

The rest of the day and the evening passed without quarrels, but very sadly. The father read his Bible as usual, the little girls knitted beside their mother, as they had done the evening before. Nothing was to be heard but a few stifled sighs or broken words. As for Charles, he was resigned, and bent his head over the Latin exercises which he was translating.

Bedtime had arrived, family prayers were over. Then the son having wished his father good-night, the father replied:

"Good-night, my son. To-morrow, at day-break, we leave for Vixia."

The child bowed silently, stifling his tears.

As soon as her husband was asleep, the mother glided to the bedside of her son, on whom she lavished her caresses, and gave him special charges in regard to his health. This was their real farewell, for the next day the stern minister hastened their departure.

As it was very cold, and the roads were covered with snow, our travelers left in a sleigh. The motion and the scenes through which they passed, and which were partly new to him, at last roused Charles from his grief. But when he found himself in the town, so dull and deserted, and, above all, when the time came to enter the dark walls of the Latin school, the poor child felt his heart fail.

His father briefly recommended him to the severity rather than to the care of the principal, who was a friend of his. Then he returned home, having, as he thought, accomplished his duty.

Charles at first felt lost and deserted, but the friendship and interest which he found in some scholars of his own age, restored his courage. He resolved to work, so that his father would be satisfied, and as long as the winter lasted he applied himself vigorously to Latin and theology. When spring came it was to him as a stormy and all-powerful breath which carried him far from the walls of the school, across the mountains and valleys, which began to be covered with growing vegetation. The air which he breathed was full of the scent of flowers and plants. He felt irresistibly drawn toward them. His beautiful dream came back to his mind. He saw in it an emblem of his destiny, and cried, in his present anguish:

"No, no! God did not create me to be a Protestant minister. It is my duty to adore him and proclaim his glory in another way."

He resisted at first the temptations of his unconquerable instincts. But one day, when the whole school was walking in the country, he separated himself from his companions, and lost himself amid the rocks, in a gorge carpeted with creeping plants and flowers. There, captivated by nature, embracing her, and caressing her as he might have caressed his mother, in the contemplation of the treasures which offered themselves to him he forgot everything else. Night surprised him while filling his pockets and bosom with the plants which he had collected. Arrested in his ardent search by the darkness, he suddenly remembered the school and its discipline. Terrified at his forgetfulness of the rule, he dared not go back and beg pardon of the principal. Night had come on. Agitated, shivering, and overcome with fatigue, he slept in a moss-covered hollow in the rocks. The next day he was found by one of the servants of the school, and was taken back like a vagabond.

The principal wrote an account of the son's exploit to the father. The latter believing him to be perverse and incor-

rigible, replied to the principal that it was evident that his son would make but a poor minister, but that, to punish him for his rebellion, he would humiliate him by making him a workman. He, therefore, sent directions that he should immediately be placed with a shoemaker as an apprentice.

Charles was of a mild and yielding disposition. He did not resist, and found at first a sort of satisfaction in the half freedom which this new and strange profession left him. Before his day of manual labor began he could wander through the country, and on Sunday he could spend the whole day there. During the evening and night he classed the plants and flowers which he had collected, and wrote treatises on each of them. But gradually this double and incessant labor of mind and body affected his health. Besides, it was a severe trial for him to spend the day with ignorant and coarse companions. He was often sharply addressed when he was silent, was reproached for pride, and sometimes they even tried hard to make him quarrel with them. This struggle with destiny in which he was engaged finally overcame him. He fell suddenly ill, and the master shoemaker, who liked him, as one of his best workmen, sent for the most skillful physician of the country.

This was a very learned man named Rothman. When he reached the bedside of poor Charles he found him in a high fever and slightly delirious. The doctor would not arouse him from his uneasy slumber, and studied in silence the symptoms of his illness. He found great excitement of the brain, and he was confirmed in his opinion by seeing on the apprentice's table his herbals and his open manuscripts. He read a few pages of the latter, then suddenly fell into a long reverie while holding the pulse of the invalid, which was very high.

Charles continued to sleep, but his slumber was painful and broken, as if he were oppressed by some nightmare. Yet he had a beautiful dream, even more glorious than the one he had before had under his father's roof, but it did not bring him the same satisfaction. This dream seemed to him a mockery of his present destiny. Sometimes one reasons in dreams. He fancied himself surrounded by four powerful men, with scepters in their hands and crowns on their heads. By their crowns, their arms, and the decorations which they wore, he recognized these men as the King of Sweden, the King of France, the King of England, and the King of Spain.* All four smiled on him, spreading treasures at his feet, and placed on his head the coronet of nobility. He, dazzled, struggled against vertigo, and it was this which caused the uneasiness of the slumber.

The good doctor, full of anxiety, followed all the phases of this troubled sleep. At last he administered a quieting draught to the sick boy, whose breathing gradually grew calmer, and at last he awoke without effort. The fever gave way, thanks to the assiduous care of the compassionate physician, who had conceived a great friendship for the poor workman. As soon as he was convalescent he lent him the works of Tournefort, one of our celebrated French naturalists, and as Charles expressed his enthusiastic admiration while speaking of him to the doctor:

"Your renown will some day surpass his," said the latter. "Oh how can you say that?" cried the child.

"I say, my young friend, that I have read your books, looked over your herbals, and that some day you will be the first naturalist in the world."

Charles looked at him sadly and doubtfully.

"Are you not laughing at me?" he said.

"I," replied the excellent Doctor Rothman, with excitement. "How can you think of that? I will take you with me, you shall finish your studies liberally at the University of Lund, and before long, I am sure, you will be a professor yourself."

The good doctor's prediction was fulfilled. A few years from that time the chair of botany in the University of Upsal echoed with the wonderful learning of the young professor Charles Linnæus.

* These four sovereigns heaped honors on Linnæus.