

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Der tiefste Traum.

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Das tiefste Trauen

Eng. Roberts. v. D. 17 H.

As a farewell.

In hot summer-days, when staying on the Northern coast of the Baltic Sea, I found in a forlorn church-yard a large simple tomb-stone that attracted my attention for there was no name on it. The church-yard was a forgotten corner of earth, it lay far from the fishers' village, the little chapel was ruined and the decaying, heavy stone-wall which protected it against the sea, was nearly buried by seaweeds and sands. Acacias and hanging willows, shrouded by the harsh wind, thick old ~~elm~~ trees and slender firs were its natural ornament and a multitude of coloured and plantless abundance of wild flowers. Under the sunken and burst tombstones the inscriptions of which were nearly all withered by time that one stone struck my eye as without date and name only showed the words: 'Innocence rather suffers than requires'. They were engraved in the language which I had spoken, when a child and which I have almost all forgotten, as my mother followed my father abroad and to Germany which has become my country.

The words I read, moved me deeply and made me restless till I knew the life of him who, as a sad confession, left them so men above his empty brow. The young people of the place knew only little of that time and the parish-registers had been transported into ^{neighbouring} ~~another~~ parishes as the little

community of fishermen had become poorer and poorer and no longer could afford a parish of their own. Till one morning, after having accompanied the fishermen on their way to the sea, I discovered on my return an old white-haired woman spreading and cleaning the brown nets in the sun. From her I learned that beneath this stone reposed a person of the place who once had come to them when still very young and guide a stranger and who had died young. She only spoke reluctantly and in a cautious way of the dead man and thus I soon felt that her own business must have been connected with his. But the more in the course of the following days I succeeded in gaining her confidence, the more affectionately she endeavoured to show me the picture of the deceased person as it dwelt in her heart, bright and solitary. And while morning after morning, the sun glittering on the sea and the voices of the seamen's wailing melancholy from the cliffs I listened to her words the human destiny of that man passed before my mind such as I have written it in this book.

Now as I am writing these words, I feel again as if I were leaning against the border of the old sailing boat which lay in the sands of the shore, as if again the briny breathing of the sea fell on me in its soft and summerly way and as if again beside me I heard the feeble voice of the

woman in whose maiden days the dead man had accomplished his destiny. No sorrow had embittered her heart and she spoke without complaining her fate, not desiring to move me, freely and sadly. Only from time to time, after hot hesitations, bright passions broke from her soul; grimacingly she lifted her old hands towards heaven and gave open vent to her tears so careless of exposing her soul as only rich and courageous people are. No, she would not give me letters, only when more and more she felt that the holy relics of her memory would live in my devotion, she gave them to me as proofs of truth and as the best things of all that had blessed her.

Without changing them I have interwoven parts of these notes in the current of this tale. Thus in this book sayings and answers may be opposed to one another which have been said in other places and in other connections, but I wanted to maintain the inner truth and not to prejudice it by changing or altering the words.

The old woman knew that I left her and her village with the intention of imparting the good of her memory to people, but she has not lived to see the book, she waited for. I wanted to dedicate it to her, now it may be offered to those who in its struggles find their own destiny, their hope and the misery of their existence.

Hertzsingen, in August 1910

Waldemar Bonsels.

When in the twilight of evening the young parson of Norby went along the sea, he heard the voice of a violin coming from the plot-house of the Gælsund. He stopped listening and while the last rays of daylight vanished on the rocks of Allany that singing voice lifted him into his dreams. First he had thought it a madder's voice but now he was well aware of listening to the sound of a violin which pure and clear and yet as from afar and quite unreal celebrated its rise over the moving sea and glorified all around with golden splendour. The parson looked to the heaving sea, moving curiously solemnly in the life of the melody and he felt as if the being of the sea wanted this music to become comprehensible to men.

Thus it had been before. He remembered that, when a child he had been walking along a riverside where horsemen passed, sounding their trumpets loud and brightly; the water of the river was rolling on, the horsemen who moved up and down with the movements of their animals, were reflected in it and sounded their glittering trumpets in the quiet sunlight. The country was of bright colours, it had been in autumn. But as to day, everything was grand, sad and beautiful and then he had felt: 'I am good and he had bent his head, because he believed life was addressing him with its peculiar voice full of promise and melancholy.'

Under the fascination of these remembrances he continued walking along the sea, whilst on this quiet evening grew more and more silent. Till the violin ceased too and with its sinking the whole world sank into a lifeless grey. Now he too saw, that it grew dark and he slowly ascended the footpath which between the huts of the fishermen led to the church of Norby and to his parish-house.

The place was quiet. From the rocks echoed the discreet voice of the sea and far above the moor the full moon rose, pale and red and sleepy as if it felt cold. Its cautious light lingered on the bent tops of the birches, they glowered in their sleep. And in the dawning and mysterious haze of the moor rose the black and pointed outlines of the ~~sanctuary~~ of the bells and the high, fine steeple of the church of Norby.

The young person turned round. The sea lay blue and dark, still the moonshine did not reach its far surface. Far, far in the grey offing trembled a light. Then suddenly from Eone's rock rushed up a red flashing sword of light, wandered for a time largely and imperiously over the nightly sea and then remained motionless turned to the open sea. In this way of light the rocks of the coast in the sea looked like reposing monsters, the dark came rapidly on and the person continued mounting towards the nightly rose colours of the moon opening like a blossom over the roof and the steeple of his new home.

Was this once more the violins from the pilot's house of the Bebrunds? Was there a sound in the world around falling asleep, were there voices singing in the moor coming to him? Now the evening bell rung and disturbed the sounding breathing of nature going to sleep. He saw the bell high in the tower rocking black and lazily and the pale, red light of the moon behind it. Six dark deep tones mingled with the brighter ringing of a second bell. High on the road he saw the figure of a young woman, turning and inclining towards the steeple of the church. She held the hand of a child following her.

It was Sunday morn. The young parson saw himself standing in the simple pulpit of the village church between bare white washed walls, decorated by no picture, the heads of his parishioners were devotedly inclined, the morning sun came thickly through the frame of the scanty windows played on the stone-pavement and on Christ's image on the altar. This was his life, thus he had desired it himself.

It was to be the calm; he felt it confidently. How wonderfully the inspirations that had caused his sudden decision had proved to be beneficent. As if grand nature in whose being he hoped to find salvation, had in a new manner taken him to her heart, no storm had fulfilled his hopes. His dreams of power and action bloomed in this calm, as under the eyes of God.

He had taken the small footpath to the moor. Now silvery and smaller the bright moon stood

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behind the birches, as dispersed by a soft breeze its light
ran through the moveable foliage of the trees and on his
path. The village lay behind a slope, the sea was heard
no longer, only the mysterious voices of the night
over the waters after the swampy heath. Here and
there, from near and from afar the pale moon
glittered in these dark mirrors. Melancholy and
tired a singing human voice watched the farness
and the night.

A helpless mourning fell on the wandering man.
Was it the languor after the day that disheartened
him at night? How different was his soul in the
morning. And yet he felt as if the ^{evening} ~~night~~ made
him pliable to lead him to the benefits of home-
like night in whose cool darkness his dreams
grew bright and brought his divided being more
cordonsly to the peace he longed for. Then he no
more yearned for the human community he had
fled from, but everything around him then ad-
hered to him lovingly the endless sky, the soft valley,
its trees and its waters, the smell of the reposing
earth and all the sounds of living darkness.

But day spoiled all the proud flight of his dreams.
They vanished before the morning and faded in the
light of the rising sun. In their place stepped high
courage for grand deeds, an unconquered and wild
power that seemed to set aflame his scattered
will. Large and open the world lay before him,
it became his and waited for him. Till night
returned and the ardour of his young power
was extinguished in its quiet breathing and became

a dream whose splendour came with pitying smile on his desire for action and work.

It was as if his being lacked of that strength which unites action and dream, thus his dream became action and his deeds rose above all the dreams of the world. Thus mankind united his deeds with their best beloved dreams...

Suddenly he heard the subdued measure of soft steps on the way before him behind the black thorn which stopped his view, lightly frightened he became aware that he was alone in the moor and, that night was far advanced. He stopped and had the steps come up to him till a maiden, with a low scream of terror, stood before him, lifting her hands to her breast and looking up to him motionless and dumb. -

The moon-shadow of a birch played on her slender face in the change of its varied light and made it strangely unreal and ^{more} tender than it might be and her fair hair too grew pale and silvery-grey in this breath of nightly glowing and misty wind. At day time her eyes might be bright and colourless they took up night in their expectations and gave it back in silent darkness. -

While they stood before one another and no one of them thought of continuing his way. As if they ought to explain to one another why they were lonely at this late hour or as if they had waited for each other.

'Who are you and where are you going so late?' finally asked the young person. Before he got an answer, he felt as if he had destroyed or lavished something which just before had been his own. Did he not know

better than all realities could tell him, from where she came and whether she went, who she was and what she was to him? Did he want the indifferent assurance, which he asked for, to know more? He looked into her face, into her eyes obedient to night, he saw her fine head with the glory of heaven about her temples and her mouth which in ~~his~~ ^{her} muteness betrayed a painful right to joy and grief of men. Why did he not let her ~~go~~ ^{go} as she had come, as an answer of nature to his restless search after his duty before the beauty of earth? 'Well'! he said almost abruptly. For he had forfeited the right of his dream.

Without bashfulness she stepped aside, to take her way, looked at him attentively and kept silent. He saw that her feet were bare and that a heavy golden chain of ancient and precious workmanship enlaced her free and tender neck almost too heavily and roughly for the fine, warm lines which it encircled. Her short dress was plain, yet not poor, her hands seemed white.

He stepped aside and let her pass silently, but on going on he no more found his thoughts, fresh and troubled they glided from him, all of a sudden all was changed a taciturn desire from strange depths of his blood destroyed his firmness and his composure, Nature about him no longer accepted him as just before. He had become a stranger awestruck and impoverished.

Then a ringing voice behind him took him into her care. A full, deep maiden voice, somewhat veiled

as if night had her share in it, full of melancholy brightness and inexpressibly soft. What he heard, was the old Norby pilot-song and from time to time he understood.

He felt as if the world was singing in her sleep. The rustling plants about him sang in their flower time bright in the moonshine till it sang, the cool air, the mysterious darkness and his longing heart. —

II.

The organ played. His forehead deeply buried in his hands, the person of Norby sat behind the altar of his church, waiting for the moment he had to mount into his pulpit. He would find the old places occupied as usual, he would as ever so in this hour too find unstranged faces, uncharitable searching eyes... Alas, it was not this. He was not in pain of what he had to tell to those....

The organ played. Somewhat dolefully and in ~~power~~ enforced earnestness. Far too powerfully for its weak forces and solemn without reason. As the complaint of a tall, lamentable child. — ... Outside shone the sun of spring. The shadows of the cherry-trees in blossom moved before the windows. The trees pressed their flower-branches close to the mouldering walls of the church, let the ivy come to them and sheltered the wild flowers.... How strangely in this hour the song of the organ captivated him, his simple hymn. ~~Force~~ recollection was attached to it, the music gained power on him, because it led his thoughts back, in these short moments of ~~living~~, while the parishioners waited for him and outside the sun of spring blessed the earth in its morning-splendour. From his fading senses rose the figures and pictures of that animated time against which he had exchanged the loneliness of this forlorn village, of fishermen.

O ye wild doves of the far off music of my youth! — The glittering deep black of a pianoforte and devotedly bent towards him the fair hair of a longing woman's face.

He saw heavy golden frames of old pictures, they rose from the musing colours of faded tapestries and searched and found themselves again the silvery glare of high looking glasses which also received in their silent clearness the picture of the young woman and his own too young and slender and shy as he had been. From without came the subdued night of the great town. - And later, much later when only the canals were still burning before the moon, she slowly turned to him, and her hands resting on the keys, looked at him. In his eyes she read the magic reflection of her play and found herself in them, her lost image in the glory of his youth's melancholy blessedness. As she did not speak at once, his feverish heart in his breast throbbed that it pained him: Did she but speak! O speak! Do not look at me thus. You do not know what your look does for all times, as you are not aware how pure my mind is. Still the slightest sign of love is all to him. You can engrave your thoughts and your wishes onto my soul as you might draw lines with coal on an embryonic white leave. Then she said softly, slowly and pensively:

'If you were not such a child, Arne, - such an eternal - - for you are lacking of the one and nobody can learn that.'

She looked past him, almost hatefully with a sadness coming only from grand exigencies which nobody can grant. A forlorn paleness lay on all her being, soft and wild more full of longing than the smell of earth in spring. But as she then turned from him - - she was wicked. - - Oh ye wild doves of my dearest music. Dreams of fainting, longing desolation

full of impetuous kindness and trembling comfort. —
 — 'For you are lacking of the one — —

The organ stopped. A sober expectation fell on him as a state draught of air and took away his dreams.

Pale and faster than custom allowed of it, he stepped into his pulpit. He lifted the plain robe above his knees when he ascended the steps, very slender and somewhat too tall he now stood quietly in the simple and almost poor hall, scarcely bent his head in prayer and ^{his lecture} began with the common salutation and bible text. He had seen that the pews overshadowed by the stalls were occupied by the proprietorsst of the neighbouring manor, who were not frequently at church. He saw the young lady's clear and provoking eyes resting upon him wide open and with curious diversion. He felt the strong, healthy face above the white spring - dress clearly present even when his looks turned off. Besides her tall and dark, sat her husband whom he had met on horse-back on the beach of Allang and whom he knew though he had not yet paid his visit to him. He had neglected this duty of his office, he felt it and understood why till now the pews had remained vacant in the short time of his ministering at Norby.

While speaking plain words which came to him easily behind which he concealed himself carelessly and which were destined to the simple folks listening to him, he suddenly felt the attention of the lady of the manor like a surveyal. As if she had come to have an old deception stated, as if she wished to show him her contempt and altogether her claims which she believed misunderstood.

He looked at her. Her eyes clear and full slighted him. He was aware that she did not best in him the clergyman, but the man, he felt as if she had penetrated his thoughts and in painful comfort and in inconsiderate yielding he ~~change~~ altered his words and their meaning.

A new consciousness of his forces rose in him, he now spoke for those eyes which he believed full of claim. From time to time beneath him a haled face was lifted amazed and void.

The urging brightness under the shells assailed him on invidious claiming. Indistinctly he felt at moments that all came from him, that his expectation roused life and that perhaps the thoughts behind that bright forehead in the dusk were indifferent to his feeling and occupied with other things. Again he looked to her. How her eyes seemed to speak to him.

