

hide themselves in the thickest foliage. Gottreich lived so blissfully in his hidden paradise, that he feared to speak of his joys except in the thanksgivings that filled up the greater part of his prayers.

In the fresh delight of life's May-morning, Gottreich could not avoid thinking that his morning-star must one day shine as his evening-star. Said he to himself: "Now is all clear and brilliant before me—the beauty and happiness of life, the splendour of the universe, the glory of the Creator, the worth and the power of the human heart, the constellations of eternal truths, the lustrous heaven of ideas: I see and feel all clearly, surely, warmly; but as after the day comes the night, so, when I lie in the fading hour of life, all those things may be overshadowed in the twilight, and hardly recognized even by the eyes of faith and love: for when we draw near to heaven, death holds the inverted telescope to the weary eye, and nothing is seen through it but a drear space, stretching far away between us and all we love. But is mere optical deception to be taken for the truth? Do not my powers, now, in their joyous unfolding, seize the truth better and surer than I can when all around seems fading to the fading eye and weary heart of old age? I know very well *that* is the truth which I see and feel *now*; let me mark it well and remember it, that the light of the morning may give a fair reflection in the eventide." So he occupied the fair May-morning in recording his glowing feelings in glowing words, under the title "Recollections of the Fairest Hours to cheer the Latest Hours of Life."

So the happy triad of love continued for awhile, till the war broke out; and its first thunders roused the heart of Gottreich from its happy dreams. Gottreich went to his exercise as a common soldier; and, whenever he had an opportunity, used his powers as a preacher to sustain his comrades. He closed his campaign not without considerable service, though without a wound. And now, as peace again brooded over the rescued country, Gottreich travelled homewards through towns and villages full of joyous festivity, rejoicing in all he saw around him, but knowing that few were so happy as himself. As he pursued his way, he delighted himself with the thought that at once he would take the burden of duties from his father's mind, and the hand of Justa, to make it light upon his own. As he drew nigh his native place, and saw the hills that rose a little beyond Heim, he could not avoid musing over his lit-

tle manual of sweet "Recollections," and devise some new glowing chapters on the reunion of friends. A gentle thunderstorm gathered over his head, and large drops fell to refresh the thirsty ground; and the well-known peasantry, as he passed by, rejoiced at once in the welcome shower and their returning friend. And now the little tower of Heim seemed to grow up out of the earth as he approached; and as he stepped down into the bosom of the vale, the parsonage greeted his view, and all its windows shone in the evening glow. At each he looked for the expectant Justa; but all was still about the house. As he entered, and found the lower rooms empty, a slight noise directed his attention to his father's chamber, and he entered softly the apartment filled with the splendour of the evening sky. There kneeled Justa by the bed of his father, who sat looking into the heavens, while his pale wasted countenance gleamed strangely in the rosy light. Gottreich fell upon the old man's bosom, who stretched towards him his withered yellow hand, and said, "You have come just in time, my son."

Justa related, in a few words, how the father had overwrought himself in attention to his duties, and had been now, for some days, half sunk in lethargy, seeming to take no more interest in all that had once been dearest to him. As she spoke, the old man heard not, but continued gazing upon the sun, setting now behind clouds of crimson and gold. Suddenly the heavens were overclouded; a dead calm lasted a few minutes; then fell a heavy shower of rain; the lightning streamed through the chamber, and the thunder rolled among the hills. It seemed that the disturbance had aroused the dying man from his stupor: "I hear," said he, "the rain again;—speak, children, for I must soon go." The heavens discharged their fullness, and all life throughout the vale seemed refreshed by the shower, as the sun broke forth again and changed the cloud-wrecks of the storm into shapes and hues of wondrous beauty. "See," said the enlivened old man, pointing to the sky,—*"see the glorious work of God!* And now, my son, tell me, for my last comfort here, something of the goodness and loveliness of the Almighty One, as you told us in your homilies in the spring." Gottreich wept as he thought that the little manual, drawn up for his own use—the Recollections of the Fairest Hours to cheer the Latest Hours of Life—must be first read at his father's death bed. When he mentioned them, the old man