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FROM HEINE.

So sweet, so beautiful, so pure,  
That like a flower thou art.  
I glance at thee and sadness steals  
Slowly into my heart.  
I'd lay my hands upon thy head  
And pray to God that thou  
Might always stay so sweet, so pure,  
So beautiful as now.



GERMELSHAUSEN.

(From the German of Friedrich Gerstäcker.)

IN the fall of 184— a lively young fellow carrying a knapsack on his back and a staff in his hand wandered leisurely along the highway between Marisfeld and Wichtelhausen. One could see at a glance that he was not an ordinary mechanic in search of work even though he had not already perceived the neat leather portfolio which was fastened to his knapsack, betraying the fact