and fill it to the brim with its own fulness, and flow back again laden with sweet odors and dancing with livelier joy; but if the bank move to meet it, it repels and hems it in, and changes it from a calm flowing river to a wild torrent. With a little more of trust and kindness there would be something almost as beautiful in Goethe's calm way of encouraging Bettina's passion, as in the passion itself. He met it in the only way it could be met, and most gently breathed upon it. The profound wisdom of the little maid is as striking as her ardor. She never raves, and her extravagance is of the most healthy kind. She revels in the universe and in her love, but accepts the conditions to which the Infinite has subjected the finite, understands the limitations of humanity, and unrepiningly submits, knowing that what she most cherishes is inimitable in its nature and will presently burst its fetters. Perhaps it were well if many ardent natures should expand under such influences as Bettina's. It is certainly most favorable for a noble free spirit to be attracted by the noblest it can find, and undisturbed by any restless craving for sympathy, love and admire at too great a distance from its object to perceive imperfections, but near enough to feel the sunlight of what glory it may possess, and thrive therein. Then the condition of hopeless love, from being the most degrading into which innocence can fall, would become the noblest. To be uncomplaining but ardent was Bettina's high praise, and her love was so generalizing, so little occupied with the details of admiration, that its dignity is sustained, and we hardly feel it to be a delusion.

No one should read this journal, who is not at once so deeply interested in the unfolding of Bettina's rich nature as to lose sight of the thought, that after years had passed she could translate the record of her love into a foreign language, and spread it abroad over the world. Yet when we have learned to love her, this thought becomes less revolting. We reverence the youthful trust that still clings to her, and permits her to expose her intimate heart's history to the multitude, for the sake of the kind ones who will welcome it. She is so absorbed in the object of her passion, that perhaps she did not regard the tale as her own history, but rather as a worthy monument to him who inspired it.

—Musings of a Recluse.