How is it that you come to us? Your figure and your movements are from a world different from that of your brethren in office whom I know. How obedient you were to my concealed hint, you unfaithful attorney of eternal goods. Why did you change the glorious gold of the high mountains where your soul had her home, for the miserable money of these children in spirit sitting at your feet and whom you slight with your false love without right? Did you thus accomplish your duties towards mankind as do the feeble lacking courage in their force? I despise you. A little only, surely. How good would it be to lavish for your sake more than this lost hour allows of and which I know not how to spend in a better way. —

He suddenly continued with pain and trouble, - he was disturbed and breathed hardly under ^{the} dead words which he spoke while searching for the meaning of what he felt. -

When he had recovered his assurance, he resolved to look no more at her who troubled him. But pale and tormenting that fading light came from her to him and he felt distinctly that this stranger was nothing but the indifferent cause which gave eloquence to his own doubts and to his own guilt. All flushed together into a heaving pain full of accusations and despair. He only finished with pain his lecture which seemed to him insipid and confused, a bitter feeling of weakness followed him when he descended the wooden steps. In going back he saw the blooming trees on the window-panes and as he went through the radiant light-rays of the sunshine, he suddenly liked his weariness. Beneath the trees outside sleep the dead, he thought.

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The wild roses over the fountains of the little church-yard welcomed the wanderer in the passionate blooming of the late spring. In the village-street and between the low huts of the fishermen disappeared the dark figures of the parishioners and with them the oppressed solemnity of the hour. Silence prevailed. The ivy-clad walls of the church shadowed the church-yard as did the pensive firs, the interwoven branches of the oaks as yet scanty in their foliage and the thick lilies against the sea.

The parish, enclosed in bright green, lay on the soft slope of rocks where an *was* Norby. The steep rose chimney and forborn from low tree-tops into the golden sun-shine of the blue sky.

It was as if the blooming round about was an audible, a blessed entreaty to boundless joy. Here were the tomb-stones of those whom the sea had brought. They lay aside and the crosses looked afar to the ^{blue} ~~woody~~ plain whose wind and coolness breathed over the simple turf which covered the drowned dead. They were strangers whom nobody knew at Norby. They came along with the first storms in spring gale and the mist of brown autumn to repose in the earth which had born them. Young people and old men from all countries and empires. They had not known each other, who now slept side by side. As we will once do, thought the young priest. But the blooming round about led him back. -

Here rests Roger Niels Berlsund, pilot of Norby who died on sea in the tempest of the year of Christ 1684 before the cliffs of the village of Allang, in the accomplishment of his naval duty, faithful unto the last.

This stone with its epitaph was followed by a series of similar memorials. They all were Berlsunds who lay buried here and all of them had been pilots of Norby. 'He complained on dying that he had to pass away on the earth's ground,' was written on the last stone.

From the home and family of the Berlsunds there was a legend running through the country and it told that

their ancestors once had been pirates and that they had founded and built Norby. They were said to have come from Jutland or Norway and that long they infested the narrow till their arbitrariness was broken by the naval power of Denmark under Christian the Fifth who instituted the lightfires on the Eore-Rocks and threatened the youngest Carlsmund on his oath and by threatening him ~~to~~ be hanged as the first pilot of Norby. -

This one had been Roger Niels who accomplished faithfully his duty but did not yield his ancient right therefore. His sovereign had him put into chains, but was forced to render him his liberty as there was nobody to lead his ships safe through the stormy narrows. It was a tempestuous night when he was brought away a prisoner on the ship, but the storm ~~strengthened~~ the vessel against the coast, the vessel with the faithful servants of the prince and his young son on board. So in their terror of death they unloosened the chains of the prisoner and implored his help. Like a hero he came from the dark of the hull, shook his long, damp hair and hailed his raging sea with spiteful laughter. He did not see the little faint-hearted friends about him who had bereft him of his liberty, but his old adversary only, the sea and in his blood raged the fighting scorn and the high joy of triumph which he had inherited from his fathers. He ~~roared~~ ^{roared} his orders almighty through the howling night, he took the helm this way and that as if he were clearing along with him the whole vessel. His

wrestling body at the end of the tossing vessel looked like that of a furious wild animal. But like a light his undaunted force brought hope to the trembling people who confided in him.

And when they had reached the main and the coming morn calmed the sea, ~~without~~ without a smile and without a greeting he offered the captain his hands for the chains. He did not wish for thanks and did not know of scorn for the dejected victims. For he allowed no one a right to his lordly duty the performance of which was his own, as if it were a matter of course, that in all dangers on sea they only wanted him. Have the others do now what for the sake of their indifferent power they believed to have a right to. But all came on differently, for the son of Christian the Fifth, the successor to the throne of the Kingdom seized the hands of the old man, and deeply & tenderly on them pressed his lips upon them. The pilot was put to liberty and exercised his profession till eight years later the Ocean claimed him. He died together with four fishermen of Hovby in a misty, stormy night at the cliffs of Allens in the attempt of saving a ^{stranded} German brig. The sea gave back his corpse.

The tough fine weeds of the sandy ground moved in the light of the midday's sun, between them tiny industrious beetles searched for their prey, and the wide world in this peaceful sun was void. A white butterfly rocked in the air, rested for a while on the tremble blue bell of a field flower, flew up again and lost himself in the sky.

Far off the horizon of the sea lay in a sleepy dump haze of a forlorn pale grey, you could not recognize where sky and water were separated and the motionless white sails of the fishing boats seemed to hang in these veils unreal and lifted on high like the things of a bright dream. The cliffs of the rocky coast stared afar in deep blue out of the scornful, silvery glare of the glittering flood of the Ocean.

And so it ever had been Human faces in the middle of it, scornful in the bright day time and full of devout longing in the soft night. Young and devoted for some rapidly past springs, proud of energy and action in the summer's lasting and fires before they had become well acquainted with ^{their heritage} the golden wine in the golden goblet of life. Behind them the melancholy sweetness of recollection and before them the unforgivable glare of hope. Carried on by both, never entirely sure of ^{the} present, never steadfast in reposing, never strong by accomplishment, only happy in the child's zeal of confiding in hope and to be finally surrendered by her to remembrance

And the young person felt as if bold & joy of existence lay in the mercilessness of these multicoloured powers alone. What was the value of the instant's changeable consciousness of these glories to the deeper realities of dream? In painful impatience he searched for the relations of his soul to the mysteries which revealed to him the vague knowledge. As if at this very hour he was to ^{learn} ~~experience~~

in this moment the most important of his duties, as if the salvation of his pece depended on a last bright glance of light.

Again he looked down on the name of Olsund whithering in the green stone. 'You were right,' he said, as if speaking to the deceased. He felt as if that one had found what he had searched for during all his life. He saw the tall figure rising from the vessel, ready to spend away all his force in one single struggle, his only aim before his eyes, so sure of his rapid victory, as now of his rest.

'Let also come to me, O my God,' he said 'my storm and my victory. But place my struggle into ~~your~~ Kingdom. —

III

There is little known of that time, but it must have been on the last weeks of this spring that the pilot Erlmund of Norby died. Then the young parson had been for about half a year among these strange and lonely people of the Baltic coast. Kind Erlmund, the son of the old pilot, the last Erlmund of Norby ran through the waving night of spring up to the parsonage knocked at the door and at the green shutters of the windows where the elder was in blossom.

'My father is dying,' he cried with a loud voice.

In the garden the flowers of the fruit-trees fell still and bright upon the grass. When all was calm, when kind Erlmund listened, if still the house would not awaken, he heard the warm wind of ^{the} spring night in the crowns of the trees and in them ~~rose~~ the dreams of the slumbering earth.

'My father is dying,' he roared. The shutters shook under his fists. He was as if he had lost his senses and breathless from running. Now at length a light pushed to the little panes over the door of the house - flickered painfully, wandered and vanished and at last became ~~stead~~ and steady. The bells clanged till the old servant Ole stood in the frame of the door.

She was very frightened as it was young Erlmund himself who had screamed so -

'Young Erlmund, Master Thund' - she stammered and felt that something very bad was to come. Now

young and powerful he stood there. The entangled fair that hair ~~glowed~~ bright even in this scanty light and willfully and dartsly about his temples.

He grew calmer when he saw the terror of the servant. 'Jorgen has gone on horseback to Allang to fetch the physician,' he said, excusingly for being here himself on errand. As if there were no servants at Norby's pilot-house. The parson was to come to his dying father dreadfully tormented by the fiend in his last hours. All of a sudden. Let him bring the blood and body of our Saviour rapidly, before the last breath of his father expired. For all of them knew, that the morning would find him dead.

Now all was done fast and impatience fled from young Orsund. The sexton was roused, the brown key cried in the lock of the church-door, scarcely did the faint light send its wavering rings to the bare vault of the ceiling. But the shadows of the three men moved at the walls disfigured ~~the~~ a gigantic forms and in plump ceiling. The sexton put a cover on the calice and the little shrine of the holy wafer, the golden cross on the altar flashed as if the slender body of the dying Saviour moved. A roused bat rushed in convulsive circles about the men going away and leaving the church as an escape after a robbery. Their steps gave a hollow sound.

Now the night seemed much brighter and the stars appeared infinitely far off over the sea. The wind increased when she hastened down towards Løse. Rock the ^{dark} living sea always before this eyes, and the young

person thought: It is long, long since that all this has happened, what I live through in this night. You lonely land, you serious people, you dear night, how strangely you invade in my soul reality and dream. It is good so. — Before me that carry God's body to one, who is to leave this world, this world of day and night, of spring and winter. Here you but becoming alive a God. For him who in the morning will have died and for me who am seeking thee.

Dark and sweet a wave of fragrance came unto their way. A silent garden, ~~not~~ ^{spent it} ~~first~~ with luxurious liberality. Now it had passed away and the harsh smell of the sea again filled the world and brought along with it the first sounds of the breakers.

As they hurried on, side by side, the powerful figure of the pilot's son and beside him smaller and slender the young person, their movements distinguished them, as they must distinguish themselves by their frame of mind, their actions and their claims. The shoulder's of Britain did not bow to the wind and did not avoid it, his manner of striding seemed to mark a beaten path. He only seemed thoughtful of his term without trouble and objections. No member of his body moved without necessity and every movement seemed to take the shortest way. On his whole appearance there lay the deep earnestness coming from all powers and yet he rather appeared a tall boy beside the almost neat and yet so well experienced and consciously ruled figure of the person. A breath of goodness and melancholy lay on the person that strange something, that we so willingly design with lips and hands betrays the suffering of deep thoughts and loneliness.

which opens the heart of women like a summer eve the lap of fragrant meadows or like a song full of the passion of life the senses of the lonely.

Now the feet of the hurrying men sank into the waving sands, now they rang on the rocks, the gurgling of the flood in the cliffs rose and threatened in the darkness, at their left it heaved black and broke boiling and sparkling. A natural stone path unknown and rough led to the large and safe plateau of the rocks where the pilot's house was built. Motowilers and heavy the light house of the Corv. Rock rose at right into the dawning blue of the azurated night.

The door of the house was open, its frame enclosed the pale light of the candles which in the entrance burnt on a gigantic sooty chimney. High above it two large sea mews extended their widely spread wings moving in the flickering light as if they were alive. The empty room strangely enlarged the figures of the entering men, like dark ghosts their shadows followed them and rose to the grey walls. It was the natural ground of the rocks, the rooms were situated a little higher and two blunt broader steps of wood led up to them.

And with the exception of them who entered in silence, ~~disturb~~ the exception of the voice of the sea to whom all broken centuries since, the room was filled by the deep groaning coming from anywhere, from unknown spaces, at sharply regular intervals, over and again after long dreadfully expressing pauses which seemed filled by a secret dark flap of wings.

When Lund Arlsund took off the coat from his shoulders and when the sexton carefully and cautiously closed the heavy doors, the person thought: These large sea birds have splendid

silvery wings — when they lived, they flew — in the sun —
over the blue Ocean. . . .

The voices of the sea died away into a far off murmuring for the doors were closed now. Only the moaning was a slowly increasing, painful gasping. For the first time I am in this house which I know not, the parson thought. He thought of this pain felt in a curious strain, with stubborn zeal as if his mind dwelling on this thought banished the dreadful sounds which oppressed him.

Side by side with young Erlund he ascended the wooden steps and thought: He to whom I go, nevertheless will descend them; but when he entered the room, where the dying man lay, he strained his heart into bright courage. The broad couch of the old pilot stood in the middle of the room, the servants crouched in a corner of the chimney, the light of the candles did not seem to find its way into all the recesses of this large room, only the bed appeared brightly lighted and he saw the figure of the whitehaired old woman bending over the ill man and redressing herself slowly with helpless, searching eyes. But there behind the bed another person was standing; before distinguishing her exactly, he felt the surprising sensation to find in this figure something known of long since. How had it been, it was long ago and yet curiously timeless in constant nearness of his consciousness. He saw a slender girlish figure in a plain coarse dress which was not rich and not poor, he saw a small face of pale brown colour and above it the splendour of rich hair reflecting the light & the subdued colours of the nighty hour. And now, as he observed around the fine neck a heavy golden chain of ancient handicraft, he knew in an unaccountable terror, that a few days ago he had seen this girl in the heath at night. Yet, that was she,

he knew it certainly. With the light of her bright eyes which examined him placidly the night in the death rose before his memory. He again saw the moon in the pale black mirrors of the moor - water, the birches and the sky bespangled with stars.

'It was Lund Arleund's voice!' This is my foster - sister Naemi, from her childhood since she has been in our house, and, turning to the girl, he explained in a husky voice: 'This is our parson, I bring the parson for our father's sake.'

He spoke in an uncertain way and moved his heavy arm awkwardly, not like of common, as if it was something un wanted to talk to Naemi or of her.

The dying man groaned in his sleep. Blessfully and all of a sudden the light of the candle fell upon the calice of our Lord's Supper the cover of which had been taken off. 'He will awake'; said a faint old voice, 'God gracious give him thy peace.' And while the parson slowly prepared to offer this last comfort to the dying man, he incessantly and as in a secret anxious thought of Naemi who with her bright eyes calmly look at him. This was Naemi of whom Norby talked. Confusedly the story which he knew of her passed through his ~~round~~ excited senses in their strange fever he sometimes seemed to dream that it was not he who experienced all this but a stranger who had told him all once as a dark far off fairy tale. He remembered that the sea had brought Naemi to this lonely coast, about sixteen years since. Her ship was wrecked on the cliffs of Allang and the Norby picots saved nobody. They only found a cradle attached to the mast by a rope on the rocking fore - flap of the broken vessel, which an hour later was torn from the cliffs by a wave. Deep in the wet cushions there lay a sleeping child. -

Nothing betrayed the native country and the origin of the little girl, in the covers lay a heavy golden chain of foreign ~~treasure~~

and of great value. The cradle was curiously painted ^{in bright colours} with large eyed animals ^{a shuffling dragon} with long curled tails, shaped after birds creeping. The old pilot took the child to his house and Knud the boy found after a night passed a little sister in the large clear room where he played.

There was nothing known of the wrecked frigate. He came from Sweden and was bound to Germany.

On the following morning the sea brought on the dead. Still and pale with outstretched arms and eyes wide opened, under the glassy cover of the sea

The seabor touched his arm. The blue transparent sea, carrying away the dead, vanished and the dim light of the large pilot-room rose rapidly and voicelessly. Parson, he heard, the ill man has awakened, he has all his senses Parson -

Knud Olsen tall and upright stood beside the couch motionless. His eyes looked rigidly and curiously bewildered at the features of the parson whose pale face was singularly different from those around him. He appeared like the messenger of another world, his high office glorified the strange dignity of his appearance and no less the earnest solemnity of the hour.

