

vently for his friend, and then hastened to his usual post. He looked in vain for Hans, and was beginning to give him up, when he heard some one breaking through the wood on the hill, as if coming towards him. It was Hans, all pale and haggard. When he had reached him, he exclaimed, "I told you yesterday would be the bitterest Sunday in my life. It has proved so indeed. Farewell, we shall not meet again; pray for me." Fritz tried to detain him, but in vain; he rushed back into the wood, and quickly disappeared.

Years, some twelve perhaps or fifteen, have passed away: the boys of the former period have become men.

A stranger or a traveller, in those days, was a rare thing in the village of Dunkel. Yet one did arrive one fine day, and took up his quarters in the little inn there. He was a young man, with the look of a soldier, but apparently in bad health, and suffering from the effects of a wound. He never gave his name; and no one knew him except by his title of Colonel. He soon gained the esteem and love of all, by his gentle and mild behaviour; the children, who at first were afraid of his military looks, soon came round him, and became very fond of him. He asked many questions from the landlady of the house, seeming very curious about the principal families of the place, and their histories: and from the drift of his inquiries she and others concluded that he was thinking of purchasing land, and settling there, should he find it an agreeable residence. He could not go out far, from weakness, though it was evident that every day he was gaining strength. But although he daily took a short walk, when the first Sunday came, he did not leave the house. This circumstance was sure to attract notice in that place; and, consequently, on Monday morning he received a visit from Dr. Grabstimme. The Pastor was now an old man, his hair was grey, and the lines of his hard face deeply furrowed. He said he had come to remonstrate with him for the scandal he had occasioned by absence from church on the preceding day, expatiated on the grievous sin he had committed, and closed by saying, that since the day, many years ago, when a boy of the name of Hans Stein had brought down on himself the divine vengeance by similar conduct, such an event had not occurred till now in the village. The Colonel seemed hurt by the remark, but kept the most calm composure; assured the minister that he intended no disrespect, and quietly bowed him to the door.

Next Sunday came, and the Colonel kept his room. On the following morning, his landlady coldly but respectfully hinted to him, that circum-

stances beyond her control compelled her to request his removal to some other quarters. He walked forth—his favourite children flew from him like birds before the falcon. At last he caught one of them, and asked him what all this meant. He could only answer in his fright—"Dr. Grabstimme—the sabbath." "I understand it," he said to himself, "I have been denounced in church as impious and sacrilegious. There is no remedy but to leave. However, I have accomplished my sorrowful purpose."

In his indignation, he resolved to depart at once. He saw the little village of Lichten on the hill; and thinking himself able to reach it, began slowly to ascend. Often did he pause; perhaps through fatigue, perhaps to enjoy the beautiful prospect—it could not be for any other reason, for he was evidently a stranger. But notwithstanding his frequent rests; by the time he had reached the village his strength was exhausted, and two or three peasants who were going out a-field saw him tottering, and just caught him before he fell. All who were about ran to bring assistance; "He is a stranger," one said, "I will take him to my house." "No, mine is nearer," interposed another. "Hush," said a third, "don't you know that our good pastor would never forgive us, if we took him to any house but his own?" "True, true," all exclaimed, and he was borne gently in the arms of four men to the priest's residence, and laid at once upon his bed. The priest was from home, but several ran to seek him, going instinctively to the houses of the sick.

In the mean time the Colonel was somewhat revived; and soon he heard the voice of the parish priest on the stairs eagerly asking, "Where is he? is he very unwell? &c., as he hurried towards the room. At the first sound of the voice the Colonel started, and sat up. In the next moment the good priest was at his side. One glance was exchanged between them: "Fritz!" "Hans!" were their only words, and they were in each others' arms.

The history of both during the preceding years is soon told. Fritz, disconsolate for the loss of his friend, felt no more relish for the country life, or rather only hastened to propose to his father what had long been the dearest wish of his heart—to devote himself to the priesthood. His father heard him with joy and gratitude to God; and the boy was soon at college. There he continued the same innocent, amiable youth as before, pleasing to God and man, and in due course, ascended the steps of the Sanctuary, and was ordained priest. He was appointed to assist the venerable pastor of Lichten; for no one could remember any youthful prank or wildness in his youth that could interfere with his ministry. On the death of that good