote letters to Stilling open to these two friends, Hotze and Passavant; and the latter sent likewise their replies unsealed to them, which gave rise to a very pleasing and instructive correspondence. The subjects which were discussed, were the most important articles of faith; such as the doctrine of the atonement, answers to prayer, wonder-working faith, &c. In this year, 1799, this correspondence terminated; for Lavater was taken prisoner and sent to Bäsle, and Hotze no longer resided in Frankfort.

I take notice of all this, for the sake of a remarkable circumstance which occurred to Stilling on Saturday the 13th of July.

On this day in Bremen, a friend had communicated to him, in confidence, that a certain celebrated and very worthy man had fallen into extremely necessitous circumstances. Stilling related this to Bremen to a few friends; Doctor Wienholt undertook a collection for him, and sent Stilling, in the winter, about three hundred and fifty guilders, in old louis-d'ors; but on Stilling's inquiring more minutely in what manner the money could be safely sent to the hands of the worthy man, he learnt that his necessities were not now so urgent, and that this mode of help would be very painful to him. This induced Stilling to retain the money, and to inquire in Bremen, whether it might be applied to the English Missionary Society, or else to the inhabitants of Underwald in Switzerland, who had lately suffered so severely. The latter was assented to; and Stilling consequently entered into correspondence upon the subject with the pious and celebrated Antistes Hess of Zurich; he, as well as many other of the inhabitants of 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 that he ought to mention the matter in this letter to Hess: he did so, and requested him, at the same time, to take an opportunity of telling it to Lavater. Hess soon replied, testifying his astonishment, and promising to disclose it to Lavater, but that he should have to wait for a suitable opportunity. As far as I remember, it was really mentioned to him.

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 Münst er, 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, Ernest Cassimir, his consort, and her sister, Countess Caroline of Bentheim Steinforth, all three truly evangelical-minded and very worthy individuals.

With the Countess Caroline, Stilling already carried on an ardent correspondence. Her patronage and kindness to or for a devout woman, lived in Siegen; with her also Stilling had long carried on a religious correspondence; but she had entered into her rest some time before this period.

If in this history I frequently make mention of persons of high rank who held Stilling worthy of their confidence, I beg that this may not be looked upon as done with an intent to boast of it. I have no other object in view than to shew the world that in the higher classes true Christianity has its adherents, as well as in the lower. I hold it my duty to say this very emphatically and frequently; for without the very twenty or thirty years it be- come the order of the day to degrade both rulers and nobility as much as possible. Certainly, in the present day, it is no very special recommendation to pronounce any one a true Christian, in the ancient evangelical sense of the term; but it is still less a recommendation to describe a person as not a Christian, or even an anti-Christian. The spirit of our times is very inconsistent.

Stilling found also in Bädening three valuable individuals, the Inspector Keller, the government-advocate Hedebraud, 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 young Mr. von Grafenmeyer, who intended proceeding to the university of Göttingen. The road led through a fenny and watery country, which was reported, at that time, to be unsafe. Much was related of a tinman, or coppersmith, who was said to be the captain of a band of robbers, and to be at home in those parts. This, therefore, furnishing a door for forebodings between the coachman and the servant on the box. Midnight assaults, tales of robbery, murder, and executions, of various kinds, were related very seriously and solemnly, and probably also embellished a little with inventive fire. This continued until they reached the Florstadt forest.

As the coachman looked at the servant very significantly, and said, "There is he, 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 it is!"

This was certainly not pleasant; but Stilling is not apprehensive in such cases. On entering the wood, he alighted on account of the bad roads, and went before on foot, for he feared the roads more than all the world of tinmen and coppersmiths. The forest was full of woodmen, nor did a single robber suffer himself to be seen or heard.

On arriving in the evening at Butzbach, Stilling found his good and faithful son-in-law Schwarz; both had arrived at Butzbach with the head-forester Beck, whose father-in-law Stilling freed the next morning from the carcat; 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! What has his head-forester Beck, whose father-in-law Stilling freed the next morning from the carcat? They are there waiting for you!"

"They are waiting for you!"

"Oh!"

This news penetrated like lightning and a thunderbolt through Stilling's whole being; he uttered a loud cry, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. But with all his pain and sympathy, he still felt a profound serenity and submission to the will of God; and the remarkable consistency of his sentiments 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, loudly 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-councilor, his friend, a brother of his Marburg friend. He and his lady are among Stilling and Eliza's most intimate friends.

He formed at this time a new acquaintance at the Frankfort fair,—the celebrated merchant Wirsching of Nuremberg. This old and venerable man had traveled, as it were for pleasure, with his children to the fair, and was now merely sent 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 toward 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 thus regulated their intercourse together. Stilling corresponded on his account, and respecting him, with Passavant in Frankfort, the reformed preacher Achelis in Göttingen, and also with a certain lady called Julia. This pious and Christian female, who had been exercised by many painful sufferings, had been deeply and inwardly affected by the death of her father, and the recital of 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 who she was or what her circumstances were. But with this heart 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 Eieke, of Hanoverian Minden. She was married to the well-known and pious divine Richerz, who was first university preacher in Göttingen, and at length superintendent of conforme and theology, and was therefore 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, her piety, and her calm resignation to the will of God, and in general, her religious sentiments, supported her, she would have been unable to bear all that 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, that 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-
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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 1601, two days after the commencement of the nineteenth century, this great and remarkable man expired;—he died as a great witness for the truth of Jesus Christ.

Shortly afterwards, Stilling composed the well-known poem entitled "Lavater's Glorification," which was first printed separately, and afterwards inserted at the end of the first volume of the third edition of the "Scenes in the Invisible World." Some critics would not allow that Stilling was correct in tarring Lavater a witness for the truth unto blood, and others maintained that his gun-shot wound was the cause of his death; but the thing speaks for itself.

Lavater's sanctified heart perfectly forgave his murderer; he even said he would subsequently seek him out, whether in heaven or in hell, and thank him for the wound which had been such an instructive lesson to him; and he gave orders very earnestly, that an 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 1 may be allowed to state what follows, in confirmation of my assertion.

The soldier who mortally wounded Lavater, was a grenadier of the Swiss Guard of Bern (Pays de Vaud). He and one of his comrades made a disturbance at a house adjoining Lavater's parsonage. Lavater heard them ask for something to drink; he accordingly took a bottle of wine and some bread, in order to carry it to the two soldiers. The grenadier, who afterwards shot him, was parti- cularly incensed, not because he had given him 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 so enraged at him, and shot him.

In what way can this horrible change in the mind of this unhappy young man be accounted for, except in the following manner? He was a well-educated man, and was acquainted with Lavater's writings; for every Swiss, who was able to read, had read them. He was at the age of the revolutionaries, as were very many of the Pays de Vaudo people; consequently, not only of entirely opposite sentiments, but also outrageously incensed against him on account of his energy in reference to religion and his country; for not long before, his letters to the French Director Reubel, and to the Directory itself, had appeared in print, and been much read. When Lavater brought him the bread and wine, he did not know who he was; but after he was gone away, he spoke with the bystanders, and learned that this friendly and benevolent man was the Rev. Mr. Lavater. On this he fell into a rage, which was increased by his having drunk a little too much; just at this time, the good man unfortunately came to him, and was shot. 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 Stillings'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 Stillings's household, whom he had to provide for, were the following individuals:

1. Father Wilhelm Stillings; 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 his bed clean. Stillings's eldest step-sister, Maria's mother, a truly worthy woman, came also occasionally to assist; but having to keep house herself, was soon obliged to return to her husband and children.

3. Stilling himself; and 4, his Eliza.

5. Maria Coing; she had been residing with her brother, who the previous autumn had been appointed minister at Braesch, near Rotenberg in Lower Hessia, for the purpose of superintending his household; but as she was weakly and unaccustomed to a country life, she returned the autumn following.

6. Amalia Coing, Jacob's betrothed; these two sixty 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, for which she was provided for; but she was the greater part of the time in Stillings'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

7. 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, for which she was provided for; but she was the greater part of the time in Stillings'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 Stillings was circumstanced with respect to the poor blind people, will easily comprehend that at such dear times he could not pay off any of his debts; the interest, however, was regularly paid, and no new debts contracted.

With this domestic situation, let the reader also consider Stilling's accumulated occupations in his sphere of action:

1. A constant conflux of applications, both by letter and in person, from ophthalmic patients of every kind, from far and near; so that this voca-

The reader also consider Stilling's accumulated occupations in his sphere of action:—
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the journeys 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 an extremely great aversion to any 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 from sixteen to seventeen hundred guilders; how was this amount to be liquidated? Add to these,

3 Stilling's professorship, which, from reasons already mentioned, became more and more unproductive, and his lecture-room more and more empty. Neither his acknowledged animated delivery, nor his perspicacity, which had been formerly so much admired, nor his fluent eloquence, any longer availed. In short, the study of finance became the only occupation of Stilling, and from the number of students, from well-known causes, decreased in every faculty; and it was this unproductive, ever-retrograding vocation, for which Stilling was kept in pay, and without which he could not possibly live.

In addition to all this, there was also the painful consequence of this. A feeling, that a man of integrity, even if not a true Christian, must resign his office and salary into the hands of his prince, as soon as he is unable to administer it consistently with duty; and though this may not be his fault, yet he is still bound to do so. This requirement, which no sophist can demonstrate out of Stilling's conscience, rendered him anxious and apprehensive, and yet he could not yield obedience to it; he was bound, as it were, both hand and foot.

I now ask every sensible reader, what possible means of escape or deliverance could be thought of? In the present state of his household he required above two thousand guilders annually, which Stilling could not supply.

This sum must either be given him by the Elector of Hesse, along with his dismissal from his professorship, or—a foreign prince must give Stilling an appointment as orientalist and religious author, with a salary of two thousand guilders.

These were the only methods to be thought of, for his deliverance from this situation.

He that is only in some measure acquainted with the Hessian constitution knows that the first-mentioned plan was morally impossible; besides which, an event occurred in the winter of 1803 which made it likewise morally impossible on the part of Stilling; as I will subsequently relate in its proper place.

To hold forth the possibility, or at least the practicability of the second way of deliverance as the object of his hope, would have been enthusiastic vanity;—and even if this object were attained, Stilling could not remove from Marburg; for father Wehlem 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, would be considered on all sides too hard. In a word, in this case, there were also insuperable difficulties.

Such were Stilling's circumstances. His uninterrupted occupations and his oppressive situation rendered his life painful to him; to which was also joined his wonted inward melancholy, so that he needed every possible experience derivable from suffering and a continual walk in the presence of God, with uninterrupted watching and prayer, in order not to sink under the burden. Under such circumstances, travelling was beneficial to him, and another journey now occurred.

The "Nostalgia," and the "History of the Triumph," had procured him a great number of friends and correspondents of all ranks, learned and unlearned, men and women, in Germany, but especially in Württemberg, and still more so in Switzerland. In St. Gall, Schaffhausen, Winterthur, Zürich, Born, 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 communication an intimate bond of friendship had been formed between the families of the Kirchhofer and Stilling, and Stilling had unweariedly assisted the 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 still a greater and very interesting field of action. They made his journey, for which the journey 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 expenses of the journey, and the time it would occupy, she would take upon herself. The proposition filled Stilling's soul with joy; and the children, particularly Jacob, forebode a happy result from the journey. Notwithstanding all this, Stilling thought that prudence was necessary in undertaking so great and expensive a journey. He therefore wrote again to Sulzer, stating that he would willingly come, but that Eliza must accompany him, and as the diligence travelled during the night she could not avail herself of it, on account of weakness, but must travel post, and this would be rather expensive. Sulzer only briefly answered, that every thing would be adjusted, and they had nothing to do but to come.

Stilling now applied to the Elector for permission; and he and his Eliza made preparations for this extremely interesting and desirable journey. And in order to be the more at ease, it was agreed that Jacob, Amalia, Caroline, and the three little ones, should be taken to brother Coing and sister Maria at Darmstadt, pass some time there, then leave little Amalia and Frederick with them, and return with the elder Amalia, Caroline, and Christina, who was now two years old, by way of Bergheim, to visit the Countess of Waldeck, who had removed from Marburg. During the time of their absence, the good Maria and the rest of the
household were to nurse the old grandfather, and attend to the housekeeping. This plan was carried into immediate effect.

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 Hausknets at Frankfurt. 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 embonpoint, 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 perishing through suffering a dreadful fall, by reason of all the commendations and marks of respect he received.

Our travellers pleased themselves much with the expectation of reaching Heidelberg, partly in the hope of seeing their friends the Miegs, but still more so Lisette, who is a remarkable girl, and whom he had once since 1791, consequently for ten years. This young girl had won the hearts of all who knew her, by her distinguishable 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, a lofty and pure, and unclouded eye, and her whole being, apart from all noisy recreations, lived only in a higher sphere, and her praying soul adhered with her whole heart to her Redeemer. To press such a daughter once more to the parental breast, was pure and sublime delight.

Lisette had also expected her parents so ardently, that it was necessary, in the evening, to refresh her with a little wine, as it was somewhat late before they arrived. At half-past eight they stopped at Mieg’s door; the welcome was indescribable. They spent the Monday at Heidelberg, and rode on Tuesday to Heilbronn; on Wednesday they continued their journey, and arrived towards noon at Ludwigsburg. They were 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, counsellor of state, if I mistake not, from Gaildorf; a French army-surgeon named Oberin, a son of that domestic man of God, Oberin of Steinalh 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 intimacy was at the same time established 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 Matthison, who was residing with his former inmate, the worthy aulic counsellor Hartmann.

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

On the way from Tuttlingen to Schaffhausen, in riding over the hill, there is a place from which a prospect of the first town, which has never been in Switzerland, and has a feeling for anything of the kind, is astonishing. From Tuttlingen, the road leads gradually up an ascent, and over it to the summit, from whence the following view is seen — on the left, towards the south-east, about the distance of a league, stands the Riesenseil (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 Hohenstraw, glisters far and wide, like liquid silver; on the south side of it, we overlook the paradisical Thurgau, and beyond it, the Graubündner Alps. More to the right, the canton Appenzell with its snow-clad mountains, the canton Glarus with its giant hills, and particularly the Glarnitsch soaring high above the rest. From the highest part of the saddle, the toothed Kuhfelsen, lie more eastward. Thus the prospect extends over the whole range of the snowy mountains, as far as into the canton of Bern, and a great part of Switzerland. This was an exhilarating feast for Stilling’s eyes. When one looks at the whole Alpine range, as it lies along the horizon, it appears like a great saw, with which planets might be cut asunder.

Stilling continued at Schaffhausen till Easter Tuesday. He performed several successful ophthalmic operations; amongst which one was particularly remarkable, on a youth of fifteen years of age, who was born blind, a son of the pious Professor Altorfer, and underwent an 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 Kirchhofer family, went to the Rhinofall 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. Still-ing 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 hurrs 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 strikes one's sisterly and mortal vanities to pieces, 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 Andolfinen-ther-Thur, they found their venerable friend the Rev. Mr. Sulzer, with a few of the family of the matron who had sent for Still-ing. They had cordially 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 Still-ing was the widow Frey, who resided at the sign of the Harp. Still-ing had never before been in company with a married, and with whose assistance she carries on aconsiderable business. Still-ing and his Eliza were received and treated—if I dare so express myself—as angels of God.

Dear reader, pardon me for here giving vent to a very just effusion of my heart, which I find it impossible to restrain.