Oh, I see, my father will die, was written on Knud's face. As if he was about to say: I feel in you, that you are aware of the approach of death.

A high, wild emotions glowed in the breast of the parson, a trembling which was at once joy and altogether supernatural fear. He felt, as if he were to speak powerful ly as outside the sea, as the storm and impressive as the light. And his speech was to begin: Look here, ever and ever I have been alone . . .

He felt this detached sadness came to him from Nature's nature. - He prayed. He folded the heavy hand of old Olsen

he smoothened the features of the contracted face with his trembling hands, he bent down on him and to the imperishable words of God's Son, he inclined the calice conformed to him. And when with a clear voice the sound of which did good to him, he pronounced the beatifications over the sinking eyes of the dying man, he thought:

You see all that I do, Naemi. You hear my thoughts which are too shapeless for knowledge ever to keep them. You feel the fire - waves of my beatified hope, the blue, blissful mountains of my expectation carry your look.

Lo! I call aloud and ask: Who am I? The answer is in your nature, in far off times humankind will understand it. . . . I am bereft of my senses, thought he. Where from comes all this?

. . . for mine is the Kingdom and the Power and the Bliss' he finished his prayer.

Rough voices joined in trembling. A wild sobbing came from the back-ground. He saw the men kneeling. Round alone stood with low bent head. And Naemi . . .

As by a flash of lightning he shook, when he met her eyes. For a short moment only he thus saw her face, for under his looks it suddenly changed of expression. She had looked at him, the lower part of her face advanced and her eyes wide open as if a heavenly revelation and a never known of light was upon her. Her eyes seemed directed into the infinite unknown, chilled and yet full of brightest life, ready to conceive and to accept things never heard of and yet full of defence, senselessly inflamed and without understanding and greedy altogether. And her mouth, thirsty with home-sickness.

was almost ugly, as if the burden of unspoken complaints were too heavy on her lips. Her hands were clasped on her breast. — Now he felt, as if she had said: Behold, I have ever been alone. — Only more passionate than he, more bloody, not comforted by melancholy, not subdued by the pleasure of the own self, only sad as death and rough and hopeless.

And he scarcely had an idea of what whirled in the girl's soul, how could he have so rapidly understood what his figure and his being meant for the girl and above all at this hour the dark mourning of which could but elevate his own heart, but how was it but to trouble and bewilder her? Well he saw her eyes burning with deep emotions yet he only longingly and doubtfully connected them with himself and mocked at the hope which allured him.

But Raeni had beheld his face, his figure and his gestures as in the sinking light of her earliest childhood's remembrance long lost at the rough coast of her new home as we see various glorious pictures behind a grey veil of mist. She felt as if all must have been so, when she awakened to life, when she made her first steps and laughed and cried for the first time. Thus still were the still remembered, yet never more retained melodies in the deepest wells of her blood. Such was not the coarse demeanour of ^{the} men and women among whom she now lived, severed and entirely separated from the great world far off, which she foreboded, no, this man's forehead was high and ruling and full of ideas, the gestures of his hands seemed to know of his thoughts and of his heart what guarded them. His gestures were noble and graceful, when he smiled, he wished to do so and knew why he did. Thus he also would know what rejoiced and what grieved him,

She felt, as if he had the power of opening the hearts and the force to recognize and to guide them. And in her searching entrance in the dim country of her past she suddenly believed to see white shining houses with bright terraces, gardens full of flowers and high grown woods. Artfully perforated towers rose up in this world, towers of self-willed stone which ^{in this way} yet gave entrance to the sky as if it called them, as if they rushed up to him 'My country', she sobbed, 'my native land or thou, where art thou?'

And she wept bitterly and in deep devotion without shame, wildly and longingly, for she did not understand what she saw and felt, yet she felt all so acutely as only the ineffable mystery of the blood can reveal if that despises the little world of jealous thoughts. —

Suddenly a confusion fell on the young person, as if he had wronged Keem. For he was well aware that under the devotion to her emotions there rose in him a sudden and violent passion. With it had come to him the consciousness of guilt. Perhaps that it only was the overpowering innocent complaint resounding in her weeping, but he distinctly felt that she was not only wept for the dying man.

Knut Arlbrand had walked up to his foster-sister when he heard her crying. He supported her, in holding her fast with his strong arms. Frightened as if suddenly awakening from a dream, she looked at him. Then she took hold of his arm and freed herself without repugnance but also without love. A look full of sadness and deception fell on the parson. Then she knelt at the couch and pressed her face upon the knees of the dying pilot.

And the young person dared to understand too little, he now understood this glance and the hot displeasure of confusion.

rose in him. Fool that I am, he thought, what prevented me to act freely and greatly and full of love to her thus as my heart told me to do? When shall I find the courage of my own and with it my destiny and my God? My God? he mused. Was God to find thus? did

he reveal himself here, in doubt for the right of love in the misery for good, in the devotion to another's grief? His tormented thoughts went astray, but in the ardour of his emotions he unsteadily longed for assurance, for hold. Alas, thought he, a young heart never will seek God there where old hearts believe to know him. This God whom the time and the grief of by-gone generations long since have banished into the bloodless symbols of fainting hope. To find God there, ~~where they~~ deceived and poor glorify him, a heart must be weary and long since forsaken. He who really wishes to experience and announce his God must have found him in his own blood in the full power of his youth, in the midst of his bravest hope, his most shameful defeats and in his highest joys. In deep emotion and sudden enlightenment he understood that to find God, was to find one's self, to believe in God, was to believe in one's self. But to be able of doing both required a heart rich of love and kindness. — Only they who are made choice of know of God, because he acts visibly in them, only the perfect are able to know God, because he lives in them and struggles in them for this revelation

He mused and mused and his thoughts were a painful torture full of longing ready for struggle. Did not the features of the God of salvation bear the marks of human frailty and affliction? He looked at the calice which he still held in his motionless hands.

And then he looked at Naemi earnestly and in solemn sadness, as if his salvation came from her existence. Anywhere there was a deep ~~seen~~ profound error, he felt it painfully and would have cried. He searched for the one name, for the one bright quality that closed the circles of his hopes. He thought the name was in the world itself, in all that pointed out to future, in all that was adduced to light and unreported by willfulness.

There Naemi lifted her eyes and looked at him and suddenly he knew the strange word full of mystery and creative revelation, this word full of light blooming up from man's darkness under the smile of God: Innocence.

He bent his brow as beside him Naemi bent down. He felt as if he had to thank her devotedly. Outside raged the sea. —

At the earliest break of day the parson left the parson house of Belmont. He went alone, his brow deeply bent, wearily step after step, around him the song of the Ocean who still praised the night and the coming day about his temples. Behind him, in the empty stone room the candles burnt above the silent face of the deceased, there stayed Knind and Haeun a worn-out crowd of mourners and his heart.

I leave there all that I am and have, thought he. And into theaching happiness of the certitude which enwrapped him like an ardent shine of light, plunged the dreadful images of this last dying hour, the most terrible he ever had experienced. Was this fearful, violent struggle really the walking home to a better world as he so often had called it? Well he had seen the dying struggle for life, but never he had been so distinctly aware of that which meant life and that which death wished. It again seized him like the howling of hell, it shook him with the fists of horror, unawares he hurried on running over the downs as on flight. He breathed deep and long and again and deeper till he felt a pain, he bit his lips and stroke his hot forehead with his fist as if he wished to feel in most painful certitude the consciousness of living and of existing in his earthly life. —

That ~~enormous~~ ^{enormous} power had burnt this body to the last, what young child like will to earth death had been forced to knock down here. Where had the dying man been at the end? In a corner of the chimney, his members awfully contracted, his teeth on his fists,

over his wild brown a flaking as of a frozen ear and the broken eyes opened as by miles fingers and dived into the void into which he sank down.

Now he saw Kunda's young strained figure in the desperate storm of his undaunted terror as he tried to hold the raging man, he heard Naemi's high weeping, and felt helpless, more helpless than ever in his life. Where was the force of those powers which he administered here? He shuddered. Oh God's blessing was not in his hands, his own love appeared to him so small, it was in the face of the dying man, in the raging chaos of the strangled forces of life, in the ardent anguish of all for their lives, in this wait of death and finally in the calm of the one who had achieved there was God triumphant.

Once Naemi threw herself into his arms. She clung to his breast in such impetuosity of anguish and heart ache that he stroked her hair and her cheek, her face red from weeping... and as her trembling wait would not end, he crossed her, senselessly inflamed by sympathy and mercy forehead, and her mouth and took her into his arms, as if from the beginning of the world she had been his own, his happiness and his salvation. Into the tempest of her pains he screamed words which he did not understand himself, of which he was not conscious of knowing their meaning and which after all proclaimed his whole being. Of that dreadful struggle of the breaking life against

the iron sword of death had not ended. He felt as if under these obstinate strokes slowly all the ground ^{of the room} was covering with ^{the} blood streaming from the panting breast of the dying under prayers and curses. Now the bright wailing cry of a woman's voice rang through the room. The door was opened, flying figures, dark and bent forward rushed through the blue opening which led back into life and the tempest and the bright night entered whistling. The candles died. Outside the waters hissed and thundered. The dying pilot roared: "The Sea!" then a heavy dumb sinking hushed all for long dreadful moments. Till Knud shut the door against which he rushed like against a mortar. Then a faint light in trembling hands gleamed up and they saw the dead man in a corner in the shine of the candle.

And then they looked into each others face in silence like cornered children, without self control and trembling with horror, ready to sink into each others arms and to praise life.

"Life!" he cried aloud and slapped and yielded to the wind and the rising sun and he felt as if he had called Kaemi's name. I never had the being of a young woman been inscribed in an open heart with deeper emotions as now Kaemi's name in this. He believed that all that he had experienced only was called as she was, and she had a thousand sweet and wild names and all rang together in the one only bright and infinitely sweet sound which was called life.

He felt, as if he understood all the mysteries and all the wonders of existence, the inviolable power of creation and the lightning will of eternal life. As if he understood the resurrection of the dead and the renovation of love. All was close and tangible together, all that flowered and faded was done in the same ardour of the same powerful will of the Creator, all sustained one another, made each other necessary and was united in the same deep nature. That which is necessary is that which is good, he thought. 'Death also is necessary, he said in a solemn tone and smiled in melancholy bliss and aloud he repeated: 'Death also is necessary, Naomi, look here, what comfort for joyful life!'

And he continued as if he were speaking to her; 'Look at me, Naomi, what fool I am, how quickly wounded and how rapidly cured and yet what an abyss in this faint heart. I am not like others, they all are into or good, this way or that, names may be given to them, and all of them may be discerned according to their natures, all of them are more constant in their limited gifts. But I am neither no nor yes, it is almost as if I were without beginning and without an end. My soul is like a fading sound, which has another tone on the heights than in the valleys, inconstant and obedient to every draft of light, full of impetuous powers of existence and yet feeble as a dying flame in the wind. Tell me who I am, you whom I want.'

Frightened he recollected himself. He felt like intoxicated after a draft from the over running goblet of life which death with a tyrannic smile had offered to his lips. Slowly his ardent thoughts gathered. A feeling as of shame and repentance fell suddenly upon him, now as the sun rose bright above the hill.

At Norby the death - knell was rung solemnly and heavily, but the sun was bright and glorious over the flower-shining land.

His personage appeared strangely changed to him, when he returned. But of short he had felt somewhat at home there, he tried made up with this and that and had installed himself in that light-hearted way which is that of persons who have never known the consciousness of a fixed home. But now all appeared strangeness to him and unconnected with his habits and claims. It was the dwelling of other people in which he was lodged these large dark cupboards in the vast entrance with its planks strewn with sand, this high, melancholy Dutch clock and this curiously decaying and yet agreeable smell of lime and comfort. All this made a guest of him.

At the old house - maid whom he had found here, and who directed the outer march of his life, received him somewhat earnestly, her eyes full of careworn love. She never had really understood, how a person, not of mature age and without a wife had entered here,

but soon after, when she had heard more and more with what indifference he was independent of the ways of life, she had begun to love him ~~as~~ a mother does. For it is the nature of all good-hearted women that they believe themselves wrong, when they are not convinced. So by and by she made up with his manner of living and ~~became~~ accustomed herself to defend him eagerly and with mysterious superiority against intruders. For she soon felt that his manner of being would not gain him friends at Norby and lest he might be too lonely, she opened her old heart to him.

Thoughtless he gave answers to her questions the morning. That old Erlend had died in the night. She knew ~~that~~ already; it was a great event of heavy consequences for Norby, for Rind still was young and the Erlends not only held the highest office at Norby, but moreover their influence and their power were far greater than law and custom easily allowed them to be. ~~But~~ was of tradition and no one dared oppose, the welfare of the commons depended on the favour of the Erlends. Had the person had a greater interest in the life of his parishioners, he long since would have felt the opposition which that pilot house had held on the rights and duties of his predecessors. But he had things seen as they liked. He cared for his own peace and his ambition had no share in Norby's interests.

He thought of all this soon this early morning hour, in which he wearily followed the slow pace of sunlight.

Now he was here, far from the great world, he had loved so much and which so often had seduced him, his will bent only on living for his spiritual work and the worth of his ideas. Were not great things to come from him, something new to break forth from his secret world with a glory never known of to flame up through the same-worn and sleepy minds of his fellow-men? Might the indifferent mind of mediocrity and contentedness die away in the fires of his high claims, might the fire of the divine man of Nazareth, of the lonely fighter, of the passionate victor rise in a new light from the mists of weary times: new, in his old forgotten ray in the glorious fires of Nature eternally young, freed of the slacks of stubborn greediness, which in the current of centuries Church had left on his great life's work. And in the light of his words really understood the being of Nature and the being of God became one, the will of life and the will of God became one in the never known of triumph of believing Innocence

A passionate mournfulness full of woe and forebodings fell upon him so suddenly, that he pressed his face into his hands and dropped his doleful head upon the table.

But nowhere there was kindness in the world, a bright happiness, he just had felt it in the appearance of his thoughts and now he suddenly knew what it was: a bird sang before his window in the garden. He rose and listened happily, he devoted himself to the sound of the lovely tones as if he had been waiting

for nothing but for this joy, as if now and ever it was sufficient to him.

Then silence prevailed outside in the sunshine and almost confused, he returned to the dark seriousness of his thoughts.

'So little is your worth' he blamed his heart so easily seduced.

'Or so much' he heard as an answer from within.

The dreary day passed full of restlessness. To him all this like a fairy tale; he thought. Still his soul trembled with the remembrance of the reckless years he had gone through, before coming to Norby. He often felt as if transplanted into another world and yet he was sure that here as there in the principles things his life was alike. For the circumstances of life do not alter the heart, which every where tries to build its own world, more joyfully or more sed-ly but never in another way.

