

"This utterance," observed the pastor, "is also a proof that you are not yet in complete accord with your unbelief. No," he added, taking Maimon by the hand, "you will not all die ; your spirit will surely live on."

"So far as mere faith and hope are concerned, I can go a good way ; but what does that help us ?" was Maimon's reply.

"It helps us at least to peace," urged the pastor.

"I am at peace (*Ich bin ruhig*)," said the dying man, completely exhausted.

Here Tscheggey broke off the conversation, as the sufferer was evidently unable to continue it. When he rose to leave, Maimon begged him to stay, or at least to come back again soon. He came back the following morning, but found the patient unconscious. At ten o'clock on the same evening—it was the 22nd of November, 1800—this strangely tossed life had reached its haven.

"He died at peace," says the kindly clergyman, "though I do not venture to say from what source the peace was derived. When a few days afterwards I passed the castle of his noble friend, I looked up with sadness to the window of his former room, and blessed his ashes." It is to be regretted that the generous piety of the friendly minister was not universal, and that the ashes of the unfortunate doubter were only with a grudge allowed to find a decent resting-place.