I cannot possibly express in words what Still-ing and Eliza enjoyed in the family of the Freys—that outer-court of heaven! They will both one day thank every dearly-beloved member of that family before the heavenly hosts, and proclaim aloud the benefits they have received from them, which tongue and pen are too feeble to express; and the Lord will reward them, both Christ and hereafter. Eliza formed a permanent and intimate sisterly alliance with the daughters-in-law of Madame Frey.

Still-ing 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.

Still-ing 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 help them was made use of, and much suffering suffered. However, on Friday the 10th of April, he received a visit which for a short time counterbalanced the spasm. Lavater's pious brother, Senator Diethelm Lavater, a very able physician; the devoutly cheerful Gessner, Lavater's son-in-law; and Louisa, the unwearying nurse and attendant of her glorified father; and then another able sufferer, a widow Fueschi of Zurich, who now already mingles with the harpers on the glassy sea in their hallelujahs—these four dear people entered Still-ing'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, cannot contribute aught to our happiness, and so much wished to know here below, will hasten to our embrace; and then to see the Lord Himself—with his radiant wounds.—the pen fails from my hands.

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

On Monday the 13th of April, Still-ing set out for Zurich, accompanied by Sulzer, the young Kirchofer of Schaffhausen, and the above-mentioned Madame Fueschi, to visit the friends there, as also to inspect a cataract patient, who awaited him there from the celebrated manufacturer and merchant Esslinger, who have a splendid house, and whose 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; and he now sends it into my house, I will therefore receive it now, and be a witness of an excellent young man, who was a member of the magistracy, came and presented Still-ing with an address in the name of the town of Winterthur, accompanied by a very handsome massive silver medal, in a neat cover which a lady of Winterthur had embroidered. On the outside of this cover stand these words, an ex-voto:

"The holy divine bestow'd on thee, To cause the darken'd eye to see, Restoring heaven's reviving light, Where all was dull and cheerless light— Impel's 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:

"Praised be to the eternal Father, To Whom we have been given, To aid, to strengthen, and to heal, who have sowed poor fields, That they might reap a blessing."

On the other side stands, engraved in the same manner:

"Unweariedly active in affording consolation to suffering humanity, he sows excellent seed for the great day of recompense."

My readers may easily think with what emotion and deep humiliation before God he received this honor from the town of Winterthur, with the respect and grateful love of its inhabitants."

On the 16th of April, Still-ing and Eliza took their departure from Winterthur for Zurich, amidst the regrets of all their friends. They there took up their abode with Gessner, who, with his excellent spouse—a daughter of Lavater, who was with him in Copenhagen—received them with the arms of friendship. The first work which Still-ing performed in Zurich, was an operation on Esslinger. It succeeded very well; he received his sight, but soon after gave up the ghost—indeed, it was the most painful spasmodic attacks. Occasionally, his patience forsook
him, so that he treated the people harshly, and complained of the multitude that came to him. Several Zurich people took this so much amiss, that he afterwards found it advisable to circulate a written document in that town, in which he begged pardon of all and every one whom he had offended. It is impossible to enumerate the remarkable and excellent individuals of both sexes, with whom Stilling became personally acquainted in Switzerland generally, and particularly in Zurich, and who deemed him worthy of their friendship. Ioss, the Doctors Hrzel, father and son, professor Meyer, the celebrated engraver and painter of Basle, the Lockers, Hagenbach, and many other respectable individuals, distinguished themselves, next to Lavater's family, relatives and friends, by marks of friendship.

On Tuesday the 26th of April, Stilling and his Eliza, after taking a very affecting leave, set off from Zurich. Doctor Steiner of Winterthur, who presented him the medal, and his young friend the Rev. Mr. Kirchhofer of Schlatt, accompanied them. It must not be forgotten that the magistrates of Zurich also thanked Stilling in an official letter. They pursued their journey from Zurich by way of Baden and Landzurg to Zofingen, in the canton of Bern, where Stilling was to perform the operation of the cure of eye. The writer in this work (the reader must not imagine to himself a German village-bailiff.) It was on this account that Doctor Steiner accompanied them, for he was a relative of Senn; and as Stilling could not prolong his stay, Steiner intended to remain in Zofingen a few days, to perfect the cure. Senn is a venerable man; and placid, modest, Stilling's likeness, and enwrapped it.

On Wednesday morning the 22nd of April, Stilling performed the operation on Bailiff Senn, and also on a poor girl; and then travelled with his Eliza down the beautiful valley, along the Aar, through Aarburgh and Olten, and up the Hauenstein. This hill would be looked upon in Germany as a lofty mountain, but here it is considered of no account. On the top, the road is hewn through a rock; and when past the summit, there is a prospect of Germany; in the north-west, the Vogesen mountains are indistinctly seen, and in the north the beginning of the Black Forest is perceptible; on the other hand, the whole Alpine chain appears in its glory.

After they had ridden for some distance on this side, they reached a solitary inn, out of which a well-dressed pretty woman came running, who inquired, in a very friendly manner, whether Stilling was in the carriage. On hearing the answer in the affirmative, her whole heart and eyes overflowed with expressions of kindness and friendship. She brought them out a breakfast; her husband and children also joined them, and a quarter-of-an hour's very cordial and Christian conversation ensued; the travellers then took their leave, and proceeded further down the valley. The place is called L'ufelingen; and the landlord's name is Fluhbacher, a well-to-do bookseller, and very edifying correspondence with Madame Fluhbacher. At six in the morning the travellers arrived at Basle, where they were received in the most friendly manner by Senator Daniel Schorndorf, his consort, and children. In this dear and religiously-disposed family they spent several happy days.

There was here also much to do. Stilling again formed important acquaintances; particularly with the divines, &c. of the "German Society for the promotion of true Godliness," as also with the pious preachers, Huber, La Roche, &c.

After a four days' residence, Stilling took an affecting leave of his friends here also, and set out from 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 has a heart to feel, let him feel.

Stilling was indebted to the amount of one thousand six hundred and fifty guilders—amongst the seventy-two individuals, blind of the eye, whom he cured in Switzerland, there was one, who knew not a word of his debts,—or at least, could not remotely suppose the amount of them,—and simply from an inward impulse to place Stilling in more easy circumstances for the future, paid him exactly one hundred and sixty-four and fifty guilders for curing the cataract, and the consequent cure. When Stilling and Eliza went up to their bedchamber in the evening, they found the money, partly in cash, and the remainder in bills, upon their bed, exactly the amount of their debts, of which this instrument in the hand of God knew not a word!

What were the feelings of the good couple? With an unparalleled emotion they both sank down at the bed-side upon their knees, and rendered ardent thanks to Him who had so very visibly given this unspeakably important testimony of his most special providence and guidance.

Eliza, and every one, properly called 'giving to his beloved sleeping,' from this time I will never distrust Him again.

Still more!—the worthy individual who a few years before sent the three hundred guilders, when Stilling was at Cassel, and Eliza in needy circumstances, was also visited, in order to return her due tribute of kindness. She also advanced a sum in cash; and when Stilling protested against any further payment, the worthy man said, very pathetically, "That is my business!" and then sent six hundred guilders to Stilling at his lodgings; with this, the expences of the journey were likewise paid.

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

Dear readers, God the Omniscient knows that all this is pure and unembellished truth. But if this is pure and sacred truth, what results from it? At the close of this volume we shall discover.

Our travellers now took their way through the Breisgau down to Carlaruche. From Basle to this place, for there to Rastadt, Stilling was martyred by a dreadful feeling of anxiety. It seemed to him as if he were going to meet certain death. The occasion of this was a warning, which was secretly and seriously given him at Basle, on no account to return through Strasburg, from which place also this warning emanated, and having written to Basle expressly respecting it.

Besides this, there was another circumstance: a certain dangerous man threatened Stilling, 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 get their teeth gnashed with rage, particularly Stilling's name is mentioned. Strange!—Stilling gnashes his teeth at no one's name. Friends, on which side is the truth? Verily, verily, not on the side of those who thus act.

With all this, it is still something singular that Stilling, at certain times, and often on still inferior
occasions, is seized with such an indescribable terror; while in other and far greater dangers he is often not a little shaken. This proceeds from 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 siftings of Satan.

Stilling's anxiety was at its height at Freiburg, in the Breisgau, at Offenburg, and at Appenweyer. At Rastadt it became tolerable; but his spasmodic attacks then began to rage violently. On Monday the 29th of April, they set off in the morning with a drowsy position and two weared horses, for Carlsruhe; on the way, the spasms in the stomach were almost intolerable, and Stilling longed for repose. At first, he was unwilling to visit the Elector, but wished rather to rest himself; however, he still thought that as that great, wise, and pious prince had often been of service to him, it would be perfectly just to write him a letter of application, and had written to him a few times in consequence of it, it was his duty at least to make the attempt, and ascertain whether he would be admitted to an audience. He went therefore to the palace, announced himself, was immediately introduced, and urged to return in the evening for an hour to the prince, when he said, not expecting this visit, except that it laid the remote foundation for the final solution of Stilling's destiny, without his having any presentiment of it at the time.

On Thursday the 30th of April, they travelled from Carlsruhe to Heidelberg. Lisette had prayed during the journey that they might have a prosperous journey. The next morning, Friday the first of May, they journeyed further. Mieg and Lisette accompanied them to Heppenheim, where, before the door of the inn, they saw their Lisette for the last time in this life. Mieg went back with her to Heidelberg, and Stilling and Eliza continued their way to Frankfort, where they arrived safe and well the following day.

From Frankfort, they made an excursion to the Schlangenbad, in order to perform the operation on the old and venerable Burggrave Rullmann and some poor people. There, in pleasing solitude, they had time to recapitulate the whole journey; and Mieg, who had done the whole of the journey, 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 Schimbenthal, immediately after his return from Strasburg, on the security of his father-in-law, was still owing; nor was the security removed; but now it was done at once. He now did not owe any one a farthing, to the best of his recollection. He had formerly removed from Heidelberg in order that he might liquidate his debts by means of his large salary; this was his and Selma's plan, but not the Lord's; for the chief amount was not paid by the salary, but by the funds provided by Providence. The Lord's intention in removing him to Marburg was no other than to preserve him from the misery and terrors of war, since there has been so much blood shed, we have been obliged to endure them, the following may be to such a serviceable reply:—That a good shepherd marks the weakest of his sheep; and such as can endure the least are the chief and primary objects of his care, that he may protect them from the storm and tempest.

When Providence intends to accomplish anything, it does not do it by halves, but entirely. Stilling was indebted, when he studied at Strasburg, between forty and fifty guilders, to a friend there; the latter did not urge the payment, and Stilling had so much to do with his other burden-some debts, that he was happy when a creditor let him alone. This went on till the French invasion, when every thing was turned up-side-down in Strasburg, as well as elsewhere. The war afterwards broke out, by which the communication between Germany and France was rendered extremely difficult; and as Stilling had more heavy and urgent debts, he thought no more of this amount. After the evacuation of Greno, who is thoroughly and perfectly just, by no means forgot it; for immediately after Stilling's journey to Switzerland, a friend came to the brother of the Strasbourg creditor, who had died long before, and paid him not only the small sum owing, but also the interest for thirty years, so that his payment amounted to more than twenty times the amount he had received from an unknown hand the acknowledgment for this amount; but he has never learnt who the friend was that so nobly performed this act of kindness. But he will eventually find thee, thou noble-minded individual, where everything is made manifest, and he will then be able to thank thee as thou deservest.

This was therefore, indeed, a blessed, debt-liquidating journey! A mighty difficulty was now gloriously surmounted. After being obliged to incur a load of debt to the amount of four thousand five hundred guilders, and then to be enabled to pay the whole, without any property, merely by faith, unrightfully and honestly, with the interest, to the very last farthing, did not fail to call forth his fervent hallelujahs.

A few weeks after Stilling's return from Switzerland, something remarkable occurred to him. He was sitting one forenoon at his desk, when some one knocked at his door. On calling out, "Come in!" a young man of from twenty-seven to thirty years of age, called himself H. He was coming to find his father, who was less and uneasy, looked timidly about him, and often cast a shy glance at Lavater's portrait. "You have been in Zurich," said he; "I was there also;—I must be gone;" he walked about in a state of agitation, looked at Lavater's picture, and said hastily, "I cannot remain in Germany—I am everywhere unsafe; I might be caught; O sir! help me in making my escape!" Stilling felt embarrassed, and asked him if he were a Swiss! "O yes," answered he, "I am a Swiss; but I have no rest, I wish to go to America; assist me in getting thither!" He said other things besides, and continued rapidly to pace the room, looking at Lavater's picture, which excited a suspicion in Stilling's mind that he was Lavater's murderer. He therefore advised him to go to Hamburg, where he would always find opportunity to go to America; but told him to hasten, lest he should fall into the hands of the police. The poor man then suddenly ran out of the door, and disappeared.

Afterwards, he heard thus honestly thrown off the burden of his debts, which he had so long carried, another affair was undertaken. On Stilling and Eliza's return from Switzerland, they had passed the night at Munster, with their children the
Schwarze; and after they had informed them of what the Lord had done for them, and how he had blessed them, Schwarz and Hannah proposed that the parents should now crown Jacob and Amalia's longevity, and let them be united, since in reality, circumstances would be neither changed nor rendered more irksome by it. The parents found nothing to object to this; and in order to surprise the young couple and cause them still greater joy, it was resolved to keep all the preparations secret, invite friend Schlaebaum with his family to tea, and that the latter should at once step forth and marry them. The accomplishment of this plan succeeded only in part, for the thing did not remain entirely secret; the wedding took place on the 12th of July in that year—1801. Jacob now removed to his parents' house again; and he and his consort continued to lord it, with 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.

The poet published 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 Stilling, the winter before, soon after Lavater's death, had published a poem under the title of "Happiness and Misery." In this poem, Felix Hess and Pfeminger, two of Lavater's friends, who died before him, are represented as coming in the form of two angels to fetch the weary warrior after his death and conduct him to the New Jerusalem. About half-a-year after the publication of this poem, Stilling's pious and faithful friend Breidenstein, the rector of Cassel, died, and both of them, as is said, both conversed upon a variety of subjects, and amongst other things, upon the poem. "It is surprising," said Breidenstein, "how beautifully you have made use of the late Felix Hess's promise." "How so?" inquired Stilling; "what promise?" Breidenstein replied, "Upwards of twenty years ago, when Felix Hess was on his dying-bed, weeping, and said, 'Now thou wilt not stand at my bed-side, when I die!' Hess answered, 'But I will come and fetch thee!'' Stilling rejoined, "Really, I never heard a word of it; it is however something strange—where is it? I must read it for myself!" 'That you shall," said Breidenstein. Thus it happened. After he had been dead the same day, he sent Lavater's miscellaneous works, in which there is a short biography of Felix Hess; and this conversation is inserted, just as Breidenstein related it.

I can with the greatest truth assert that this circumstance had either never come to Stilling's knowledge, or, if he had known it, he had forgotten it for many years, even though he might have read it, —which latter, however, I do not believe. Therefore, if this singular affair be chance, it is one of the strangest that ever occurred; for first, Hess says to Lavater immediately before his death, nearly thirty years since, "I will come and fetch thee, when thou diest!"—and many years after, Lavater dies; Stilling resolves to make a poem on his death; decides upon forming the plan of it, so that two of his friends are to fetch him, and makes choice of the very man who had promised him to do so thirty years before.

On this more:—when Stilling was in Zurich, he was told that Lavater had had a friend with whom he had lived on a still more confidential footing than with Felix Hess, and was asked why he had not made use of him in the poem, for the purpose of fetching Lavater? Stilling inquired who this friend was, and was told it was Heinrich Hess. This occasioned Stilling to introduce this friend in the "Scenes in the Invisible World," in the following manner:—as printed, Stilling was once represented as bringing Lavater to the Virgin in death, 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—thus printed, Stilling was once accidentally reading in Lavater's "Jesus Missian," 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, in "a useful region, the character her Son bore in his earthly life," &c. It may be believed, on my word, that Stilling had never read this before.