But now he sometimes thought to be dreaming and saw things and saw himself in the light of that deeper, almost symbolic reality dreams sometimes have. The unimportant was more indifferent than ever, and all that was important claimed its rights imperiously. He often thought: It is the Sea. The admiral of nothing scanty; the miserable fly from it. Grand and in melancholy colours the figures of his life rose against this bright horizon. He felt as if the

the event of last night were the first real experience of his life.

All other events were far off and petty as in the changing errors of a playful past. As if he, running on his way had in sudden recollection changed his course into ^{of} considerate walking. He constantly thought of Naemi and in whimsical hatred, he followed every idea that would disfigure her image to every day life. He kept aloof from everything that might bring him back to his former life, he carelessly put aside his work and with mocking sadness of himself neglected his most urgent daily duties. Nothing was so trouble to his ardent dream. — In the daytime there came people and went again away; he had everything run on as will. He felt that he was at a new beginning of his life and that no other commencement was like it. My happiness comes unto me, he felt, and then, as if it wanted to say: my struggle is beginning. For the first time he knew as distinctly as he knew of his own life, that through Naemi's nature his way led to the native home of his soul.

Night had come. . . . Now, when thinking of meeting Naemi he trembled in the care of deceiving her. Never might happen again, what he had been to her in that strange hour of night. Then again rose his earliest self reliance in personal feeling and glorified by all the power of love which his restrained nature.

concealed in hopes never requited. Now there was the terror of the powers of his own blood. He foreboded the deathlike force of the deviation he was capable of; all that his ambition ever had ~~felt~~ beheld as his lasting life work vanished in the hot whirls of senseless blissful self sacrifice.

To not miss the power of being happy, he thought in bewilderment. Has not my youth gone and with it that thoughtlessness, which is the only original primordial source of all innocent joys? But sadly he grew aware of the independance of all this force from all timebound youth. He who is endowed with that thoughtlessness, is so from his childhood to his death. I am guilty, he thought. God alone knows how much. He the eternal will of all that is perfect, he alone can save me.

When late at night he recklessly erred in the downs, and finally took the birch-path, which through the moors led back to Norby, he saw Naemi in the middle of the way just where he had met her for the first time.

'I don't rouse me, do not awaken me!' he stammered with lips pale as in death before a grey hard power which he feared as long since as he could think, which tormented ever since his heart suffered from life, which ~~transmuted~~ ^{transmuted} him, as long as desire burnt on him. — Can ever accomplishment be more glorious than my dreams?

It became a thousand times more glorious than all his dreams, his first accomplishment of earthly love. In the light of a bewildering pale bright beazel colour his bliss came up to him. Near smell of the sea came from shining members, rising in an impressively pure murmur, glowing and cool. Softly and heavily she breathed in his arms like the deep freshness of the sea, like her innocence and her unrestrainable liberty. He was overpowered as the tempest overpowered the spring running with salty smell and melancholy over the cliffs of Norby into the cemetery. —

When from Naemi's lips without sadness and without defiance his name came to him, the name, which his mother had given him, the name which in his soul held his nature, his confidence and the native home of his soul, he stream of hot tears burst from his eyes. He knelt down in the bright night,

and wept in his blessed hands which had held this glory. She said his name, as if nature from all eternity had taken it in unsaved. It was a joyous call, all the confidence of life laughed in this tender voice full of happy hardship.

He fell asleep upon her heart in the heath of the moor, in the windy shadow of the moor, of the birches, and in the shadow of her fair hair where lay the moon light. Through his sleep rang the kindness of her voice, a low whispering, like the whispering of the plants as the sound of running waters by the way. He again understood all her words, but they had become imperishable goods intended by God's favour.

'Never leave me alone, Arne, I can no more live if you are not with me.'

Like glowing gold happiness entered his lonely blood with this childlike prayer and nobody answered: 'She will leave you.'

'Did you ever love a girl, Arne, before I came to you?' And he answered trembling with happiness at all the misery of this life long hunger of his youth: 'Never, never!'

'Wherever I look to, even if I look back to my far off childhood, always I see you,' she said. 'Now I have come to my term. My world goes no farther. Be good unto me.'

'I shall give myself, as all I have, all I am, without reserve even to the last,' he answered, 'I shall think of nothing but of you, I shall spoil no sparkle of my force that might be of value to the fire of my love.'

Then he saw a high dark shadow bent over himself and over Kæmi. It rose from the stems of the trees

and grew brighter than they. He knew that it was death and he smiled. But Death looked at him steadily and earnestly and his smiles died and vanished in fear till his features had become earnest, as the features over him.

'Well?' He heard from the dark heights, as if he was placed before a decision. Great.

He wished to point at Keemi, as on a victorious answer, but she had gone.

He rose wildly and cried her name.

'You had fallen asleep,' she said smiling, 'it grows cool, we must go...'

How anxious the sound of his voice could be, yet it painfully brought him back to reality.

'Hey!' he cried and stumbled when he saw her rising. 'Hey! It is so long since I slept no more, just think two nights since, therefore I fell asleep.' The reality and truth of what had happened to him overpowered him.

She gave him back the certitude of his happiness. It grew day, when they parted.

'You weep. — o you weep.' she cried on taking leave. Her clear eyes received him as they received the light of the dawning day, as if the soul commanding these eyes had enough of its own light, as if in giving all, it remained aloof. A strange mixture of astonishment and happiness and joyous greet answered the bitter tears against which he scornfully struggled.

Something wild, like sudden enmity burst forth from him and rushed against her power. He controlled himself hardly. 'Go now' he wanted to say, then he saw her mouth and begged:

'Do come soon!'

A victorious joy flashed up in her eyes. She smiled, nodded to him in silence and hurried away over the downs, without looking back.

All that Norby's hills and the country possessed of flowers seemed brought to the churchyard on this day. Dying, violet clouds of the last blue breathed their cool derry smell afar on the tombs. The jessamine shone, golden stars with white shine, wild roses from the slope of the corn-fields, already humbled by the sun and the first roses of the gardeners. An enormous hill of flowers rose before the open tomb and on the coffin of the old pilot of the *Offspring*.

From the height of the church-yard Arne saw to the left the brown and green wilderness and to the right the blue ocean. Tenuous and calm the sky spread above them. He felt as if standing between both all alone in the first spring of his life in a wave of flowers.

But around him the Norby people grouped in uninterrupted community in the pride of their best accoutrement. The men in old fashioned tail-coats with coloured and embroidered waistcoats and the women and girls under the heavy burden of their costly amber jewels. There were the fishermen of Ulag and the pilots and the youths of the parish parted after their rank and their handicraft, all ranged in narrow groups, the obstinate fair heads devotedly bent and the rough hands joined.

And before them, high against the void sky, black and slender in his simple gown Arne the new parson of Norby, so whose words they for the first time listened

in union and worship. Yet in his words he neither praised God's Almightiness as they were wonted to, nor did he comfort the mourners, nor did he speak of the virtues of the life-work and the good actions of the deceased, but he spoke of ~~the~~ glory of existing in the middle of the bright splendours of life.

He never yet had spoken thus. His words seemed more powerful than he himself, for his face was very pale, his feeble breast breathed heavily and unrested, fire burnt in his eyes, there burnt bliss and fear and the sacred zeal of the ever-doubting who nevertheless are glowing in the service of truth.

Did he not speak thus?

— for truth and the discernable timely reality hardly ever have commonship. Who will tell what truth is? And how certain it is, that even the most humble can feel it, when his heart is taken in by its light.

They no more understood him. Yet they were deeply moved so they saw his emotion.

— alas, they who in the world are easily praised happy are they who with light heart become giddy, but only the wicked envy them. Only the innocent can really rejoice, as they are alone able to suffer really...

Close to the tomb, behind the flowers stood Nacmi and Kunda Perslund. Kunda stood upright, his forehead raised and steadily looked at the face of the person. He look proud and bold as he stood there, his mighty figure towering above the others and on him the dignity of the young heir who now was to hold the rights of the dead father. Nacmi almost looked small beside him.

but more conscious of herself, more fine and clever. If from her you looked back to young Gerlsmaund, he suddenly appeared like a ~~gaily~~, stubborn boy.

When for a short moment the looks of the person rapidly passed over them, he saw that Keemi lay gently and as in thoughtful care lent her shoulder against the arm of her foster brother. He breathed deeply, broke off his speech and finished with the mournful words: Give him his rest in your earth, that is in flower by your love a God. By your love that comes to us in varied ways after our value. Who has really suffered love, has suffered God's will to the eternity of life. and is saved. He shall live, though he die.

He searched Naemi's eyes. She looked down, but now she stood free upright and no more lent on Keemi. His look, coming from her, slightly met young Gerlsmaund's eyes. It was almost pity what he read there, astonishment and a faint fine smile of that embarrassment the strong one who would not wound with his force, may sometimes feel. — So Arne began slowly to recite Our Lord's Prayer and all prayed with him. The many voices filled the air, a dull and appeased entreaty. After the Amen a clear and mournful song from children voices rose and the warm wind of the sea carried it over the tombs to the blessed land.

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She came from the ⁺drizzling bushes, with naked feet over the damp grass like a wonder of the night, the smell of the garden in her fair hair, the light of Heaven in her eyes and the warm dew upon her lips. As if nature and all her love came to him.

It is not I who experience this, he thought, ² offers, and sometimes it was happiness enough to him that such glory was possible on earth and it therefore appeared to him of no consequence that all this happened to him. At first he

thoughtlessly yielded to his happiness, as children devote themselves to a joy without reminding the threatening night or the coming day. He received no bliss from her hand that he did not repay abundantly with his blood.

He scarcely noticed any more what occurred around him or what remained undone, like a bird whom the tempest drifts over the sea and who in wild, blissful gliding does not see the shores vanishing and the day sinking.

Then came the first night in which Raemi stayed afar and he awoke in the world of his bewildered thoughts.

A leaden, painful weariness urged him to return. With a sad smile he saw on his resting table the leaves of his troublesome work, under withered flowers and a coloured kerchief which Raemi had forgotten. He carefully ranged aside the coloured trifles, inclined his pale face on the shining lines, till he shut his eyes and saw Raemi before him. How she knelt and lay, how she opened her arms and embraced him, how she and the pale lamp of her young members.

A fine, hard pain in his chest made him rush up. He pressed his hand on his heart, smiled painfully his heavy smile and inhaled deeply the night-air coming through the open window. Did not the bushes ring? It was the wind. An owl shrieked in the orchard, all was lulled in deepest darkness. Little nocturnal butterfly-flies hurt their quivering wings at the glass of the lamp and from the hall came slowly, slowly the monotonous time-deepening of the clock.

When he shut his eyes and rested his forehead, he heard Raemi's voice, as if she were speaking beside him. — How rarely she spoke. Always short words only and always she hit his very heart. Oh what was her sweet awful sentence it awoke rather than anything else his immeasurable devotion.

It was a sweet, craving accusation and so appease it he did not mind his very best.

When he thought of her and of his love, his senses grew bewildered in ~~gawking~~ ^{gawking} torture. He felt as when a boy he had hope to recognize the sun in looking at him. Then all is over and gone, he thought, then I shall know how much it has been. But this idea was equivalent to the rides of death and nothing reconciled with its dreadful threatening. Behind it yawned ^{the} eternal void.

And yet he felt as if he owed a secret and new splendour in the realm of his experience to the passions and all the bewilderment of his roused senses. He felt himself sinking and the world appeared to him confused and dark, but Heaven became brighter. My blood shed shines, he thought and thrilled, but impatience and weakness intermingled with a far off ^{of death} ~~desire~~, robbed him of his courage.

Where was the bright happiness of his thoughts on the encircling power of an eternal love, which was God? He held in his fist the scanty little parcel of withered leaves which once had been his world.

'Not I shall fulfill this work!' he said with quivering lips. 'The best suffered life, enjoyed it in contemplation and belief and gave it back to God. No one will accomplish this work as my longing has seen it. For no one can be led to God, to sufficiency, to perfection, who does not bear God in his own blood. And how should such a one need the guidance of a man? Did the march of the clouds, the places of the sea, the jubilation of the thoughtless or the dropping down of the dying need it? No,' he sobbed. 'Cruelly, our experience is but idle piece-work.' - He paused. His soul listened as to a far singing light: Was he not to give comfort, comfort to the endless tears of them who were mourning in the darkness of earth? - Was as I suffer really, I know, which is the term.

He buried his face in his hands. 'God only, the constant, creative love God alone can comfort and the divine among men, who create lasting beauty. Is there the poor experience may serve, but this sense must be the higher

power of forming. All else is but idleness.

Again deep night had come. They never were together, when the sun was shining. Naemi found Arne sad and so pale that she was frightened. But she did not ask him why her love embraced him more tenderly, as she felt better that he suffered an unknown grief which she was not so share. In her assured consciousness of being loved, she foreboded that the sorrow which afflicted him did not come from her and could not be comforted by her and that time was to decide whether he could confide in her. She often felt as if she loved him the more passionately on account of his pain, as if it were an assurance of her happiness, as often young love reads its confidence in the signs of grief rather than in those of joy.

With a smile and hoping to change his thoughts she asked him:

Do tell me how it was that you became a person? You are not made for this office?

Alas! he answered, at this time I was forced to do so. Alas I willingly drifted on this safe way, if gave me certainty that I should quickly find my ownself. It may have been wrong.

He dropped the easy tone, took Naemi's hand and said earnestly with an altered expression:

It may seem despicable to the God of many people that a man with a heart as mine, serves the Church. And yet He paused and dropped his idea. How can I tell you, Naemi, will my thoughts reach you, does not your love feel more than I could say? Oh do not believe me unhappy, because I appear sad. I have been more blessed by you than any other man ever can be, and yet I am more sad than all the men I know! Take also my passionate anguish when I recognize how foolish I am to disclose thus my soul before you. It must stand before you as strong and as free as it is, though

I know well, that your senses call force and weakness with other names than those my heart believes: Behold! It is not the happiness of my life to be loved, as it is the joy of others that are strong among the people, my bliss is to love. It is the purity and my heavenly treasure, the renaissance of my earthly poverty to divine certitude and my lonely right to nature. — Oh accept me, such as I am, Kaemi! A man only can raise such words when addressing himself to the light shining in your blood. — Alas, in the deepest sufficiency of my devotion the bitter taste of death is on my lips, my words that over come it call it altogether. For I have nothing accomplishing your glorious hope, and that which might be my peace, would be your anguish. For I who require all, do not claim enough of you, and your blind manhood never will forgive this to my longing.

He became silent and his face was overtired and full of deep mournfulness. He did not look at Kaemi but far above the dark earth on which he was a man. But Kaemi looks at him with large eyes and thrilling heart. It was as though now she no longer dared to kiss his mouth and yet her blood urged her to him more foolishly and in a way quite forlorn.

And so she took his face into her hands, and pressed them on his brow as if to smooth the pain there. 'What a man you are, Arne! I searched you already when I was alone as a child, when I suffer by the people who were older and wiser than I. Their kindness made me obstinate and the ardour of their love was a shame to me. I passed by them, as by an abyss and on walking on further, I felt the more certainly that once I should sink down. Then I called for you. — Keep me, Oh, keep me, !'

He took her hands and covered his face with them. She violently freed herself and searched his eyes.

