

At last the dearest wish of his heart was granted. He wrote at once to his parents, to inform them of his good fortune. It is easily imagined how pleased they were that such happiness and good luck should come to him, when all else had failed. Thus they felt brighter and happier and could have the future more confidently.

Christian at once entered the university, and worked so hard that in a short time he was quite distinguished among his fellow students. His benefactors could well be pleased with him, for each day covered him with new honors. At length he received his degree as doctor; then these good fathers insisted on giving him another sum of money that he might travel and visit the different hospitals and institutions of other countries, as they wished him to become a noted man. Christian was now about twenty-five years of age, of a splendid physique, and the joy and pride of the professors of the university. His virtuous conduct and goodness of heart, made him beloved by all who knew him. However, his only desire was, that he might soon be able to repay his benefactress and help his parents more. He hoped that his innocence would soon be established, and that he might be able to return to the baroness, for whom he still entertained such a great affection. After several months abroad, he went for a short time to Achen, a small village, thus named after the river flowing by it, and which is held in great repute for its baths. The scenery around being very fine, the young doctor enjoyed taking a walk in the evening, and giving himself up to the study of botany. One evening he had gone out as usual, when a fearful storm came on. The rain poured down with such force that he was obliged to seek shelter. He was just going into a house when his attention was suddenly drawn to a carriage, coming down the road, drawn by a magnificent pair of horses. From the rate at which they came, he judged that they were running away. On looking closer, he saw that there were two occupants, a lady and gentleman. The lady was screaming and wringing her hands. The gentleman at last jumped from the carriage, but fell in a dead faint on the

road. Christian then cried: "For heaven's sake, madam, stay where you are. I shall see what I can do." He then rushed in front of the horses, and caught hold of the bridle; after being dragged some distance, he succeeded in calming them a little. By this time a crowd had gathered, and it was found that the lady had fainted. They carried her to the inn, and after he had examined her, the young doctor saw that she must be bled. He was about to begin the operation, when he suddenly recognized the baroness of U——. The lance dropped from his hands, and his face became deathly pale; all those near him thought this was due to his extreme sensitiveness. Still he felt that it would be impossible for him to give her the necessary care. Another doctor, who was present, offered to replace him. Christian gladly accepted, knowing that the baroness might easily recognize him, and being in such a precarious condition, it might cause her death. He then went out, intending to return later on. Hurrying out, he went to see what had become of the young man. He found that he had been brought into a house nearby. But, supposing that this should be Albert, the one who had written those letters which had ruined his name, and were the cause of his dismissal from the baroness' service. This thought was terrible, but Christian had long ago learned to pardon his enemies, and felt nothing but pity for them. He hastily entered the house, and was shown to a room where the young man lay. He was still bleeding profusely from a wound on the side of his head. After a short examination, the doctor found that the wound on his head was not serious, and that the hemorrhage had nearly ceased. Christian had been right; this young man was Albert, who had sustained several other injuries; his arm had been broken, and worse again it was found that the muscles of his hand were badly crushed. The arm was soon set, notwithstanding Albert's irritable manner. But after a consultation with the other doctor, it was decided to amputate his hand on the following day. Albert, guessing what they were about, said that he would sooner die a thousand deaths than let them touch it.