Another journey was also undertaken in the autumn of the year 1801. In a place in the north of Germany there was a very pious person, who had the cataract; she was too poor to come to Bremen, and therefore asked, that Mrs. Schlarbaum might go to her. This latter conferred with Eliza on the subject, and they resolved that as the Lord had so greatly blessed their Swiss journey, and showed them so many favors, they would, from gratitude, undertake the journey to their worthy patient at their own expense, and with the Divine assistance restore her to sight; they therefore prepared for the journey, and Stilling wrote to the person that he would come. The latter was extremely pleased, as may easily be supposed, and made Stilling's intention known in the neighbourhood; and as he would have to pass through Brunswick, he was kindly invited to lodge in the house of Mr. Stobwasser, an eminent tradesman, and in an excellent house, well supplied with china, japan-ware, and is a member of the Moravian church. Stilling thankfully accepted the offer; and as their way led them through Minden, they determined to pay a visit to Julia, in order to become acquainted with that worthy woman; and on her inviting them to stay at her house, they joyfully accepted.

Stilling and Eliza commenced this journey on the 18th of September; they took Caroline with them as far as Cassel, where she was to remain until her parents returned; for as by her good conduct and cordial affection to her parents she caused them joy, they sought, through her mediation, a means of securing her. They then proceeded to Lodden, where Eliza talked with privy-counsellor Von Kuenkel, whose lady is a near relative of Eliza. Mr. Von Kuenkel had always been Stilling's faithful, tried, and intimate friend, and will remain so as long as they shall both continue to exist. Von Kuenkel has served in every gradation, and by his faithful activity is become extremely useful.

In the afternoon of the next day, they rode to Minden, where they remained till after the Sunday. Julia received them with all the fulness of Christian affection; she and the worthy reformed minister, Klugkist, together with his excellent lady, manifested all possible friendship to our two travellers. Julia and Eliza formed an indissoluble sisterly alliance with each other, and bound themselves to walk in the path which our adorable Redeemer has himself marked out and trodden. Julia has also two excellent sisters, who were likewise there, and helped to increase the religious and friendly circle.

At Göttingen, they found the faithful Achelis just on the point of departing; she had received a call as preacher to a place in the neighbourhood of Bremen; his lady, with her sister, had already
gone before to Bovenden, where she expected him. Achesil now accompanied Stilling and Eliza, and from Bovenden they travelled together to Nordheim, where they separated, amidst the expression of the most tender and bels.

At Nordheim, Stilling was attacked by an indefinable apprehension; it began before taking leave of Achesil; but whether the good man observed it or not, I know not. It was in reality an apprehension of bad roads, and of the turning of the coach, but it was so horrible that it could scarcely be endured; it lasted during the whole journey, and was sometimes stronger and at others weaker.

On Tuesday, the 22nd of September, in the afternoon, they arrived safely at Mr. Stobwasser's house in Brunswick; he himself with his consort was at Berlin, where he has also a considerable manufactury, but his household showed the travellers all possible affection and friendship, and Stilling and Eliza felt truly happy amongst these good people.

From this place Stilling rode to the person on whose account he had undertaken the journey; and happily she received her sight. In Brunswick itself she passed the whole place. At the manorial residence of Mr. Von Bötticher, to which a church-town is annexed, on Madame Von Bode, who, with her husband, belongs also to the true followers of the Redeemer. Stilling and Eliza rode thither, and remained there some days; Madame Von Bode explained her sight, and they returned to Brunswick.

Eliza having been seriously advised to consult the celebrated and learned physician Beyeris, aulic counsellor at Helmutstadt, on account of the convulsive affection in her neck, the journey thither was also undertaken. The great man took all means to afford her the greatest comfort. He also wrote directions for the use of Eliza, which, however, she was unable to follow, because they affected her too violently.

During his residence in Brunswick, Stilling formed several interesting personal acquaintances, with Campe, Von Zimmerman, Eschenburg, Pekels, and others. The Duke of Bevern spoke gratefully of the happiness he experienced for Stilling, and conversed with him a long time, on a variety of subjects, and amongst others, on religion, respecting which he expressed himself in a satisfactory and edifying manner. He then also said to Stilling, "All that you have done here, I look upon as done to myself; and the following day he sent sixty louis-d'ors to his lodgings. With this the travelling expenses were not only paid, but something even remained over. It was therefore the will of Providence that the Swiss money should be reserved for another very different object.

Whilst Stilling continued at Brunswick, the contented Count and Countess of Wernigerode, born Princess of Schönberg, was safely delivered of a young countess; the parents had chosen Stilling as sponsor for the child; and this still more confirmed the intention, already formed in Marburg, of making a little circuit to Wernigerode. Accordingly, they set off from Brunswick on Friday the ninth of October, and arrived in the evening at the place above-mentioned, at the lofty castle which has belonged to the count's piously disposed family from ancient times.

Stilling and Eliza felt here as in the precincts of heaven. He also visited his old friends, superintendant Schmidt, aulic counsellor Fritzsche, advocate of the counts, and Governor, Secretary Clouse, who has excellently set to music his song in the "Nostalgia," "A wanderer" &c.

They remained Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, with the noble family of Wernigerode. A gentleman from Saxony, who had business there, and sat next to Stilling at the table, said to him with emotion, "If a person ought from time to time to travel hither, in order to forget and revive himself;" and certainly he was in the right — religion, decorum, politeness, cheerfulness, dignity, and completely unassuming manners, distinguish the character of every member of this noble family.

Notwithstanding all this, Stilling's melancholy did not leave him here; — it could scarcely be endured.

On Tuesday the 13th of October, the travellers took an affecting and grateful leave of the family of Wernigerode; the count sent his own coachman with two horses with them to Leesden, from whence Stilling travelled post to Gandersheim, where the Countess Frederica of Ortenburg, who has been many years his friend, is canoress; 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. He appeared in the evening with the Princess of Coign, who took the greatest care of the princess her mother, during her absence. Stilling was of service to several patients there, and performed the operation on a poor old woman. The evening before their departure, his melancholy rose to a tormenting agony; but towards midnight, he applied himself very seriously to God in prayer, so that it could not fail to operate; and 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 give out his advice; he also operated on several persons for the cataract.

My readers will remember that brother Coign had been appointed preacher at Braach, near Rothenburg on the Fulda, eleven leagues from Cassel, and that Maria Coign, with the two children, Frederick and Amalia, were also there. It was Stilling and Eliza's intention to fetch these two children from thence, as well as their sister Maria, if she wished it; but especially to visit their good and dear brother again, particularly as they were now in the neighbourhood. In order to fulfill this intention, they set out on Thursday the 24th of October, and arrived 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 Braach.

Their stay at this pleasant place was fixed for a week, during which time Stilling felt like some poor criminal, who is to be executed in a few days. However, he performed the operation on a lady in Rothenburg, and attended several patients. The lady, Maria, and Amalia, came to Braach, was to return with them to Marburg, together with the two children, and their departure was fixed for
Thursday the 29th of October. For this purpose, brother Coing sent to the posting-house at Morschen, and ordered the horses.

On Wednesday evening, the day before their departure, Stilling maliciously rose to such a height that he said to Eliza, “If the torment of the lost in hell is not greater than mine, it is still great enough!”

The next morning, the postilion came at the time appointed; he had driven the diligence to Rothenburg, and consequently brought four horses, which, however, contrary to all previous regulations, were very brisk and lively. He put the horses to the carriages, and drove empty through the Fulda; Stilling, Eliza, Maria, the children, and the brother, were transported across, about a gun-shot higher up, in a boat; meanwhile, the postilion drove up the meadow on the other side, and waited on the opposite shore.

They got in:—Stilling sat behind, to the right; next to him Eliza, with Amalia in her lap; opposite her sat Maria, and Frederick opposite Stilling. Brother Coing now took leave, and went back again; the postilion suddenly smacked his whip, the four spirited horses went off in full trot, and the coach was dashed through the mud like a scheme got entangled, and threw the carriage to the ground with such violence that the body of the vehicle burst in two in the midst. Being only a chaise, and open in the front, Eliza, Maria, and the two children, were thrown out upon the meadow; but Stilling, who was sitting in the corner on the falling side, continued in the carriage, and was not seriously hurt. Fortunately the wheel 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 on the falling side continued in the carriage, and was bruised and torn,—he felt an inward tranquillity and cheerfulness, such as he had hardly before experienced; and although he was still utterly unconscious what the consequences might be, he was so inwardly resigned to the Divine will, that he was unaffected by the smallest fear of death. Much as the postilion deserved punishment, or rather, more justly a fearful punishment, Stilling said nothing farther 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 thrown out of it during the whole journey. 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 but a scratch, and 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 Freys, 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 before.

On Monday the 2nd of November the journey to Marburg was commenced; Stilling rode slowly on horseback, because he did not choose to trust driving in such dreadful roads; and it was well he did so; for the ladies and children were overturnd one 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 abated.

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 violent, and terrible man now joins him, never leaves him, and constantly makes as if he would attack him and murder him; at length, all at once he seizes him and wounds him; suddenly some of the traveller’s best friends make their appearance, the enemy flies, the wounded man recognizes his friends, who carry him to the inn, and nurse him till he is well again. Dear readers, take this simile as you will, but do not abuse it.

The commencement of the year 1802 proved a grievous one for Stilling and Eliza. On Sunday the 3rd of January, he received a letter from his friend Mieg of Heidelberg, in which he informed him that his foster-son, who had been for some time disabled by a severe wound, was again, and it was of serious consequence, for the physicians still gave hopes. On reading this letter, Stilling felt a deep impression on his mind that she was really dead. There is something in his soul, which causes him always to feel pleasure when he knows that a child, or any truly pious person, is dead, for he is conscious that another soul is in safety; this conviction makes him feel the death of any one belonging to him less than is customary; but as he possesses a sympathizing heart, it always causes him a severe struggle with respect to his physical nature. Such was also now the case;—he suffered much for some hours; then offered up his Lisette to the Lord again who had given her to him; and on the 6th of January, when he received from Mieg the news of her decease, he was strong, and was able himself effectually to comfort the deeply mourning foster-parents; but Eliza suffered severely.

Their friends, the Miegs, buried Lisette in a very honorable manner. Mieg published a little book, containing an account of her life, character, death, and burial, together with some little pieces and poems which this event occasioned.

The grief which these foster-parents felt at the departure of this dear girl, can be scarcely conceived. They had brought her up and educated her carefully, and God would 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 had done before apprehended.

About this time died also Burgomaster Eick 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 it; but Stilling, who, of the cheerfulness, suffering experience, and particularly in the governance and education of the two children.

This spring, another journey was undertaken; Stilling was sent for from Fulda, whither Eliza accompanied him. In returning, they passed through Halle and Potsdam. Prince Frederic of Anhalt and the Countess Louisa, who, the preceding autumn, had removed from Marburg to Homburg-vor-der-Höhe. On this occasion they became acquainted with the widow of Prince Victor of Anhalt; she is a worthy sister of the Princess Christina of Lippe, a true Christian, and humility personified. After an absence of about four weeks, they returned to Marburg, soon after which, Amalia was safely delivered of a daughter.

The important period also approached, in which Caroline was to be confirmed, previous to receiving the sacrament,—she was now fourteen years and a half old, and tall and strong of her age; she had received very excellent religious instruction for two years, from the two reformed preachers, Schlarbaum and Breidenstein, Stilling's worthy friends, and it had operated beneficially upon her. She possesses a mind disposed to piety and religion; and her parents, believing that her inclination was such that his three eldest children are on the way to become true Christians. Julia wrote to Caroline from Erfurt, and commissioned Aunt Duising to present her with the letter on the day of her confirmation; it is worth the while to insert it here:

"My dear and ever-beloved Caroline:

"On the most solemn day of thy life, on which all thy dear friends press thee with new affection to their heart, thy 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 promisest on this day, so important for thee in time and eternity;—love the Lord, so as thou livest; one else! Thou canst not do anything greater, better, or more important; do not suffer thyself to be deprived of that crown which thy faith doth 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 copies, 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 octuell; whilst, on the other hand, his peculiar academical vacation became more and more unproductive of any remuneration. He probably transferred the provinces, which generally furnished the university with students, to other rulers, who had themselves universities, whither their young people were obliged to resort and study; the number of students diminished, therefore, visibly; and those that continued to resort to Marburg applied themselves to such studies as might procure them a maintenance, to which the financial department does not belong; and finally, a decrease in the desire to study was observable in all the universities, the cause of which need not be discussed here. Be that as it may, Stilling's auditory diminished to such a degree that he had often only four persons of that class to assist him. This and other circumstances were 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 obligated to persevere; for without this income he could not support his family. Never mind! as this state of things as might procure him a maintenance.

Finally, another important consideration was added to all this. The Elector of Hesse is sincerely desirous of supporting religion; but he has also a maxim, which, abstractedly considered, is perfectly correct—that every servant of the state ought to give himself up entirely to the department to which he has once devoted himself. He is not at all pleased, when a civil servant, under whose care persons are so placed and ordered, is now so circumstanced, that he was obliged to act in opposition to both parts of this maxim; which also caused him many a mourful hour. His conflict was painful; but at this very time Providence began to make distant arrangements for the accomplishment of its plans. It is worth while that I relate every thing here with the greatest minuteness. On the 5th of July 1802, Stilling received a letter from a poor mechanic, in a place at a great distance from Marburg, who neither knew nor could know one word of Stilling's situation, because he revealed it to no one, in which the man stated that he had had a remarkable dream, in which he had seen him traversing and occupied in a large field, in which much treasure lay scattered about in small heaps; and that he had been commissioned to write to him, and tell him, that he ought now to gather all this treasure into one heap, then sit down quietly, and attend to this single treasure alone.

Stilling, when he read the whole of his life, had seen, heard, and felt so many effects of the developed faculty of presentiment, and also so many—without the theory of the faculty of presentiment—incomprehensible predictions of hysterics and hypochondriacal persons, that he is well aware of 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 obligea to live by his own powers only; he therefore wished for a further explanation of his meaning. The answer was, that he must resign himself to the Lord's guidance, who would duly arrange every thing. This event produced in Stilling's mind the first foreboding of an approaching change, and of the development of his powers; he therefore gave him, from that period, the proper direction, by fixing his eye on the hitherto scarcely perceptible aim, so that he might not lose any time in preparing himself for it.

About the same time, or somewhat later, he received a letter also from the Rev. Mr. König of Burgdorf, in Emmenthal in the canton of Bern, requesting him to go thither; adding that the expences of the journey were provided for. This Mr. König was blind of the cataract, and had already corresponded with Stilling on that account; the latter had also promised him to come, as soon as he should be informed that the travelling expenses were provided. Stilling therefore, now began to prepare for their second journey to Switzerland.

During all these occurrences, father Wilhelm's state of health, which had been hitherto so very firm and durable, took quite a different direction. With respect to his mental powers, he had become so completely a child that he had no longer any understanding or judgment; but his body now began to neglect the functions necessary to life; at the same time, his continual lying position produced painful sores, so that his condition was extremely pitiable. The surgeon was obliged to come daily, with a couple of assistants, to bind his wounded back and other parts; during which operation the poor man moaned so dreadfully that the whole neighbourhood prayed for his dissolution.