'Do say, yes, Arne. — do!' 'With all my might — I should like to do so,' he answered. In longing and pain her looks searched in his features. 'Arne, since I know you, all has become different. I felt so, when I met you for the first time, and I knew, when I saw you again,

them, when my father has died. There is none like you! I feel as if you only could see the soul, and its rays are your rays. All that among us people of every day life seems great and important sinks away when I feel your eyes resting on my troubles. Your words find my heart, as if you held it in your hands watching on its joys. You have made me pure and glad. It is, as if you had taken away all that formerly was my comfort and my hold among others. I can exist no longer without you, and when you leave me alone, I no longer love my life.

Then he burst forth passionately:
 'Do you teach me, what I am to be? Do not speak, do not speak! All my craving becomes true by your words, my hope becomes accomplished by your belief. You bless me and you torture me altogether. Haini, it ~~was~~ ^{is} my dream that once I should mean to mankind what I have become to you. And now you have come and have taken all into your hands. Do understand me! Ah do understand me. They who render others happy, are not allowed to be happy themselves, they must not lose themselves in one only love. And I am able to do it, is my death.'

Perplexed in deep emotion she stared at him without understanding.

'Still you are young, Arne,' she said helplessly, as if she tried to show him his future as a salvation. But suddenly she repented of her words, when she saw his face and in her terror and in her sudden sadness he read the answer which he owed her.

'I never was. I lack the creative power of blood and soul, which enjoys its ^{from all devotion} return in victorious thoughtlessness, to whom all earthly losses mean eternal gain, and who is able to comfort.' —

Weeks had passed away.

His head sunk back, his eyes wide ^{open} and empty, Arne lay on his couch and stared in the nocturnal light of his room. Ræmus slept on his breast, her fair hair on his tired arm, who held her. He heard the faint throbbing of his heart and her deep breathing, which appeared to him soft as the march of the star-light in the windows.

None of his thoughts gained form any more. It was but the enchantment of a pale sadness that kept him awake. Long since he scarcely slept as long as Ræmus reposed at his side. Slowly, slowly the hours of the night passed away. In constant wavering between blissful melancholy, burning greed and impotent scorn. Often his members were convulsed in anger, he would have closed them about the fine brown throat of the girl by whom his first happiness had become his rapid ruin. Then his thoughts rushed with him through the nocturnal heat, over the downland on to the sea. Again and again.

In the terrible coolness of the sleeping earth he felt his forces revive, he believed to recognize his tasks which slept in him unknown of, he struggled with God for his manly rights, for his share in the work of humanity and human accomplishment. But ever his claims outpassed his power. And ever and again all the home return of his despotic soul was carried away in the lovely paleness of the girl's body in his arms to the deep currents of his blood.

Had he but been able to talk to her once, but his mouth remained close as hers was now in her sleep. And how might she have saved him? And which certitude did give him a right to trouble once more this ~~slippery~~ ^{slippery} and ~~his~~ ^{his} happiness, hers and his. Which was the task known to him that claimed him? None. And he felt that never he would be able to unite his love and his work. For a light instant the wings of his hope glided over the calm picture of a joyous existence. He saw himself side by side with Ræmus leading a humble life full of serious work and tranquilized happiness. He beheld himself honoured in his office, Ræmus with him as his wife. The house steady and well built,

the garden full of flowers, his work prosperous. In a reeling spitefulness against himself the fine picture vanished. Never would he learn to content himself, never would he taste a bit of everything and learn remuneration of the highest.

'That is for you,' he said with hard lips and saw the people he knew passing by. 'Not for me. For my wishes are greed, my searching is convulsions, my ambition is fire, my blood a raging torrent. But sometime all the outrageous liveliness in me will gain powerful form, a figure in the features of which God's eternal being will be shining!'

And breathless he looked after the certitude of that power that closed the ring of the furious ocean of flames in his senses and thoughts and which meant creative power.

'I seek you, my God,' he said aloud into the dawning room quiet as death.

Unaltered the stars looked through the window panes. The tempest raged through the night. He felt as if the large earth whirled blindfold through the universe, as if there sprang out the sleeping girl on his hearth and he himself.

He carefully lifted the light coverlet and looked at Naemi's sleeping body. 'That is God's face,' he gently said in a foreboding foolishness.

Outside the storm raged louder. He heard the sea. Over awake and roused by the voices of revolted nature he rose and went up to the window. He was frightened by the uproar of the trees. The Ocean shone in the slary light of the white raging mountains. The hard heartened light-eye of the light-house of the Torre-Rock wondered along the heaving ocean, untouched by the life of the sea.

Then, in the middle of his dreamlike drunkenness howled the wind, metallic and hollow through the night up to him. The signal horn of the pistole-station. And now again and again. In uproar and violence these calls dull rushed over the country. A ship in danger.

Before his foolish terror was gone, he heard Naemi rising.

'Strike a light', she said in a clear and roused, almost joyous voice. 'Don't you hear the horn? I shall go down. O the tempest, the tempest; do you hear? They must go out, Kundry and the others.'

She murmured.

'Give me my dressing', she said and softly: 'You come along with me?'

He leant against the cross of the window and looked at her. Her happy haste bewildered him. His pale head looked over tired and the uncertain outlines in the faint light of the blue night shone in mournfully inclined. The shadows of his dark rich hair fell on his slender cheeks. She suddenly, in a rush flood of devoted tenderness thought that all that was grand, that could move her heart, that ever happened in the world only existed for his sake. The tempest hurried and sang for him, the Ocean roared to praise him, the hoarse soul of the horn howled, because he was there, because he lived and suffered. And she herself was there but for him as all in which she seemed united. Yes, she felt, that he suffered. But now she grew conscious that he had been awoken and had not slept as she had done. Then she sprang from her couch, pressed her chin against his knees and looked up to him with large eyes wide open.

'Why are you sad? Do you wish me to stay? I do all you want.'

With a thrilling sob he raised her, lifted her and threw her violently upon the open couch and her hair like a fair flame shone in the night and he moaned the torture of his distracted dreams and the greed of his blood into her mouth. Like a white fire it rose from the surf of his ruined body.

'I must give, give all, all', quivered his mouth, 'the last drop of my blood, the last light of my hope. I am born but for giving with end and God did not give me the power of forming my gifts for eternity. So I shall await before

his face my good unblest. Take, take all. Make up for me what God has become of guilt, Love me! Linnless, more than all women an earth ever have loved.

It was as though his raging blood stifled his voice. She heard his teeth. Her body reeled under the fires of his blood. For a moment, overcome by terror and anguish of death she had lifted her hands to him. But now her flagellated body accepted his like a rolling flood the body of a drowning man. Now she was stronger than he. He wildly moaned in her embrace that so entirely took possession of him, that his voice thrilled in the dancing, burning sparks. He felt her every where, cool and damp, now hot and soft and overpowering of tenderness.

'God', he breathed, 'I was like you. I overcame your brass-like hesitation.'

He sank down beside her, faint to death. She knelt before him breathing hard, a flickering wild terror of herself in her eyes wide open, their looks as full of death like hatred on his throbbing body. Pale lights, as roused forebodings of death passed over his more than slender body shining in the dawning light in air of wide devotion.

And from outside the dull and urging voices of the raging air came in, shaking the crowns of the trees in the garden. And interrupted and raised the howling calls of the horn of Corrie's Rock awakening the village.

Naemi sprang to her feet. 'I will go down, my beloved. Let me go. I always was there when they must go out. Kind will search after me, for he takes leave of me before going.'

She seemed ashamed of her wish. Her hands fell upon him, hard and cold. He painfully rose, as in the last force after a death like fall. How could she so soon think of other things, obey so new experiences, new duties? O she was quite different from him.

'Outside on the sea, they are dying,' said Kaemi. For a moment silence prevailed as if with wide open eyes, she ~~was~~ listening into the voidness.

Then he heard her move, her hard garments rustling. Now he heard her steps in shoes, steady and distinct.

She bent over him . . .

'Do understand my going!' . . . She searched her words. He sprang to his feet and seized his belongings.

'I come with you, wait.'

'We must not come together.'

'We may. They will believe that you had called me.'

She nodded and helped him so impatiently that he felt lonely and forgotten.

And thus he continued the thoughts he had begun: 'And no one will have time to pay attention to others, and when your brother missed you, so much the better, you have a pretext.'

She nodded, as if to appease him, as if she was feeling that his mind was far away from his words.

'May I kindle a light?' she asked.

'There are the candles.'

She lighted one, put it before the looking glass and in earnestness and right devotion began dressing her hair. She turned round with a smile.

'You must give me a neck kerchief,' she said.

He saw her face and her free eyes before him turned towards him and her face turned off in the looking glass. Hard and bright illumined here, soft and melancholy and lost there. Here and there in the faint, glowing wreath of imperious fairness. He looked fixedly at her and kept silent. Suddenly he pressed both his hands against his chest with an entreating gesture and a glory of overpowering, free truthfulness in his face:

'I have lived on this earth!' he cried. 'I know it, because I love you! Is that not much, say, is that not infinitely much?'

'It is,' she said almost soothingly and then anxiously:

'How very pale you are.'

He smiled returning home to himself.

"My face praises you," he answered profusively, ready to spend his very last. And while seeking for words to be kind to her, he felt his heart throbbing more heavily and in threatening, now entirely exhausted and his temples grew cold and moist and his breath paused. "I shall die soon," he thought in deep bliss and without sadness.

Naemi was standing before him, ready, encouraging and in the bloom of freshness and strength. Her eyes beamed.

"May I take this?" she asked, holding a kerchief. "I must or else the storm will kill me."

He looked up slightly. It was the embroidered embroidery of an old stole of dark colours, interwoven with steady old gold. For a moment the battlements of Arizona rose before his mind in the brilliant fire of the southern sun, the solemn light of the cathedral — the organ....

"Do, take it!" he cried hastily and bewildered by the zeal of his love, he covered her moist hair with the dark fold, from whither the glory of the organ — glory of the crucified Saviour greeted him in the glowing light of the high church — windows.

Blue and light the agitated night received them. They hurried ^{to the shore} on, deeply bent, struggling against the wind. Heavy, clapping steps running came up with them. A foster man passed by them without minding them. The large hat and the coarse sar-coat strangely disfigured him for his hard duty. — Now they overlooked the downs and the sea. Cold and bright with scornful whistling the wind rustled upon them, the thunder of the breakers overwhelmed all other sounds. Dark figures, coarse and hasty, passed to and fro on the shore, every thing seemed confused and aimless as evoked by the hoarse howling of the signal horn. Groups of women were standing somewhat aside, figures passing against each other, now an erring arm was lifted, now a deaf call, like a dull rail and loosened kerchiefs like vanes, sleep and erect, pointed into the country.

"There! there!" cried Naemi with a clear voice.

He followed her flying hand. — Dark and heavy the ship ^{was} hanging in the black far away cliffs which in the heavy darkness now appeared large and now quite small. Rocking and fixed together, horribly helpless and pushed in the bras like something dying in agony. And a last, high mass, bereft of its sails and rigging like a large match hand measured the far and bright horizon.

Near him on the shore he saw the anxious people ready to help. Lights rose and faded away in their aimless pining to and fro. Deepened shouts came up to them. Now the wild, wailing cry of a woman, a wail so pressing and pathetic as if a desperate heart struggled for its last good. The doors of the boat-shed were thrown against the wooden walls with a wild clash.

'They will not let the men go out,' said Neemi in a feverish voice. 'Old Hansen is married but, these three days since, it was Margaret who shrieked, I know her by her straight shoulders. I do look at the Allenby people, six eight of them they have come all!'

The parson pressed Neemi hard to him.

'God gracious,' he said with cold lips, 'how are they to help those on the sea?'

'O it will be done,' said Neemi in strangely excited expectation.

Now the light burst from the wide open doors of the pilot-house. Rash and large steady steps marched through the downs to the boat-house. And now those marching heard a voice that was a match for the storm and the breakers. And now the undesigned, anxious erring of the hasty people ceased. The figures seemed to rise higher erect. Now they grouped together, now the heavy boat flew out of the shed, it turned its high bow clearly against the white surf. Long oars cut the air and ranged themselves, cables strengthened. The groups of the women passed aside, shy and yielding.

'That is Knud Carlsina,' Neemi said with a dark voice.

The person looked at the mighty figure and felt that burst forth from it. He felt it with a secret terror of admiration, better with the doubts against his own strength. And suddenly he said, almost abruptly:

'He has but his force.'

Naemi slowly turned and looked up to him. Beneath the stiff name of her kerchief her looks glowed brightly, the deep-set sore the words from her lips, yet the person understood them well:

'What may a man possess more than his strength?'

'I do not mean it thus,' he answered hastily in the tone of one who talks easily. 'Yet the force of a man is not solely in his members.'

Naemi's eyes remained bright and steady, but her hand gesticulated in a childlike way. Her brow thrown back, her eyes in his, she pointed to the sea:

'From you speak? Does he row? Did you never see his eyes? Do you not know that the arms of all the other men become like iron, when his eyes want it?'

She turned off and had her ardent looks rocked by the heaving buildings of the sea. But even the glance of the dark night not have terrified him more than her words. Like burning iron they fell on the weary song of his soul. He flew into a passion so ardent and so wild that all his body shivered and he felt the formlessness of his members like a pain. 'All is ended for me, all is gone,' he moaned in himself, but then he suddenly roused him self as if to save the light of his lonely world.

'Naemi,' he said, perhaps you are right, yet do not think what is the worth of this power raised only for unimportant things. It dies away with its insignificant rise perhaps now already the sea takes it away and there will be no trace of it neither in time, nor in eternity. To be powerful is only to transform the things of time into eternity; to be powerful means to experience, to be powerful is to form.

At the beginning, Naemi had for a moment turned to him in astonishment, as if inquiring: 'Do you mean

He rose and saw the stars. His weary face was convulsed by grief, by that allmighty fervour of sorrow for the healing of which God's love gave scars to humanity. Yet he could not weep. He felt as if the brilliant spangles fell from the downcast wings of the high figures of his many coloured dreams; one only bitter thought stayed unto them.

Not I understand your glory, you eternal faces of men who through the time of earth watch on our race. I understand the light of your loneliness. The bliss of high remuneration shines from your brows, God's voice blesses your austere mouths, eternity beams on your strong hands who found no comfort for themselves and could only take in order to give. Beloved or unbeloved you passed your poor time of men, unseduced by love. How do I hate my tender dreams and my blood so easily seduced, when I behold the shine of your faces. You did not dream; the perfect are right awake. Your power adorned the heaven of our hopes with inexorable comfort. You live! I shall die. Without deeds and glory!

