

blue glasses! There below was Reality—the great, bright, cheerful, motley, uncontrolled tide of life. The daily overture was resounding—the manifold humanity and rustling of humanity, the jingling of money at the cash-desks, the endlessly complex symphony of sound. What need of spectacles and sound-conductors for the understanding of life! It needed only seeing eyes and hearing ears for joy and grief, for laughter and laments. . . Oh, no! for him who wills to do the utmost with his life, something more is needed. A good, true comrade to go with him through thick and thin—a bright young spirited companion. . .

Friedrich Müllenmeister lifted the lilies almost adoringly to his lips, and kissed them.

(1)

THE END