Stilling could not endure the misery; he generally went out when the time for binding up arrived; but even in the interval, Wilhelm often moaned piteously. When his doctor, at length arrived;—on the 6th of September, at half-past two in the morning, he passed over into the blissful habitations of his forefathers. Stilling had him interred with the solemnities customary to persons in affluent circumstances.

Wilhelm Stilling is now therefore no longer here below; his serene walk, unobserved by the great of this world, was nevertheless seed for a fruitful futurity. He is not always a great man who is celebrated far and wide; nor is he always great who does much; but that individual is so, in a peculiar sense, who sows here, to reap a thousandfold in the world to come. Wilhelm Stilling was one who sowed in tears; he went forth weeping, and bearing precious seed; now he is doubtless reaping with joy. His children, Heinrich and Eliza, rejoice in the prospect of his welcome;—they rejoice in the thought that he will be satisfied with them.

A week after father Wilhelm Stilling's death, Stilling and Eliza commenced their second Swiss journey. They left Marburg on Monday the 13th of September, 1802. At Frankfort, Stilling found ophthalmic patients, who detained him a few days. On Thursday the 16th, they arrived early in the afternoon at Heidelberg, where the welcome from Madame Mieg was deeply affecting to both. Mieg was engaged by business in the country, and did not arrive till towards evening; he had dined in company with a person of eminence, who had expressed the idea that some great man ought to keep Stilling in pay, solely that he might carry on his benevolent practice as an oculist, without impediment. This again excited Stilling's attention, together with all that had preceded it. The dream of the mechanic; father Wilhelm's death; and this speech, which in itself was of no importance, but it gave a certain impression just at this time; and finally, another Swiss journey—all this together produced in Stilling's mind a feeling of exalted expectation.

The following day, Friday the 17th of September, the two travellers pursued their way to Carlsruhe.

I must here go back a little in my narrative, in order to bring every thing into a proper point of view.

Jacob, as I have already observed, had become a father, the previous spring. Notwithstanding his ability and integrity, and notwithstanding all the favorable testimonials of the Marburg magistracy, not the smallest thing could be accomplished for him at Cassel. With his mode of thinking, it was impossible to live by the practice of jurisprudence; his father was therefore obliged to assist him considerably, and besides this, he now saw an increasing family before him. All this together pressed matters, and he had long been desirous of being able to leave Carlsruhe; for as he was born in the palatinate, he could lay claim to being provided for there.

It is contrary to Stilling's whole character to ask anything of the kind of a prince with whom he is not personally acquainted. For his present peculiar 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 Waldeick, 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.

Stilling and Eliza arrived at Carlsruhe in the evening of Friday the 17th of September, or, Saturday the 18th. Stilling looked into the well-known Moravian watch-word book, which contains two passages from the Bible and two verses of a hymn for every day in the year. The first passage is called the watch-word, and the second, the doctrinal text. Stilling always takes this book with him, when travelling, in order to have daily a religious subject on which he may employ both his head and his heart. He found with astonishment, that the words for that day were:—"And now, O Lord God, establish the word that thou hast spoken concerning thy servant and concerning his house, for ever, and do as thou hast said."—2 Samuel vii. 25; and the verse of the hymn was:

"His faithfulness O let us praise, And to him consecrate our days; His promises He will fulfill, To those that know and his will. Hail! Jesus."

He then sought out also the doctrinal text for the day, and found the beautiful words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

This remarkable circumstance completed the pleasing foreboding, and the confidence he had, that it would come to some kind of elucidation respecting him during the day. Soon after, a
court-page entered the room, presenting the Elector's compliments, and requesting him to come to him at nine o'clock, and to stay to dinner with him.

In consequence of this command, and thus prepared, Stilling went at nine o'clock to the palace, where he was instantly admitted and very graciously received. 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 excursion to his prince. At first, he gave a true word of his son, and offered to procure the most valid written proofs, namely, the testimonials of the Marburg magistracy; and finally besought the Elector to let him serve in the lowest station, and then promote him as he might deserve. If he only earned so much as to enable him to live, with due economy, he would look upon it as a great favor. He then concluded with the words, "Your Highness will not take this first and last recommendation ungraciously of me?" The Elector expressed himself very favorably; and said he would see if he could not provide for him in the organization of the palatinate. "Speak also," added the excellent prince, "in particular, with the gold and silver-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 impressed such a confidence on 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 pitiful situation, and of placing you so that you may be enabled to attend solely to your religious authorship, in the exercise of your ecclesiastic 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 accomplishing of your object, Sire?" inquired the Elector. Stilling replied, "No, most gracious Sire, I came to seek mercy, not to receive it. I humbly beg you by all means to wait until Providence opens a door somewhere, in order that no one may suffer by it, or be neglected." The prince rejoined, "You can, therefore, wait half-a-year, or a year!" Stilling replied, "I will wait as long as God pleases, and until your Highness has found the way which Providence marks out."

I pass over the remainder of this remarkable day in Stilling's history, only observing that he also paid his respects to the Margravine, who was still inconsolable for the death of her late consort.

He that is acquainted with the Elector of Baden knows, that he professes the true and ancient word, but always performs more than he promises. Every feeling christian heart can sympathise with Stilling, as he then felt. Blessed be the Lord! his ways are holy! happy he who resigns himself to Him without reserve; he that places his confidence in Him, shall never be confounded!

On Sunday morning, Stilling performed the operation on a poor old peasant, whom the Elector himself had sent for; he then continued his journey to Switzerland with his Eliza. The nearer they approached the frontiers, the more fearful grew the reports, that the whole of Switzerland was under arms and in a state of insurrection. This was not only 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 unwavailing.

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 the undertaking at Basle was of no bad consequence. 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 intelli-
gence of the Elector. Until this intelligence arrived they continued quietly and contentedly at Basle; where he attended some ophthalmic patients, and operated upon two blind people.

On the following day, Wednesday the 22nd of September, Stilling had a great pleasure afforded him. There lives in Basle a very able painter, of the name of Marquard Wocher, a man of the noblest heart and christian sentiments; on Stilling's first Swiss journey, he had conducted him to a Mr. Reber, a respectable gentleman there, who possessed a very elegant collection of pictures; amongst which an "Ecce Homo" drew Stilling's attention. It was the representation of Christ's suffering, 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. Schorndorf, contributed for the Elector's money he had saved; but it grieved him that he could not in any way recompense to the worthy family of this noble-minded individual his kindness to him. This recompense was now to be made in a very striking manner, a manner worthy of God.

Mr. Isaac's eldest son had also learnt the trade of a tailor, and in the course of his travels had been at Basle, where he resided some years; and being also a sincere lover of religion, he had become acquainted with the true worshippers of Christ in that place. He had afterwards settled at Waldstadt—Rade Vorm Wald, in the duchy of Berg, his native place, taken his brothers and sisters to him, and kept house with them; but as he could not bear the sitting-posture, he began a little shop; a worthy merchant gave him credit, and thus he maintained himself and the family honestly and uprightly.

This summer, on the 23rd of August, a fire broke out; in a few hours the whole town was laid in ashes, and the good children of the pious Isaac not only lost that which belonged to them, but also the whole of the stock bought on credit. Friend Becker, for such is the real family-name, did not communicate this misfortune to Stilling, for he was too delicate in his sentiments to do so; but another friend wrote to him, and reminded him of his obligations to this family. Stilling felt himself in a dilemma; what could he give the family even at
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 caravanserai, and the eldest, a grey-haired man, and assumed for the strange doctor; but 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 soon." The men were silent, but the big tears flowed, and like pearls down their cheeks; the lips of the old man trembled, and his sightless eyes were wet.

During the operation, one of the sons placed himself on one side of his father, and the other on the other side; in this position they looked on. When all was over, and the father saw again, the tears flowed afresh, but no one said a word, till the eldest said, "Doctor, what do we owe you?" Stilling answered, "I am not an envious for money; but as I am on a journey, and am at much expense, 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, sir; it is too much from Stilling, us, his old friends."

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 Liestal;—at Leinfelden, they dined with their friend Madame Plütscher;—at Olten they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. A. from whom they drank tea;—and at Aarburg they were fetched by the worthy baiiff Senn, of Zofingen, with whom they were to pass the night. As they drove down the magnificent vale of Aar in the evening, and whilst the declining sun irradiated the whole landscape, Stilling saw, all at once, in the south-west, above the great plain of Aar, a spot of white, which presented a brilliant appearance; he soon discovered that it was a snowy mountain, probably the Jungfrau, or the Jungfernhorn. He that has never seen anything of the kind can have no conception of it,—it is just as if the individual beheld a celestial landscape in the regions of light; but the view is all that is pleasing, for to climb up therewith, 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 the very kindly entertained at Mr. Senn's house at Zofingen, they rode the next morning to Burgdorf, where they arrived at six o'clock in the evening, and took up their quarters at the parsonage. The town of Burgdorf lies on a hill, which resembles a saddle; on the summit towards the west, stands the church, with the parsonage; and on the eastern summit, the castle. The distance between these two summits, lies the town itself, which hangs down on both sides like a party-coloured saddle-cloth,—on the northern side, the Emme, a roaring woodland torrent, rushes past. There is a beautiful prospect from both summits;—towards the north-west are the Jura, there called the Blue Mountains, and in the south the magnificent Alpine range appears again, from the Mutterhorn and Schreckhorn, to a considerable distance beyond the Jungfrau.

Stilling operated upon several blind persons here; the worthy Mr. König regained the perfect sight of his eye; besides these, he also attended upon many ophthalmic patients. If I mention one operation, in particular, during which something occurred which throws light upon the character of the Swiss peasantry. Two strong and hand-
On the 10th of October, Stilling and Eliza set off again from Bern. On the way, they saw at Hindelbank the celebrated monument of the Rev. Mr. Langhans's lady, a performance of the great Hessian artist Nahl.

At Zofingen, 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 disabled in the eye.

On Wednesday the 27th of October, they travelled through the paraisical 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 Kirchhofsers. 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 determined to take the short cut to Ebingen. Thence they proceeded along the way of Misskirch and the Swabian Alp; from Ebingen they were sent for to Balingen, where there was also much to do; and from thence they rode to Stuttgard, where they enjoyed a blissful abode in the house of Mr. Von Seckendorf, and where Stilling was also enabled to be of service to many afflicted females.

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

From Stuttgard they were again obliged to make a large and tedious circuit through the Black Forest to Calw, where Stilling found the pious and learned Rev. Mr. Haylin of New Balach, 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 Schilfe. From thence they travelled, on Tuesday the 9th of November, to Carlshauhe. It was at the desire of the Elector his Grace that they should proceed so far, 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 Mainz and Frankfurt—in the latter place and at Wilbel, three blind persons were couched; and on Thursday the 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.

On the 28th of November, the exalted Governor of the world begins. He accomplishes, in small things as well as in great,—in the cottage of the peasant as in the court of the monarch. He forgets the ant as little as the greatest potentate. Nothing proves unsuccessful with Him, and nothing stops short with Him. Providence proceeds uninterrupted on its exalted path. Brother Complied, married, in the spring of 1802, an excellent lady, who is worthy of him, by Eliza, sister Maria, and Jacob, set out in order to be present at the marriage, which was to be celebrated at Homberg in Lower Hesse, in the house of the worthy widow of the Metropolitan Wiseman, the mother of the bride. Now there lives in Cassel, one who, being disposed, not highly individual, Counselor Eugenius, 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 Homberg, and likewise a very amiable character; and having heard and observed Stilling's 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 on earth.

Thus the blessing of the elder Coings rests upon these four children; they are all happily and blissfully married; for brother Coing has obtained a consort such as the Lord gives to the man whom he loves; Amalia also lives happily with Stilling's virtuous son. Eliza tread the most painful and hardiest path, at Stilling's side; however, besides father Coing's blessing, her father Wilhelm will also supplicate peculiar grace for her from the Lord.

The year 1802 was terminated by an agreeable visit; Stilling's next relative, and the intimate friend of his father, Mr. Laiighans's son, the merchant of Dillenburg, was there, with, say, the chief surveyor of the mines at Dillenburg, paid him a visit of some days. He is Johann Stilling's second son, and a man of integrity and ability. Both renewed their fraternal bond, and parted with regret.

In the beginning of the year 1803, a circumstance occurred that had an important influence upon Stilling's fate. An edict from Cassel arrived at the Marburg University, to the effect that no author should send his compositions to the press, until they had been examined by the pro-rector and dean of the faculty to whose department the treatise belonged.

This limitation of the liberty of the press, which had no reference to the whole country, or to all the booksellers, but only to a small number of blades, the chief surveyor of the mines at Dillenburg, paid him a visit of some days. He is Johann Stilling's second son, and a man of integrity and ability. Both renewed their fraternal bond, and parted with regret.

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University. He had now at once finished with Mar burg 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 publish 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 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, could not be recalled.

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. A few days later, this gentleman who had been many years his friend, the treasury-director, Von Gochhausen; this worthy man was then ill, but he soon began to amend. They did not stop on the way; but travelled 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 Augusta, Stilling carries on an edifying correspondence; and then proceeded to Meissen and Dresden. They passed the night there at the Golden Angel, and found their friend Von Cuningham likewise ill. Stilling paid a visit to the evening to the venerable minister Von Burgsdorf, and was received like a christian friend.

On Friday the 1st of April, they travelled into Lusatia, and arrived in the afternoon in Kleinwelcke, a beautiful Moravian settlement. They found their friend the Rev. Mr. Nietschke in profound grief; he had lost his excellent consort a fortnight before, for this life. Stilling wept with him; for this is the best consolation which can be afforded to one who, like Nietschke, can have recourse to every source of consolation. Nature demands her rights; the outward man mourns, while the inward is resigned to God.

This was the passional week, at the singing, or the commencement of the celebration of the passion-week. They formed several agreeable acquaintances in this place, and Stilling looked at a few blind people, on whom he intended to operate on his return.

On Saturday the 2nd of April, they travelled in the morning from Kleinwelcke, through Budissin and Loc, to Herrnhut. Stilling and Eliza are pioneers. 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 monastic heights of Zaltern Hill are seen. On 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 favours which the first received as correspondent, and the second from personal acquaintance at Stuttgart. No one will take it amiss that I do not on this occasion mention the names of any other friends;—how could I name them all? and if I did not do that, it might pain him who was omitted.

We have 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 passion-week is heart-cheering and heavenly in all the Moravian settlements, but especially at Herrnhut. Stilling and Eliza diligently and devoutly attended all the services that are devoted to it. The venerable bishops and elders allowed them also to communicate with the church on the evening of Holy Thursday. This communion is what it ought to be:—a solemn uniting with Christ the Head, and with all his members of every religious denomination. What a piously-disposed heart experiences on this occasion, cannot be described,—it must be experienced. Stilling felt at that time as if he were consecrated to his new and future calling; 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—that place where, in proportion to the population generally, certainly the greatest number of true Christians dwell, of them showed Stilling and Eliza much friendship.

Stilling operated upon several persons at Herrnhut.
he would have been incalculable. The Whituntide vacation now approached. Stillig and Eliza had long purposed visiting their friends at Wittgenstein during these holidays; and as Stillig's birth-place is only five leagues distant from that city, they determined to visit together to Tiefenbach and Florenburg, and visit all the places which Stillig's childhood and youthful years had rendered remarkable—at least to them. Stillig 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 Whitunsday, accompanied by Prince Frederick, and their consort, and Eliza, and with whom they united themselves for time and eternity. Every one however will see that this cannot be done, for many important reasons; we will leave it for the next world.