The storm continued. Early at the break of day the parson awoke after a short sleep without refreshment, as the comfortless sleep it who fear the morning even in the arms of sleep and whom hope no more can cure. Yet he felt as if night had softened something, as if she had reconciled him to that which was most bitter. It was it this tempestuous morning that brought him new strength? He rose and with ~~wide~~ open eyes looked fixedly into the dawning day. Did I lose something? he asked by himself. Was not all to become good again, was it not to be done with one happy grasp, a foolish belief and he was not bereft of his possession? Oh no, certainly this was not his case, he ~~did~~ not feel the pain of a loss in this constant and affectionate work of day and night, of summer and ^{spring}, of youth and old age. He felt confidently that no special loss bowed him down it was but the certitude that directed his hope that he could loose at all. He looked out, in bewilderment into the silent sovereignty of the light and in that shy ~~radiance~~ ^{radiance} which elevates our soul over awake and scarcely conscious of herself in the early morning and which may bestow on her for a short time the bright splendour of her first innocence.

When he had dressed and when the kindness of the cool air for a while made him forget the weariness of his body, the sun rose. Her quiet gold ran into the rustling tops of the trees, it seemed to glide sparkling into the bushes, it lay in calm spots of the steeple of the church and the old sun-dial glittered under the flood of light coming from a land.

He felt urged on to go out. But he was occupied in the hall. With a shy glance she looked up to him from the large cupboard before which she knelt, yet she dared not say more than her usual good morning. Was that which happened to her young master not the will of God. She thought that he was running away from ^{the} life, which she had gone through patiently in long sixty years.

O this lonely, dreary Korby was not glad for his young blood. For here it was not the country which ruled with large blessings, but the great sea with her harsh soul and she exhaled it, as she had been given her by God. And only the children and the powerful among men suffer the breath of eternity. The earth is ruled by the comforting sign of change and time, life is easy upon it, and death is full of hope there. But the sea is inexorable and dire and her comfort has no power on the neck.

Almost painfully the person wanted to know which had been the end of the struggle between man and the sea. But he could not stay on the downs in the storm. The shore was lonely, the surf of the sea framed up and down between the rocks of the coast, green and white. The beached schooner was rocking in the far off cliffs - bare and forlorn, still the last mast measured the heaving horizon like a large watch hand. How void and sore was all this in the day light. The cliffs sent grey shadows into the heaving flood, but all that was dire had passed away with the night.

The large Korby life-boat lay in the sands before the boat-house. So they had returned, Lund, Bulsins and the others. Had he feared or hoped otherwise? Silent and stubborn the pilot-house stood on its stone-ground. The parson addressed a fisherman, who in southwester and far-coat went from the village to the downs. The old man stopped without approaching.

'Mackensen did not come back,' he answered in a dull and unkind tone to the parson's inquiry.

'Is he dead?'

The fisherman looked at him almost pitiously. He did not understand that it had not been a question and so the words appeared to him foolish and spoken by one, who knew nothing of their matters.

Mackensen was a young Allan-ship-builder and steepleman, he knew him well by sight.

'And who has been saved?'

'All,' replied the old man laconically. That was to be said more!

Yet when the parson made further inquiry, he added morose-ly:

'Berlsund has fastened himself to the rope and fished the last man who had lost his senses.'

He quailed and passed by. The parson stopped like a boy scolded. For a moment the drosses put upon him roused his scorn, but it vanished in a reel of faintness and only a pale bitter smile rose into the bright morning.

The wind ached. Arne took the narrow path across the downs, leading past Norby into the downs. At a moment he reminded that this death imposed duties, but then he remembered the distrust and the confusion his readiness had met with. They did not want him. The sexton once had said to him: 'At Norby the parson must have grey hair and ask the Norby people what is the will of God.'

Here ~~where~~ the downs slowly emerged into the heath, the storm folded up its wings. You still heard the sea and knew of her scorn, but all around was sunny and still. Only in the wilderness the birches bent again in the wind and the ditches and flocks were of bright silver and agitated in the changing spots of light.

Were the days to pass in the old way? How this weariness was good and how it altogether was sanctifying. All that had past and all that was to come seemed placed and indifferent. Could he not leave and go whenever he liked & even to day? To abandon the people here to their destiny and to configure his own with new courage? He smiled mournfully and wearily. He saw Kaemi's face before him, but dim and without that terrible loveliness which had overwhelmed him, when he had her before him, face to face. Now he thought to be able to leave her, it almost seemed easy to him, a painful bitterness made him unjust and stubborn. When he thought of Rime Berlsund, did not everything in her urge her on towards him, more than she herself knew, and avowed? If I do not see her again now, he thought, I can leave her. But in his short, poor death-head, he

he did not know how swiftly weariness deceives the senses of their desires after a hot time of impetuous losses. These are the unconceived moments which ^{our} heart prepares its errors. And soon in the ardent glowing of our newly awakened yearning we stand before irretrievable losses and conceive the heavy names which were those of our hasty actions.

But what was the matter that so strangely embittered him? Now he knew: still last night his grief had appeared to him grand and sublime, ~~it~~ ^{with its haste} had led to ~~all~~ ^{as in him} that was insignificant, he had filled him like a special good which but he was to bear, but now all ^{as in him} ~~around~~ was grey and void. ~~Everything~~ had become insipid and hastened after hollow comfort. - He stretched out his arms and lifted them as if calling back his vanished youth. Ever it was Rind Carlsson's figure that secretly accompanied him. About the steady lips of the pilot played the smile which had hurt him at the burial.

The sunshine tortured him. The bare ground of the down was infertile and without shadow and the long thin grass, frightened by the wind made the world still more void and poor.

What a man am I, he thought, what do I suffer from? I suffer of overvaluing everything that I meet and when I believe to have recognized a value and have esteemed it as my expense, I do not possess the power of keeping it, I helplessly give it away for a new hope or an old dream. Thus day by day, I humiliate myself for what I myself do not believe to be or to possess yet it is done without sincere humility. It is not veneration without envy, but envious ambition which urges me on.

Did it not often prove that I am more than they whom I envy? I lack the courage of my power, there is my mischance. For the people who are, as I am, have only a claim to be suffered when they submit to a grand cause their life of such consistency that

that it almost equals ~~helpless~~ drifting away, only thus the experience of their constant affliction changed into comforting certitude returns to mankind.

When at midnight Naomi came to him, she took his hands, pushed him a little off and looked into his face attentively and sadly. He dropped his eyes, in the light of hers he felt like in the morning, on his walk through nature. But when bracingly he looked at her, conscious of deep guilt, he found her more beautiful than ever before. Her loose, summerlike dress left her young members to the flowerlike gleams of the summer-night. Her rich hair was softly rayed about her temples as if the kind wind had put it there. In its golden shadow and in the lively shine of her eyes her bewilderingly fine mouth was as if innocent kindness had cut its melancholy shape. —

He shut his eyes in a glowing shower which suddenly overpowered him. He felt as if the warm³ summer of the world in the sunshine wrapped him in. The country hailed out its smell. The high heartened red poppies were shining in the corn....

'Do God damn me', he said in a dull tone, 'I am guilty. Look here, myself I hindered God who wished to enter me. I am a fallen man!'

He rather spoke to himself than to her. She did not answer. Her silence tortured him. Could he hope for understanding, where the despondency of his love offended her? Was not the avowal of his weakness a deadly stroke into the face of her love? So he only said and his voice burst forth like a moaning:

'I am alone!'

She helplessly looked up to him, somewhat impatient and incapable of finding herself guilty.

'You are sad,' she said and took his hand.

Great melancholy despair fell upon him. He felt as if he was to cast away all his love-goods, like a foolish spent thrift, fast, without hesitation, like a mortal burden and then condense his lonely life's ray a gloriously impoverished man. Such as I am I can confide in none on earth, he thought. How rich, how pure, how good shall I be, when separated from all that belonged to me in searching love, I shall rest on the heart of guiltless nature.

He thought of the cool, fresh earth and heard the rain in the trees. He thought of the smell of the ~~grass~~ meadows and of the plants. The birds were above him in the wood....

With vacant eyes he looked at Kaemi and read care and unstrained grief in her features. He then had been kneeling before her, he had told her everything, even the farthest of his being, now he felt distinctly that the moment of happy devotion would never come again for him. Something was between them, nameless and bitter. He tried to seize upon it as if it were never to explain if not Kaemi herself brought him the solution of what he was suffering for. And his expectations became anger, his anger mortal hatred. But the smile of her mouth suddenly changed his hatred into ^{the} furious greed of his blood.

He pressed her to his heart, she grew frightened by his face.

'Oh,' she cried fearfully, 'dearest you kill yourself.' But he distinctly saw that her care concealed a secret smiling, innocent triumph, his scorn increased there by so intense fury against himself, against his weakness, against his blood and against her power.

'You!' 'You!' she cried, 'You are ill. You are sick of your wicked thoughts. Look into the glass, look at your face.'

'How am I to help you, my beloved...'

He thought suddenly -

'Had I but never wept before her.'

Did he expect her to repay his exultation with equal devotion? No he felt that in the one and in the other, he would hate her, that here and there he saw his ruin and all of a sudden, without knowing how it passed, that his thoughts seized upon his misery like an salvation, he cried:

'What is the matter with Kind Berlsund - tell me!'

So shamefully ended his bitter struggle? And now he could not help concerning the heavy harm he had done her and himself by his words. He saw it in her bewildered retreat, in her anxious astonishment. Now, though it was too late, he was aware that just now he really had conjured up Berlsund's image between him and her. And that too was the light of experience and of horror in her face: she suddenly saw Kind Berlsund so powerfully. He believed read in her eyes how ardently she examined the other one, he felt as if she asked him: 'What? Are you so strong?' And yet she felt relieved. His nearness did her good and though he esteemed himself little, nevertheless he said:

'Speak. I want to know all.'

'He does not care for him' - she answered lingeringly.

But now he felt how great was the pain of his doubts and what had made him suffer all day long. Had he expected her to comfort him, that her smile would banish his anguish?

'And if he cared for you?' he asked wickedly. He felt the smell of ^{all} this ~~whole~~ bitterness in his mouth and when she kept silent, he thought: 'Alas, had she but answered - I do not care for him!'

'Answer me,' he cried. Like a wicked triumphant he felt assured that she could not tell a lie. 'Do you believe it a comfort to me that he does not care for you?'

He knew that he embittered everything that he turned vague shadows into bright possibilities and yet he could not help doing so.

'I do not know', she answered.

He saw her standing before him sadly, he saw the slender oval of her childlike face, only conscious in the sense of unperceptible nature, guilty only in the service of her woman's being what great nature had wanted thus and not otherwise, and he thought:

Did she not come to me and give me all she had? Ingrateful me! What is the claim that gives me the right of tormenting her? But suddenly he rose in his lonely pride:

My desire of perfection gives me the right for claiming; my infatigable struggle for the continuity of the good, my longing to do justice to God's will.

'If you do not know what you shall do if Kind Garland came to claim you as his, you are ~~weak~~, base and wicked!' he cried aloud.

She grew pale. Her lips quivered. 'Arne do you intend to send me off? I did not wrong you.'

He turned to the dark garden outside. Stillness fell on them. From afar they heard the roaring of the sea. There is no salvation, he thought. How kindly he felt her question. It softened the burning pain and yet did not remove it.

He suddenly stood before her.

'Arne,' she cried, 'if you do so, you are mean. I know of your pride, oh you do not want to be him who is shamed, you wish to remove from you this shame before it comes to you. But I do not wish for this satisfaction,

when I have you no more' - her breath panted and her eyes beamed.

He might have sobbed with consternation.

'I thank you, be thanked' he said in a hot and throaty voice.

She put her hands on his head and pressed him to her heart. There was a devotion in his inclining as if he never more would rise again. But she did not know what he thanked her for, nor did she know of the blissful home - return into the kingdom of faithfulness to himself his heart was enjoying.

'You have helped me there to,' he whispered. 'You are right, I shall drink the goblet to her - lap, so, as love has put it to my lips. I will suffer everything. . .

She looked at him with devouring impatience that almost became scorn. What was it that had so suddenly smothered the violent storm of his emotion, why did he not contradict her? She no more understood him and with a clear flush of disprize she resented him as well. But then longingly her love began to search the fault in her own heart. She remembered his love approvals of the first days of their love, and believed to hear once more his words, when he had knelt before her and had said to her:

'It is not my happiness to be loved, but to be able of loving. That is my purity and my treasure, my lonely right ^{one} nature.'

Now she had felt herself protected in his words and how far off now was the comforting splendour which had come from them. Now it seemed to her as though he had not the power of suffering the gifts of love, their passions and their light. As if he did not merit them, because he did not take possession of them in a violent, hard and proud way. For a moment she preferred the scornful words which he had told her to all the kindness he had shown to her. His fear to lose her and his ardent desire had been burning in his anger, his devotion now seemed to her remembrance anxious and impatiently she roused herself, withdrew from him and hastily said:

'Lund knows that I come to you - - I felt that. Yesterday

before he went to sea, he has looked for me all over the house. He would not go, before he had taken me into his arms. Perhaps does he want more of me — perhaps everything!

She felt paling ~~of~~ these words. Violently all her blood rushed to her heart. She felt as if she gave a blow into his pale face.

He rose, he looked at her with wide open terrified eyes as though he saw a mortal power advancing towards him and he kept silent.

'Arne!' she cried.

He still looked past her into the voidness, but the colour on his features slowly faded into sallow mournfulness. His eyes grew clear and yet there was infinite woe in them. She was frightened and felt an awe that bewildered her and parted her from him far, far away.

'What might be my peace, would be your anguish,' he then had said.

She suddenly felt, as if she had urged him into a realm from where no return was ever possible. She felt guilty and yet she knew that she had been obedient to her love. Chilling in hot whirls of anguish and glowing, her lifeless mind looked out for salvation.

'Arne!' she cried, 'Arne! Do but help me!' and then as seized by a tempest of the world he shrieked: 'Take me! Take me!'

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It was still deep in the night, when Raemi went away. Softly Arne closed the window after her, he did so with his last strength. — The dark bushes thickened the mild night above her. The moon was standing over the moor, far off, and shining still, a small, silvery crescent.

Raemi rather felt, than saw, some body came from behind the stem of the chestnut-tree, darker than darkness. No, she thought no...

No certainty came on, she dared not to believe her eyes, yet she went on automatically, she did not turn her head aside, only her eyes and thought the dreadful reality

which yet her thoughts could not conceive, would vanish, would prove unreal, like a vision of her excited fancy.

As in a trance, she stopped. Her heart throbbled violently. Close beside her, half hidden by the stem of a tree, close beside her in the low bushes on the way stood the tall figure of a man. With a rapid glance she looked along the way, which she knew. — if she ran? But then by the outlines of the large shoulders, by the bearing of the head, she recognized Hund.

As whirled away by the raging flame of a corn, she sprang into the bushes, straight before him, speechless, her teeth fast set and her arm lifted. The leaves rustled violently and before he was aware of what had happened, he felt the whole fury of her fist smiting hard into his face that he staggered back a few paces. A subdued cry of terror and rage burst from his manly breast and after a minute and short calm there was a wild struggle between them and the ^{dull} ground shook and the branches of the trees whirled one another and broke with loud clash. No other sound was heard but the hot panting that grew louder and louder. They wrestled in silence, without one single word in the warm night, with out other arms than their members, but with all the means of their unfettered passions and their blood whirled up from its depth.

