A Novel.

TRANSLATED PROM THE GERMAN OF GOSTHE.

PART II. CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

They had finished with the arching of the ceiling. The walls they proposed to leave plain, and only to cover them over with a bright brown color. The delicate pillars and the quaintly-moulded ornaments were to be distinguished from them by a dark shade. But as in such things one thing ever leads on to another, they determined at least on having festoons of flowers and fruit, which should as it were unite together heaven and earth. Here Ottilie was in her element. The gardens provided the most perfect patterns; and although the wreaths were as rich as they could make them, it was all finished sooner than they had supposed possible.

It was still looking rough and disorderly. The scaffolding poles had been run together, the planks thrown on the top of the other; the uneven pavement was yet more disfigured by the particolored stains of the paint which had been spilt over it.

The Architect begged that the ladies would give him a week to himself, and and during that time would not enter the chapel; at the end of it, one fine evening, he came to them, and begged them both to go and see it. He did not wish to accompany them, he said, and at once took

"Whatever surprise he may have designed for us," said Charlotte, as soon as he was gone, "I cannot myself just now go down there. You can go by yourself, and tell me all about it. No doubt he has been doing something which we shall like. I will enjoy it first in your description, and afterwards it will be the more charming in the reality.

Ottilie, who knew well that in many cases Charlotte took care to avoid everything which could produce emotion, and particularly disliked to be surprised, set off down the walk by herself, and looked round involuntarily for the Architect, who, however, was nowhere to be seen, and must have concealed himself somewhere. She walked into the church, which she found open. This had been finished before; it had been cleaned up, and service had been performed it it. She went on to the chapel door; its heavy mass, all overlaid with iron, yielded easily to her touch, and she found an unexpected sight in a familiar spot.

A solemn beautiful light streamed in through the one tall window. It was filled with stained glass, gracefully put together. The entire chapel had thus re. ear." ceived a strange tone, and a peculiar genius was thrown over it. The beauty of the vaulted ceiling and the walls was set off by the elegance of the pavement. which was composed of peculiarly shaped tiles, fastened together with gypsum, and forming exquisite patterns as they lay. This and the colored glass for the windows the Architect had prepared without sufficient to have it put in its place.

Scats had been provided as well. Among the relics of the old church some finely carved chancel chairs had been discovered, which now were standing about at convenient places along the walls.

meeting her as an unfamiliar whole, delighted Ottilie. She stood still, walked up and down, looked and looked again; at last she seated herself in one of the chairs, and it seemed, as she gazed up and down, as if she was, and yet was not-as if she felt and did not feel—as if all this would vanish from before her, and she would vanish from herself; and it was on-'ly when the sun left the window, on which before it had been shining full, that she awoke to possession of herself, and hastened back to the castle.

She did not hide from herself the strange epoch at which this surprise had occurred to her. It was the evening of Edward's birthday. Very differently she had hoped to keep it. How was not exervihing to be dressed out for this festival? and the great world; scarcely had she found now all the splendor of the autumn flowers remained ungathered. Those sunflowthose asters still looked on with quiet, modest eye; and whatever of them all had been wound into wreaths had served as patterns for the decorating a spot which,

And then she had to remember the im petuous eagerness with which Edward | world. had kept her birth-day feast. She thought works flashed and hissed again before her it all before her. But she felt herself onany more to rest herself upon it.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"Lave been struck with an observation of the young architect.

. "In the case of the creative artist, as in that of the artisan, it is clear that man is least permitted to appropriate to himself what is most entirely hts own. His works forsake him as the birds forsake the nest in whic, they were hatched.