In the afternoon of Thursday the 21st, they set off from Leipzig, and passed the night at Weissenfels. The weather being clear, and as they had a commission from the settlement of Herrnhut to Neudietendorf, they made a little circuit thither from Erfurt, spent the Sunday there, and then travelled on Monday, by way of Gotha, to Eisenach. In Gotha, Stillig waited upon the Duke, with whom he had a short and interesting conversation.

At Eisenach they found their dear friend Von Gochhausen better again;—with him, his brother and sister, and the worthy Doctor Muller, they spent a pleasant evening, and then travelled, on Tuesday the 26th of April, to Cassel. Here they rested till Monday, the 2nd of May, Brother Coing came also thither with his lady, and the brothers immediately ordered post-horses, and journeyed on, pleasantly together. Brother Coing then returned home with his Julia; and Stillig and Eliza, on the day above-mentioned, to Marburg.

It is a matter of notoriety that the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel accepted the Electoral dignity this spring, for which purpose great solemnities were prepared. After a general waiting of Friday the 20th of May, Stillig received a letter by a courier from Cassel, in which he was requested to take post immediately and go thither, for Prince Charles of Hesse was there from Denmark; he had unexpectedly surprised his brother, and wished now to speak with Stillig also. The latter immediately ordered post-horses, Eliza also got ready, and at half-past five they were both seated in their carriage—at nine o'clock in the evening they arrived at their brother and sister Enyeim's in Cassel. In the course of the two following days Stillig spent some extremely pleasant hours with the prince; affairs of the greatest importance to the kingdom of God were discussed. Prince Charles is a true Christian; he cleaves with the highest degree of affection and adoration to the Redeemer; he lives and dies for him; at the same time he possesses singular and extraordinary knowledge and acquirements, which are by no means for every one, and which can in no wise be mentioned here. After taking a Christian and affectionate leave of this great and enlightened prince, Stillig and Eliza set off again from Cassel on Monday the 23rd of May, and arrived in the evening at Marburg.

Stillig's lectures were very ill-attended this summer. Had it not been for the new prospect afforded him the previous autumn at Carlisle,
rational and economical grounds, it was certainly a matter for hesitation, to exchange a place producing twelve hundred dollars in gold, for one of twelve hundred guilders currency, particularly as nothing remained over from the large salary first-mentioned; there were even reasons which might have removed Stilling's difficulties, and decided him to remain at Marburg for the rest of his life; 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 fewer hearers, or none at all, it was not his fault; and with respect to the impulse he felt to be active in the cause of religion, he did not act as if he were driven to it, and if he could not perform every thing to be as he wished, God does not require of us more than we are able to perform; the stone is left lying which cannot be lifted, &c.

But Stilling's conscience, which has been rectified by many trials of faith and much experience in suffering, and purified from all sophistry by being exercised for many years in the school of grace, judged very differently. According to his inmost conviction, it was imperative upon him to resign his office and return his salary into the hands of his prince, when he found he could no longer earn it to the satisfaction of his own conscience. The possessor of such a conscience would, and he thinks otherwise thinks incorrectly. Stilling could now do this boldly, since a way was shewn him by which he could attain his object as soon as he entered upon it. He had learnt in the last few years, that the Lord has means enough of helping him out of his distresses without the Marburg stipend; for his debts were liquidated this, but with Swiss money, and it was with the latter, and not with the former, that the expences of the removal and the new arrangements would be covered. It is, further, the unconditional duty of the true Christian, as soon as the choice is left him of various vocations, to choose that which is the most useful to mankind, and which operates the most beneficially, without any reference to a smaller income, or even none at all; for as soon as the individual follows this maxim he enters into the immediate service of the Father and Ruler of all men, and it follows of course that He rewards his servants, and gives them what they need. Stilling therefore felt himself called to an act, that might seem imprudent to others, but he had been called to it, and it is no call; for that he was of infinitely greater service by his practical skill, 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 now opened, he could not be guilty of disobedience if he had not accepted it. And then, this appointment was so strange and so singular in its kind, that another such could not possibly be expected; and finally, the true and enlightened Christian easily perceives that Stilling's great Leader had no other object in it than to retain him and his Eliza continually in the exercise of faith, and to place them in such a situation that their eyes must ever be directed to his gracious hand, and wait upon Him. All these convictions decided both to accept the call in reliance on Divine direction; but in order to do every thing that could be done to keep himself free from blame, Stilling wrote to the Elector of Baden, requesting an addition, if possible, to the income of his successor, on which the vocation had been, 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 vocation, was brought to a conclusion, longer be said, that his faith and confidence in a merciful Creator, 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 some money, as a proof of her confidence in his simplicity and faith; packed up the twenty louis-d'ors, and wrote him at the same time, that she felt herself impelled to send him the money; he would know well enough how to apply it, and for what purpose. By these hundred-and-eighty guilders, what still remained over from the Swiss journey was increased, and the further removal from Marburg and the establish-ment of a new household in a strange place was facilitated. I imagine, however, 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 expences, it would have been a glorious and visible favor from God; but then he must have continued in Marburg, because the way in which he was assisted to the removal and establishment of a new household 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, over 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 Hanover; and Stilling and Eliza now prepared for their removal to Hidelberg, 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 laboured 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, in order to serve his neighbour by his beneficent ophthalmitic 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
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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, Aulic Counsellor, the author of this work, am myself Heinrich Stilling, and that it is therefore my own history, everyone knows; the whole, as I am, is my own property 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 answer 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 remain 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. This is not the place to refute this awful absurdity; but should it be required, I can do it, thank God! incontrovertibly.

I take it therefore for granted, that God governs the world with infinite wisdom; yet in such a manner that mankind 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 cooperated 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 with 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 invests all his productive 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 their extraordinary impulse of the heart, and all their pains and labor, do not prove successful, because it does not comport with the mighty plan of the world's government; whilst others, who are also men of great talents, and are the cause of horrible evils in the world, succeed in attaining their object, because their actions, with the consequences they have produced, comport with the great purposes of the world. 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 stringently, and partially; and first of all, whether I really possessed such a powerful impulse. Most certainly! I possessed it, and have it still;—it is to labor extensively and comprehensively for Jesus Christ, his religion, and his kingdom; but it must be well observed, that this impulse did not at all lie in my natural character; for its chief feature was, on the contrary, an extensive and highly frivolous delight in physical and mental sensible pleasures;—I beg that this fundamental part of my character be on no account lost sight of. I received the first-mentioned impulse entirely from without, and that in the following manner.

The early decease of my mother laid the foundation of it. My heavenly Guide began with this, in the second year of my age. If she had continued alive, my father would have become a farmer, and I should early have been obliged to accompany him to the field; I should have learnt to read and write, and that would have been all; my head and my heart would then have been filled with the commonest things, and what would have become of my moral character, God only knows. But my mother dying early, my father's religious character was stretched to the utmost, and took its direction from intercourse with the Mystics. He withdrew with me into solitude, for which his trade of tailor was well adapted; and in accordance with his principles, I was brought up entirely separate from the world. My head and heart, therefore, had no other objects to hear, see, and feel, but religious ones; I was constantly obliged to read the histories and biographies of great, pious, and holy men, and such as were eminent in the kingdom of God, to which was also added the repeated perusal and reperusal of the Holy Scriptures. In a word, I saw and heard nothing but religion and Christianity, and men who thence became pious and holy, who lived and labored for the Lord and his kingdom, and had even offered up their blood and lives for Him. Now it is well known that the first impressions upon a mind still are the most indelible; and I can easily imagine, from what I have just written, that it became, 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.

I had a purpose to be a Christian, a pious 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, and was teaching me with care and patience; so, 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 with labor and study to act extensively 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 engraven impulse, my Heavenly Guide began early to combat this dangerous foe. The intention for this purpose was also my father's, 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, but not on me; for it let it be known, I was an indispensible 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 terrible thoughts, wishes, and desires, were awakened in my soul; it seemed as if some mighty hostile power had ex-
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cited innocent people, who intended no evil, to cast me into the most baneful and dreadful temptations and delusions, 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 tending to purify my soul, and make me truly-minded, and to tear them up by the roots.

It is therefore now necessary to examine, whether I am really a great man, a man of great mind, or a great genius;—that is, whether, by means of my own powers and faculties, I have, through my own efforts, placed myself in such a situation that I can now yield obedience to the true, and to the extent and comprehensiveness 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 attainted his object that I became a schoolmaster and a tailor; but I had no higher wish than to be a schoolmaster. This 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 this they found quite compatible 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, I was highly respectable to me; and to be everlastingly instructing boys and girls in A. B. C., in spelling, reading, and writing, was equally wearisome; by degrees, I considered the being doomed to be a schoolmaster and tailor as something very melancholy; and with this commenced my inward sufferings, for I saw no possibility of becoming a preacher, or anything else.

My father's severe discipline still continued; for though I was no longer beaten every day, I was never happy near him. His inexorable severity at every trifling fault awakened in me the irresistible impulse to get away from him as often and as long as possible; and this also because I was obliged to sit at the needle with him from early in the morning till late at night; so that I accepted every call to be schoolmaster with the greatest joy. As I did not instruct children with pleasure, but merely from a sense of duty, and out of school-hours brooded over books, whilst my heart never thought of earning anything in addition by working as a tailor; and hence I was not deprived of the trilling pay I received as schoolmaster, my father was continually obliged to clothe and support me. He saw, to his great grief, that I should never make a good schoolmaster, which

naturally rendered him more severe and unfriendly towards me; and after he had married a worldly-minded wife, he required her stepson to go to the field with the rest of the children, all kinds of agricultural labor, even the most difficult, such as hoeing, mowing, threshing, &c., my misery rose to its height; for my limbs being unaccustomed to hard labour from my youth, I suffered dreadfully. By using the rough implements of husbandry, my hands were always full of blisters, and the skin remained sticking to the shaft of the hoe; and when I used the scythe or the flail, my ribs and hips cracked with the exertion; so that days and weeks seemed an eternity to me. At the same time my future prospects were gloomy; I saw no way of escape from this situation, nor was I any longer employed as schoolmaster; consequently nothing remained for me, except to wear up and down in the country as a journeyman tailor. Opportunities for doing so occurred; but with all this, my clothes and linen grew so shabby that I was looked upon as a good-for-nothing and lost man. My religious impulses shone upon me from afar; which is why I gave up the art of tailoring, besides being taught that as a professional man of God, I should not be a tailor.

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 excited my imagination to a high degree, and my sensibility always required diverting variety. The reading of novels, or other entertaining stories, was peculiarly that to which my worldly turn of mind was directed. My imagination and fancy were incessantly occupied with the most romantic imagery, in an indescribably vivid manner, and my levity soared above every scruple. Eternal Love had compassion upon me, in such a manner, that by an unquestionably inward drawing to intercession, which penetrated deep into my heart and pervaded my whole being, it irrevocably decided me to devote myself and the whole of my future life to the Lord. This attraction has always hitherto continued, and will continue till I stand before the throne; but my natural corruption was far from being eradicated by it. Jesus Christ, by his great and glorious redemption, and by his Spirit, had to combat and subdue it through the medium of wearisome and painful, but gracious trials; this great business is not yet completed, nor will it be until my soul is delivered from the power 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 by-paths, and I soon hit upon one of them.
disinclination to the trade of a tailor caused me to seize with avidity the offer of a situation as private tutor in a merchant's house, and my thoughtlessness did not make a single enquiry! My wretchedness there rose to its height; such melanchooly, such hellish torments, such a privation of all that can afford consolation, no one can form an idea of, who has not experienced the like. Sensuality and frigidity were there attacked at the root. At length, I could no longer endure it; I ran off, and wandered about in the wilderness; then recollecting myself, I went back to Rade vorn Wald, where the late Johann Jacob Becker (Mr. Isaac) exerted himself towards me that glorious master-piece of Christian philanthropy recorded in my life. I was now so thoroughly convinced of the necessities of human nature that subsequently, Mr. Spanier and my master, Becker, could scarcely persuade me to accept the situation of domestic tutor with the former; and I am even now so far from feeling a repugnance to it, that if needs be, I could immediately place myself again upon the shop-board.

During my residence with Mr. Spanier, every thing seemed as though I should become a merchant. I was daily employed in mercantile affairs, every thing succeeded with me, and although I had naturally no inclination to commerce, yet I believed it was the guidance of God; particularly as I was secretly assured that the rich, handsome, young, and well-bred girl, was destined in a future time for me, that her father would bestow her upon me, and then take me into partnership. Although I felt no particular pleasure at all this, yet I believed it was the course of Providence, which I must necessarily follow, and regard the whole affair as a piece of peculiar good fortune.

The ideas and expectations I received, most assuredly without my own coöperation, 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, that has had the influence of the Heavens, Mr. Molitor of Attendorf, who presented me with his ophthalmic arena, and then laid himself down and died. God knows, that in my whole life I had never thought of becoming an oculist, and that neither I, nor any one of my family, had given the remotest occasion to this bequest. And now let every one who has read my history reflect what my ophthalmic practice has hitherto been, is still, and may yet be! He that does not here recognize the all-ruling hand of an omniscient and omnipotent Deity, has neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear; nothing will do him any good.

I made use of the remedies I had obtained for diseases of the eye, and became by this means acquainted with the worthy family of my late father-in-law, Peter Heyders, of Ronsdorf in the duchy of Berg; and contrary to all expectation, contrary to all my plans and purposes, I was obliged to betroth myself to a consumptive and weakly female on a sick-bed, an act in which my worldly interests were reduced to a minimum. I supposed that I had abandoned all chance of a vocation towards God, because I believed it was his will; there was no idea on my side of falling in love, or any thing of the kind. I engaged myself to Christina, although I knew that her father could not support me in the least, and that assistance from the quar-
credible sensation; so that I was urged to continue it, and therefore wrote, whilst in Lieberfeld, "Stilling's Travel 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 regression in culture and literature, Stilling still continues to be fashionable; he is still read with pleasure and the same edification as at first. And what a blessing this book has produced with reference to religion and true Christianity, God the Omniscient knows; and I also in part, for I can show a multitude of written testimonies to the truth of that assertion. Therefore, in the first place, I shall say the first and considerable foundation for my real destiny, and the following-up of my religious impulse.

I now again beg that it may be carefully observed, that I did not give the smallest occasion to this extraordinary and important part of my history, which proved the basis of that to which I was eventually and really called; that is, the following of my religious impulse; but that it was simply the free arrangement of Providence.

If it be asked why my heavenly Guide did not at that time place me at my true post, I answer, that there was still very much in me to smooth away; many griefs and struggles 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 never dreamt, in consequence of a treatise on the scientific improvement of the common forests in the principality of Nassau Siegen, my native province, by which I sought to afford pleasure to a certain friend, I was appointed public teacher of Agriculture, Technology, Commerce, and the Veterinary Art, at the newly-established Financial Academy at Kaisers-Lautern in the Palatinate, with a fixed income of six hundred guilders;—and at my departure, the most urgent debts, to the amount of eight hundred guilders, were liquidated in a manner as unexpected as that in which the principal sun was liquidated in Switzerland, two years and a-half ago.

I was therefore released with my family to Lautern.

That this again was no preconceived plan of mine, and not my own guidance, but solely and completely the plan and execution of my heavenly Guide, every one must feel, who is in any degree capable of reflection.

I now believed to a certainty, that the study of political economy was the vocation for which Providence had guided and prepared me from my youth up; for I had ample opportunity of learning practically all the sciences I taught. I had studied medicine, because the auxiliary sciences belonging to it were indispensable in my present vocation. My religious impulse was not extinguished; on the contrary, I intended to unite it with this calling. In this conviction, I continued perfectly quiet five-and-twenty years, and labored with all fidelity in my vocation; this is proved by my eleven manuals, and the great multitude of treatises which I wrote during that period. My heart no longer contemplated any more changes, particularly in my old age, until at length the "Nostalgia" became the mighty means of placing me in my peculiar station.