Naemi's panting soon became a warbling sound of terror mixed with a bright and dull happiness. Now they rolled forth from the bushes, an entangled clew, raging across the way. A white arm winged up, then the first cold and piercing wild cry burst forth, a blow — a reeling and a dull roar of fury and greed, now Naemi rushed down the way, bright, unfettered, half naked, a whirling lute full of deadly terror and sweetness of life and like a threatening, powerful triumph of force and assurance of victory the man came heavily upon her.

In senseless heavy weight the girl threw herself down into the thorns of the garden-fence, with thrilling pain

pain a wail broke from her mouth, the shreds of her torn clothes and her hands grew wet with blood. Now she had passed the fence. From the low, grassy slope by the way she sprang into the even-field and ran into the moonlit field as fast as the high grains would allow her. Before her on the horizon, she saw the fading moon and beneath it a dark, blue wall, the road the fine, grey, silvery lakes of the morning haze spread before it like dead light. But to her the world only was filled by the hard, hot calls behind her. They were like a yearning, bitter laugh, hard and ardent and uttered by the same claims that urged her on and fettered her altogether. The reeds that entangled her feet did not overwhelm her, nor their fervent nearness but the allmight will of life alone that burst forth from the tones behind her.

She fell upon her knees, she turned round and with eyes frightfully opened and heaving breast, she saw the dancing the dark power to which she was to submit. A long quivering cry of pain freed her senses and her members, her head fell into her neck and her arms lifted as in defence, closed round the neck of the man, who pressed her to his heart.

When in the early morning old He went through the garden to the fountains, she saw in bad fright the disturbance on the bushes and the flower-beds entirely upset she paused and then went on, hesitating and lingering everywhere before this ruin and a dull foreboding in her heart. She saw the deep traces of boots coarse in the ground and the impressions of a slender, naked girlish foot. The flower-bed of the starworts were raked up and plants lay on the slope rooted out and trodden on. When she perceived over the bushes the windows of the person's room wide open and saw them unfastened and moving in the morning-wind, she thought her heart would cease to throb. Then she saw an arm closed round the window beam and the pale hand hanging motionless down. With a wild cry she ran up and recognized Arne the young person.

His face was inclined and sunk upon his breast, he seemed to have slipped down ~~on~~ the window when about to jump out. He lay thus in a swoon and his breast breathed gently and painfully. She saw blood upon his lips and a bright streamlet running slowly down on his bare chest.

VIII

Behold the summer passing on Norby. Bright and slow it takes its way over the large sea into the sky. The despotic joy of germinations has sunk away with the light and its terror. Does not time rest as does the hot sun over the untroubled green reeds in the meadows, or as the blue veils of twilight over the birch-wood? One day is like the other. Will it not be so always! Blessed and fulfilled in the soft drunkenness of kindness and of evening songs which from beneath the trees fly to the shore and praise the entry of ~~light~~ nights! The jessamine is in flower and the birds are hushed, the sails of the ships slowly pass along the distant horizon in the mild evening air and the wings of the sea-mews give no sound. High above the waters they rock themselves in slow blissful circles through the blue calm. - All will be well now....

There happened few of the events which men see and have learned to understand. A new parson made its entry at Norby. A tall serious man with joyous eyes and a large fair beard. The laughter and thoughtless chatter of his fair haired children filled the parish-garden and old Ole gave up her work to the wonderful housewife who altered the whole appearance of the parsonage. The shut up rooms were opened to the sun of summer and to the wind, a round-cheeked servant spread the linen on the hawthorn bushes of the garden fence and the courtyard was pulverised by a cartious people of chickens and ducks which clanked day already before sunrise. Grey pigeons moved on the gables of the granary and the insolent cove of the sparrows saw better times coming.

One room only remained undisturbed by the new life rushing into the old house. There Asne waited for his death. He had nobody with him but old Ole. Once a week Naemi came to him and brought to him the life he had loved.

A time had passed, the particulars of which he faintly remembered, all was wrapt up in the veils of one only dreadful expectation. He felt as if deeply melted and burned off he had slopt through days borne by a creeping, obstinate, melancholy power. He recollected the entering his room with much prattle about every day life and who after a time left it in silence and dullness. Once Maemi's lips had consoled him. He was to stay here, all was arranged. Then he heard of the new person and that many weeks had passed since the bad accident that had happened to him in that night. He remembered the young physician of Allang who still came regularly, with rough hand-shaking, somewhat ~~glad~~ comfort and a fresh laugh. At first he had spoken of southern climates every day, with great zeal he had shown him bright and sunny pictures and had not understood the foolish man who wished so wait for the misty autumn of Norby with an illness as his.

That is not the matter with you, he told him joyfully measuring the time on his boots with his whip. Four, five months down there and I promise you double the number of joyous years. There winter is warm and in december you still find there roses.

But one day he was consternated when he came from the sick-room, quite against his usual way he had ~~all~~ the inmates of the parish be what they liked to be and went on horseback to Allang as if his horse was his foremost friend. He came less often and never more spoke of the south. What a man was he, who wished so die here? All the values of his own life appeared him suddenly diminished since the strange minutes in which the young parson had spoken to him. He no more remembered the phrases and yet he had understood them. After all it was true, therefore did we live this hard life with so much important impressions of a foreign world of melancholy experience

banned the parson among the philosophers and continued living his healthy life.

But Norby was reconciled. As though the parson had made up for all with his blood. Nobody would allow the new parson speak of neglected duties, and of great disorder of the administration, he said to have met with. Was not his predecessor ill?! He never had been really in good health, never really strong, as they were, that explained many things and made ^{intelligent} even the most austere. But nobody understood Naemi and the dull rumours had filled the village and Lund Berlsund confirmed to be the inexorable enemy of the dying man. Clear-sighted people made conclusions but did not give them a voice and nobody dared touch Naemi since Berlsund once had knocked down an Atlang fisherman, because he had had a scornful smile, when Naemi's name was pronounced.

But in his enmity to Arne death enchaineth the hands of the angry men, it watched and daunted the ire greed for action of Berlsund and softened it to silent scorn. It showed him the great life in flower that lay before him and pointed to the pale face of the dishevelled man and on Naemi who was to become his own.

The day faded away in the full glow of the evening sun and the damp wind of the meadows. As it had rained all the bushes were still wet and the breath of the earth was cool and fresh. Chubby grey feathery bells of conical grass and queer earnestness the young owls were flying from branch to branch in the parish orchard. Their decay plaintive tones filled the air. The first summer apples were lying in the high grass and in the moors blue lights fled over the dead water and through the softly rocking reeds.

'Now thy death - tale of Norby comes to an end,' Arne said to Naemi. 'Do not forget me altogether,' he continued and smiled as though he had said something playful.

Naemi had become yet more silent as before. More mysteriously, more over poweringly than ever the lovely charms of smothered mysteries lay upon her being, this veiled up rest which so revoltingly contradicted her bright eyes in which there were neither doubt nor secret and which always accomplished what they promised. There was a new feature in her face a far off resignation which without any hope had become part of her nature. Without accusations and without anger: such is the life of men on earth.

She rested her chin in both her hands and looked into Arne's face.

'I shall be Arne's wife,' she said slowly. He turned off. Then he answered quickly.

'I know.'

She seemed bitterly deceived. For a long time her eyes tried to read in his features. They were unmoved, weary and struck with deep grief.

'Do you suffer?' she asked in pain and hope.

He only said: 'Yes.'

She understood him better now.

'I could not help telling you,' she again began. 'Now this too belongs to you. As long as I live I must give all unto you.'

Arne looked up.

'Why do you become his?' he asked.

'He wants it,' she answered. How beautifully and simply she said it. As if his will were her shelter that all was to be so. After a short musing, she continued: 'There is to make up for something, I must try yet I do not know what will become of it. You stay behind and I cannot remain. Do I wrong you?'

'Me?' He mused. 'No,' he then said, 'nor did I think of myself. It is all but for seeing your image to perfection. If you added consciously a guilt to you and your being - oh then I should feel a world going to ruin - do understand me!'

She only seemed slightly to mind what he had said last. It was as if there existed no power on earth capable of darkening the bright days of her innocence.

'Listen, Anne, you just said that you had never thought of you. I often believe that this was your fault; so me too. Though such may have been your character -- Him's only thinks of himself.'

He looked at her with wondering eyes.

'You know me,' he said in fear and bliss, ashamed and comforted altogether. But anywhere in the depth of his soul a dark feeling rose; she was gliding away from him. She compared him to others, she was able of comparing and the comparison was of value.

Like a bitter draught he resented the whole truth, that he was broken by her innocence and because his soul had too deeply drunk this beauty. If you had been wicked, mean, base, oh how easily I might have saved my life, how fast I should have gone past you. But so I was to be obedient. -- A glorious pride reared his head. 'Thus I searched God,' he said aloud, he looked into her face, he saw the dull gold of her hair, his the evening sun, her small figure ...

'You were my destiny,' he said in a clear voice, whose destiny was purest?

After all, all of us die of our first great grief; he thought some sooner, some later. When we turn off our eyes from life, it comes before us, as if never there had been something between it and our last hour. It led us into the country which he first had shown us.

But he only was composed, when she was with him, then everything which had slipped between him and the world, gone and things present appeared to him like a dreadful dream. Only sometimes he was overpowered knowing that this fair head and this mouth had become the property of another.

She must leave him soon. She gave him her hand and earnestly and gravely, such as children do, she kissed his mouth. She no more turned round, she never had done, when once she had said farewell. Calm and steady the blue night entered through the open window, she changed of figure with the march of the hours but she neither oppressed nor comforted. A foreboding wind rose ~~from the~~ from the flight of time.

One day of that time^t the new parson of Norby thought
fully went down to the pilot's - house of the Berlsmids,
with long, courageous paces he went through the sun
shine his prepared for an attack and almost emboldened,
but his good humoured face grew serene when he
beheld Torre-Rock and the light-house as if there he could
put off the burden which he had carried so long.

It was not without a care worn look that he ^{risht} crossed the softly moving waters that he crossed the rocky path and went up to the door, but he found it locked. The house remained quiet, his knocking only gave a dull tone only answered by the gurgling of the sea under the stones. The midday sun played in the window-panes, on the cliffs and side the mews were playing, carefully ranged like white pearls.

He turned, sheltered his eyes with his kind hand and looked along the bright beach. He saw Naomi reclined against the black oak-ribs of an old wreck half buried in the sands. After all he had wished to talk to kind Jerusalem, but as it mattered Naomi, he thought it meet to talk to herself now.

A secret shyness was in him, as now he went up to her. In painful confusion he remembered all the events now gone by but that had happened on her behalf. Scared by anybody talked up them, every body feared to do so. But now he wanted to make up with them, the last scandal was so removed.

He had to turn round the cliffs. The sands were deep upon the restless
 rays. His thoughts were troubled the more he approached the girl
 who slender and graceful was reclining there, nursing as if
 nothing mattered to her but the star and nothing besides in the
 summer-world, the large slow waves which softly came along
 beneath their blue sick cores, which rose noiselessly, shrouding
 and lonely and with clear rustling sank down upon the pe-
 trent sands.

The parson was in doubt. There was something strange about
 this girl. He had spoken to her but once and she had not answered
 to his address. He had believed it to be on account of shyness,
 but there had been something else that had kept her silent
 something that made his words curiously superfluous. —
 He walked on with harder pace and in long strides.

She heard his steps sooner, than he thought and slowly
 turned to him. In this position she quietly remained, till
 he reached her, for she felt at once, that he came on her
 account and disdained hiding her knowledge. Anxious
 and obstinate her look came to him, a distinct defence in
 the firm bearing of her body and yet composed and subtle.
 It was lovely and wondrous to see her thus standing against
 the sea, but the parson was ~~so~~ taken in by the zeal of his
 design and her expression urged him on even to uncan-
 tronsness. Thus his greeting was perhaps slighter than was
 the custom and a threatening tone was in it that embittered
 Naemi and silenced her. For she felt distinctly that he came as
 an enemy, that he approached in matters which she shared
 only lingeringly even with Rind Beetsma.

'You do not welcome me, Naemi?', he reproachfully began
 anew. 'I come to you for something very important ^{which}
 concerns ~~not~~ you alone, but the whole parish. Let us talk to-
 gether in confidence.'

Naemi rose and said:
 'We shall not do so.'

He was frightened and his kindness fell off from him, as
 if he were suddenly fumbling, as if with his position he were
 losing his hold. But then he spoke rudely:
 'Such is my duty.'

Naemi continued silent, as if she had said all. The parson
 hastily passed on her silence and did not avow to himself

that he ought examine the reasons of her silence to be just to her. He violently intended into the belief of the value of his mission and spoke in excitement and impressively.

'It is your duty to listen to me. You are unexperienced and deluded. Your doings cause scorn and disgust in the community and diminish the regard of Kuno Bertram.'

'Did Kuno send you?' Naemi interrupted him with bright eyes and a wicked expectation in them.

'No,' said the parson honestly, 'but I shall not wait till he asks me.'

Naemi turned off.

'What else is to be said!' she slowly asked. 'I shall do what I wish to do. Nobody at Norby cares if I am good or bad.'

'Do not talk what you cannot answer for, Naemi. You are young and speak as deluded youth likes to do and what she cannot give account of. But to me it is important what happens in the community, most then when it happens in my house. And what is it that you do? I will tell you: You sacrifice honour and renown to a young enthusiast who has not power enough to give account of what he is doing. I shall not examine what has happened before God chastised him, because it happened before my time, but do not believe that I do not know of all. You sacrifice yourself to an egotist without conscience and without self-control. Who has spoiled his life in such powerless fluctuations has no right to draw the existence of others in the whirl-pool of his ruin...'

Then Naemi made a fist and looked at him and her splendid eyes burnt into his like mere light and proud and lonely she raised her head and said:

'What do you know of my value?'

She turned off and went away. He dared address no more word to her. Throbbing with emotion, he reclined on the oak ribs of the wrecked ship and with void eyes scanned the world around him as if to find there what he lacked. An expression of destroyed human sadness stayed on his unguarded face. He felt, as if he wanted a return necessary and confounding a return from the unconceived light of these woman's eyes into the small, ascertained world, he had intended to praise.

In the hours in which Naemi was with him she began talking of the ideas which had to have become his life's work. Composed and so reconciled with the fate that had prevented him to form and accomplish his task, he soon spoke with ardent zeal, his eyes shining and his cheeks flushed. Naemi saw that he roused himself, but she saw too that his words rendered him happy, that they were something like deeds to him as she listened fervently. Therefor she kept silent as she was wont to, overlooking the trifles of life when the soul was searching its way.

At first it surprised & shamed him to be understood by her, and rather relied on her feeling than on her conscious knowledge, but soon he accepted her devotion as if in it the great yearning of mankind were streaming. She thrilled in the glowing of his sacred endeavour, she understood him because he was struggling and suffering. To him that was love enough.

Often he closed his eyes while speaking. Then she again felt like in their love-nights when his life flooded upon her with the same power, with the same unrestrained devotion and with this noble prodigality. She found him again and felt him as ever he had been, and she grew doubly conscious that never he had been able to unite the ardour of the two powers which urged him on. Was not her duty where in the nature of man they violently struggled with each other? Had she not been worthy of him?