"The fate of the Architect is the strangest of al in this way. How often he ex- grow old.

pends his whole soul, his whole heart and passion, to produce buildings into which he himself may never enter. The halls of kings owe their magnificence to him; but he has no enjoyment of them in their splendor. In the temple he draws a partion line between himself and the Holy of Holies; he may never more set his foot upon the steps which he has laid down for the heart-thrilling ceremonial; as the goldsmith may only adore from afar off the monstrance whose enamel and whose jewels he has himself set together. The builder surrenders to the rich man, with the key of his palace, all pleasure and all right there, and never shares with him in the enjoyment of it. And must not art in this way, step by step, draw off from the artist, when the work, like a child who is provided for, has no more to fall back upon its father? And what a power there must be in art itself, for its own self advancing, when it has been obliged to shape itself almost solely out of what was open to all, only out of what was the property of every one, and therefore also of the artist!"

"There is a conception among old nations which is awful, and may almost seem terrible. They pictured their forcfathers to themselves sitting round on thrones, in enormous caverns, in silent converse; when a new comer entered, if he were worthy enough, they rose up and inclined their heads to welcome him. Yesterday, as I was sitting in the chape', and other carved chairs stood round like that in which I was, the thought of this came over me with a soft, pleasant feeling. Why cannot you stay sitting here? I say to myself; stay here sitting meditating with yourself long, long, long, till at last your friends come, and you rise up to them, and with a gentle inclination direct them to their places. The colored wirdow panes convert the day into a solemn twilight; and some one should set up for us an ever-burning lamp, that the night might not be utter darkness."

"We may imagine ourselves in what what situation we please, we always conceive ourselves as seeing. I believe men only dream that they may not cease to see. Some day, perhaps, the inner light will come out from within us, and we shall not any more require another.

The year dies away, the wind sweeps over the stubble, and there is nothing left to stir under its touch. But the redberries on yonder, tall tree seem as if they would remind us of brighter things; and the stroke of the thrasher's flail awaks the thought how much of nourishment and life lies buried in the sickled

CHAPTER IV.

How strangely, after all this, with the sense so vividly impressed on her of mutability and perishableness, must Ottilie have been affected by the news which could not any longer be kept concealed from her, that Edward had exposed himself to the uncertain chances of war! Untheir knowledge, and a short time was happily, none of the observations which she had occasion to make upon it escaped her. But it well for us that man can only endure a centain degree of unhappiness; what is beyond that, either annihilates him, or passes by him, and leaves him apathetic. There are situations in The parts which she knew so well now which hope and fear run together, in which they mutually destroy one another, and lose themselves in a dull indifference. If it were not so how could we bear to know of those who are most dear to us being in hourly peril, and yet go on as usual with our ordinary everyday life? It was therefore as if some good genius was caring for Ottilie, that, all at, once, this stillness, in which she seemed to be sinking from loneliness and want of occupation, was suddenly invaded by a wild army, which, while it gave her externally abundance of employment, and so took her out of herself, at the same time awoke in her the consciousness of

her own power. Charlotte's daughter, Luciana, had scarcely left the school and gone out into herself at her aunt's house in the midst of a large society, than her anxiety to ers still turned their faces to the sky; please produced its effect in really pleasing; and a young, very wealthy man, soon experienced a passionate desire to make her his own. His large property gave him a right to have the best of eveif it were not to remain a mere artist's sything for his use, and nothing seemed fancy, was only adapted as a general mau- to be wanting to him except a perfect wife, for whom, as for the rest of his good. firtune, he should be the envy of the

This incident in her family had been of the newly erected lodge, under the for some time occupying Charlotte. It roof of which they had promised them | had engaged all her attention, and taken selves so much enjoyment. The fire- up her whole correspondence, except so far as this was directed to the obtaining eyes and ears; the more lonely she was, news of Edward; so that latterly Ottilie the more keenly her imagination brought had been left more than was usual to herself. She knew, indeed, of an intended ly the more alone. She no longer leant visit from Luci sna. She had been makupon his arm, and she had no hope ever ing various changes and arrangements in the house in preparation for it; but she had no notion that it was so near. Letters, she supposed, would first have to pass, setting-the time; and then a final fixing, when the storm broke suddenly EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

over the castle and over herself, TO BE CONTINUED.

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LETTER FROM BISHOP SIMPSON

PHILADELPHIA. April 17, 1994

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