My readers are already aware, how unintentionally I wrote the "Nostalgia;"—the preparatives to it, which consisted of the collection of many sentences, the reading of humorous writings, &c., were by no means systematic as regarded myself though systematic with God; and the determinations of my mind were, as I then thought, unquali-

fied, that I only decided upon it when Krieger besought me to compose something of a classical nature for him; and when I began, it was by no means my object to write a work of such an extent as it became under my hands, and as it afterwards proved in its effects, which were great, and still are so, since it operates on a 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.

See, my dear readers!—it is in this indiscreetly wise and gracious manner that the Lord has at length led me to the attainment of that aim, the impulse for which He caused to be engrafted in me in my earliest infantile years. My present occupation therefore is,

1. The publication of my opthalmic 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 it.

All my readers will now probably be convinced that I am not a great man, a man of great mind, or a great genius; for I have contributed nothing whatever to any part of the manner in which I have been led; it was even necessary, first of all, painfully to prepare my natural disposition, by much labor and tedious sufferings. I was merely a passive mass in the forming hand of the Artist—clay in the hand of the Potter. He, therefore, that regards me as a man of great talents, and great virtues, or even estimates me as a great saint, does me much wrong; he acts just as improperly as a person would do, who praised an old, oaken, rude, and clumsily-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 lose faith without a reason; that He also prepares witnesses to tread his sacred paths, and still sends laborers into his vineyard, even at the eleventh hour.

I now earnestly treat my readers to give God and the truth the glory, and minutely examine the following positions.
1. Does not the whole history of my life incontrovertibly show that, not human wisdom and prudence, but God who governs the hearts, actions, and fates of men, yet without controlling their free will, has really guided, formed, and brought me forward, from beginning to end, according to a premeditated plan?

2. Does not my history likewise incontrovertibly show that, on my part, not the smallest thing was done, either with respect to the project, or the accomplishment of the plan of my life? Neither enthusiasm nor error had any part in that plan or its execution; for whenever I was enthusiastic or mistaken, I was always taught better by the result.

3. Therefore, if the all-wise, all-kind, and all-powerful Governor of the world has himself guided and prepared me, without either myself or any other individual having part in his plan, can his work have been fruitless? Can He so lead and guide a fanatic, an enthusiast, and a deceiver, as He has led me, in order to mislead men! He may permit a fanatic and a seducer to labor through difficulties and obtain, after a number of adherents; for He leaves free agents at liberty to work, so long as it can consist with his highest counsels. But let any one make it appear that during my whole life, I have at any time labored through difficulties of the kind, or have sought to form myself a religion in religious work.

4. Does not this follow from all this, that my religious system of doctrine, which is no other than that which Christ and his apostles, and subsequently all the orthodox fathers of every century, have taught, is true, and has again legitimated itself in my guidance? I may have ideas, I may have motives, and ambitions, which are not altogether pure and which are not sufficiently rectified; but in the main object of Christianity, it is as certain that I do not mistake, as 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:

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 souls of others, and' evil spirits, who, then work upon the spiritual part of man, when he gives them the opportunity for so doing. But there are also good spirits, which are about a man, and likewise influence him, when circumstances require it. Evil spirits, together with Satan their prince, his angels, and all evil men, I call the kingdom of darkness.

4. God has from eternity begotten a being, of the same nature with himself, and which stands in its 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 names 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 blesting 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 practiced 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 appeared in heaven, and undertook the government of the world. He is now, therefore, that God who governs all things, guides all the destinies of mankind, and leads 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 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 nomenity, which during reason has abstracted from the idea of a supremely perfect man. To worship this nomenity, by which man or any philosopher, is pure idolatry. In Christ alone, the Father of men is to be found; there alone, He will and can be worshipped.

8. The Holy Spirit, the Spirit of the Father and Son, is in reality a being of an equally divine nature with the Father and the Son. He is a moral divine love-power proceeding from both, even as light and warmth emanate from the sun. Since the day of Pentecost until now, He is continually operative; every one who believes in his heart in Christ, receives his saving doctrines, heartily repents of his sin and misery, and inwardly longs to be free from sin, and to become a true child of God, puts on, according to the measure of his faith and the degree of his longing, the Holy Spirit; so that his moral powers become gradually stronger, and his sensual bias in the same degree weaker.

This is my true and invariable system of faith, doctrine, and life, which has stood the test of many trials and much experience. These powers of which I have named and collected singly, by degrees, like rare grains of gold, on my wearisome pilgrimage—not by speculation, or the effort of my reasoning powers; but whilst striving, for many years, after light and truth, from heartfelt pressure and necessity, and then formed into a rational
whole. It is the pure dogma of the Holy Scriptures, untroubled by any sophistry or fashionable commentary, on the truth and certainty of which I am willing to live and die.

The modern "march of intellect" (as it is termed) stands directly opposed to these ancient Christian doctrines of faith and salvation. Many worthy, upright, and well-meaning men prefer the former to the latter, because they conceive that the doctrines of religion, modified by enlightened reason, are better adapted to the human understanding, than this ancient Christian system. They have therefore invented an exposition, a Bible commentary, which suits their philosophy. But these good men either perceive or do not perceive, that the tendency of this new enlightening is directed to the establishment of a natural religion, whose dogmas are merely moral, and which, in the end, makes the sending of Christ quite unnecessary, and the Bible no longer needful. But as neither classical feeling nor the beauty of virtue can restore the moral powers lost in Adam's fall, immorality incessantly increases under the sway of this enlightened reason, corruption grows with rapidity, mankind sinks into depravity, and the human 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 one cause, to be called from real love to God and man, even to enemies, is utterly impossible, except where the spirit of Christ prevails.

But now the very important question arises, whence comes it that such worthy and well-meaning men, notwithstanding all these undoubted facts, still continue attached to their new-enlightened system? They have invented no new premises, two foundations for all religious demonstration:—if these premises are false, every mathematically-correct demonstration becomes also false and incorrect, and that is just the case here.

The whole of the Christian doctrine of faith is founded upon the following fundamental position. God, who is infinite in wisdom, a personal being, possesses the tendency to continually-increasing moral perfection, and with it an equally progressive enjoyment of the Supreme Good; but he suffered himself to be deceived by an unknown evil being, so that he applied this bias to a continually-increasing sensual perfection, and with it an equally progressive enjoyment of the inferior created things. The one is the fundamental position; and the experience of almost six thousand years teaches us that it is undoubtedly true. Hence it follows immediately, that—

If man had continued in his natural state, it would have been natural to him to obey the dictates of morality; his head would have dictated them, and his heart would have followed them; natural religion would then have been the only true one. But in our present fallen state, where the senses rule supremely, and the moral powers are maimed, we cannot require of the weaker part to overcome the stronger; there is consequently no need of redemption in nature, and the Creator was therefore again obliged to interfere, in order that men might be saved.

Now he that founds a correct logical demonstra-

tion on these premises, finds the whole Christian system of salvation very rational, and the enlightening of the present day very irrational.

The fundamental position of the new-enlightened system is this:—The entire creation is a connected whole, on which the Creator has bestowed intellectual and physical powers, and has given them their eternal and unchangeable laws, according to which they work unhindered; so that there is now no further need of divine cooperation, or influence; consequently, every thing in the whole creation takes its necessary and unalterable course, which has for its object the general good of every being. The human race is a part of this whole; and the eternal laws of nature operate so that the free will of every man, in every action, is so guided that he does what he does. Moral philosophy contains the laws according to which the free will must be governed. This position is in reality Fatalism; and however much it may be concealed and guarded, it is with all, even the most moderate rationalist, more or less openly or concealed, the universal fundamental idea.

But how may reason have arrived at this idea? I answer, by the very system of the vulgar Christians. It seeks to convince itself of the existence of a Supreme Being, and afterwards to search out his nature and qualities; and as it knows no other rational being but itself in the whole sensible creation, it removes every limitation from the human soul, and then finds an infinitely rational, almighty, omniscient, all-gracious, omnipotent human soul, which it calls God. Now even as a human artist makes a work of art—for instance, a watch; and as this watch would be very imperfect, if the artist were continually under the necessity of turning, moving, and helping in various ways, first one little wheel, and then another,—the supremely perfect Artist leaves man free to work, but at the same time makes man supremely 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 may appear, whether just or unjust, wise or unwise, is determined by the Creator. The most abominable deeds which any individual may commit, and the most dreadful sufferings which men may cause each other, all the oppressions of widows and orphans, all the horrors of war, &c; all this, the God of the modern enlightening has purposed; for he, who is 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. Was there any human soul so dreadful can be imagined than that human reason—particularly in our times, when the most unbounded luxury vies with the most ungovernable immorality—should be led in such paths, and that this should even be called the Christian religion!

O the monstrous blasphemy!

My dear friends, be either entirely Christians, according to the real, ancient evangelical system, or entirely rationalists, and we shall then know how to act towards you. Remember Laodicea. The midway is a snare, which Satan has placed for man.

Dear brethren and sisters, let us faithfully cleave to the doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to Jesus Christ in his spirit, and let us receive the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as we have them, and as our sound human understanding comprehends them, as our only
source of faith and knowledge. He will come quick-ly, and will then graciously regard our fidelity. Amen.

Thou who upon the eternal throne
Dost weigh the fates of all below,
And over the radiant crown
Of worlds unnumber’d, on thy brow—

Surrounded by seraphic flames,
And throne’d in light of sevenfold ray,
Amidst thy errant’ds loud acclains,
Disclaim not, Lord! my humble lay.

Hear, O ye heavens!—thou earth, attend!
For I am about to speak the silent word.
That ye the song may comprehend
Which, Lord, I now will sing to Thee.

Ye saints, who in his courts reside,
Lend me your melody divine,
That I may praise my heavenly Guide,
And He his gracious ear incline.

Thou Love unspeakable and kind,
The element in which I move,
Behold with what a flame refined
My heart burns in thy precious love!

A nothing in the dust was I;
Yet thou, my All! mostest choice of me;
My growing faith thou long distast 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 obey;
O grant me courage, strength, and power!
And neither suffer nor distress
Shall part us in the trying hour.

Give of thy grace!
Thou found’st me in the lowly cot,
And kindly from the dust didst lift
And raise me to a happy 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 peary crown,
And came empow’r’d in gloom to me.
Of mercy he unconscious seem’d;
No pity did his eye betray;
Perhaps by Thee, once distant seem’d
’T was 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 pleasant hint obey.
Amidst the bowings of the blast,
My feet by the rude brambles rent.
Through rocks and cliffs I treading pass’d—
Thus painfully each day was spent.

A dubious glimmer often seem’d
To terminate my arduous way;
I hasten’d on to what I deemed
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 whereasoe’er I went;
Whilst gloomy sadness over met
With 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 girt might charm.
He plunged it in the flowing brook.

Following the footsteps of my guide,
I walk’d more easy on my way.
Until, at length, a brilliant light
Announced the near approach of day.
It came,—the golden morning came,—
And all my anxious cares were shed;
I now have reach’d my blissful aim,
And loudly shall my thanks be paid.

Ye heavenly choirs around the throne,
Your part in my thanksgivings bear,
Till I, at length, the victor’s crown
At the great marriage-feast shall wear.
Then, of my golden harp possess’d,
With your Jehovah’s name I’ll praise,
And He shall clasp me to his breast,
Who led me all my earthy days.

Till then, let power divine protect,
And heavenly peace my spirit cheer.
My footsteps, here below, direct,
Till I before thy face appear.
The present seed I now shall sow
To ripen for eternity—
O let it to perfection grow,
Then take thy pilgrim home to thee!

STILLING’S OLD AGE.

CHAPTER XX

With the prospect of soon arriving at the end of my pilgrimage—at the commencement of my seventy-seventh year—and after having struggled through a year of bodily suffering occasioned by spasmodic affections and debility, a feeling of sacred awe, as it were, thrills through me. The long season of life is now passing away; previous life pass before my soul like shadows on the wall; and the present appears to me like a great and solemn picture, covered with a veil, which I shall draw aside only when my earthly tabernacle reposes in the grave, and rips for the resurrection. Grace, and mercy, and salvation, through the atoning love of our beneficent God, will then shine through my whole being from this picture. Hallelujah!

The aspect of things around me is now very differ-ent to that which it presented when I described Heinrich Stilling’s youth. My old age and my two years are 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 stop; and Margaret no longer comes bustling 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 the horses in lonely wilderness.

Uncle Johann Stilling no longer comes to relate to his wondering auditory his new discoveries in electricity, mechanics, optics, mathematics, and the like. No! the aspect of things around me is now totally changed.

I now sit in my convenient easy-chair, before my magnificent 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 tossers about me, and cares for the present and the future; whilst my youngest daughter, Christina, attends upon her and executes her commands. She is the only one of my child- ren who is still with me, and who often comes and...
revives me by her performance on the harpsichord. My daughter Hannah lives happily at Heidelberg with her beloved Schwarz, and ten children. Her eldest daughter is married to Praun of Mannheim, and has presented me with a great-grandson, whose godfather I am. Her eldest son Wilhelm was head-master of the school at Weinheim on the Berg-road, and also assistant preacher there; but he is now here as governor and tutor of the only son of Mr. Von Berckenheim, our worthy eldest of state. The university of Heidelberg gave him the diploma of doctor of philosophy, on account of his diligence, knowledge, and good conduct; he also visits me almost daily. My son lives in Rastadt with his wife and six children, in the enjoyment of the divine blessing. The Lord leads him through painful paths, but he passes through them as becomes a Christian. His eldest daughter Augusta is also with me, for the purpose of being trained, in Madame Von Grainberg's seminary, to become a modest, pious, and accomplished young female. She likewise contributes to cheer my old and gloomy age.

The worthy lady who founded the institution above-mentioned, Madame Von Grainberg, having undertaken the education of the two grand-ducal princesses, and taken my third daughter Amelia, with her to the palace, in the character of an assistant, my eldest daughter Caroline has now entered under the management of the seminary. Her fine qualities, her practical duties, and the character of my life; and both the daughters visit us, their parents, almost daily. Lastly, my second son Frederick also spent the last half-year with us, before commencing his career in Russia, as financier and agriculturist; his guitar and his fine manly song dispel many of my gloomy hours. But it is the comparison of my grand-princes and grandmothers grow very loquacious when the conversation turns upon their family. In order therefore not to fall into the commission of this fault, I will now return to the subject, and take up the thread of the history of my life from "Stillings Years of Tuition."

On my arrival at Heidelberg, in September 1803, I learnt that the Grand-duke, at that time still Elector of Baden, was at Mannheim. I therefore rode thither the next day, in order to announce my arrival to him in person, and to pay my respects to him. He received me very graciously, and treated me with every kindness and condescension. From my youth up I have had the desire to devote all my powers to religion and Christianity; but God having confided to me the office of ruler, I am obliged to yield myself up to it entirely. You are the man whom God has prepared for this object. I therefore free you from all earthly obligations, and commission you by your correspondence and authorship to promote religion and practical Christianity in my place; for this I call you, and take you into my pay."

This was therefore my political and legal calling to my future vocation, which wanted nothing but a written confirmation, which, however, I did not deem necessary, well knowing that no one would have any claim upon me on that account.