He rescued her from the trouble of her fear. For our future's sake, Naemi, he once said, our relation to the present must be insufficient. We are not yet allowed to rest. The meaning of life is in a bright future of constant harmony, even the most wicked have a notion of it in their hearts. The innocent know of it with such assurance as they in truth suffer by the imperfection of life. — But there is more what I have hoped for. Understand me, did not God become gently? Conscious of his reconciling power he willingly suffered the alteration of the living. Thus we see him in the hope of our misery. And face to face with the hope and misery of men the blessed among them create their life's work. They too

must suffer in power and with the change of the living. Their hereship is defenceless.

And love? she asked.

He felt ardent happiness as thus she asked, for thus he felt that she had understood him.

Love, he said, is God's will to the eternity of the living, with us. Our desire to be loved and our longing for perfection are almost one. The greatest of men, were the richest in love. They could say: 'Who sees me, sees God.' Love to us is the comfort of the world, the fountain of blissful constancy. Its natural sense almost teaches us this belief every day. It smiles on the eyes of our children, it flourishes in the return of spring. The struggle for the belief in the eternity of our existence is our struggle with God!

She turned away with yearning eyes. She looked into the sunshine beaming outside on the green leaves and at last said lingeringly:

'You talk so much of God ... Edmund has told me we are not to believe so much in God, rather in our own force. For him that is all one, he answered, and for many others too, for innocence rather suffers than inquires. But not for me. I must wrestle with God until he blesses me!'

He forced down the burning word which with the name of Bertrand had sunk into his soul and he wearily shut his eyes. The room grew quiet. Naomi looked at his pale face, at his resting eyes and his clearly cut mouth which seemed so eloquent and yet showed the longing for eternal silence.

And more distinctly than ever before she became conscious that this face was marked by an unforgetable fight, the deeply engraved traces of restless wrestling. She was startled as by a revelation. The room glowed in the sickening light of the rich day so her it became a hall solemn and decorated. The brow of the resting man was shining, so were his white hands. A golden cord gleamed over his narrow breast. His face was worried.

And she felt his mourning for the lost victory and for the first time in her life in all confidence and in the deep emotion of her heart she felt that God must be infinitely good that, whatever his name might be, it must conceal a love higher than all knowledge to be able to comfort the vanquished who found him.

And the healing confidence that was hidden in silence at the bottom of her heart passed with her looks upon his brow. It reposed in the shadow of death. He did not know of the thanksgivings of her heavy happiness. When she rose and kissed him, he did not stir. She did not rouse him, but went away. With lingering steps and in painful bliss. — There was Noddy, there the stone built pilot house was shining in the evening sun. High in the air the swallows with wild shrieking rushed into the cloudless light.

A short time later, in a warm evening, at an advanced hour, the new parson entered Arne's room.

He sat down by the bed side, took the sick man's hand and in his quiet and sympathetic way inquired after his health. He did not see what was the matter with him. Every day he came with a special intention, Arne soon felt it, but he let him have his will and quietly suffered his indifferent talking. At last, when the other was on the point of leaving, he hesitated, sat down again and said not with out pain, yet seriously and with self-assurance:

'My dear friend, there is something that might have been spared to both of us, but for the sake of my conscience it must be said. It must be said on account of my house and of my family and last not least for the sake of the parish which misleads my doings.' His eyes were wandering through the room unsteadily and god-forsaken. And when Arne remained silent a somewhat ironical expression on his weary lips, he continued:

'Antennid's foster-daughter Maemi sometimes comes to you — that must be no more!'

He paused for he saw the sick man's face rapidly growing deadly paleness, it seemed to glide from his brow upon the closed mouth, as if a faint light suddenly were sinking through the window.

Arne did not question. He lay there quite motionless and only thought: How inexorable is the power of life. By the cautious introduction of the parson he understood how well they were instructed in the house and in the village and that not once scruples at will, but really serious hesitations indicated this wish. He also remembered how much Maemi's last visit had been a ~~farewell~~ well, a farewell with care and consideration and without cruel words. He quietly looked up to the parson whose large admonitory and controlled face was so curiously indifferent to him and only said:

'Alright.'

The person appeared very grateful and freed by this saying but he rose at once for the uncertainty of that fear fell upon him which easily comes to men serving a cause the nature of which they do not recognize. Anywhere he again beheld the strange brightness which had greeted him from Naemi's scornful eyes. After all I have done right he said to himself, but a voice in his heart opposed him it could not be the voice of Satan for the voice of the friend rouses the fear of the good, not their mercy.

And so in going away he gave the dissonance of his thoughts to God. -

He came towards nine o'clock. It began to grow dark. He found Anne awake; his large eyes full of the last light.

'I know,' she said, 'they want to keep off Naemi. Hundt certainly wishes it and he may be right, though she came but very seldom. Now she is his and is to be his wife too. Yet it is a bitter wrong against you - - Mother Anne'. She talked about the even occupying herself as if to give a reason for her presence.

'I shall let her in, if you like me and when she comes, He again began - in the night as once ago, I know all. She took his hand which rested white coloured in her brown withered hands from time to time she shook her grey haired head and at last began talking of herself as the sad ones often do who wish to comfort without being able to do so.

My son was a mariner. He was taller than you and had fair hair. At the war of Kiel he was distinguished for the conduct of a ship's building for he was a master in this. Then he became mate at the helm of the 'Hilga'. He will have heard of the 'Hilga'. For five years he sailed her between Singapore and Anvers - till German ships gave better remuneration.

She interrupted herself and looked worried. But she believed the sick-man listening to her devotedly.

And she continued and Anne listened in silence and heard of a young life and of an old one that had spent his years anxious about it. He went on long voyages with her

so humbly seen and so earnestly lived through as the old woman had none them by the scanty letters of her son and had retained them. Now and then she conformed a country or a sea port, but by the particulars she understood well, that she spoke with the words of him, who had written them and which she remembered all. Such a poor little parcel of helpless letters had been the contents of all her life, her heart dwelt in these lines. And some day her son whom she knew but as he could reveal himself to her, had written no more and for her one dreary week passed after another and they became months and years. No sign of his life came to her any more, no certificate of death, no greeting and no complaint.

At last she spoke no more and appeared much comforted. It was as if now she had found a reason for being sad and now all was kindly arranged. He still heard her bustling about the room. Was she to shut the window, it was not necessary for the night was mild and bright. At last she went away, she had spoken no more of Kaemi.

Now Arne spent his heaviest night. The blue covers of mournfulness fell upon him with its shadows. He joined his hands like a child and wept with unmoved face which darkness mercifully covered with its ardent shame. Slowly the splendour of the stars rose and knitted the evening dew on the bushes by the window to a faint blossful glimmering. No sound came to him, the house reposed and Norky slept. The sea too was silent, only the voiceless breathing of the damp night entered the room.

Then he bade farewell to his beloved life. He saluted the by-gone glorious gardens of his childhood, he saw once more his father and his mother who long since slept the death of earth. He bade farewell to the ardent golden shine of his love, pale and stormy it once more swept over his quivering heart. He bade farewell to the earth that he had loved in spring, ~~was~~ in calm summer and in grey-coloured autumns as well as in clear winter when the house were all white and the reds

Windows glowed with homely light, when outside the snow was glittering and when behind the net-work of the crowns of the trees the evening sky faded away. He greeted the sea and his eyes rested on the agitated woodenness. The sailing ships passed by, they appeared so him familiar because he did not know whither they came and whither they went. He again saw the people he had known and sadly turned to the melancholy fields full of melancholy sweetness where his loneliness had dwelled. -

He bade farewell to the wood. The bright green veils of the bushes waved to him from beneath the proud hearted crowns, he heard the song of the robins in them and the lowly bent bright stars of the anemones flourished under them. The damp meadows were fresh and green and covered with yellow flowers. He took leave of the meadows. And banished with a sad smile the confused hot world of his poor thoughts. The free purple of pure light greeted him from the darkness, his grief and the song of his reckless struggle. And then he felt as if turning slowly away from everything. He raised his face into the night of earth and shut his eyes and wished that his eyes should meet those of God. -

When he awoke once more, it was morning and a foreign child in miserable dress and with naked feet stood in the frame of the half-opened door. It held a nosegay of the summer flowers in its closely set brown little fists. Star-roses and heath, looked at him with shy blue eyes and handed the flowers to him without approaching. Thus it stood in the sun.

He felt as if now he knew all that once had troubled him. He was overpowered and turned to the wall. . . . When he had composed himself, he saw the nosegay at his feet upon his bed and the child had gone. - This was his last day on earth -

Pasing. July 21st 1920. -

Prologue.

In rosy colours, Kingly clad in the first light, fierce and die,
Exulting in the joy of his young night
Did Satan's mind arise from the midnight
Of the eternal world. The noble ice
Of his face, his power, the splendour of his brow
Shone in the smiting of his glory's fire,
In strength and beauty on the Earth below.
And terror and night rushed through the sky.
It was, as though the sun did suddenly pause,
As though the mercy of the elements at will
Had hurt the eternal pathway of her fill,
And Satan's eyes in triumph rose.
Boldly his hand of infinitely fine moulding
Passed through the sky and stayed there wildly spread,
Ruled by his look and by his sovereign holding,
By the fierce passions of his pride upset,
Like the remissions of his royal intention
Extended on the universe.
And the Earth was rearing in scornful reverse,
Fire - abysses in boiling contention
Were whirling rocks into hissing oceans,
Verdant fields in blessed flowering,
Were laid to ashes with angry roaring.
Hurting the sea in proud commotions,
Rushed after the ruins into the leak,
And Satan rose and thus did speak:

I sprang, a joint off the entwined ring,
 Immovable and of harmonious station
 Too high, too great, too right was thy command
 Creator! Lo! The jewel of thine eternal wand
 Kipt from thee! Like a godborn lie of fate.
 Behold thyself in me, conceived in my being.
 Recall in me the creative power of notions,
 My nature scorns thee, though akin of birth.
 A dream of actions beams in every motion
 Though rather better reconciled to earth.
 Say, is't thy power, thy lawful right
 To crush me?! Well then, say thy beginning,
 Thou knowest that the miscreant race's might
 Of mankind fell, when blasted with thy coming.
 Lo! dire and glorious and its God to murder
 Thy dream got shape and fled from thee still further,
 Thine in the realm of perishable life
 Ne'er did Creator from his work revive.
 Was it complete and did its judgement burn
 In the time fleeing of its radiant show
 I claim as my inheritance to vow
 The right abused, thou'gainst thyself didst turn!
 did rise

The land anew uprose in glorious light,
 The Ocean felt the welfare of her love,
 The Earth was blooming, blessed in her right,
 As though she ne'er had Satan heard before.

Satan his glory-crowned temples lifted,
 And from his wings the Almighty's light took birth.
 It was, as though so fiery judgement shifted
 Millions of swords were flashing on the earth.
 His mind, by hail and by his sadness haunted,
 Nobly inclined and mercifully bow'd,
 Foul and yet, his haughtiness undaunted,
 He to the Creator thus his world has show'd.

The brightest jewel left the living ring,
 Immutable and of harmonious stream,
 Born from the Creator's spiritual ring.
 To brazen features of thy glory's fane.
 Behold the ring of harmony and beauty,
 Behold disgraced it and set afar,
 The plenty of thy power became a booty
 Of thine own force and rent by me afar.
 And may the earth renew for e'er anew,
 My sovereign will shall boldly it enjoy.
 But thus the noblest being of Creation,
 Unfalsified a picture of thy mind,
 Born to the harmony of destination
 His restless yearning's term it ne'er did find.
 For when I left the realm of thy domain,
 I rent and tore and split each heart in twain,
 As true and truthfully as thy desire
 Designed me to be part of that fire,
 In duty to thy will and want.

My glory, given by Thy kindest ^{ness} hand
 Forged me so sore and bitter ~~destinations~~,
 The Angel that destrueteth Thy Creation.

The land anew ^{did rise} uprose in glorious light,
 The Ocean felt the welfare of her love,
 The Earth was blooming, blissful ^{is} her right
 As though she ne'er had Satan heard before.

And Satan saw the land again in flower,
 He saw the Sea which understood her way,
 God's being, glowing on the earth in power,
 He saw the blessing of the Creator's sway
 And felt astray
 The answer of the eternal welfare's shower.

! Now look on mankind's fluctuating race,
 How it is confused and by my shine entangled.
 Who's nought but good, will always find his place,
 Yet the conflict the very best does mangle.
 Show me the man, who when the sun beholding
 Is loudly vowing that he knows but Ill!
 The weak obeys, his confidence unfolding,
 Yet in the strong eternally find me!
 Who of the noblest proudly will proclaim
 To be perfect and quite in due redeemed?!
 What they, who're pardon'd as their freedom fame
 Appears to me as state, by middling seemed.

Who is all mankind the world thou garest
 Shall lose the first, who really it craveth.

For how shall he exist, who is endowed
 As once thy dream thine own image has ^{shown} ~~seen~~
 Who is not bold and of his forces proud
 For ever from thy Kingdom to have ~~flown~~;
 And from whose hands arbitrary will's not falling
 And from whose brow does haughtiness not shine,
 Whom though a thousand years angels were calling
 Thy will no more to peace may e'er enshrine.

Gav'st thou me power but one man to endow
 Entirely rich and on insurance bent,
 Of what the best are partly fit and now,
 With all capacities to earth's enjoyment,
 And then to 'st him to thee and he relieved
 Lo! then thy Creation's work would be achieved.

Yet strong he be this earthly world so conceive.
 To me thou must his equipment leave,
 A man, who self-controlled and in devotion still,
 In fluctuation firm, his life long will
 Embrace the joys of earth to their last fill;
 And yet in all the sorrows and griefs can thrill
 Which thou to bear to man hast given.
 Who's wroght but glad, is easy to deliver,
 I want the questions which in man are given

In good and evil in his heart to quiver.
 Yet never let his mind the conflict know,
 For knowledge falsifies the gold of deed.
 He never shall in thee and me avow,
 Who answered for him; never let him heed
 May he experience it in those who feel
 The effect in them and unto him reveal.
 For what are wisdom, might and glorious name,
 And what the skill to gain by aspiration?
 He is in never known heroic fame
 To begin in sensual joys earth's circulation.
 I swear to bestow on him not one sole treasure
 Which unto man thou gavest with intention.
 Let it be my care to give it in my measure,
 And let it be my right and my prevention
 To choose for him such very great delight,
 That ne'er his body, nor his soul so bright
 Shall lack the strength for the earthly pleasures' sight.
 I shall to him all of the gifts afford,
 Which thou to man, thine own image had given.
 I firmly stick to thy creative word.
 Only to earthly law he shall be given.

There rushed a storm of light from Heaven on high
 So that the splendour of the sunshine faded.
 Ne'er did in word such glorious brightness vie
 As God's clear answer now it emanated.
 And it rang forth from star to star is bearing;
 My heart I shall in this man's life be daring.

Posen - Ambach Juli 1920 —