

tears which she had been vainly endeavouring to restrain, and answered, "Oh, Moritz! you ought to know me better. I were no Tyrolese maiden, did I withhold you from your duty. No! hard as it is to part, I would not bid you stay; go, and my prayers shall be with you."

"My own, my beautiful! I knew you would be brave." Then, clasping her in his fond embrace, and murmuring, "Ver-gisz mein nicht," he left her, never again to see her in this world.

CHAPTER V.

WEARILY passed the next few days to Gertrud and the Countess. The end of the fourth day the Count returned *alone*. Gertrud met him at the door, and a glance at his face told her all. She knew that Moritz had fallen.

"My poor child," said the Count, putting his arm round her, "you would not have it otherwise; his was a glorious end, he fell in the thickest of the fight; this is his message to you: 'Tell her, my Gertrud, my guardian angel, it is far better as it is; she must not grieve for me, the parting is not for long.'"

Gertrud shed not a single tear, she loved him far too well to wish to recall him; besides, she felt that, as he had said, the parting would not be for long. So she bent her gentle head to the storm, and bore her cross humbly and uncomplainingly, waiting for her summons to her everlasting home. It came ere long; she gradually faded away, and before the snow had melted on the mountains, she, too, slept in God's Acre on the green hill-side. She was buried beside little Conrad's grave, and on the stone at her head these words were inscribed, "Tuere remaineth a rest for the people of God."

The Count and Countess felt her loss deeply. She had been to them even more than a daughter; but they remembered that verse in the holy Scriptures, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." So they spent not their time in useless sorrow, but followed the advice of that good man, John Keble, who says,—

"Then cheerly to your work again,
With hearts new-brac'd and set,
To run, untir'd, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met."

S. G.

A BETTER LAND.

When the first pale green appeareth,
When birds a carol sing,
When the early flowers are blooming,
Close to the fairy ring,
Let us think of the better country,
Where there is eternal spring.

When the summer beams are shedding
A halo o'er the glade,
When the long bright days pass swiftly
In the cool orchard shade,
Let us think of the better country
Where the summer doth not fade.

When the autumn season cometh,
First with the waving sheaf,
And next with the solemn warning
Of the dead, falling leaf,
Let us think of the better country
Where is no autumn grief.

When the silver hoar-frost shineth,
When streams no longer flow,
When the pale white flakes are shrouding
The quiet earth below,
Let us think of the better country
Where is no winter snow.

H. S.