

But space forbids its publication here. Suffice it to say that two years after this philosophic wooer had settled at Neuhof, the courtship thus begun culminated in marriage,—an unequal match, as many of his neighbours said, she having money and personal attractions, he being notably deficient in both. For fifty years they lived together as man and wife, nor is there a hint in any of Pestalozzi's autobiographical notes which leads us to think that Madame Pestalozzi ever rued her bargain, notwithstanding the clouds that began to press closer and closer around their married life as the months lengthened into years.

"Let a man take up his cross and follow me," are the words of One, whose cross, notwithstanding the Divine strength that stayed it, was, at times, almost more than He could bear. *Take up and follow!* But what agony is there to the man who takes the cross up, bears it with all his strength of body, soul, and spirit, bows beneath its weight, and finds that for the time being there is for him no following of the good that is within him. Hemmed in on all sides by a relentless environment, he has taken up, but cannot follow. The light is on his path, he sees the way wherein he should walk, he sees far ahead the regeneration of society, which he thinks he might work out in part at least; but around him, near him, there are the human besettings that make his cross an all but unbearable weight. Such was Pestalozzi's case, as the clouds grew darker and darker around his Neuhof fireside. The farm was a failure, as many of his patiently wise friends had prophesied. The crop of madder was not the golden harvest the Zurich firm had expected, and, as is usual in the case of misfortune, rumours of various kinds began to be circulated against the poor enthusiast-farmer. He was not over-diligent. He was too much of a dreamer, full of theories, with nothing of the practical about him. He wasn't a good-for-nothing, but he was almost as bad. In fact he ought never to have taken to farming. And so, with such rumours like these, and even worse than these, buzzing around its ears, the Zurich firm at last called for better results. But Pestalozzi, with a year to think over the matter, had nothing to give but further promises; and, at last, the firm ordered an examination into the affairs of the farm. The report was adverse. If there was nothing found wrong, there was a suspicion abroad that something was