I returned with great inward peace of mind to Heidelberg; for the great and radical impulse, which I had felt within me from the cradle, was now satisfied. A material point, however, still disturbed my rest, notwithstanding my unshaken confidence in my heavenly Guide; I found everything 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 dearer. Our friends had written to us, advising us to sell our household furniture, for we could replace it in a superior manner at Heidelberg; but we found it just the reverse. Our handsome furniture was sold in Marburg at a low price, and we were obliged to procure it in its stead interior articles at a higher rate. In short, the removal from Marburg to Heidelberg, with the whole arrangements at the latter place, cost me nearly a thousand guilders. I was able to meet this heavy expense from what remained over from my journeys; but there I had Marburg at a low price, and we were obliged to procure it in its stead interior articles at a higher rate. In short, the removal from Marburg to Heidelberg, with the whole arrangements at the latter place, cost me nearly a thousand guilders. I was able to meet this heavy expense from what remained over from my journeys; but there I had more young and pious people at Heidelberg than in Baden, and I had a great case; I had scarcely half the amount of my Marburg income to receive. When, at the close of the year 1803, my wife and I gradually discovered this, and found that we could not keep the Elector of Baden 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 and guided thee, so that thy soul grows weaker and weaker, thy body more and more sickly, and thy mind more and more feverish. Hast thou neither directly nor indirectly contributed to the call which the Elector of Baden has given thee to come hither? Was thy impulse to work for the Lord and his kingdom pure? Did not the vain desire also lie hidden in the bottom of thy soul, to shine as a great light in the church of God? Nay, my son, I counsel thee, look in the mirror throughout the world! And finally, are there any duties superior to that of taking care that thy wife and children do not fall into poverty? And canst thou answer for exchanging the means which Providence had given into thy hands for this purpose, for a situation which, with all thy good intentions, and good will, is still enveloped in the obscurity of the future?" &c. All these questions stood like reproving judges before my soul, and I could not bring forward a single word in my defence. What were my feelings! I now found no other way of escape than that of the severest, strictest, and most impartial self-examination, and so I 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 Marburg, unanimously gave me the hint to withdraw from that station. But that which completely impressed the seal of divine vocation upon this hint, was, that there was a prince who was just in want of a man whose predominating impulse was to be active for the Lord and his kingdom, and that this prince knew and loved this man,—a case which is probably singular in its kind.

Even the summer before, when the Elector wrote to me that he was then able to answer in twelve months' time, and that he would by degrees improve my circumstances, I informed him that I could not support myself and my family upon it. But as nothing further transpired, I reconsidered every point minutely, and felt that it was my duty to obey
the call; for I was convinced that it was the only one I could expect during the remainder of my life.

On examining whether my impulse to work for the Lord was pure, or whether the vain desire did not secretly mingle with it to become celebrated by my writings, I found that all our best works cannot stand the test in the divine light; but I found, likewise, that if vanity had been my motive, I certainly should not have chosen that particular vocation which is the most exposed to the contempt and opposition of the great men of the present age. After all this had become clear to me, providing for my family was no longer a question with me; for I was convinced that I had followed the will of my Heavenly Guide, and therefore that troubled me no longer. How gloriously the Lord legitimated my confidence, will be 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 patients and a considerable crowd of strangers, who 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 Years of Tuition.” This work, together with the preparation of the fifteenth number of the “Grey Man,” and a couple of tales in Aschenberg’s Annual, occupied me during the winter, which was, on the whole, a very profitable one for me and my family; for our Caroline fell dangerously ill, and our youngest daughter, Christiana, 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 the abscess continued, and at length it seemed gradually to waste away, and become consumptive. My stock of money, besides, began also to decline, and assistance was therefore requisite from a higher quarter. Nor was this assistance delayed; for towards the end of the month of March, I received a letter from a very estimable lady, in the Upper Lusatia, in which she called upon me to go thither, since there were many poor blind people and such as suffered in their eyes, who required my presence; the traveling expenses would be paid, and I should find on the way, two hundred dollars (three hundred and sixty guineers) for my expenses.

As I now had the means for the continuance of his gracious guidance, and began to prepare for this long journey; for Herrnhut, or rather, Gorlitz, whither I was invited, is eighty German miles, or one hundred and sixty leagues distant from Heidelberg.

The first duty incumbent upon me was to inform the President of my intended journey. I therefore rode to Carlsruhe, where I spent some agreeable days in his society. On this occasion he commissioned me to speak with the members of the Moravian Conference at Bertholdsort, 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, Christiana, 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 east of Feldberg, between Darmstadt and Frankfurt, I saw it was still covered half-way down with snow, and that the Wetterau mountains were also enveloped in this wintry garb; I consequently began to be apprehensive, for I was acquainted with the road to Herrnhut, having travelled thither before, running.

We arrived in the evening at Frankfurt.

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 cheerful 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 at Erfurth; and at length we arrived, in the evening of the 19th of April, at Kleinwelke, a Moravian settlement, near Bautzen in Upper Lusatia.

The sphere of operation to which I was called by this journey, commenced here; a crowd of blind people, and such as were diseased, came about me, and I attended to them, in weakness, as much and as well as I was able.

On the 23rd we left Kleinwelke for Herrnhut, where we fixed our quarters at the congregational lodging-house, and were immediately visited by various dear friends. At Herrnhut, we enjoyed the fruits of brotherly love in all their plenitude, and the Lord also gave me the opportunity of effecting much, and of being of service to many sufferers.

I also laid before the Moravian conference at Bertholdsort the wish of the Elector of Baden, to have a Moravian settlement in his dominions; but it was not fulfilled; 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, was of the nature of an commodious, and the Elector was afraid of being tempted to be superfluous. It is, however, pleasing to notice, that some years afterwards, by an exchange of territory, Konigsfeld came under the dominion of Baden, and thus Charles Frederick’s pious wish was eventually fulfilled.

We remained at Herrnhut till the 9th of May, and then resolved to journey further to Gorlitz, whither I was called by various ophthalmic patients.

Gorlitz is an extremely agreeable and very flourishing town. It lies on a beautiful and fertile plain, which is terminated towards the east by a rocky declivity, adjoining the little river Neisse. On this rock stands the picturesque church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which is celebrated for its large and astonishing organ, its great bell, and its subterranean crypt. It is a glorious sight to see the sun rising over the giant mountains, from this place. Towards the south-west, at some little distance, stands the hill called Lobkoske, quite isolated. From this point of view it does not appear very high, although it is visible from every part of Lusatia, from any eminence. The reason is, because the whole land is high in this part.
Gorlitz was also interesting to me on another account. The celebrated Jacob Bohme was a master-shoemaker and citizen of this place; and it was extremely affecting to me, to find his memory still so much cherished, and its influence so beneficial. The Protestants regarded it as an honour, that Bohme was a townsman of theirs, although it is now two hundred years ago since he lived there, and was undescendedly and basely ill-treated by the clergy of those times, especially by Gregorius Richter, one of the chief preachers. Bohme inculcates nothing in his writings contrary to the Augustinian Confession; he went diligently to honour 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 clergy of the town and the minister conspired to keep him out of Dresden, and the corpse was obliged to be kept until the decision returned, which ordered that Bohme's corpse should be interred with all the honors due to a good Christian, and that the whole of the clergy should attend the funeral. This was done; but the clergy accompanied the procession only as far as the gate of the town, when Bohme's body was turned back again. The churchyard lies on the north side of the town. I had Bohme's grave pointed out to me;—it is covered with a small square hewn stone, on which is inscribed the year in which Bohme was born, his name, and the year in which he died. A private teacher of respectability in Gorlitz, who 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 the friendship in this agreeable town, and I had opportunity enough of rendering service to the afflicted. After a six days' residence, we left Gorlitz for Niesky, a considerable Moravian settlement, in which is the seminary where young people are prepared and formed for the ministry. Here I became acquainted with several excellent and learned men, and also with other interesting members of the Moravian church, who shewed us much affection and friendship.

The day following, I rode a few leagues into the country, to perform the operation for the cataract on a blind person of rank. I saw at a distance before me the mountain called the Schneekuppe, the highest peak of the Black Forest, which is so near Gorlitz, that the Blauen, at the upper end of the Black Forest, is still higher than either the 'Brocken or the Schneekuppe; and yet these mountains are but hills compared with the Alps of Switzerland.

In the afternoon I returned to Niesky, where we lodged at the congregational hotel, as is customary in all the Moravian settlements. I am unwilling to detain the reader with all the visits paid and received, and with all the operations and ophthalmic cures performed here; it would only be a repetition of what occurred at every place I came to; I shall insert only one remark. Luastia has a very peculiar constellation. It consists of a number of small settlements, which are called state properties, and their noble possessors statesmen. Bertholdsker 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 Luastia, the principal of which are Bautzen and Gorlitz; and these six towns have also their peculiar liberties and privileges.

The subjects of these manors are all of them. Wends; that is, descendants from the ancient Vandals, who acted such a conspicuous part at the migration of the northern tribes. They all profess the christian religion, but still retain their original language. Although they almost all speak and understand German. There are still also churches in which the Wend language is used in preaching. Vassalage prevails throughout the country.

The day following, we received an invitation from the lord and lady of a neighbouring manor, to spend a few days with them, in order that I might operate upon an old blind woman in her 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 spent the evening. There sat a beautiful young woman sitting upon a chair in the darkened room.

"Good evening, aged mother," said the countess; "God has here sent you a friend, through whom He will restore you to sight."

The woman started up from her chair, strove to come towards us, stretched out her hands, and exclaimed, "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 retired. The following morning of the day appointed, I again went thither with the countess, and performed the operation on the woman. I then presented her, with her eyes 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 God, with his hand upon me, and shall see Him, and then behold Him, with open face, as He is. The countess embraced the delighted woman with tears of joy, after which we again set off for Niesky. It may easily be supposed that the patient enjoyed all due attention. But the good countess had now another affair at heart, which was, how she could put into my hands, in a tender and feeling manner, the two hundred dollars she had destined for me as a reward for the operation; and this also she accomplished in a masterly manner.

Blessed art thou now, thou sorely-tried and glorified friend, who wast perfected through suffering! Rest sweetly in the arms of thy Redeemer, the world's Good Shepherd.

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 Kleinwelcke, 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 Reichol 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 both sexes are not admitted unless by particular favor, except the states-men; for it is necessary that the latter be acquainted with what their preachers undertake or conclude upon, in order, if needful, to render them their advice or assistance. Admission is also granted to a few students of divinity. They assemble at eight o'clock in the morning, open the sitting with singing and prayer, and then consult together, not so much upon scientific subjects as upon their official duties, the life and walk of the preachers and members of the church, and especially upon the maintaining of the pure doctrine of practical Christianity.

Letters are received at this conference of preachers, not only from every province in Europe, but also from all parts of the world. It being impossible to read all these in one day, the most important of them are selected, read aloud, consulted upon, and afterwards answered. The transactions of the day are committed to paper, and these minute journals are published to the Regium members and friends of the Moravian church.

The jubilee rendered the conference that year particularly interesting. The two bishops, Reichel and Rissler, who had labored many years with Zingendorf, and had travelled in Asia, Africa, and America, in the service of the Lord, were present. The first as the peculiar founder of the institution, and the Rev. Mr. Baumeister of Herrnhut, opened the sitting with brief addresses full of unction. It is necessary to have heard such men, in order to pronounce a judgment upon religious eloquence.

At noon, the whole company is decorously, moderately, but abundantly entertained at the congregational hotel, at the 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, Donnewitz, Königbrück, and Biberöder, to Leipzig. The first, as having been very kindly invited by the lords of the manor at those places. We passed a night at each of them, and arrived at Dresden on the 4th of June, at nine o'clock in the morning. There we spent the day, visited our friends, and continued our route the next morning. I was detained in Wurzen and Leipzig, by cataract and ophthalmic patients; which was likewise the case in 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 rule, 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 to a situation so advantageous to him, and thus 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 in the month of July, which we 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 equipage, 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 me." I replied, "As your Electoral Highness commands." But in reality I was alarmed, for where should I find the money to reside for several weeks at such a much-frequented bathing-place? The journey had certainly produced me a few hundred guilders, but these I required for the time to come, and the following winter. However, I immediately took courage; and my old motto, which has been so often my rod and my staff—"The Lord will provide"—tranquilized my mind. After dinner, the prince took me into his cabinet, and gave me three hundred guilders, with the words, "This is for your residence at Baden."

My occupation now consisted in carrying on my extensive correspondence; in writing "The Grey Man," and "The Christian Philanthropist," as well as in attending to many cataract and ophthalmic patients, both at my abode and in the environs.

The 21st of July was the time fixed for my departure for Baden. I took with me our friend Julia, my wife, the little Christina, and my niece Maria to wait upon us; for the baths were very salutary to my wife, to Julia, and the delicate Christina. We fixed our quarters at the lodging and bathing-house, whilst our daughter Caroline continued the housekeeping in Heidelberg, with the two little ones, Frederick and Amalia, and the servants.

Baden is a very ancient place, and was very much frequented even during the time of the Romans, for its baths. It lies in a beautiful valley, and is an extremely agreeable abode. It is not 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 Ohs, which is of some importance, particularly for floating wood. The horizon is bounded by the lofty indented mountains of the Black Forest, which on one side, and the fruitful hills on the other, give delight the eye, covered from the top to the bottom with fields, vineyards, and gardens. On the southern side of one of these hills, towards the north, the town extends itself; upon its summit stands the castle, which, before the building of Rastadt, was inhabited by the Margrave of Baden.

Through the wide opening of the valley towards
the north-west, the eye surveys the lovely plains of the Grand Duchy of Baden and the luxuriant Alsace, whilst in the blue distance the romantic Vogesen mountains rise to view, and the majestic river Schein winds through this spacious valley, like a broad silver ribbon thrown over a variegated flowery meadow. In the height of summer, when the sun has grown hot, the Vogesen, and the mines of the valley of Baden as far the lofty mountains in the background, it presents a sight which may be justly deemed one of the greatest beauties of nature. It must be seen, for it is impossible to describe it. In other respects, the air is here so balmy and pure, that many come hither merely to breathe it.

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 Councillor 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 longer season than we could have expected from existing circumstances.

An excursion of pleasure, to visit his children at Heidelberg and the neighbouring places, and later in the summer, a similar one to Baden and his children in Rastadt, appeared to have restored strength to his constitution; and in the course of that summer he was still enabled to restore to sight to seventeen blind persons, but as he was incessantly troubled with painful spasmodic attacks, together with his general debility, and suffered besides this from a pain in the side, which he himself ascribed to a fall he had experienced some time before from a coach, and an organic defect which had been thereby produced, he was under the necessity of keeping his bed during the whole winter of 1816-17. Notwithstanding the most invigorating remedies, which were administered in order to allay his sufferings, his strength decayed more and more. From that time, he was no longer able to continue his correspondence; he merely gave instructions for replying to letters of the most private nature; his mind, on the contrary, even dictating became too difficult for him in his illness, and no more answers could be given.

Yet this was not the only thing that troubled him, since he was well persuaded of the indulgence of those who addressed him by letter;—he had the pain of seeing his consort, who had suffered for a series of years from jugular contractions, attacked by a violent pectoral disorder and ulcers in the lungs. The venerable couple bore their afflictions with the most cheerful resignation to the will of divine Providence; but whilst the view of their painful sufferings rent the hearts of their children and their friends, their example inspired them at the same time with fortitude.

Father Stilling’s vital powers seemed occasionally to recover themselves, and at such times he endeavoured to proceed with his principal labors; but his hand soon succumbed under bodily weakness. It was in these more vigorous hours that he began to write his “Old Age,” and was able to corre-spond with the press as far as the preceding fragment extends.

