

take these grapes that have grown in our vintage," and Gretta laid them beside him and held one to his lips; he took it but told her to give the others to this comrades, as he would soon be without need of them. Herman then said, "I have brought you here to tell you I have killed your lover and to beg your forgiveness." Gretta became ghastly pale when he said this and gasped, "When, tell me quick." "Some weeks ago (he returned), I was one of those in charge of a provision convoy, and we were attacked, I fought hard, Gretta, and just as I in close combat with a Frenchman struck him to the heart, I saw that he was Jean Arlette: can you forgive me, Gretta?" A strange, amazed look, came into Gretta's face and she said, "Why Herman, what do you mean? I am very sorry for the loss of so near a friend, and am grieved for his mother's sake; but I do not understand you. Tell me what you mean. You know it is other than you say." Herman now looked amazed in his turn, and then told her, that, nearer the first of the war, Hans and he had been close comrades, and that Hans had confided to him all his trouble, and had told him how he came to enlist. Gretta listened eagerly to the tale all through, and when he ended by telling her of the interview between her and Jean that Hans had overheard, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. When she was a little calm she said, "Oh Herman, if Hans had only listened a few minutes longer, he would not have brought this trouble between us. I did say, I love you, Jean, *as a brother*, and Hans must only have heard the first part of the sentence, and not have waited longer. Oh Herman, you know I never liked Jean as I did Hans. Oh why did Hans think so of me. How long is it since you have seen Hans?" "Not for a long time, as he had been slightly wounded, and had to be left behind, but he would be well, it was thought, in a few days. He had been fighting desperately, and was always in the thickest of the battle, as if he had nothing to live for." This long conversation was too much for poor Herman, and he sank back exhausted. His comrade who had been Gretta's companion to the cottage, now sprang forward, and held a cordial to his lips. He revived again, but Gretta saw that he was sinking fast, and, leaning forward, Gretta assured him of her perfect forgiveness of whatever pain he had caused her, and asked him if he felt forgiveness from God for all his sins, and spoke to him of his Saviour's love. He answered her with a happy smile, and sank back again on his pillow,—dead. His comrade