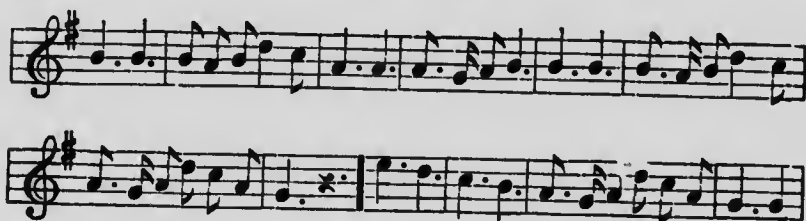


Father that he would make me worthy, — that He would bless and keep us both.

Anna and I have spent most of the day out on the hills. I have my book, but it is not my Journal that I am thinking of. There is a song in my heart, and on my lips, a song that seems to belong altogether to Ernst — “Du, du, liegst mir im Herten!”



“Thou, thou, reign’st in this bosom.
 There, there, hast thou thy throne.
 Thou, thou, know’st that I love thee.
 Am I not fondly thine own?
 Yes, yes, yes, yes!
 Am I not fondly thine own?

Then, then, e’en as I love thee,
 Say, say, wilt thou love me?
 Thoughts, thoughts, tender and true, love,
 Say wilt thou cherish for me?
 Yes, yes, yes, yes,
 Say wilt thou cherish for me?”

My head was against Anna’s knee, — when she sprang to her feet, and drew me up beside her. She pointed down the long slope to the road that