His strength did not suffer him to write more, and he forbade the continuation of it. That which he relates in it of his old age, is indeed sufficient to make the reader acquainted with his final outward circumstances, and cause him, at the same time, to imagine the strength of mind which continued his constant attendant upon his sick-bed, and bore his soul, even at his last breath, toward heaven. The little which we shall here notice of the remainder of his life, must not be considered as a continuation of his biography, but as a testimony to the truth of the christian faith, and at the same time as a fulfilment of the wishes of many friends, who desire to know the particulars of his last hours.

He said, with joy, at the beginning of the winter, on receiving the last volume of his “Scripture Narratives” and his “Casket” from the press, “I have still been able to complete my ‘Scripture History’!” Towards Christmas, our honoured father’s weakness and the illness of his dear consort increased to such a degree, that we could no longer entertain hopes of retaining either of them for any length of time. They both now divested themselves of every earthly care which they might still have had upon their hearts, for those they
were about to leave, and were ready for their departure. However, Heaven was still willing to grant us their presence for some months longer; for at the commencement of the year 1817, they again attained more strength, so that they were 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, “It is all the same to me how it comes, whether I am able to continue my labors for not; I am prepared for every thing!” And this entire submission to the will of the heavenly Father he continually manifested; and hence he exclaimed, in a fit of pain occasioned by his violent spasmodic attacks, “God has guided me from my youth up, by a particular providence; I will not be dissatisfied now, but glorify him also in my sufferings.”

During the whole period of his confinement to his bed, his thoughts were incessantly directed to subjects connected with the kingdom of God. These were his favorite topics of conversation with his partner, his children, and his friends; and hence he read with indescribable satisfaction Klopstock’s “Hermann and Dorothea.” Extracts from the Lives of Awakened Christians, and particularly Schubert’s “Antiquities and Novelties of Superior Psychology;” and he observed on one occasion, “These men are selected by Providence to be important instruments in the present century.” After having finished the perusal of Blumhardt’s Missionary Memoirs, and of the most recent intelligence of the Protestant Bible and Missionary Societies (Basle, 1817), on our conversing together upon the pleasing progress of the kingdom of God in modern times, he said, “See, my dears; it is a pleasure and recreation to me in my old age, whilst I am lying thus, to hear of the farther extension of the Christian religion.”

In this kind of occupation, in the perusal of other religious books, and edifying himself from the Holy Scriptures, which always lay near him, and from spiritual poetical compositions, he passed his time, which, as he said, never seemed long to him.

It was only occasionally that his strength permitted him to converse with us; and if friends came at such favorable moments who were desirous of speaking with him, he was able to comply with their wishes. At these times he always conversed in the same cheerful manner as had rendered him at all times so amiable in social life. On such occasions his conversation was of a youthful life; and frequently spoke to a female friend, with peculiar pleasure, of his relations 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 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 spoke to a friend 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. Hence we will only say, that our venerable father, in his life and writings, praised and glorified the Redeemer alone, and was chosen as a distinguished instrument of divine grace, together with many other able men, to be a great support of the church in the age of a falsely-enlightened infidelity. His company was always cheering, instructive, and delightful, and continued so till the hour of his departure.

However, as the mental 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 faith in themselves and in the consolations of God, the end which was not to be fled from their bodily sufferings and decay. We perceived, nevertheless, the approach of the mournful period that soon followed. After his faithful companion’s 1817, then he visited for the last time to the church of His way, as 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 ways in the secret chamber, and thy tears in the beds of sorrow.” He then added: “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 it to go. He was clearly conscious that the departure of his consort was also for him the first step of transition. Hence he said to us, when we were lamenting her decease in his presence, “This cannot be so painful to me as it is to you; since I hope so soon to see her again.” And that was fulfilled for which he prayed many years before, on the 19th November 1790, in the ode he composed on his third nuptials, and which both had foreboded, namely—

“Father, until our journey’s end Conduct us hand in hand.”

His debility increased, although his spirit al- ways 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 daughter, in Letter LI. I have something "of importance to tell you, relating to psychology; I have completely the feeling as if I possessed a two-fold personality; one spiritual, the other corporal. The spiritual lover 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 unessential 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 sympathies 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, and that mode of expressing it, speaking, a pattern of human kindness and gentleness, of self-denial and humility, and was therefore truly invaluable to him. Hence he longed so much the more to reach his home, and to be elevated above all earthly thoughts and cares. His debility daily increased; and having had, for the last half-year, an invincible repugnance to substantial food of every kind, of which the efforts of the most able physicians and all the care of his friends were unable to divest him, and as the water now rose in his chest, it was easy to foresee that the dear man would only continue a few days longer as a living pattern amongst us. In this situation he said to a female friend, "It will soon be over! And on her replying "Ah, how happy you are, in being able to say this!" he answered, in a friendly tone, "Well, I am glad that you acknowledge it."

When we learned that his end was so near, we took courage in our affliction, and sought to take advantage of the moment of rejoicing in the safety of us, for our establishment and edification 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 tranquillity and cheerfulness consequent upon it, which irradiated his dignified countenance.

Hence the honor of his life and sentiments, and the cause of the kingdom of God, calls upon me publicly to state to the world the particulars of his last hours, together with the most important expressions he made use of in the full possession of his consciousness, according to the testimony of all present, as well as that of his estimable physicians, 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 he was troubled also, lest their official duties should be forgotten for his sake; and hence he said to them, on seeing them remain longer with him than usual, "You are staying too long; you are neglecting too much; attend to your incumbent duties;" for however gladly he had them about him, he could not endure it, when it seemed to him that they neglected their own. 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 to his sons and daughters, speaking to the latter, 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 coughed frequently; but all this passed away, the day preceding his dissolution. He spoke very little, and only in broken sentences, but always in perfect consciousness; he also slept little, although he frequently closed his eyes; for he immediately opened them when any one moved, or the door was opened.

On that day, and even previously, as well as on the following day, he was probably much occupied in thoughts, 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 him to sverve from the faith; for he said while asleep, "Tell me, my dear children, who is that black man there, who is continually tormenting and oppressing him?" He had dreamed some days before, as he told his daughter the day following, that the black man said to him, "Come with me;" but that he had answered, "No, I will not: go away!" But all these temptations were overcome the day before his end, on which his uneasiness was relieved by proofs of tranquillity and security. 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 asking him respecting it, he replied, "No, there is many a
little trial to sustain." And that the Christian contemplates the near approach of death neither with levity nor presumption, is evident from what he expressed on the subject to his second daughter;—when she was conversing with him during this period on the subject of death, he said, "Dying is an important affair, and no trifl;" and on another occasion, "Futurity is a wonderful thing." From whence it appears that, even to the man who has labored with all his powers, and in every possible direction, for the honor of the Most High, and to whom futurity was able to present itself in the fairest colors—that even to him, the transition into the life to come, and the account so soon to be rendered, appeared supremely solemn and important. Being appears that, even in his health, and 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, "O Lord! how much has God guided me when it was about to do me injury?" "I am blessed by 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 looking at pictures that he particularly liked, or 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 paroxysm of my complaint;" for he experienced a frequent repetition of violent attacks of his disorder, which was occasioned by water in the pleaue, 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 was always occupied by many of the most beautiful engravings, and memorials, resembled a sanctuary, he had constantly beautiful flowers standing in pots. His looks lingered with particular pleasure upon these, and on Müller's engraving of Raphael's Madonna, which hung upon the wall opposite him.

He said also, whilst conversing with his youngest son, who had the care of his flowers, "See, dear boy, the pretty flowers;" they were hyacinths, narcissises 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; for whilst all mankind is languishing, he returns to her pure state, and partakes of water and wine, it is the best thing the individual can take, if the spasms will permit it." And hence he said, soon after, "The most simple food is requisite for man in his first and last days; water and milk is the beginning and the end." Toward 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 exhorited us as follows: "Dear children, be diligent in the true fear of God! People often think they do enough, if they only occasionally attend church and sacrament; but true religion consists in entire resignation to the will of God, and in continual intercourse with Him, and in prayer!" Hereupon, as his second daughter requested him to intercede in heaven, together with his befriended consort, for his family; he answered, in his simple way, "We will do it;—we will then pray for you."

He then repeated the following verse from the Halle Hymn-Book.—Hymn xi. v. 32.

"Those bleeding wounds which Jesus bore, My refuge are, my only boast; Through these with joy to heaven I'll soar, And mingle with the heavenly host."

And on hearing his third daughter ask her sister where these words were to be found, he gave the Halle collection of spiritual songs, which was lying near him, to his second daughter, directed her to search and mark out some of the most beautiful hymns, and enjoined her to engrave them in the continuous way, to sing them well in church, and said, "Learn plenty of texts and verses by heart; they will be found to be of service." At the same time he recommended her always to let the church hymns be sung in the genuine and simple church melodies, without any thing of an artificial nature; for he loved the simple and sublime, even in church matters. He afterwards said to her, as the conversation turned upon certain friends, "Write to the dear people, and say that I thought much about them in my last days,—that I loved them, and that we should eventually find sufficient subjects for conversation." He also subsequently said concerning them, "They are beloved of the Lord!" That day, which was Tuesday the 1st of April, many friends still came to see him, and to be witnesses of the cheerfulness and solemnity with which the venerable old man endured his sufferings through the power of faith. And every heart was cheered, and even the fear of death was eliminated. And when the doctor informed him that he would soon partake of the sacrament, and lay down, he was about to go; and the hour of death was even then in contemplation. And eventually to die a similar christian death produced many new and ardent resolves to glorify God upon earth by a life well-pleasing to Him.

And then, when father Stillings 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 joyously 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 that whilst all mankind was languishing, he had 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, availed nothing!" And out of the time, he turned to the little table which stood near him; for his love of order, which had been of such service to him in his numerous occupations, did not leave him to the last moment; for even then, he was anxious to take the mixtures and medicines, for which he always asked at the precise period, which he frequently refused when present; to have all his alms and 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 of pipe to drink out of, and directed where it was to be shown; which was immediately brought to him, and he drank it without any difficulty; he was well pleased with this mode of drinking, and said jocously, "When using the glass tube, the douraniers 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 loved. The youth would often observe the frequent moving of the door disturbed him.

Once, on awaking, he said to his daughters who were present, "I always think it is morning. In the next world there will be an eternal day."

On his second daughter's presenting him with a nosegay from her pupils, all of whom he loved inexpressibly, with the words, "Dear father, the children send you these flowers," he replied in his usual cordial tone, "The dear children! They are also like the tender flowers, which voluntarily unfold themselves to the rays of the sun."

Towards six o'clock, he stated to his friendly physician all his complaints, and even began a conversation. The young doctor at once went to the gardens of the Herrnbrunnen in Baden-Baden. His eldest son from Rastadt soon afterward arrived, in order to see his venerable parent once more. He could not immediately receive him, on account of the paroxysm under which he was suffering; as soon as it was over, he called him to him, and as the former was speaking of the happy exaltation 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 saving 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 have been such good friends," he mocked, "Yes, that is it." He also said afterwards to the former, "Be steadfast 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 are well; but we are so expressly men, 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 vine," He drank, stretched out their tongues at him, and mocked him, and yet He said, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!' This was the mightiest prayer that ever was uttered."

And on this he prayed, "Father, if it be thy holy will that I should longer remain here, give me strength, and let all glory be thine only, to know all things." His daughter afterwards said, "How it grieves me to see you lie there and suffer so much!" To which he replied, "Do not always speak so; our Lord was stretched out in a very different manner."

Later, on observing us all about him, and mournful looks fixed upon him, he said, "If you still wish to see me, you will do well."

When the watch-light was brought, which he generally sent for about the time of falling asleep, he said, "I do not require it; I travel the whole night." He subsequently continued, "When a person belongs to the christian church, not only must man and wife, but all the children also, agree in our persecuted Lord, in order to be able to receive the sacrament of the Lord's body and blood."

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: '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 inscrutable peace of soul, which you cannot perceive in consequence of your day's work. With my conscience my business 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 gravity and solemnity of feeling rose to a still higher degree, and we could only pray in his presence. It was then, on feeling himself sufficiently strong, that he uttered an intercessory prayer, in which he besought God "to preserve all his children in the faith of Jesus Christ, and to keep them as branches in the vine, that he might find them after thousands of years bound together as in one bundle."

Soon after, towards four o'clock in the morning of the same day, being Ash-Wednesday, the 2nd of April, feeling that his end was approaching, and that he was going to the Father, and in the consciousness that he was sufficiently strong for a last and solemn act, he collected us all around him, inquiring, with his wonted kindness, whether we had any objection to his present intention of partaking of the sacrament with us; and after his eldest son had removed his scruples respecting it, since at that
time of the night the only clergyman of the Reformed Church (there being at that time no evangelical church-union existing), who was also a venerable old man, was sent for, and having received our heartfelt confidence and our thanks for his pious and tenderhearted action, 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 in the following effect:—

"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 forour sins."

Inwardly affected by the dignified action of the pious old man who was celebrating with his family, even on his dying-bed, the heart of the sacred supper, we partook of the consecrated food. And after he had expressed the wish that his Heidel berg 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!"

When one terminated this solemn and exalted act, as a Christian patriarch on his dyingbed, and according to pure evangelical principles,—which he would not have undertaken had there not been a necessity for it, because he honored and followed order, usage, and custom in all things—he laid himself down to sleep, and sublime peace of soul evidenced itself in the already transfigured countenance of the hero in the midst of misery, who also had 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 death arrived. Heart-rending was the sight of the venerable old man, whose 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, terrible 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, and at the plainer moments of his agitated example of patience and fortitude in this continuous mortal conflict could not but invite 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 remembrance, 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 enveloped his dignified countenance, and imparted to him strength and courage in the conflict. Then when he saw us standing mournfully around him, and perceived our sorrow for him, he said, "Have patience." Later in the forenoon, he saw one of his friends, who was a clergyman, looking in at the door, whom he greeted with a friendly look; and when the latter stepped up to his 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 see thee in thy heavenly throne,
And worship at thy glorious throne!"

he assented to them with a "Yea and Amen!"

But the solemn and mournful moment now gradually approached. The far-advanced Christian, like his Redeemer, was to drink the cup of tribulation to the very dregs, as a glorious testimony of faith to the world. And it was the middle of the holy week. He went, with his Saviour, to meet death and victory. On beholding his countenance beaming with affection and dignity, one could have exclaimed, "O Death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! But thanks be unto God, who hath given him the victory, through his Lord Jesus Christ."

He continually sought us out, one after the other, with his benign and solemn look, and once exclaimed, "Continue in prayer;" and we ceased not.

He refreshed his languishing lips a few times more with cooling drinks, until at length he said, "It is enough; no more will go down!" Several times he stammered forth supplicating expressions, when suffering from convulsive attacks, to the great Consummator, such as, "Lord, cut short the thread of life!" and "Father, receive my spirit!" and then we thought we heard him breathe his last. However, his vigorous constitution recovered itself a second time, and he prepared himself for the approaching mortal blow by stretching himself out at full length, and what he otherwise regarded as necessary:—then fixed his eyes on the picture of the infant Jesus, which hung opposite to him; and now his eyes failed, and he closed them with all the power of bodily and mental strength. We stood breathless, unable to check the tears which continued in prayer, while conviction fearfully distorted the features of the sufferer.

Once,—and a second time—it seemed as if evil spirits sought to dispose of his noble niche; but behold! the dignified traits of his sublime countenance returned to their dignity and benignity, and heavenly purity perfectly presented itself to our gazng 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 incomparable 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!}

**THE END.**
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